No. 2948 PUBLIC LIBRARY
Weiser Public Library

RULES FOR BORROWERS

1. The books of this library will be loaned without charge to all readers who use them carefully.

2. One volume may be be drawn by each reader and kept two weeks.

3. A reader returning a book may renew it for two weeks.

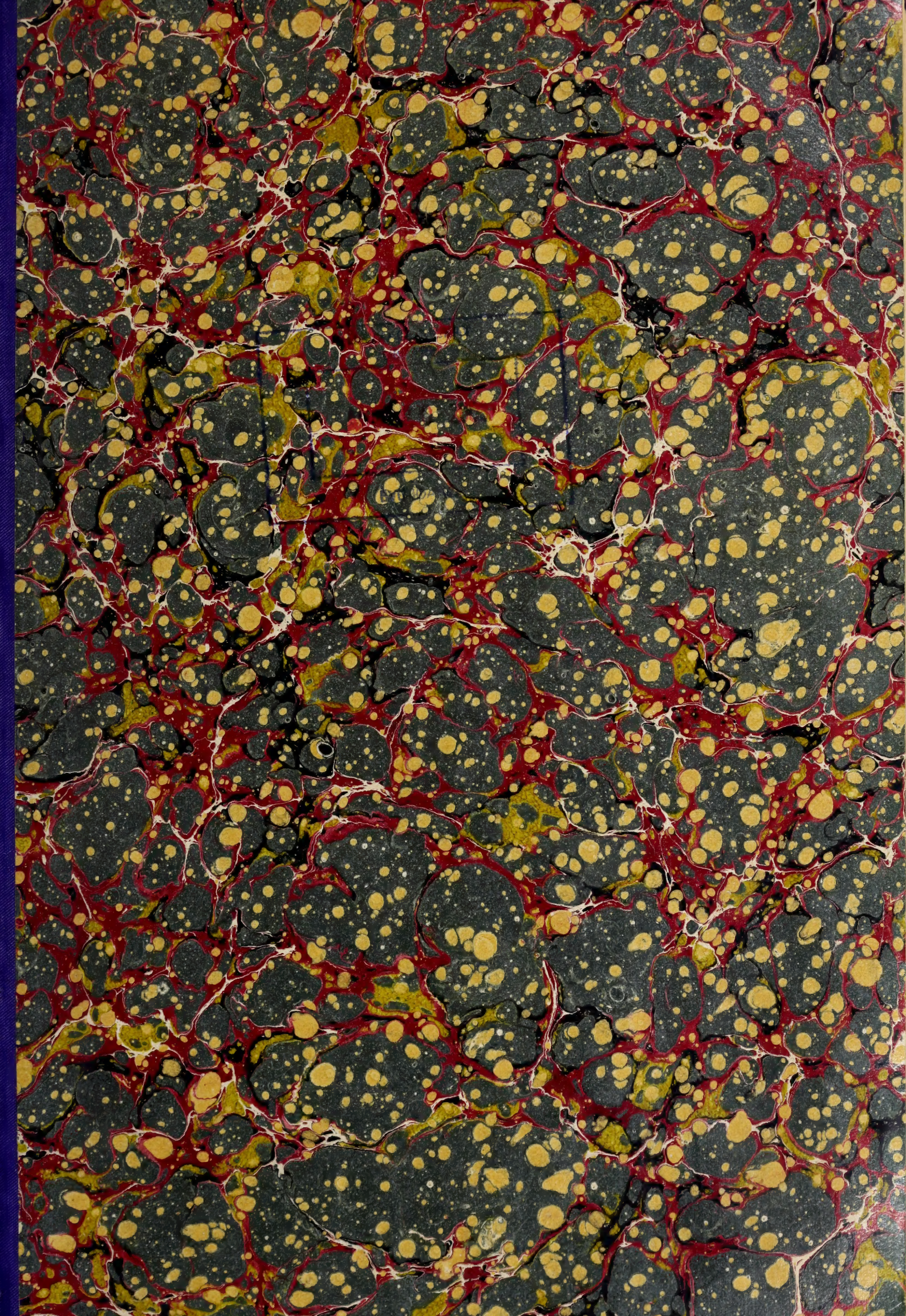
4. A fine of one cent a day shall be paid for each book kept over time.

5. No book shall be loaned to any one to whom a book or unpaid fine is charged.

6. The pages of these books must not be marked, and librarians are requested to collect the retail price of any volume lost, and a suitable fine for damage beyond reasonable wear and tear.

7. Books must not be exchanged outside of the library, nor shall the borrower lend a book to anyone not a member of his household.

(See copy of rules and regulations in the Library concerning seven day books.)



PUBLIC LIBRARY
WEISER, IDAHO

PUBLIC LIBRARY
WEISER, IDAHO

DAVID O. McKAY
LIBRARY

AUG 20 2003

BYU-IDAHO

2948

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2014

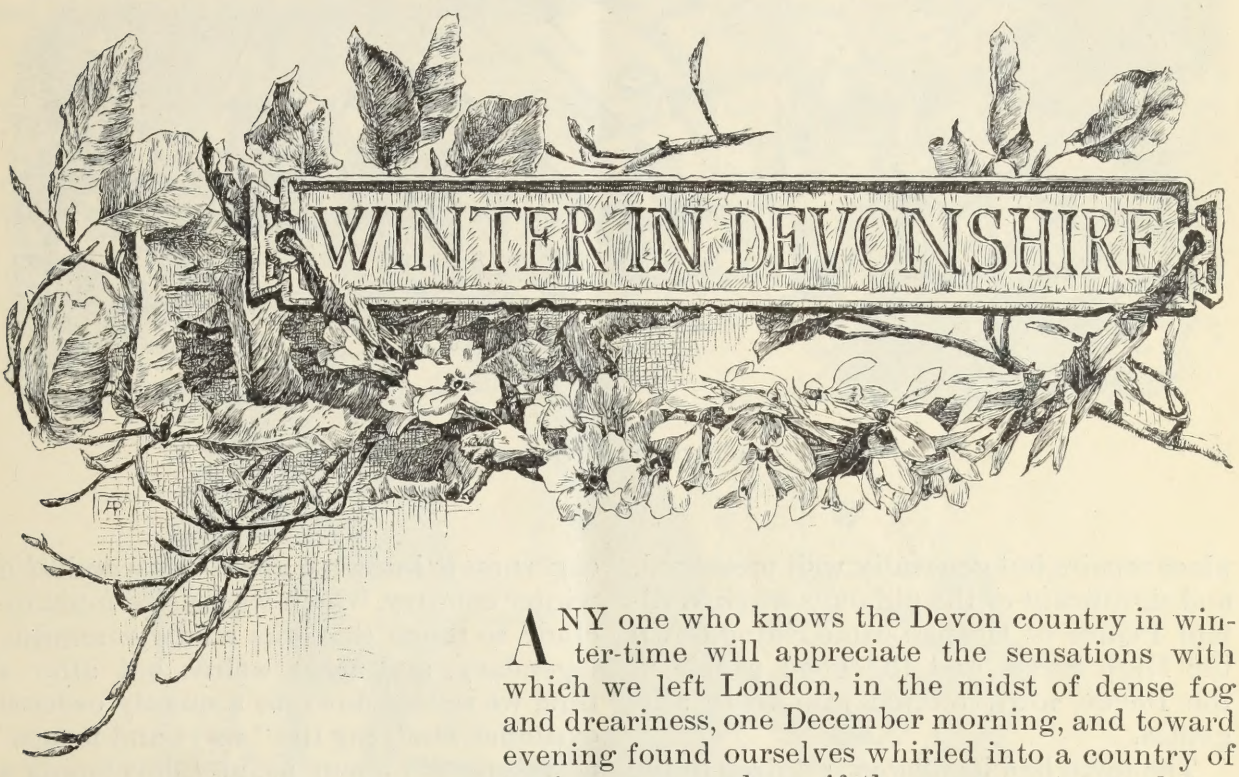
https://archive.org/details/harpersnew72



HARDCASTLE. "THEN YOUR FIRST SIGHT DECEIVED YOU."
—*She Stoops to Conquer.*—Act III.—[See page 276.]
From a drawing by E. A. Abbey.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXII. JANUARY, 1886. No. CCCCXXVIII.



ANY one who knows the Devon country in winter-time will appreciate the sensations with which we left London, in the midst of dense fog and dreariness, one December morning, and toward evening found ourselves whirled into a country of tender greens, where, if there was not actual verdure, there seemed the light and purity of approaching spring. It was almost as though winter could never really have been there—almost as though the note of the blackbird might be near; and in spite of a little thin drizzle of rain, there was a glow and look of cheer on all things about us.

The small town where we settled down for a time was not far from Torbay, and included all the desirable elements of a winter resort. It was, in English parlance, *homely*, well-to-do, and comfortable, with the sea within easy distance, and encompassed by a rich rolling country that stretched out with varied breaks to the moors, and it had the charm of quaint old streets, a historical market-place, and manor-houses of centuries gone by, combined with a smart little *new* town, all terraces, villas, and square, so that one might in one's lodgings have all the "modern conveniences," and in one's saunterings all the fascination of old fashions in architecture, and, indeed, in the people one encountered.

The handsome town was nearest to the station, and presented a fine appearance, with its rows of houses built in semi-detached villa style, circling about a green where stood a brand-new church, with a bravely clanging bell that woke echoes far and wide. There were no shops in this part of the town, and no attempt at seclusion in its fine roads and pathways; but turning to left or right it was easy to reach lanes with tangled hedge-rows that led upward to the country-sides where all was old and quiet and almost mediæval, past gateways and garden walls that sheltered houses wherein King Charles might have, and sometimes had, slept, or down toward the old town, where the market-cross made an imposing centre, and where in half a dozen very old streets the houses or shops showed at intervals bits of seventeenth-century architecture, sometimes forlornly wedged in with the most common-

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1885, by Harper and Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington. *All rights reserved.*



A DEVONSHIRE VILLAGE.

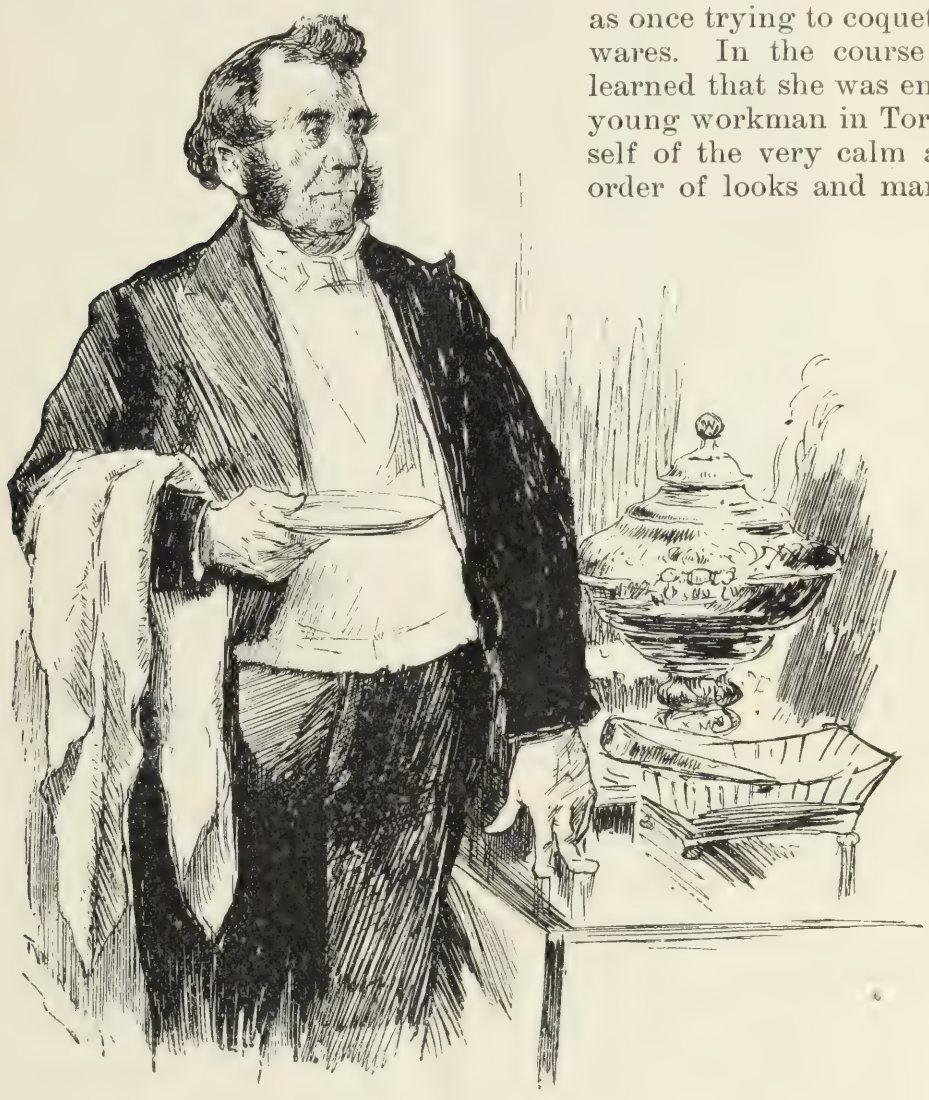
place repairs, but generally well preserved, and significant of the old days when William Prince of Orange came riding down the High Street, and the good people of the Devon town offered him their allegiance.

The town had its history, set deep in the heart of more stirring chronicles, but full of an element which seemed vital and real to us as we wandered about, studying old landmarks and modern manners. It had always been stanchly Protestant, I believe—was then the most conservatively prejudiced place I was ever in—and when it had welcomed a monarch or taken part in any historical event, it seemed to have throbbed with a satisfaction inherited by the generations that followed, so that, in spite of some new ways of thinking and feeling, the flavor of old times was never lost; and it may be that our sympathies were most strongly roused by finding here and there traces of *Mayflower* days, of those remarkable Pilgrim fathers, some of whom set sail from this very portion of the Devon coast, leaving behind them manners and phrases which were curiously familiar to our American observation. And not only were there such suggestions among the people living and working in the town, but in the church-yards, where occasionally one came upon a name or a line which was startlingly like home.

There came in the first days a sense of eagerness to know all about this wonderful winter country, which we fancied must include so much that was wildly romantic, legendary, and even weird; but after a time we settled down to a quietly ordered existence, studying the "ways and means" of the people about us, and developing a fine taste for very trifling matters in customs or manners, or even in marketing.

There were half a dozen houses in the town where lodgings were let, and it may be of interest to some to know that a set of two or three airy and nicely furnished rooms was to be had with "attendance" for about seven dollars a week, and one's marketing could be done in a fascinating manner, the shops being so nice and old-fashioned, and one's dealings with such individuals as the green-grocer, the dairy woman, etc., having a flavor of primitive simplicity about them which was very charming. I well remember my first visit to the dairy, which was at one end of rather a muddy little street in which all the houses showed bulging windows, sixteenth-century roofs, and tiny panes of glass. The dairy woman had a "bit of a yard" within her gate, wherein a cheerful family of ducks and chickens, and one pig in deep seclusion, held their sway; and yet they were very well mannered, for they made no effort to pass within the always open doorway of the little tumble-down house to the right. It was tumble-down,

but scrupulously neat. The kitchen had a sanded floor, a fine clock, and a generous fire, where something savory seemed always simmering; and beyond this was the dairy, with its shining pans, and long windows made gay by geraniums all winter long. But the most attractive object in the house was the dairy woman's daughter, whom I thought then, and think now, the most blooming creature I have ever seen. She was a complete type of her class—rarely, I think, to be met with out of Devonshire, even in England—and presented herself that first morning to my gaze as a dazzlingly pink and white, blue-eyed, and brown-haired creature in a blue cotton gown, the sleeves of which were rolled up so as to show the round white arms, which one fancies only appropriate in the dairy-maid of poetry or the drama. Dolly's hands were red enough, no doubt, and I must say her expression was the most hopelessly stupid; but for mere flesh and blood beauty the girl was incomparable, and seemed not to have the least particle of consciousness to be stirred to vanity by the admiring looks I often saw cast upon her—market-days and the like, when the Corydons and Phyllises of the country-side flocked into the town. At the fair, Dolly did quite an active trade without so much as once trying to coquet above her wares. In the course of time I learned that she was engaged to a young workman in Torquay, himself of the very calm and bovine order of looks and manners, and, as the mother told me, they were to be married as soon as he earned twenty-five shillings a week, with which they could set up housekeeping in a four-roomed cottage, and hope for certain material comforts of life.



MR. B—— AS A WAITER.

The green-grocer's was a roomy shop, always deliciously fragrant, redolent of herbs and some spices, and presided over by a good-humored man and his wife,

who had a very distinct love of their calling, Mrs. B—— cultivating certain vegetables in her strip of garden back of the shop, and being the very first person in town to display bunches of primroses or have good "sea-kale." Likewise to be observed in Mr. B—— was the difference in his manner when you bought his potatoes or greens, and when, in his second calling of waiter, he handed you your soup or pudding at the small winter dinner parties given in town. In the shop he was affably discursive, touching the onions or greens with a careless hand and a free, light-hearted manner. At a dinner table he was curiously solemn, and occasionally looked as though he defied any one present to suggest that his name hung over a shop in the High Street. The fact that he sold you potatoes for twopence a pound was never to be confounded with the other more imposing fact that for five shillings an evening, attired in an irreproachable costume, he waited on select dinner parties among the smaller gentry of the place. When the real spring began to show itself, the little green-grocery had an inexhaustible fascination for me. The garden was so spontaneously gay and flourishing, and its one bit of warm southern wall so early stood hung with blossoms, and B—— and his wife, moving about toward sunset among the small garden beds and modest vines, were such pictures of honest, homely content, that I was always inclined to linger after I had made my purchases, on the excuse of making an inquiry into the condition of asparagus and lettuce.

We went to a village where winter held a quiet brown dominion, full of shifting, changing lights that were perpetually suggestive of a storm that never came. It was a good hunting country — hard enough, yet rarely frosty; and the inn, which was a sort of rendezvous for redcoats, made a picturesque centre, standing midway on a slope, with a very conspicuous sign-board, the sombre shade of a huge old tree, and a tap-room worthy of Teniers. The people were extremely primitive, and of the heavy rural type which provides such characters as Audrey and Touchstone. Their lives were passed in the most monotonous fashion. The working people, those who had trades or steady occupation, earned from sixteen to thirty shillings a week, and out of this they nearly all maintained large families, the women doing little more than attend to their own household employments. As nearly all the daughters of such households go into service, the expenses decrease early, and it is therefore not uncommon to see an elderly couple living alone and comfortably after their flock have dispersed. There are early hours among such people —breakfast by six, and to bed by eight o'clock, few being found out-of-doors later than nine o'clock; and so secluded and simple was this little hamlet that I remember how very striking one evening's entertainment proved as a break upon its absolute monotony.

A man came around in a sort of van or caravan, and by means of some florid handbills and a large bell, and a very loud, hoarse voice, advertised a "panor*or*ma" which, as it included views of America, attracted our attention most successfully. The "panor*or*mist" took a small hall, and excited the community for two evenings, although so far as material and surroundings went it was as dreary a show as one could wish him to have had; for the reckless creature displayed New York in awful colors, evidently under the influence of the torrid zone, and with the palm-trees and groves of Brazil rampant in its streets, while Indians were seen on a place called the "Thoroughfare," which was a long, unhappy sort of street bearing a nightmare-like resemblance to Broadway.

It was odd sometimes to think of so much that was placidly rural encompassing a brilliant winter resort like Torquay, and, indeed, after drifting along among the more primitive country villages for a few weeks, the first visit to that gay watering-place had quite a startling effect.

Torquay was first brought into notice when the Channel fleet used it as an anchorage, but it had its associations, being marked by one of the most decisive epochs in English history. Here landed William of Orange in the famous November of 1688. Torquay was only a fishing village then, but for one knowing every step of the ground it is easy to fancy the Dutch prince riding on past old Tor Abbey—a gray building set among still winter colors away from the beach road—or perhaps Babbacombe way, to Ford House, at whose gates many a tourist lingers now. Ford House is not exactly what the guide-books call a "stately pile"; it is a fine gray house, well pierced by windows, and with a park which always seemed to me to retain the



LANDING OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE ON THE DEVONSHIRE COAST.

peculiar quality of melancholy with which even in the spring-time of flush and color the Devon country is tinged; and here in the old house is shown the room in which



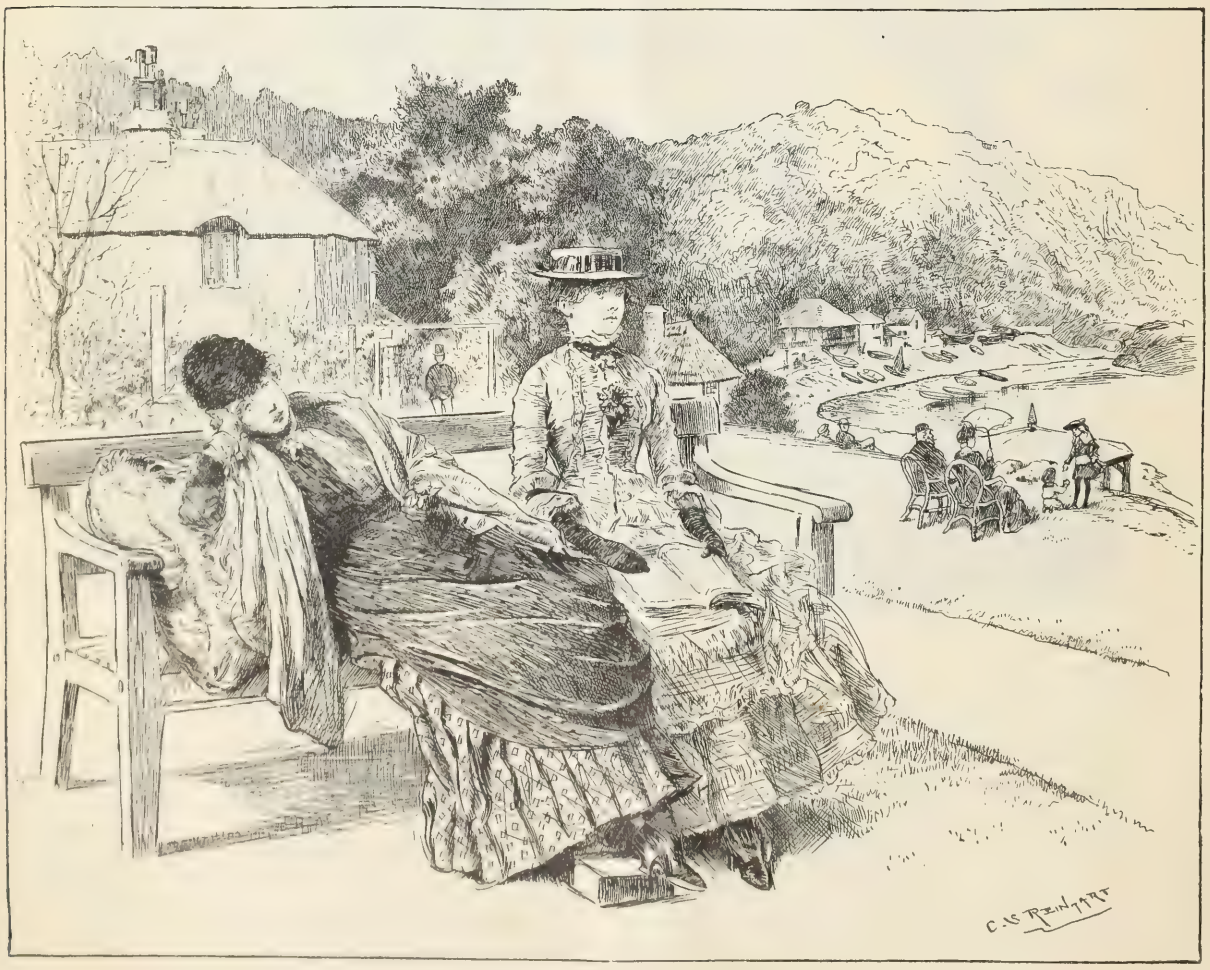
AT TORQUAY.

William slept two nights, doubtless well fatigued by his reception at the town cross and his many perplexing anxieties. Here likewise reposed King Charles in earlier years, and around here are associations of a famous Devonshire outlaw, of whom I shall speak later. But as a port, Torquay seems to have made small impression upon English or foreign minds. It remained an obscure village until the days of the Channel fleet, and then slowly grew into prominence, its picturesque terraced cliffs, dotting gradually with villas and hotels, until at length it grew into celebrity. Not alone were the beauties of its bay extolled, but the climate was found perfect for a winter sojourn, and, indeed, one visiting it in January, February, or March, might fancy the bay and sky had been transported from Naples.

Leaving the railway station one February day, we followed a curving road which brought us suddenly into view of the shining water with its magnificent limestone coast, and to the left the town rose on its many terraces like a scene painted on some stage curtain suddenly let fall before us, for villas, roadways, and terraces all seemed curiously to lose their perspective, and the undulations where cool shadows rested were more like touches on a canvas painted for the striking effect of a moment, while overhead the sky was blue as in summer-time, the lazily moving clouds touching its brilliancy with but faint hints of shadow, and no promise or remembrance of any storm.

The beach was crowded with people, for it was early morning and fine weather, and all Torquay was abroad. Some were sauntering on the beach, others on the terraces, and several invalids were being slowly drawn up and down in Bath-chairs in the white streak of sunlight that divided the rocky beach from the first terrace, and it was hard to bear in mind that this was actual winter-time, and in England.

A long street curved about the town, and facing the bay, was lined with shops Parisian-like in their brilliant display of wares. Here and there in some fine villa where flowers showed in profusion one beheld the tempting legend, "Apartments," and were one to penetrate such, liveried servants, luxuriously furnished rooms, and dainty accommodations would be offered at high prices, since Torquay is considered in winter a resort for those whose purses are inexhaustible. The whole impression of the place from the first was of a Continental resort. That morning I remember the people idling up and down the streets, the band playing gayly in the square, and at every corner flower girls standing behind tables heaped up with blossoms; and up a hilly road we watched a party of riders going to the "meet" of the South Devon hounds, the red coats coloring the strong landscape with new boldness, and bringing into force the brown tones on either side,



INVALIDS AT TORQUAY.



AT THE "DRAGON."

while the blue of the sky dominated all the scene, as though Fortuny had flung his brushes upward in despair of painting such sunlight and shadow, such white against white, such blue looking up at blue. Never, except in the extreme south of France, have I seen that curious quality of light in everything; a white wall was less white than the sunshine, and yet it stood out bravely holding its own, and the very figures of the children on the beach in their blue dresses, intense though they were as spots of color, were not so vivid as sky or water; and still an ineffable languor touched it all. Turning from this picture, the eye beheld a distant coun-

try of compassionate sombre tones—the red of the cliff striking against a brownish earth that led on up and down sheltered highways out to a country where the cadences of this glorious winter land rose and fell in minor keys.

Balls, dances, assemblies, and very fine concerts enliven the Torquay winter, and round about in the towns and "country" a quiet sort of social season goes on, with, I fancy, but slight variation year after year. In such places one can to a nicety observe the differences between a town and country set—observe just where and how the country link is secured, and learn by a slow process of absorption to distinguish between *the* people and *people*. Yet I confess to having found this a very difficult task, and one which baffled my American precedents more than once, although hospitality is so generous and kind that the stranger is given no time for delicate analysis, and must feel himself unworthy if in his dissection he lays bare too many plans. But a provincial town in England or in America is at all times an interesting study, and down here, perhaps what most impressed me as an American was the *vitality* of prejudice. That it should flourish and put forth new roots and new growth just on a few time-worn, feeble traditions which really, when one searched the hearts of the kindest and most hospitable people on earth, had no actual feeling to support them, was a constant surprise to us; yet, after all, it may be argued that the frame-work of restraint which enfolds English social life in town or country has its advantages.

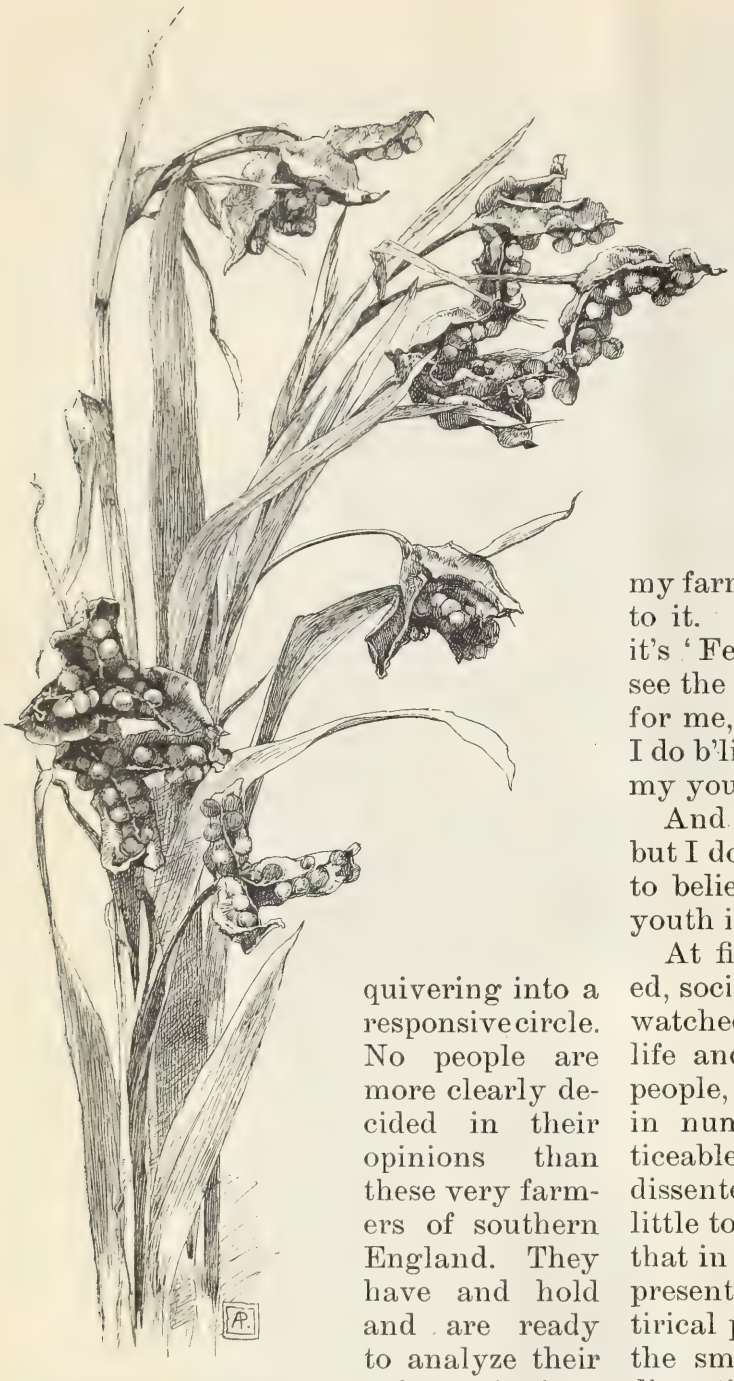
Not a peasant coming and going in this little community, not a shepherd, not the humblest creature who drank his cider at the "Dragon" (not venturing to the more aristocratic "George"), but felt instinctively that, according to the rules of life, the lot of man was to accept his own place, and always look up to some one who looked *down*, with a perfect right to do so, upon him.

Dinners, some dances, card parties, and high teas enliven the winter season of a country town such as this, where all through the winter months a certain semblance of warmth and careless growth gives a tone of spring, and a strong bond between the classes is created by Church interests. Let the rector and his curates be ever so aristocratic, there are occasions when they must be of and with the people, and I recall vividly certain festival practices, school entertainments, and the like, when there seemed almost a touch of American equality in the congregation; and on one occasion—a tea party for some church need—I might but for one or two evidences that I was in Devonshire have fancied myself in Maine or Connecticut.

The Sunday-school building was devoted to the entertainment, and hung with bunting, flowers, and lanterns, while at long tables tea and buns and cakes were dispensed by very smiling young people, and during the evening selections of music were "obligingly rendered" by "gifted amateurs" in the congregation. Except that the choral singing was far better, and the solos much poorer, it might have been an entertainment in America; but the acute differences were in certain figures or groups which now and again projected themselves from the commonplace of familiar scenes; my blooming dairy-maid, for example, in her Sunday best, with her lovely inexpressive countenance one blush all the evening, as she sauntered about on her lover's arm, was strikingly typical—courtesying with a little duck to the clerical gentleman who addressed her, and twirling an end of her yellow shawl when one of the "quality" good-naturedly inquired for her welfare, or made some civil remark to her young man, and her long-drawn breath and exclamation of "La, Jan, that be foine, beant it?" when a pretty girl, in blue cashmere gown and white kid gloves, had finished singing "Twickenham Ferry." Also the presence of certain rustics in corduroy or velveteens, the look on certain farmers' faces, and the air of comfortably accepted plebeianism, if I may use the word, made an impressive difference between such a gathering in our country and England. Whereas with us social distinctions would be difficult to maintain on a similar occasion, here they pronounced themselves in definite lines. If there was a slight air of contempt anywhere, it was in the agriculturally inclined portion of the company: some farmers there were whose rosy countenances betrayed a touch of scorn now and again, and I doubt not later many a discussion as to the rights and wrongs of various questions was held in an adjacent taproom, and ideas not to be expressed in the presence of the "quality" were sent forth



THE DISSENTING MINISTER.



BERRIES OF THE IRIS.

quivering into a responsive circle. No people are more clearly decided in their opinions than these very farmers of southern England. They have and hold and are ready to analyze their points of view, not swerving from them for the sake of the traditions of caste or any rights of those above them; and I think it is one more evidence in favor of a life of out-of-door toil that the inner sense of freedom in the individual asserts itself, and what is intrinsically superior rises above the dross of custom and conventionality.

When the days were mild enough to admit of very idle kind of sauntering, I often talked with the country people, especially with a certain farmer whose rich pastures must have been beautiful to see in the real spring and summer, and I found him very seriously anxious on two questions—American exports, and the tendency among the rising generation in England to desert agriculture.

"I tell 'ee what, ma'am," he said, one crisp, quiet day, leaning against his hedge, and looking up and down reflecting—"I tell 'ee it be part 'unting as does it, the fondness they young people 'as for sport, ye see, and a part a-wantin' to get away like up to the toones. In my young days I rode a bit when I had a chance; but I didn't care for a red coat mor'n a brown 'un; and when I got my farm I didn't think of nort but stickin' to it. Now 'em must be up and off, an' it's 'Feyther, I think as how I'd like to see the world a bit,' or 'Country's too dull for me, feyther.' Oh, they're fules now, I do b'lieve, ma'am—not what they was in my young days."

And my honest friend sighed deeply, but I doubt if I could have persuaded him to believe that every middle age sees its youth in glorified perspective.

At first that part of the country seemed, socially speaking, so inactive that we watched with great interest for signs of life and movement among the working people, who, of course, predominated both in numbers and variety. The first noticeable feature was that the majority were dissenters, and after two months in our little town one needed not to be re-assured that in Mrs. Oliphant's *Salem Chapel* she presented a faithful and by no means satirical picture, for here I saw repeated all the small ostentations and hostilities of dissenting Carlingford, the eager, fervid, poorly paid minister, who, in spite of a fairly good education and a definitely soaring soul, stood completely beyond the pale of "society," and was no more to be allowed within it than were his first-class patrons, the green-grocer and the baker of High Street, yet who was much to be pitied, since from the very nature of his education and calling he felt himself a superior being, who had a right to mental and social food of a kind better than his honest, hard-working friends could offer him. I used to look at his tall, slim figure as he went up and down the little business streets, wind and rain mattering but little to him, and think of the wide gulf of difference between the position of such

a one in England and America, for in the Devonshire town the dissenting minister was not even looked upon as a gentleman; and when one fine old lady, who had her hands well on the reins of society, was known to have called on the minister's quiet little wife, the town listened in wonder and consternation, and no less than



"SITTING WITH HIS DOG AGAINST A BROWN AND WINDY HEDGE."



KISSING GATE, IN DEVON.

five different people called upon her to remonstrate upon so lawless an innovation.

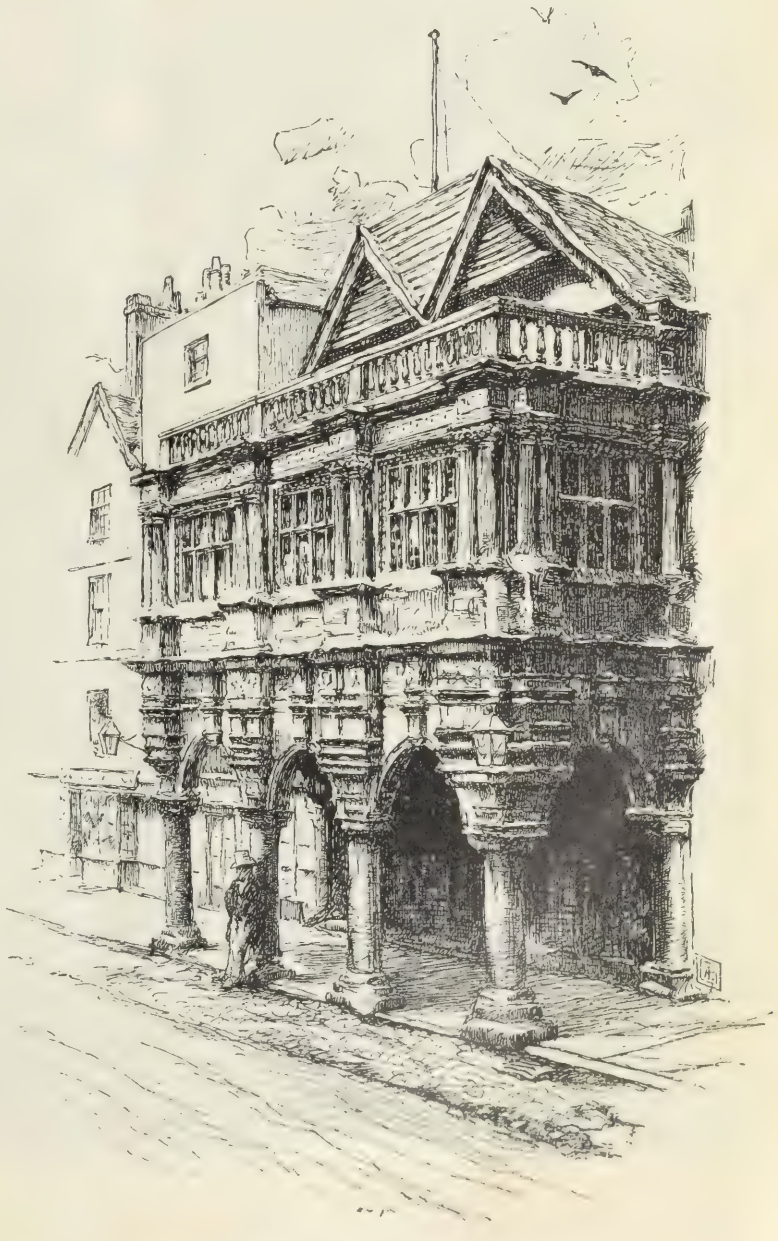
The "chapel" was a bare-looking edifice, offering no homage to the decorative arts, and attempting none of the consolations of florid texts or comfortable hassocks, but I have a recollection of it one wet and windy night when the minister preached with an almost startling fervor, and the voices of the little heavy congregation rose and fell in hymn-singing that was a forcible reminder of Methodist meetings in America. They had revivals, of course; and with astonishing frankness, young people, roused to a fervor of remorse and passionate expression, stood up and told the congregation of their sins, this hour of intense utterances being curiously in contrast with the colorless, mat-

ter-of-fact experiences of their daily lives, wherein market-day was an excitement, and the summer fair, or a trip to one of the sea-side resorts on a holiday, the highest form of dissipation known.

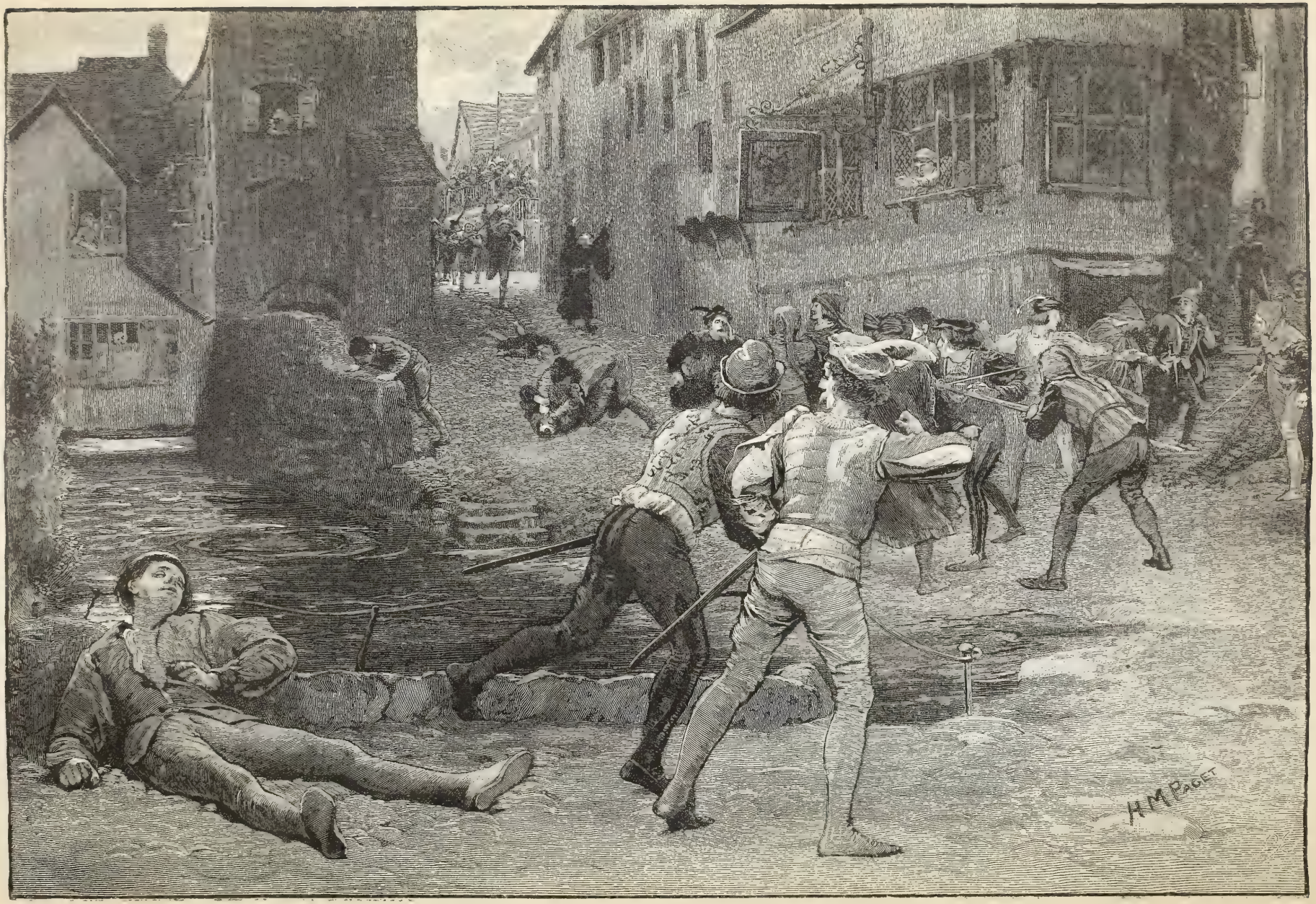
The complete equanimity and solidity of the American country man or woman is not theirs. Deep down stirs something which now and then can put forth its blossoms, and the tragic, pathetic, simple figures of such fiction as George Eliot's, Thomas Hardy's, Mrs. Gaskell's, or Mrs. Oliphant's are not only not unusual, but to be met on every side, but, curiously enough, affecting the community but slightly, stirring its surface in the most tranquil fashion, which only tends to emphasize the fact that they are a result of the natural instincts of the people.

A dozen different instances which that winter brought to my notice rise now to mind, notably one, which had its origin in the wild lawlessness which was inborn in the son of a wealthy man. Leaving college, he determined upon the life of a tramp, and asking nothing from his father, set out, wandering over the country for years, sometimes begging his way, sometimes joining shows at a fair, and now and then re-appearing at his father's house, unkempt and ragged, only for the purpose of proclaiming himself yet alive. Every one knew the story, every one recognized the thin dark face and light-limbed figure when it was seen on the road-sides or in the village streets, and yet no one seemed peculiarly impressed by it. To the people the lawless man was an object of pity and horror, yet they saw nothing suggestive in the dramatic side of his life. I have in my mind a very curious and strongly marked picture of him as I saw him one day sitting with his dog against a brown and windy hedge. His tattered garments, rough hair, and wild, sorrowful eyes seeming to inclose a picture of terrible mental sadness, in which was neither despair nor insanity, only the pathos of a lawless, undisciplined soul which found its only expression in a life unfettered and defiantly unconventional.

Down one long quiet lane where I often walked there was, I remember, a very poor cottage, the door of which stood always open, while its owner, an aged woman, sat always on the threshold when she was not at work; and when I came to know her, she gave me a simple story of her life and its many desolations, which was like a chapter from some old-fashioned, quaint romance, and invested the grave old woman, the sanded kitchen, and its stiff simplicity with a dignity only suffering can bring. She kept her door open, she told me, with a gesture worthy of Mrs. Siddons, "because, when I'm sor-



THE PORCH OF THE GUILDHALL, EXETER.



"THE RED AND THE WHITE ROSE WERE BANDED HERE."

rowing here, ma'am" (laying one withered hand hard against her breast), "I feel like to stifle, and seems as if I must get the air, and if I can, the smell o' the sea like; then oftentimes at noight I opens the door, thinking as how if my lad did come back, he'd find it ready; but it's thirty years agone since they said as how his ship was lost." Other figures, curious, fanciful, and romantic, come to mind; and old tales of strange deeds in the last century, which on winter evenings my landlady was fond of relating.

One waits in the Devonshire winter with tender longing for the first signs of blossom or green. The crocuses showed their heads at Christmas time, and a red bush, the escalonia, not unlike the fuchsia, colored many garden walls or overhung stone porchways we drove past. Here and there—down where Baltacombe nestles in a wood—one finds unexpected early growths even in January, but the real season of charm is with the first sign of daffodils or "Lenten lilies" and the earliest primroses. There was a strip of a garden under our front windows where that winter some of the pretty pale yellow stars showed themselves almost before the snow had melted, but it had been such a light, feathery fall of snow that it seemed only to soothe the earth, and it left so little trace, and the sun shone for a whole fortnight so bravely, that we began to believe winter quite done with. At Torquay the invalids and other visitors began to talk of moving; on the beach gay parasols were to be seen, and the shops displayed spring wares and bonnets with flowers and feathers and straw crowns. But even Devonshire can be treacherous. After one day of smiling sunshine, when all the rich, deep-toned country had seemed thrilled with the first pulse of spring, we awoke in the cathedral city of Exeter to find the coldest wintry weather; a town all sombrely gray and brown and stately, with a chill as of November sweeping across it. It would have been discouraging but for the fact that we had the wonderful cathedral and its close almost at our very door.

There is a peculiar charm about the cathedral close of Exeter which even winter gloom can not take away. The spaces are vast enough to make the silence solemn, yet there are tall old trees, a sward perennially green, the mingling of old bricks and ivy, and here and there gable ends of ancient grammar-school, monastery, or private dwellings, all peaceful, sleepy, and monastic. In the midst of these surroundings the gray old cathedral rears itself with that wonderful architecture which immortalizes an age if not a name, and the tread of feet twice a day, the clanging of bells, the cawing of rooks, rather emphasize than disturb the peacefulness of this spot.

Exeter rises on a hilly slope, and the river curves about it, so that here, from one turn near the church-yard in which we lingered, we could see a lovely stretch of valley land—wintry, yet strong in color, with the diversity of wandering roads, close hedge-rows, red roofs, and the emphasis here and there of a spire or steeple. Along one of the roads we knew Perkin Warbeck was led captive, and so on into the city; and indeed over all that peaceful country the wave of rebellion or uprising had swept more than once, so that it gained character and force from a historical fact, in spite of the exquisite tranquillity of its present surroundings. In High Street the houses are in many instances full of charm; the windows are seventeenth-century, and here and there an entire façade shows Elizabethan architecture. The old Guildhall is a notable specimen of this period. Its hospitable doors stand open, and although the interior has undergone certain renovations, they touch its character but slightly, the armorial bearings of an older Exeter remaining, and the curious brackets still giving quaintness to the roof.

Up and down the old High Street a whole procession of royal people—warriors, rebels, and conquerors—have passed; and one can easily conjure up a picture of that portion nearest the old castle warmly colored with the brilliant movement and flash of the fifteenth century. The red and the white rose were banded here; the conquering King-maker sent down his messages of defiance from Plymouth; and yonder, in an old gabled house, one of Queen Margaret's faithful servants languished.

Among our latest excursions, and one which seemed to close in that Devonshire winter, was to the old ruin of Berry-Pomeroy, about which cluster so many picturesque traditions.

I shall not attempt to describe the beautiful ivy-hung entrance, the keep, and the ruined towers. The architecture, which

is partly thirteenth-century and partly seventeenth, is its least charm, the melancholy and dignity of the ruined walls baffling any attempt at word-painting. The old kitchen looked fairly well preserved, its most interesting feature being the remains of a small room over the fire-place. Here it is supposed prisoners were confined in secret captivity, and we could see just how food or necessaries could be handed up to them from the back of the huge chimney. Out in the quadrangle the afternoon sunlight danced quite gayly, on the grass, and on the stone entrance to a dungeon—now devoted to cups and saucers, spoons and tea-caddies—and across where the rooks were cawing in the trees and the road wound away down to a silent, pulseless pond—such a one as Ophelia might have floated on, for the reeds and rushes grew in picturesque confusion on its shores, and overhead; in a break in the trees, the young moon was visible as we drove away.

Berry-Pomeroy has had its royal visitors, its statesmen, its scholars, and its poets; and it is one centre of romance in Devonshire, but only one—over all the country hangs the web-like veil, the glamour of picturesque incident and life; and during our last days there, when the hill-sides were abloom and the meadows daintily green and yellow, we used involuntarily to wonder why Devon had not been Shakespeare's country, why Herrick, who so strongly felt not only the gayety, but the pathos, of the winter and the spring in his own county, should have called it "dull."

Peaceful, placid, and touched with something actually verdant, quaint speech and ways, generous fire-sides and wide-spreading lands, all the diversities of deeply rural life, with a background of old tradition and fanciful beliefs, with a curious charm, half of melancholy, half of hope—such are some of the impressions of the winter in South Devonshire.

EAST ANGELS.

CHAPTER XXI.

LANSING HAROLD was unable to move from his bed, or in his bed, for a number of weeks. During much of this time, also, he suffered from severe pain.

Dr. Kirby assured Aunt Katrina that the pain was a favorable symptom; it indicated that the difficulty was of a rheumatic nature; and with time, patience, and self-denial, rheumatism at his age could generally be subdued.

"Lanse isn't patient," Aunt Katrina admitted. "But I have always thought him extremely self-denying: see how he has allowed Margaret, for instance, to do as she pleased." For Aunt Katrina now regarded the Doctor as an intimate personal friend.

The Doctor went over to see Lanse three times a week, Winthrop's horses taking him to the river and bringing him back. On the other days the case was intrusted to the supervision of the local practitioner, or rather to his super-hearing, for as Lanse, after the first interview, refused to see him again (he called him a water-wagtail), Margaret was obliged to describe as well as she could to the baffled man the symptoms and general condition of his patient—a patient who was as impatient as possible with every one, including herself.

But save for this small duty, Margaret had none of the responsibilities of a nurse: two men were in attendance. She had sent to Savannah for them, Lanse having declared that he infinitely preferred having men about him—"I can swear at them, you know, when the pain nips me. I can't swear at you yet—you're too much of a stranger." This he brought out in the scowling banter which he had used when speaking to her ever since her arrival. But the scowl came from his pain.

He was able to move only his head; in addition to the suffering, the confinement was intolerably irksome to a man of his active habits and fondness for out-door life. Under the course of treatment prescribed by Dr. Kirby he began to improve. But the improvement was slow, and he made it slower by his unwillingness to submit to rules. At the end of two months, however, he was able to use his hands and arms again; they could raise him to a sitting position; the attacks of pain came less frequently, and when they did come it was at night. This gave

him his days, and one of the first uses he made of his new liberty was to have himself carried in an improvised litter borne by negroes, who relieved each other at intervals, to a house which he had talked about, when he was able to talk, ever since he was stricken down. This house was not in itself an attractive abode. But Lanse violently disliked being in a hotel; he had noticed the place before his illness, and thinking of it as he lay upon his bed, he kept declaring angrily that at least he should not feel "hived in" there. As the building, bare and solitary, stood upon a narrow point which jutted sharply into the river, so that its windows commanded as uninterrupted a view up and down stream as that enjoyed by the little post-office at the end of the pier, it was probable, indeed, that no one would feel that sensation there; rather would one feel like a target for all the winds. The place had the look of a beacon or a signal station.

It had not always been so exposed. Once it was an embowered Florida residence, shaded by many trees, clothed in flowering vines.

But its fate was to be purchased at the close of the war by a Northerner, one of those sanguine men who, beholding the fair Southern country for the first time while marching across it under epaulets, had returned thither as soon as possible after peace had been established, with the benevolent intention of showing the cotton, the rice, the sugar-cane, or whatever it happened to be, how to grow. Under a proper system of cultivation (which had never yet been applied to them), these beautiful Southern products could not fail to attain a luxuriance which they had not dreamed of in the old days. But in most instances (this being one of them) the beautiful Southern products had displayed a lack of intelligence which was lamentable, for though it could be clearly demonstrated that, under the new methods, they were bound in reason to spring up with four times the vigor of former years, in actual fact they scarcely sprang at all, but unexplainably and disappointingly dwindled and died. The particular Northerner who had tried and failed at this point on the St. John's had, on his departure, left his chairs and tables behind him. Upon taking possession originally he had immediately stripped the old mansion of all its blossoming greenery, had cut down the magnificent trees which stood near, had put in a dozen new windows, and had then painted the whole structure a brilliant, importunate white. This process he called "making it wholesome."

He had furnished his rooms upon much the same principles. And now, as he was obliged to leave the house behind him, he contemplated with hope the possibility of renting it "for a water-cure." Why a water-cure no one but himself knew. He was a man haunted by visions of water-cures.

Lansing Harold had no intention of trying hydropathy, unless the wide view of the river from all his windows could be called that. But he said that if he were there, at least he should not feel "jostled."

Jostled he certainly was not; he and his two attendants, Margaret and the colored servants she had with some difficulty obtained, had much more the air of Robinson Crusoes and Fridays on their island; for the hotel, which was the nearest house, was five miles distant, and not in sight, and the river was here so broad that only an occasional smoke told that there were abodes of men over there opposite on the low hazy shore.

Once established in his new quarters, Lanse advanced rapidly toward a much more endurable stage of existence. He was still unable to move his legs; but he could now bear being lifted into a canoe; and once in, with a cushion behind him, he could paddle himself over the smooth water with almost as much ease as ever. He sent for a canoe which was just large enough to hold him. Boat and occupant seemed like one person, so perfectly did the small craft obey the motion of his light oar. One of his men was always supposed to accompany him. The two boats generally started together from the little home pier; but Lanse soon invented a way of ordering his follower to "wait" for him at this point or that, while he took "a little run" up some creek that looked inviting. The "little run" usually proved the main expedition of the day, and the "waiting" would be perhaps five hours long. The two attendants could not complain of overwork. They soon learned, however, to go to sleep comfortably in the bottom of the boat. Oftenest of all, Lanse and his canoe went up the Juana. The Juana came from the Monnlungs Swamp. As the spring deepened, and all the flow-

ers came out, Lanse and his little box went floating up to the Monnlungs almost every day.

Mrs. Rutherford had not seen her "boy"; he could not yet endure the motion of any carriage, even the easiest, across the long miles of pine-barren that lay between the river and East Angels, and it would require a brigade or two of negroes, so he said, to carry him all that distance in his litter. As soon as he should feel himself able to undertake so long a journey, he promised to go by steamer to the mouth of the St. John's; here the *Emperadora* could meet him and take him southward by sea to the harbor of Gracias, thence down the lagoon to the landing of East Angels itself.

Aunt Katrina was therefore waiting. But this was a condition of things which somebody was very apt to be enjoying where Lanse was concerned. Lanse had a marked contempt for what he called a "panting life." Under these circumstances, as he never panted himself, there was apt to be somebody else who was panting. By a little looking about one could have found, almost every day, several expectant persons who had the reverse side of his leisurely tastes to bear.

Aunt Katrina, in bearing hers, at least had her Betty. Now that Margaret was absent, this good soul remained constantly at East Angels, not returning to her home at all. She led a sort of camping-out existence, however, for dear Kate never asked her to bring down a trunk and make herself comfortable; dear Kate always took the tone that her friend would return home, probably, "about the day after to-morrow." Betty, therefore, had with her only her old carpet-bag, which, though voluminous, had yet its limits; she was constantly obliged to contrive secret methods of getting necessary articles down from Gracias. She lived in this makeshift manner for a long stretch of weeks, heroically wearing her best gown all the time, because to have sent for the second best would have appeared to dear Kate like preparation for a longer visit than she seemed to think she should at present require.

Dear Kate in the mean while found her principal entertainment in making her friend glisten. She liked to watch a shine of anxiety appear on poor Betty's rosy face. It was not easy to make Betty uncomfortable in this way; she was far too generous, too unconscious of self, to be disturbed by the usual petty stings. But Katrina was an artist in this sort of work; she soon grew so ingenious in finding out the right places for her probe that it could be said with truth that she never failed to make Betty take out her handkerchief, dab it here and there on her cheeks and forehead, and look about her anxiously for a fan, at least twice every day.

Every day, too, the aunt wrote a little note of affectionate inquiry to Lanse. She was sure her "boy" would prize the sight of her "own handwriting." These notes were piled up in a particular place in the house on the river. After the first three or four, Lanse never read them. About twice a week Margaret would take it upon herself to reply. And then Mrs. Rutherford would say, "As though I wanted Margaret *Cruger's* answers!" She explained to Betty that Margaret purposely kept Lanse from writing. And then Betty, looking meditatively at the carpet, would shake her head slowly, with her lips pursed up, but without venturing further answer; for she had already got herself into trouble with Katrina by expatiating warmly upon the "great comfort" it must be to "poor Mr. Harold" to have his wife with him once more.

"Nothing of the sort," had been Katrina's brief reply.

"Such a comfort to *her*, then, poor dear, to be *able* to devote herself to him in this time of trial."

"*Margaret* devote herself!"

"Well, at least, dear Kate, it must be a great comfort to *you* to have them together again, as they ought to be, of course," pursued Betty, hopefully. "It may be—who knows?—probably it *will* be without doubt, the beginning of a *true* reconciliation, a *true* home."

"True fiddlesticks! It shouldn't be, then, in my opinion, even if it could be. Margaret Cruger has been *much* too leniently dealt with. After deserting her husband as she has done entirely all these years, she shouldn't have been taken back so easily; she should have been made to go down on her *knees* before he forgave her."

"Dear me! do you really think so?" said Betty, dismayed by this picture. "And Mrs. Harold has so much sweet dignity, too."

"It should be stripped from her; it's all hum. What right has Margaret *Cruger*

to such an amount of dignity? Is she Alexandra, Princess of Wales, may I ask?"

"Do you know, I have *always* thought she looked quite a good *deal* like her," exclaimed Betty, delighted with this coincidence.

But Katrina's comparison had been an impersonal one; she was not thinking at all of the fair graceful Princess of the Danes. "My patience! Elizabeth Gwinnet, how dull you are sometimes!" she exclaimed, closing her eyes with a groan.

Elizabeth Gwinnet agreed that she was dull, agreed with an unresentful laugh. Katrina's epithets were a part of the vagaries of her illness, of course; if she, Betty, was sure of anything in this world, she was sure that she was an enormous comfort to her poor dear Kate. And under those circumstances she could agree to anything.

While helpless and in pain, Lansing Harold had been entirely absorbed in his own condition; even Margaret's arrival he had noticed but slightly. This strong, dark, large man took his illness as an extraordinary dispensation, a tragic miracle; he was surprised that Dr. Kirby was not more agitated; he was surprised that his two attendants, when they came, did not evince a deeper concern. Surely it was a case unprecedented, terrible; surely no one had ever had such an ordeal before. Not once did he emerge from his own personality and look upon his condition as part of the common lot. Lanse, indeed, had never fully believed that he belonged to the common lot.

He announced to everybody that Fate was treating him with frightful injustice. Why should *he* be maimed and shackled in this way—he, a man who had always led a wholly simple, natural life? *He* had never shut himself up in an office, burned his eyes out over law papers, or narrowed his chest over ledgers; *he* had never sacrificed his liberty in the sordid pursuit of money-getting. On the contrary, he had admired all beautiful things wherever they were to be found, he had breathed the fresh air of heaven, had seen all there was of life and nature, and enjoyed it all in a full, free, sane way. It was monstrous, it was ridiculous, to strike at *him*. Strike, and welcome, at the men who kept their windows down! Thus he inveighed, thus he protested, and all in perfectly good faith. Lanse believed of himself exactly what he said.

But once established in a house of his own, and able to float about on the river, promptly his good-humor came back to him; for Lanse, while not in the least amiable, had always had an abundance of good-humor. He began to laugh again; he began to tell Margaret stories connected with his life abroad. Lanse's stories, though the language was apt to be almost as condensed as that of telegraphic dispatches, were invariably good.

There had been no formal explanations between these two, no serious talk. Lanse hated serious talk. And as for explanations, as he had never in his life been in the habit of giving them, it was not likely that he was going to begin now. When Margaret first arrived, and he could scarcely see her from pain, he had managed to say, "Oh, you're back? glad to see you"—as though she had left him but the week before—and this matter-of-course tone he had adhered to ever since. It was the easier since his wife showed no desire to alter it.

He required no direct services from her; his men did everything. As he grew better, he gave her the position of a charming comrade whom it was a pleasure to meet when he came (in his wheeled chair) to the parlor in the evening; he thanked her gallantly for being there. In this way they lived on. Margaret had been for nine or ten weeks under the same roof with him before he made any allusion to their personal relations. Even then it was only a remark or two, uttered easily, and as though he had happened to think of it just then. The remarks embodied the idea that the "interruption" (that was what he called it) which had occurred in their life together should be left undiscussed between them. It had happened, let it therefore remain "happened." They couldn't improve it by chattering about it (an illusion of weak minds), but they could take up the threads again where they had left them, and go on without any bother. "Bother" was another of the things Lanse detested.

Later, he added a few things more: they were not taking up the threads, after all, just where they had left them, but in a much better place. For now they were relieved from any necessity for being sentimental. He admired her greatly; he didn't mind telling her that she had grown much more interesting, as well as handsomer; but his having remained away from

her as long as he had, and of his own accord, debarred him, of course, from expecting personal affection from her, at least at present; he certainly didn't expect it, she might rest secure about that. On the other hand, he didn't believe, either—no, not in the least—that she had broken her heart very deeply about him. There was no better foundation than this state of affairs for the most comfortable sort of years together, if she would look at it in the right way. What was the cause of most of the trouble between husbands and wives nowadays?—by "nowadays" he meant in modern times, since women had been allowed to complain. Their being so bigoted, wasn't it? on one side or the other, as to wish to absorb each other, control each other, in a petty, dogmatic, jealous sort of way. Now in their case there would not be any clashing of that sort; when people had lived apart as they had, voluntarily and contentedly, for seven years, they must at least have got out of the habit of asking prying questions, of expecting a report of everything that had happened, of trying to dictate and govern. As to jealousy, it would be rather late in the day to begin that.

These were the only approaches Lanse had made toward a discussion of intimate topics. The reserve was not so remarkable in him as it might have been in another man, for Lanse seldom talked on intimate topics with anybody. His principle, so far as it could be gathered from his life, appeared to have been to allow himself, in actual fact (quiet fact), the most radical liberty of action, while at the same time in speech, in tastes, in general manner, he remained firmly, even aggressively, a conservative; Lanse's "manner" had been much admired. Always, so he would have said, he behaved "as a gentleman should," which had seemed to mean principally (according to his own idea of it) that he had no local views of anything, that he was fond of the fine arts and good guns, that he had a taste for ablutions and fresh air, for laced shoes and shooting jackets, and that he never (it had not happened since his early youth, at least) lost control of himself through drink. All this went perfectly with his apparent frankness. It also went perfectly with his real reserves.

On the occasions when he had said his few words to Margaret, he had given her no chance to reply; he had made his remarks when one of his men was momentarily expected to enter, he himself, meanwhile, being occupied in examining his guns (Lanse was always examining his guns); and the second time he took up a book, and became absorbed even while speaking, his words dying away as he read. Lanse was sure that he read a great deal, that he was very fond of reading. In reality he had read of late years almost nothing; he only turned to reading as a last resort. He was barbarically ignorant regarding the authors of his day. He liked best personal memoirs and letters of the last century. When these failed him, he re-read Fielding—fortunately Fielding was inexhaustible.

He was in the habit of saying this. But one evening even Fielding palled.

It was when they had been for nearly two months in the house on the river. He had been out during most of the afternoon in his canoe; his two attendants had now established him upon his sofa, placed everything which they thought he might want within his reach, had adjusted his reading lamp (he had announced that he was going to read), and had then left him. They were to return at ten o'clock and help him to bed, for Lanse was obliged to keep early hours; the night was the dangerous time, and one of the men always slept on a cot bed in the room with him, so as to be within call.

Margaret was sitting near the larger table, where there was a second lamp. She was sewing. Having thrown down his book, apparently with the sudden realization (it came to him occasionally) that he knew every word of it before beginning, Lanse sat among his cushions, watching her hand come and go above the long seam.

"You are always sewing on such long things!" he said. "What is the use of your doing that sort of work nowadays, when there are sewing-machines?"

"That's like the American you told me about, who asked, in Venice, what was the use of people's sketching there nowadays, when there were photographs?"

"Oh, your seam is a work of art, is it?" said Lanse. He was silent for a moment. Then he took up an old grievance. "Evert is abominably selfish not to come over here oftener. He might just as well come over and stay. Do you know any earthly reason why he shouldn't?"

"I suppose he thinks he ought not to

leave Aunt Katrina—I mean for any length of time."

"He comes for no length, long or short. Aunt Katrina? I thought you said she'd got a lot of people?"

"Only Mrs. Carew."

"Mrs. Carew and five or six servants; that's enough, in all conscience. No; I'll tell you what it really is: Evert knows I've got a canoe now that won't hold him, and that he would have to paddle himself. So he stays away. He might stay forever, as far as I am concerned, if it weren't for the evenings. But they're so confoundedly long—you must admit that they are—for a person who doesn't sew seams. If Evert were here, I could at least beat him at checkers—that would be something."

Checkers was the only game Lanse would play; he hated games generally. His method of playing this one was hopelessly bad. That made no difference in his being convinced that it was excellent. He blustered over it always.

Margaret had not answered. After a while, still idly watching her hand come and go, Lanse began to laugh. "No: I'll tell you what it really is, Madge; I know it as well as if he had drawn up a formal indictment and signed his name. He's all off with me on account of the way I've treated you."

She started; the movement of her hand became uneven, though she kept on taking stitches.

"Yes. What do you say to my having told him the whole story—just what really happened, and without a shade of excusing myself in any way? Don't you call that pretty good of me? But I found out, too, what I didn't know before—that you yourself have never said a word all this time either to him or to Aunt Katrina; that you have told nothing. I call that pretty good of *you*. I dare say, in the mean while, Aunt Katrina has led you a life!"

"I haven't minded that—she didn't know—"

"It was really very fine of you," said Lanse, appreciatively, after a moment or two of silence, during which he had seemed to review again her course, and to sincerely admire it. "It would have been so easy to have considered it your 'duty' to tell, to have called the telling 'setting yourself right.' Everybody would have been on your side—would have taken your part. But I can't say, after all, that I'm surprised," he went on. "I have always had the most perfect confidence in you, Madge. If I hadn't, I shouldn't have been so easy, of course, about going away. But I knew I could leave you, I knew I could trust you; I knew you would always be the perfect creature you have shown yourself to be."

"I'm not perfect at all," answered Margaret, throwing her work down with a movement that was almost fierce. "Don't talk to me in that way."

"There! no need to flash out so; remember I'm only a cripple," responded Lanse, amiably. He sat there stroking his short beard with his strong, well-shaped hand, looking at her, as he did so, with some curiosity.

She rose. "Is there anything I can do for you?—anything you want before I go?" And she began to fold up her work.

"Oh, don't go! that's inhuman. It's only a little after nine—there's nearly an hour yet before the executioners come. I didn't mean to vex you, Madge; really I didn't. I know perfectly that you have done what you did, behaved as you have—so admirably (you must excuse my saying it again)—to please yourself, not me; you did it because you thought it right, and you don't want my thanks for it; you don't even want my admiration. Probably you haven't a very high opinion of my admiration. I don't condole with you—you may have noticed that; the truth is, you have had your liberty, and you have been rid of me, and there has been no disagreeable gossip about it. If you had ever loved me, things would have been, of course, very different—there would have been the grief and all that to consider. But there's been no grief. You probably know now, though you didn't then, that you never seriously cared for me at all. Of course you *thought* you did."

Margaret was standing, her folded work in her hand, ready to leave the room. "I should—I should have tried," she answered, in a husky voice, her eyes turned away.

"Tried? Of course you would have tried, poor child," responded Lanse, laughing. "I should have had that spectacle. You were wonderfully good; you had a great sense of duty; you really married me from duty—because I told you you could save me, and you believed it, and thought you must try. And you mistook the interest you felt in me on that account

for affection — a very natural mistake at your age. Never mind all that now. I only want you to admit that I might have been worse; I might have been brutal, tyrannical, in every petty way. I might have been a pig. Instead of leaving you as I did, I might have staid at home— and made you wish that I *had* left! Even now I scarcely touch your liberty. True, I ask you to keep house for me, set up a home and make me comfortable again. But outside of that I leave you very free. You shall do quite as you please. Luckily we've got money enough—that is, you have — not to be forced to sacrifice ourselves about trifles. If you want your breakfast at eight o'clock, and I mine at eleven, why, we can have it in that way. It won't be necessary for us to change our customs in the very least for each other, and I assure you in the long-run that tells. It's possible, of course, that you may hate me. But I don't believe you do; and in case you don't, I see no reason why we shouldn't lead an easy life together. Really, looking at it in that way, it's a very pretty little prospect—for people of sense."

As he concluded with these words, genially uttered, Margaret sank suddenly into a chair which was near her and covered her face with her hands.

Lanse looked at her. There was genuine kindness in his beautiful dark eyes with the yellow lights in them. "There's one question I might ask you, Margaret. But no, I won't; it's really none of my business. You will always *act* like an angel. Your thoughts are your own affair."

Margaret still sat motionless, her face covered.

"I'm very sorry you feel so. I meant to be—I want to be—as considerate as possible. Great heavens!" he went on, "what a fettered, restricted existence you women — the good ones — do lead! I have the greatest sympathy for you. When you're wretched, you can't do anything; you can't escape, and you can't take any of the compensations men take when they want to balance ill luck in other directions; all you can do is—sit still and bear it! I wonder you endure it as you do. But I won't talk about it; talking's all rot. Short of killing myself, I don't know that there's anything that would improve the situation. And that wouldn't be of any use either, at least to you, because it would leave you feeling guilty, and guilt you could never bear. Come, hold up your head, Madge; nothing in this stupid life is worth feeling so bad about; life's nothing but rubbish. Get the checker-board and we'll have a game."

Margaret had risen. "I can't to-night; any other time."

"But what am I to do, then?" began Lanse, in a complaining tone. He was as good as his word; he had already dismissed the subject from his mind. "Well, if you must go," he went on, "just hand me that book of poor Malleson's, first."

This was a book of sketches of the work of Mino da Fiesole, the loving, patient studies of a young American who had died in Italy years before, when Lanse was there. Lanse had been kind to him at the last; had closed his eyes, and had then laid him to sleep in that lovely shaded cemetery under the shadow of the pyramid outside the walls of Rome—a sweet last resting-place that lingers in many a traveller's memory. The book of sketches had been left to him, and he was very fond of it.

As Margaret gave it to him he saw her face more clearly, saw its pallor and the traces of tears under the dark lashes. "Yes, go and rest," he said, compassionately; "go to bed. I should reproach myself very much if I thought it was waiting upon me, care about me, that had tired you so."

"No; I have very little to do; the men do everything," Margaret answered. "I haven't half as much to attend to here as I have at home." She seemed to wish to re-assure him.

"At home?" said Lanse, jocularly. "What are you talking about? This is your home, isn't it?—wherever I happen to be."

But evidently his wife's self-control had been rudely shaken when her tears had mastered her, for now she could not answer him. She turned away without speaking and left the room.

"Courage!" he called after her as she went toward the door. "You'll see it will all come right in the end."

She went with a swift step to her own room, and threw herself face downward upon a low couch, her head resting upon her clasped hands. The sudden movement loosened her hair; soon it began to slip from its fastenings and drop over her shoulders in a thick, soft, perfumed mass. Then, falling forward, lock by lock, the long ends touched the floor.

As she lay thus behind her bolted doors,

fighting with an unhappiness so deep that her whole heart was sobbing and crying, though now she did not shed outwardly a tear, her husband, stroking his brown beard meditatively, was getting a great deal of enjoyment out of poor Malleson's book. Lanse had a very delicate taste in such matters; he knew a beautiful outline when he saw it, from a single palmetto against the blue, on a point in the St. John's, to these low reliefs of the sweetest sculptor of the Renaissance. Long before, he had told Margaret that he married her for her profile. Slim, unformed girl as she was, there had been from the first moment he saw her an immense satisfaction for his eyes in the poise of her head and the clearness of her delicate features every time she entered the room.

Whether he would have found any satisfaction in these same outlines, could he have seen them prone in their present abandonment, only himself could have told.

He would have said, probably, that he found no satisfaction at all. Lansing Harold, as has been remarked before, had a great deal of benevolence.

CHAPTER XXII.

"I DON'T know what to say to you, Mrs. Harold, or how to explain to you what I can not—fully, that is—explain to myself," Dr. Kirby began. He was evidently highly disturbed. He sat down and stroked his chin; he got up and walked to and fro; then he sat down again, but with no increase of tranquillity.

He was in the sitting-room of the house on the river—a place not so desolate after eight months of Margaret's habitation there. She could not restore the blossoming vines to the stripped exterior; she could not bring to life again the magnificent old trees; but within she had made a great change. The rooms were fairly comfortable now. Dark blinds gave a semblance of the former leafy shade.

But more than the rooms was the mistress of them herself transformed. The change was not one of manner or expression; it was the metamorphosis which can be produced by a complete alteration of dress. For Lanse had objected to the simplicity of his wife's attire, and especially to the plain, close arrangement of her hair. "You don't mean it, I know," he said, "but it has an appearance of affectation, a sort of 'holier than thou' air. I hate to see women going about in that way; it looks as if they thought themselves so beautiful that they didn't mind calling attention to it—with sanctimonious primness, of course. It's the most conspicuous thing a woman can do."

"It's not a matter of principle with me; it's only my taste," Margaret answered. "I have always liked simplicity in others, and so I have dressed in that way myself."

"Well, alter it, then. With your sort of face you couldn't possibly look flashy. And you might look prettier—less like a saint. There, don't be enraged; I know you haven't a grain of that kind of pose. But it seems to me, Margaret, that you might very well dress to please me, since I regard you as a charming picture, keeping my hands off."

The next steamer that touched at the long pier (it was not two hours afterward) took from there half a dozen hastily written letters to carry North.

"What in the world—why, I hardly *knew* you," Aunt Katrina said, ten days later, when her niece came over to East Angels to see her: now that Lanse was so much better, she could come oftener.

"Lanse wished it," Margaret answered as she took her seat.

"And very properly. You certainly had a most tiresome way of having your things made—so deadly plain. It looked as if you wanted people to think you either very Quakerish or very miserable, I hardly know which."

"If I had been miserable I shouldn't have paid so much attention to it, should I? It takes a great deal of attention to dress in that way." She spoke, if not smilingly, then at least in the even tone which people now called "always *so* cheerful."

"Oh, I don't know what you really *were;* I only meant how you looked. I am glad, at least, that you acknowledge that it takes a great stock of vanity to go steadily against all the fashions. Well, you don't look Quakerish now."

"You like the dress, then?"

"It's *lovely*," said Aunt Katrina, scanning every detail from the hat to the shoe. "Expensive, of course?"

"Yes."

"And Lanse likes that?"

"He wishes me to dress richly: he says so."

"I think that's so nice of him. He wants you to look, I suppose, as well as you *can*," said Aunt Katrina, magnanimously. "And certainly you do look a great deal better."

Whether Margaret looked better was a question whose answer depended upon the personal taste of those who saw her. She looked, at least, very different. The sumptuous wrap with its deep fringes, the lace of the scarf, the general impression of costly fabrics and of color in her attire, brought out the delicate outlines of her face, as the soft waves of her hair over her forehead deepened the blue of her eyes. On her white arms now, at home in the evenings, bracelets gleamed, the flash of rings came from her little hands; her slender figure trailed behind it rich silks of various light hues.

"You are a beautiful object nowadays, Margaret," Lanse said more than once. "Fancy your having known how, all this time, without ever having used your talent!"

"It's my dress-maker's talent."

"Yes; she must have a great deal to carry out your orders."

He was especially pleased one evening. She came in, bringing his newspaper, which had just arrived by the steamer. She was dressed in a long gleaming gown of satin, with long tight sleeves; she wore a little ruff of Venetian lace; there was a golden comb in her dark hair. A fan made of the bright plumage of some tropical bird lay against the satin of her skirt; it hung by a ribbon from the broad satin belt, which, fastened by a golden buckle, defined her slender waist.

"You look like a fine old engraving," he said.

She stood holding the paper toward him. But for a moment he did not take it; he was surveying her critically. Then he lifted his eyes to her face. There was a smile in them. "You did it—do it—to please me?" he said.

She did not answer.

"Because you think it your duty to do what I wish. And because, too, you are a trifle afraid of me," he laughed. "It would have an even better effect, though, Madge," he went on, "if you wouldn't take it quite so seriously. Couldn't you contrive to get just a little pleasure out of it on your own account?—I mean the looking so handsome."

She gave him the paper, and went across to her work-table. "I am delighted to look handsome," she said.

"No, you're not. It was probably easier for you to dress as you used to—plainly; more in accordance with your feelings—women like to be in accordance. Poor child!" Lanse added, irrelevantly.

"The truth is, Madge, you're too conscientious," he resumed, after a short silence. "I take advantage of it, of course—I always shall. But you would get on a great deal better yourself, you might even have had more influence over me (if you care about that), if you had been, if you were now, a little less—patient."

"I suppose there's no use in my repeating that I'm not patient at all," answered Margaret. She was taking some balls of silk from the drawer.

"You want me to think it's self-control. Well, perhaps it is. But then, you know, unbroken self-control—"

"Would you mind it if I should ask you not to discuss it—my self-control?" Her hands were beginning to tremble.

"Put your hands in your pocket if you don't want me to see them," said Lanse, laughing; "they always betray you—even when your voice is steady. Well, at any rate, you're much better off than you would have been if you had happened to care for me. That's been the enormous blessing of your life—your not caring. Just supposing you *had* cared! You ought to be very thankful. And you ought to reckon up your blessings every now and then, for fear of forgetting some of them; we ought all to do that, I think."

He said this with great gravity. Not that he felt in the least grave. But it was one of Lanse's methods of amusing himself to make remarks of this sort once in a while with a very grave face. It was his way of enjoying an inward laugh.

He looked at her for a moment or two longer as she sat with her eyes bent upon her knitting. "You're in the right chair," he said at length, "but you're sitting too straight. Won't you please take that footstool, put your feet on it, and then lean back more? You long lithe women look better that way."

She did not move.

"Come," he said, "you're furious; but you know you ought to humor me. It's only that I want my picture more complete—that's all."

And then, with nervous quickness, she did what he asked.

He thanked her, and resumed the consideration of his guns, which her entrance with the paper had interrupted.

It was upon the morning following this little conversation that Dr. Kirby made his appearance at the house on the river and declared that he could not "explain."

"Tell me without explaining," Margaret suggested.

But this at first seemed to the Doctor even more difficult than the other alternative; it would have been so much more in accordance with his sense of the fitness of things to lead up to it gradually, to ascend the stumbling-block which had fallen in their path by means of a proper staircase, carpeted steps of probabilities and causes, things he had foreseen—intuitions. But in fact he had foreseen nothing. He felt that he could not make a staircase. So he gave one great hard bound.

"Garda is engaged," he announced. "To Lucian Spenser."

"I didn't know he was back," said Margaret, in astonishment.

"He has only just come. She went up to Norfolk with my cousin, Sally Lowndes"—here the Doctor stopped, gazing at Margaret inquiringly.

"Yes, I left it to you to decide about her going—don't you remember?"

"I decided wrongly. I thought it would be a variety for her—Virginia having *some* interesting points. Sally was obliged to go, and anxious to take Garda—I was in Charleston, and I allowed it. I had no business to!" said the Doctor, slapping his knee suddenly and fiercely. "I distinctly disapprove of much travelling for young girls—mere aimless gadding about. But I have been corrupted, to a certain degree, by the new Nor—the new modern ideas that are making their way everywhere at present: they creep in at our very key-holes. I could bury my head in a hay-stack! When did you hear from her last?"

"I had a letter from Norfolk immediately after her arrival."

"Before she had met him—yes. And nothing since?"

"Nothing."

"She said she would rather have me tell you than write herself."

"She thought you would be on her side."

"No, madam, no; she couldn't have thought that—that would be impossible. But she was good enough to say that I should, in the telling, be certain to make you laugh. And that was what she wanted."

Moisture glittered suddenly in his eyes as he brought this out. He pretended it was not there, and searching for his handkerchief, he coughed gruffly, complaining of "a cold."

"I certainly don't laugh," said Margaret. "But perhaps we need not be so—so troubled about it. The first thing is to have her come home."

"She's back in Charleston, of course."

"Oh?"

"Yes. As soon as I received Sally's letter—she wrote at once—I started immediately for Norfolk" (the Doctor did not say how difficult it was for him to spare the money for the journey). "I saw Mr. Spenser—in my quality of guardian it was proper that I should see him. And I brought the two ladies home."

"And not Mr. Spenser too?"

"I don't know anything about Mr. Spenser!" Then, after a moment, "I reckon he will follow," the Doctor murmured, dejectedly.

"And I—who thought he was in Venice!"

"He was in Venice until a few weeks ago. I don't know in the least what brought him home. But I do know what brought him to Norfolk: some confounded fancy or other for sketching—of all places in the world—the Dismal Swamp—the miry, malarious old Dismal. I beg your pardon, madam"—here the Doctor rose, bowing ceremoniously, with his hand on the broad expanse of beautifully starched linen, which kept its place unmoved over his disturbed breast. "It is not often that I am betrayed into language unsuited to a lady's presence. I should not have used the adjective I did before 'fancy.' I beg you to excuse me."

"Do you not like Mr. Spenser?" said Margaret.

The Doctor stared. "Do you?"

"I suppose it is not so much whether we like him as whether we approve of him. It is for Garda to like him, isn't it? I don't think we can oppose it: she would not listen to us."

"No, no; I apprehend you are in error there," said the Doctor, beginning to walk to and fro with quick steps. Much as he

liked Margaret, he was ranking her now with the general Northern enemy.

"I must tell you what I think, mustn't I?" said the other guardian, gently. "And I think she has cared for him a long time."

"It is impossible for me to agree with you. Long time? Permit me to ask how long you mean? In the mean while she has been engaged to another man—Evert Winthrop. Do you forget that?"

"I don't think she realized—she was very young; she is extremely impulsive always," answered his colleague, wandering rather helplessly for a moment among these phrases. Then she spoke more decidedly. "But now she knows, now she is sure; she is sure it is Lucian she cares for."

"She doesn't dream what she cares for yet. She is fanciful, and this is only another fancy. Sally, too, has been much to blame."

"I do not think Garda is fanciful," said Margaret. "And—it is not a childish feeling, her liking for Lucian Spenser."

The Doctor stopped on the other side of the room. Then he came back and stood gazing at Margaret in silence. "You are a woman, and you are good," he said at last. "She is very fond of you, she tells you everything, and you *must* know. If therefore you say that she—"

"Yes," answered Margaret, "I do know. I am sure she cares for him very, very much." Here some of Garda's frank expressions about Lucian, and the delight it gave her to even look at him, coming suddenly into her memory, over all her fair face there rose a sweet deep blush.

The Doctor turned away and dropped into a chair.

"There is nothing against Mr. Spenser, I believe," Margaret began again, after a short pause.

"It isn't that. No, I believe there is nothing." Then: "Well, I reckon she has taken us all by surprise and grown up," he said, rising abruptly with an attempt at cheerfulness. And during the remainder of his visit he spoke with unusual rapidity, and held himself in an erect, business-like way (or what he supposed to be such), as if he were facing the entire North. Once they had faced its armies. Now they must face its influences, its assertions. These influences were coming from all directions, sometimes in a pleasant form—as that of Margaret Harold herself, sitting there before him now in her pale blue draperies; sometimes, and far oftener, in an unpleasant. Fortunately he was an old man—he should see only the beginnings; he would try to bear himself bravely in the face of these beginnings while still above-ground.

He told Margaret (with his new quick utterance) that Lucian was now possessed of "a genteel income." He had not accepted his wife's large fortune. She had left everything to him, but he had immediately given three-quarters of it back to her relatives. This still left him "a competence." They were to wait six months; a proper time would then have elapsed since—

"Yes, I know," said Margaret. Not at all deceived by the poor Doctor's business-like manner, she came as soon as she could to his relief. "Where do you think she had better stay when she comes back? Could you have her with you for a while? I don't think I— I doubt whether she would care to stay here."

"She says she isn't coming back. She knows you have no place for her, no time; and you are the only one she cares for."

"She doesn't mean that; she cares greatly for you all. I think she ought to come back; she has been a long time in Charleston. Mrs. Lowndes has been wonderfully kind."

"Oh, as to that, Sally is very fond of her, and loves to have her there. Sally hasn't much in the way of amusement nowadays, she tells me. I suggested to her," added the Doctor—he was evidently trying to recapture his old fluency—"that she might extract some small flavor of it possibly by giving herself up for a while to an undivided contemplation of that hallucinated Ernesto de Torrez."

"Is he there still?"

"He is there still. He doesn't believe in the least in Garda's engagement."

"He didn't believe in the other one," said Margaret. And then she was sorry she had said it, for the Doctor jumped up and seized his hat. It was still insupportable to him, the thought of those two engagements.

"He's an arrant idiot!" he said, violently. Then, controlling himself, he took leave of Margaret in his softest tones, bowing over her hand with his old stately ceremony. Mr. Harold was in the garden? He would go out and see him there. It was most satisfactory, certainly, the improvement in Mr. Harold.

Lanse was, indeed, much better, so much that, had it not been for his crippled condition, he would have seemed quite himself again. But he could not yet walk; his knees and ankles remained swollen and stiff. He had not been able to go over and see Mrs. Rutherford.

To two or three persons, Minerva Poindexter very decidedly among them, it seemed possible that the short journey would not cause much more fatigue than the long days he spent in his canoe. But Lanse was of a different opinion; and, as has been already mentioned, only two or three persons turned over his opinion far enough to find selfishness underneath it.

It had happened to Lansing Harold all his life to be seldom criticised with any real severity by those who knew him personally (there was plenty of criticism from those who didn't); those who knew him personally were always a little under, if not the charm, then at least the influence, of his breezy good-humor. He had always been so large and strong and handsome, there had been such an air of vigor about him—it was markedly visible even now—that it had seemed a sort of generosity on his part that he should be so good-humored, often so witty as well. That was what they found him now, the people of Gracias—so good-humored, often so witty as well. For they had all made his acquaintance. Mr. Moore had been over at regular intervals to pay his respects to Margaret in her new home; Betty Carew had come also, her Katrina permitting; Madam Giron and Madam Ruiz had made the little journey of courtesy; even Mistress Kirby in her visite had accompanied Reginald several times when he came to see his patient. For they all felt that the new-comer belonged in reality to them; he would have been at East Angels, of course, and not "on the river" (Gracias people had a low opinion of "the river"), if it had been possible for him to reach the former place.

On the present occasion the Doctor went to the garden, where Lanse, stretched on a couch, with a cigar, was surveying the river contentedly. Lanse liked the Doctor; it was an ever-fresh entertainment to him to realize that his large long bulk was committed to the care of that "pottering little man." The Doctor was not in the least "pottering." But Lanse really thought that all short men with small hands, who were without an active taste for guns, were of that description. The Doctor made but a brief visit this time; then he started homeward. He had still the news about Garda to tell in Gracias. At present it was known only to Ma.

Garda did not comply with the wish of her friends, and return to them. She wrote a dozen letters about it, but in actual presence she staid away. Most of these epistles were to Margaret. As time went on she wrote to Margaret almost every day.

But her letters were not letters at all, in the usual sense of the word; they were brief diaries, rapidly jotted down, of the feelings of the moment; they were pæans, rhapsodies, bubbling little exclamations of delight; none of them ever exceeded in length a page.

They seemed to Margaret very expressive. She did not know what Garda might be writing to the Kirbys, the Moores, and Mrs. Carew; but what Garda wrote to her she kept to herself.

This was the girl's first letter after Margaret's note urging her to return:

"Margaret, I *can't* come—don't ask me; for none of them there would sympathize with me—not even you. It isn't that I want sympathy—I never even think of it. But I don't want the least disagreeable thing now when I am so *blissful*—bliss is the only word. Lucian comes in every morning on the train. The Doctor said that of course he would not stay all the time in Charleston. So, to satisfy him, Lucian stays thirty miles out, and comes in every day.

"Oh, Margaret, I *wish* you were as rapturous as I am! GARDA."

"DEAR MARGARET,—Every morning I watch until he opens the gate" (she wrote a day later), "and then I run down to meet him in the hall. We don't stay in the house; we go into the garden. Mrs. Lowndes says she loves to have him come, because he reminds her so much of Mr. Lowndes—'Roger,' she calls him. And she says *we* remind her of her own engagement. (But I don't believe Mr. Lowndes was like Lucian.) And she says it makes her young again in her heart to see us. And perhaps it does in her heart. But the change hasn't reached the outside yet. GARDA."

"DEAR MARGARET,—If I could stay with you I would come back to-morrow" (she

wrote in answer to a second letter from Margaret, which urged her strongly to return). "But I know you don't want me now—that is, you can't have me—and where else could I stay? The Doctor *hates* Lucian—he may pretend, but he *does*. And Aunt Betty is always at East Angels now, so I can't stay with her. If I should stay at the rectory, Mrs. Moore would be sure to say, how *pleasant* for Lucian and I to read poetry on the veranda, because that is what she and Mr. Moore used to do when they were engaged. But Lucian and I don't want to read any poetry on any verandas. I should just *die* at the rectory. You must see that I can't come home. GARDA."

"DEAR MARGARET,—Lucian has gone for the night, and there's nothing else to do, so I thought I would write to you. Mrs. Lowndes has just been in. She brought a daguerreotype of Mr. Lowndes, taken when he was young, and she says she knows exactly how I feel, because she used to feel just the same. When she was at the window, and saw 'Roger' coming down the street, the very calves of her legs used to quiver, she says. Roger must have been rather stout—at least he is in the daguerreotype. He wore glasses.

"Lucian is painting me; but I only wish I could paint *him*. Oh, Margaret, he *is* so beautiful, I *adore* him. GARDA."

"DEAREST MARGARET,—I am so happy. I am so glad I am alive. It's so nice to be alive. People say life's dreadful, but to me it's perfectly enchanting every single minute. I thought I would tell you how happy I was before going to bed. I love to *write it down*. GARDA."

The Doctor went up to Charleston again. He was much displeased with the course things had taken, and he spoke with a good deal of severity to Sally Lowndes.

Sally, who was soft-bodied as well as soft-hearted (her figure was a good deal relaxed), shed tears. Then, recovering some spirit, she wished to know what the Doctor had expected *her* to do? It was true that that sweet Garda had left off her lessons (up to this time she had "had instruction," that is, teachers had arrived at fixed hours); but Sally was decidedly of the opinion that a girl who was so soon to be married should be relieved at least of "*school-room* drudgery."

"Nothing of the sort," said the Doctor; "she should be kept even more closely to her books. Your ideas are provincial and ridiculous, Sally; I don't know where you obtained them."

"From my mother," answered Sally, with a pink flush of excitement in her faded cheeks. "From my grandmother too—who was yours also. It is *you* who are changed, Reginald; it has never been the custom in our family to keep the girls down at their books after sixteen."

This was true. But the very truth of it made the Doctor more angry. "I shall take her back with me," he said.

"She doesn't wish to go."

"That makes no difference."

And then Sally "supposed" that it was not his intention to drag her back "in chains." Mrs. Lowndes was evidently much displeased with Cousin Reginald.

The Doctor took Garda to a remote part of the garden. Here he placed before her in serious words the strong wish he had that she should return with him to Gracias.

Garda laughed out merrily. Then she came and kissed him. "Don't ask me to do anything so horribly disagreeable," she said, coaxingly.

"Would it be disagreeable?" asked the Doctor, his voice changing to sadness.

"Of course. For you're not nice to Lucian; you know you're not. If I adore him, as I do, how can I like that?"

"I will be—I will be nice," said the Doctor, borrowing her word, though the use of it in that sense was to him like turning a somersault.

"Would you really try?" said Garda. She came behind him, putting her arms round his neck and resting her head on his shoulder. "You never could, you dear old thing," she said, fondly. And then, as though he were some big good-natured animal, a magnanimous elephant or bear, she let him feel the weight of her little dimpled chin.

"I am weak because I have loved you so long, my child. I might insist—you are my ward. But it seems to me that you ought to care more about doing a little as we wish. Mrs. Harold agrees with me in thinking this."

"Margaret is *sweet;* I love her dearly. But, do you know"—here she disengaged herself, and began with a sudden inconsequent interest to gather flowers—"it's so funny to me that you should think,

either of you, for one moment, that I would leave Lucian now."

"He could come too, a little later." The Doctor was driven to this concession.

"But I shouldn't see him as I do here; you know I shouldn't. Here we do quite as we please; no one ever comes to this part of the garden but ourselves; we might be on a desert island—only it would have to be an island of flowers."

"And you care more for this than for our wishes?" began the Doctor. Then he took a lighter tone. "Of course you don't. You will come home with me, my child; we will start this afternoon." Watching her move about among the high bushes as she gathered her roses, he had fallen back into his old belief: this young face where to him were still so plainly visible the childish outlines of the little girl he had been used to lead about by the hand—even of the dimpled baby he remembered so well—he could not bring himself to realize that it had gained older expressions, and deeper, expressions he did not know.

"I am very sorry, dear," Garda answered, generally. And then she knelt down to peer through a bush which might perhaps be holding its best buds hidden.

The Doctor, completely routed by the word which she had without the least effort used, the maturity of that "dear," addressed her at last, though unconscious that he was doing so, in the tone of equality. "It isn't as though you had anything to bear, like the prospect of a long engagement, as though there were any difficulties in the way; your marriage is to come so soon," he pleaded.

"Soon?" said Garda. "Six long months! Do you call that 'soon'?" She stopped gathering roses, and sat down on a garden bench. "Six months! I must see him every day, and for a long while every day; that will be the *only* way to bear it." Then her words ceased. But her splendid eyes, meeting the Doctor's (she had forgotten that he was there), grew fuller and fuller of the loveliest dreaming expression, until the poor guardian—he realized that she would not perceive his departure—could not stand there and watch it any longer. He turned abruptly and went away.

"DEAR MARGARET,—The Doctor has gone" (Garda wrote the next day). "And I am afraid he is displeased. Apparently we please no one but ourselves and Sally Lowndes. But the Doctor is so funny! he doesn't seem to comprehend. He said to me once, 'What is it you see in him, Edgarda?' And I said, 'I see in him that I *love* him.' And *yet* he doesn't comprehend. I suppose it's because he's so old. Margaret, when my wedding day really comes at last, nobody must touch me but you. You must dress me, and you must put on my veil, and the orange blossoms (from the old East Angels grove—I won't have any others). And then, just before we go down-stairs, you must say you are *pleased*. And you must forgive me all I have done—and been too—because I *couldn't* help it. I shall come over from Gracias, and go down on my knees to Mr. Harold to beg him to let me be with you, or rather to let *you*. He must, he shall say yes."

But Lanse was not called upon to go through this interview.

He had already said, "*You* go?" in rather a high-noted tone of surprised remonstrance when Margaret suggested, some time before, that she should go herself to Charleston and bring Garda back. "And leave me shut up alone here?" he added, as if to bring home to her the barbarity of her proposal.

"The servants do very well at present."

"They don't look as you do," Lanse answered, gallantly. "I must have something to look at."

"But I think I ought to go."

"You can dismiss that 'ought' from your mind. There are other 'oughts' that come nearer. In fact, viewing the matter impartially, you should never have consented in the beginning, Madge, to take charge of that girl, without first consulting me." Lanse brought out this last touch with much judicial gravity. "Fortunately your guardianship, such as it is, will soon be over," he went on; "she will soon have a husband to see to her. Apparently she needs one."

"That won't be for six months yet."

"Call it two; as I understand it, there's nothing but a dogmatic old custom between them, and as Florida isn't the land of custom—"

"Yes, it is."

"Well, even grant that; the girl is, from all accounts, a rich specimen of willfulness—"

"Of naturalness."

"Oh, if they're guided by naturalness," said Lanse, "they won't even wait two."

And it was not two, when early one morning, in old St. Michael's Church in Charleston, with Sally Lowndes, excited and tearful, as witness—their only one save an ancient little uncle of hers, who had come in from his rice plantation to do them the favor of giving the bride (whom he had never seen before) away, Edgarda Thorne and Lucian Spenser were married.

The Reverend Batton Habersham, as he came robed in his surplice from the vestry-room, could not help being conscious, even then and there, that he had never seen so beautiful a girl as the one who now stood waiting at the chancel rail—not in the veil she had written about, or the orange blossoms from East Angels, but in an every-day white frock, and garden hat covered with roses. The bridegroom was very handsome also. But naturally the clergyman was not so much impressed by Lucian's good points as by Garda's lovely ones. Sally Lowndes was impressed by Lucian. She gazed at him as one gazes at an old Venetian portrait. Lucian looked very handsome, very tall and manly, and very much in love—a happy combination, Sally thought. And then, with fresh sweet tears welling in her eyes, she knelt down for the benediction (though it was not given to her), and thought of "Roger," and the day when she should see him again in paradise.

The Reverend Batton Habersham, who was officiating in St. Michael's for a week only, during the absence of the rector, was a man unknown to fame even in his own diocese. But it is possible to do a great deal of good in the world without fame. And Batton Habersham did it. His little mission chapel was on one of the sea islands. Always thereafter he remembered the early morning marriage of that beautiful girl in the dim, empty old Charleston church as the most romantic episode of his life. Fervently he hoped that she would be happy. For even so good a man is more earnest (unconsciously) in his hopes for the happiness of a bride with eyes and hair like Garda's than he is for that of one with tints less striking. Though the relation, all the same, between the amount of coloring matter in the visual orbs or capillary glands, and the degree of sweetness and womanly goodness in the heart beneath, has never yet been satisfactorily determined.

An hour later the northward-bound train was carrying two supremely happy persons across the Carolinas toward New York, the Narrows, Italy.

"Well, we have all been young once, Sally," the little old rice planter had said, with a smothered sigh, to his weeping niece, as the carriage drove away from the hospitable old mansion of the Lowndeses. Garda had almost forgotten that they were there, Sally and himself, as they had stood for a moment at the carriage door. But she had looked so exquisitely lovely in her sweet absorbed felicity that he forgave her on the spot, though of course he wondered over her choice, and "couldn't imagine" what she could see in that "ordinary young fellow." He went back to his plantation. But he was restless all the evening. At last, about midnight, he got out an old miniature and some letters, and any one who could have looked into the silent room later in the night would have seen the little old man still in his arm-chair, his face hidden in his hand, the faded pages open beside him.

"It is perhaps as well," said Margaret Harold. She was trying to administer some comfort to Dr. Kirby, when, two days later, he sat, a flaccid parcel of clothes, on the edge of a chair in her parlor, staring at the floor.

Mrs. Rutherford was triumphant. "A runaway match! And *that* is the girl you would have married, Evert. What an escape!"

"*She* has escaped," Winthrop answered, smiling.

"What do you mean? Escaped? Escaped from what?"

"From all of us here."

"Not from me," answered Aunt Katrina, with dignity. "*I* never tried to keep her; *I* always saw through her perfectly from the very first. Do you mean to say that you understand that girl even now, Evert?" she added, with some contradiction.

"Yes, I think I do—*now*," Winthrop answered.

"I don't envy you your knowledge. *Poor* Lucian Spenser! what could have possessed him?"

"He? He's madly in love with her, of course."

"I'm glad at least you think he's a fool," said Aunt Katrina, applying her vinaigrette disdainfully to her well-shaped nose.

"Fool? Not at all; he's only tremendously happy."

"The same thing—in such a case."

"I don't know about that. The question is, is it better to be tremendously happy for a little while, and unreasonable, or to be reasonable all the time, and never tremendously happy?"

"Oh, if you're going to talk *rationalism*—" said Aunt Katrina.

Immediately after her return from Norfolk, in the interval before Lucian came, Garda sent for Ernesto de Torrez. When he appeared, she did not even ask him to sit down; she came to him eagerly, and begged him to do her a favor, namely, to leave Charleston for the present.

"Is it that you wish me to return to Gracias?" he asked. "The place is a desperation without you."

"You need not go to Gracias if you don't want to; but please go away from here. Go to the Indian River," she suggested, with a sudden inspiration.

"I will go to the Indian River certainly—if that is your wish," replied the Cuban; "though I do not know"—this he added rather longingly—"what harm I do here."

"No harm at all. But I want you to go." She smiled brightly, though there was also a good deal of sympathy in her eyes as she surveyed his lack-lustre countenance.

"That is enough—your wish. I go—I go at once." He took leave of her.

She called him back, and looked at him for a moment. Then she said, "Yes, go; and I will write to you."

This was a great concession. Ernesto felt it to be such.

But the letter was a long time in coming; and when it did come at last, it dealt him, like an actual hand, a prostrating blow.

It was dated several days after that morning which had seen the early marriage in St. Michael's, and the signature, when his dazed eyes reached it, was one he did not know—Edgarda Spenser.

The Cuban had received this note at dusk. He went out and wandered about all night. At daylight he came in, dressed himself afresh and carefully, and had his boots polished—a process not so much a matter of course on the Indian River at that day as in some other localities. Next he said a prayer, on his knees, in his rough room in the house where he was lodged. He then went out and asked the old hunter, his host, for the favor of the loan of one of his guns for the morning.

With this gun he departed into the woods. He was no sportsman. But this did not matter, since the game he had in view was extremely docile; it was so docile that it would even arrange itself in the best possible position for the ball.

But the desperate young man—his manner was composed and tranquil as he made his way through the beautiful Southern forest—was not permitted to end his earthly existence then. A hand seized his shoulder. "Are you mad, Ernesto?" said Manuel Ruiz, tears gleaming in his eyes as he almost threw his friend to the ground in the quick, violent effort he made to get possession of the gun. Then, seeing that Ernesto was looking at him very strangely, "If you come another step nearer, I'll shoot you down," he shouted.

The Cuban did not say, "That is what I want." He did not move or speak.

Manuel immediately began to talk. "They sent me down here, Ernesto; they had heard, and they were afraid for you. I had just got home, and they asked me to come—your aunt asked me."

"My aunt asked you?" repeated Torrez, mechanically.

"Yes, Ernesto, your aunt. You must care something for *her*," said Manuel. He looked uneasily about him.

And then, hurrying through the wood, came Madam Giron.

The loving-hearted, sweet-tempered woman was much moved. She took her dead sister's unhappy boy in her arms, and wept over him as though he had been her own child. She soothed him with motherly caresses; she said, tenderly, that she had not been kind enough to him, that she had been too much taken up with her own children. "But now—*now*, my dearest—" This all in Spanish, the sweetest sound in the world to poor Torrez's ears.

A slight convulsion passed over his features, though no tears came. He was young enough to have felt acutely the loneliness of his suffering, the solitude of the death which he was on his way to seek. He stood perfectly still. His aunt was now leaning against him as she wept. He put one arm protectingly round her. He felt a slow, slow return toward, not a less torturing pain, but toward greater courage in bearing it, in this sympathy which had

come to him. Even Manuel had shown sympathy. "I feel—I feel that I have been—rather cowardly," he said at last in a dull tone.

"No, no, dear," said his aunt, putting up her soft hand to stroke his dark hair. "It was very natural. We all understand."

And then a mist did show itself for an instant in the poor boy's eyes.

That same evening, Garda, far at sea, sitting with her head on Lucian's shoulder under the brilliant stars, answered a question he asked. She did not answer it at first; she was too contented to talk. Then, as he asked it again, "What ever became of that mediæval young Cuban of mine?" "Oh, Ernesto?" she said. "I sent him down to the Indian River."

"To the Indian River? What in the world did you do that for?"

"He was in Charleston and you were coming: I didn't want him there."

"Were you afraid he would attack me?" asked Lucian, laughing.

"I was afraid he would suffer. In fact, I knew he would. And I didn't want to see it. He can suffer because he is like me—*he* can love."

"Poor fellow!"

"Yes. But I never cared for him. And he *wouldn't* see."

"And 'way down there in the land of the cotton,' I don't suppose he knows yet what's happened, does he?" said Lucian.

"Oh yes; I wrote to him from New York."

"You waited till then? Wasn't that rather hard?"

"Are you finding fault with me?" she murmured, turning her head so that her lips could reach and rest against his bending face.

"*Fault!*" said Lucian, taking her in his arms.

Ernesto passed out of their memory.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I CAN not let you go alone," said Evert Winthrop.

He was speaking to Margaret. They were in the East Angels drawing-room, Betty Carew hovering near, and agreeing with perfect sincerity now with one, now with the other, in the remarkable way which was part of the breadth of her sympathy. "Of *course* you feel as you do," she would murmur to Margaret. And then, a minute later, she would nod her head impressively with the slow sidewise movement which says, "Yes, indeed, you *are* right," when Winthrop advanced his view of the question.

"But it's not in the least necessary for you to go," Margaret repeated. "Even if the storm should break before I reach the river, the carriage can be made perfectly tight. The storm, too, might disturb Aunt Katrina; she is the one who would need you, not I."

"Aunt Katrina is so much better that my absence, storm or no storm, will hardly trouble her seriously. She has always her kind friend—the most unselfish woman in the world, I verily believe," Winthrop said, turning with a smile toward Betty. "From the look of the sky, I am almost sure that we shall have a blow before the rain; in the face of such a probability, I couldn't allow you to start across the barrens alone—it's absurd to suppose I should."

Margaret stood hesitating. "You want me to give it up—postpone it. But I can not get rid of the idea that something has happened—I have had no letter for so long; even if Lanse had not cared to write himself, Elliot or Dodd would have done so, it seems to me, under any ordinary circumstances."

"Lanse probably keeps them too busy."

"They always have their evenings."

But Winthrop showed scanty interest in the evenings of Elliot and Dodd. "For myself, I can't pretend to be anxious," he said—"I mean about Lanse. I am only anxious about you."

"But if I don't go now, I can't go until to-morrow noon; before that time I shouldn't meet a boat that stops at our landing. That would make a delay of twenty-four hours." She looked at him as she said this, with a sort of unconscious appeal.

"I doubt whether anything very exciting could happen over there in twice twenty-four; it isn't an exciting place."

"Of course you think me obstinate. But I can not help feeling that I ought to go."

"*Perfectly* natural," said Betty. "I should feel just the same in your place—I know I should—not hearing for *so* long; 'absence makes the heart,' of *course*."

"It's that—the silence. I have been disturbed about it for several days, but it was only to-day, this morning, that Aunt Katrina would hear of my going; of course I could not tell her that I was anxious."

"Go, by all means, if you feel in that way about it," said Winthrop. "I haven't the least desire to prevent it—as you seem to think; I only say that I shall go too."

"Yes; and that is what I don't want." She turned away and stepped out on the balcony to scan the sky.

A dark haze edged the eastern horizon. It was far away at present, lying low down on the sea; but it would come, it was already coming, westward. A clear, empty-looking space of cold pearl-hued light preceded it. Here on the lagoon the atmosphere was breathlessly still, not a sound of any kind stirred the warm silence. "Perhaps it will be only a heavy rain," said Margaret, rather helplessly. She looked very uncomfortable.

"Yes, I reckon that's all it *will* be," said Betty, who had followed her to the balcony door. "And then, too, if it *should* be anything more, Mr. Winthrop will be with you, of course; that is, in case you decide to go; and if you don't go, why then he won't, you know; and you needn't be uneasy about taking him away from your aunt. So, either way, it's all for the best."

Margaret turned and came back into the drawing-room. Winthrop was standing by the table where she had left him. His eyes met hers. She saw that he would not yield. "I don't dare give it up, I don't dare wait," she broke out with sudden agitation. "Something has happened; nothing less could have kept both of the men from writing, when I gave them my express orders. I don't understand why you don't agree with me."

"You see probabilities. And Lanse isn't a devotee of probabilities, as a general thing. Didn't the last letter say that he had begun to walk a little?—with the aid of two canes? By this time it is one cane, and he is camping out. And he has carried off the whole force of the house to cook for him."

Betty thought this an excellent joke, and laughed delightfully over it.

"If he is camping out, it is quite time I was back," answered Margaret, trying to speak lightly. She took up her gloves. "Good-by, Aunt Betty" (Betty, who was very fond of her, had prayed her long before to give her that friendly title); "you will write to me about Aunt Katrina?"

"Yes, indeed, I will," said Betty, kissing her. "Poor dear, between the two who need you, you're like Mahomet's coffin, aren't you? suspended between heaven and—and the other place. And I'm *so* glad you've decided as you have, because you will be *much* easier in your mind, though of course, too, Mr. Winthrop was *quite* right, of course, about being afraid for you in case you were alone, for sometimes we *do* have the most dreadful gusts, and the pine-trees are blown down all *over* the barrens and right across the roads; but then, all the same, if you *hadn't* decided, you would be *so* uncomfortable, and much like the old man and his son and the donkey, who never got anywhere, you know, because they tried to please too many people, or was it that they had to carry the donkey at the last?—perhaps that was it; at any rate, certainly there's no donkey *here*. Well, good-by, dear; I shall be so *dreadfully* anxious about the trees! But still, it won't be as bad as it *might* be, because they say falling trees don't make the least *bit* of sound when there's no one there to hear them, and, naturally, you won't be within hearing of *all* that fall."

"I am quite sure"—this was called down the stairs after Margaret had descended—"I'm quite sure, dear, that it will be *nothing* but a rain."

A carriage was waiting at the lower door; Winthrop's man was to drive; but the horses were not his; they were a pair Margaret had sent for. The carriage had a light top, which at present was thrown back: when it was up, the coachman's seat was under it, and not outside, the two seats being on the same level. Margaret took her place, and Winthrop followed her. Betty, who had now hurried out to the balcony, waved her handkerchief in vehement farewell as long as she could see them.

Margaret had been at East Angels for nearly a month, called there by a sudden illness which had attacked Mrs. Rutherford. It was not a dangerous illness; but it was one that entailed a good deal of suffering, and Margaret had been immediately summoned.

By this time everybody in Gracias knew how dependent "dear Katrina" was in reality upon her niece, in spite of her own majestic statements to the contrary.

For in small communities, with time, the truth as to dispositions generally ends by becoming known; the helpful are seen to be helpful; handsome smiling selfishness is at last recognized as selfishness; and the people who are constantly "*so* sorry" for this neighbor or that are perceived not to be actuated always by the purely benevolent motives that were at first ascribed to them. So now no one was surprised when, after the new illness had declared itself, and Mrs. Rutherford had said, plaintively, that she should think Margaret would feel that she *ought* to be there, Betty immediately sat down and wrote a note.

Looth herself was thankfully glad when Margaret came. As for Celestine, that reticent attendant relaxed her reserve long enough to sit down for a moment, at Margaret's request, and give one of her characteristic reports. "Ben up nights? I expect I hev. But I don't mind that a mynt; what I mind is that she's ben so hard to get along with; it don't reelly seem as though she'd done me justice. Everything I've tried 's ben wrong, and she's ben mad as hops at me most of the time. Not but what I ain't sorry for her —land! yes, she's suffered so. And do you know, I almost begin to think, Miss Margaret, that she'll never be able to wear them plain tight-fitting waists again. It 'll be a dreadful blow to her, and I don't mind saying that *I* shall miss the cutting out and fitting her myself—she *did* set everything off so! She'd a splendid back," said Celestine, with admiration. But here Minerva Poindexter realized that this was the tone of worldliness. "But what's a back to salvation?" she said, getting up with a jerk. "Lots of narrer-chested, crooked-backed, one-shoulder-higher'n-the-other people are going through the strait gate this very minute, I'll be bound."

"I hope there'll be some room left for a few who are not crooked," Margaret suggested, smiling.

But Minerva was mounted upon her high horse now; she said, inflexibly, that she didn't know.

After two weeks of suffering, Mrs. Rutherford had begun to improve. She had now almost attained her former comparatively comfortable condition, and Margaret was returning to the house on the river.

The light carriage crossed the country rapidly; the same hushed silence continued; the pine-trees which Betty had seen in a vision prostrate "all over the barren" did not stir so much as one of their green needles. Margaret and Winthrop spoke occasionally, but they did not talk. Anything they should say would necessarily be shared by the man who was driving. But conversation between them was not much more free when the steamer was taking them up the river. They sat on the deck together at some distance from the other passengers, but their words were few; what they said had even a rather perfunctory sound. They exchanged some remarks about Garda which contained rather more of animation.

Garda's last letter to Margaret had borne at the head of the page the magic word "Venice." Garda had appeared to think life there magical indeed. "She admires everything; she is rhapsodically happy," was Margaret's comment.

"Rhapsodically? How does she say it?"

"You have heard her talk."

"Not as Mrs. Spenser. And from Venice!"

"I shall tell her to write her next letter to you."

"I have no doubt she would. I see you are afraid to quote."

"Afraid?" said Margaret, in a tone of cold inquiry. And then, with the same cold intonation, she repeated two or three of Garda's joyous phrases.

"Yes, she is happy! Of course it's magnanimous in me to say so; but I owe her no grudge; on the contrary, it has been a delight to see, in this nineteenth century, a girl so frankly in love. She would have married Lucian Spenser just the same if they neither of them had had a cent; she would have made any sacrifice for him—don't you think so?"

"Yes; but it wouldn't have been a sacrifice to her."

"Bravo! I gave you such a chance to say insidious things."

Margaret smiled a little at this suggestion. Then, in the silence that followed, the old look came back to her face—a look of guarded reserve—reserve, however, which evidently covered more of apprehension than calm.

She had, indeed, been in great dread. The dread was lest the emotion which had overpowered her during that last conversation she had had with Winthrop before she went back to her husband should reappear. This brief journey of theirs to-

gether was the first perfect opportunity he had had since then to waken it, call it forth again. But the moments were passing, and, so far, the only approach he had made to any subject which was at all intimate was what he had said about Garda, and Garda now seemed to Margaret quite outside of that atmosphere, apart from it. The atmosphere had closed round herself and Lanse, closed with its outward calm, its inward terrors and suspense. And Evert was included within its dark line. Any one of a hundred sentences which he could so easily say would suffice to throw her into that agitation she dreaded, an agitation which was none the less suffocating because she could repress, for a time at least, most of its outward signs.

But he had said, so far, none of these things. She was grateful to him for every instant of the respite.

Thus they sat there, appearing no doubt to the other passengers a sufficiently happy and noticeably fortunate pair.

For Evert Winthrop had about him a certain look which, in America, confers distinction—that intangible air that belongs to the man who, well educated to begin with, has gone forth into the crowded course, and directed and carried along his own fortunes by genius and energy to the goal of success. It is a look of power restrained, of comprehension, of personal experience, personal knowledge, not theory. The unsuccessful men who met Winthrop—this very steamer carried several of them—were never angry with him for his good fortune; they could see that he had not always been one of the idle, though he might be idle now; they could see that he knew that life was difficult, that he had, as they would have expressed it, "been through it himself," and was not disposed to underrate its perplexities and oppressions. They could see, too, not a few of them, poor fellows! that here was the man who had not allowed himself to dally with the inertia, the dilatoriness, the self-indulgent weakness, folly, or worse, which had rendered their own lives so ineffectual. They envied him, very possibly, but they did not hate him, for he was not removed from them, set apart from them, by any bar. He was only what they might themselves have been, perhaps; at least what they would have liked to be.

And the women on board all envied Margaret. They thought her very fair as she sat there, her eyes resting vaguely on the water, her cheeks showing a faint, fixed flush, the waves of her brown hair rippling back in a thick mass above the little ear. Everything she wore was so beautiful, too—from the hat, with its long curling plume, and the soft gloves, to the rich shawl, which lay where it had fallen over the back of her chair. They were sure that she was happy, because she looked so fortunate. Any one of them would have changed places with her blindly without asking a question.

Thus they sailed on, a heterogeneous, rather silent little company of voyagers, up the broad brown river, on the boat which still bore uneffaced the marks of the cannon with which she had been armed during the war. There was scarcely a sound; the cry of a bird, passing them on the wing, seemed preternaturally loud. Gradually evening darkened down. And then came night.

Soon after, the steamer stopped at the long pier which was adorned with the little post-office. The postmaster had made a dim illumination within his official shanty by means of a lantern, and here Margaret waited while the boat was made ready by the negroes who were to row them down the five additional miles of coast which Lanse had considered the proper space between himself and the hotel, to keep him from feeling "hived in." The night was very dark, the water motionless; the men rowed at a good speed; the two passengers landed at the little home pier in safety, and the negroes turned back.

As soon as Margaret had ascended the winding path far enough to come within sight of the house, "No lights!" she said.

"That's nothing," Winthrop answered. "Lanse is probably outside somewhere, smoking." Then, as the path made another turn, "If there are no lights in front, there are enough at the back," he said.

From the rear of the house light shone out in a broad glare from an open door. Margaret hurried thither. But the kitchen was empty; Dinah, the old cook, her equally ancient cousin Rose, and Primus, the black boy, all three were absent. Rapidly Winthrop went through the house. He found no one. Lanse's room, as well as the parlor and dining-room, appeared not to have been used that day, while the smaller rooms occupied by the two men who were in attendance upon him had an even more deserted air.

"Their trunks are gone," said Margaret, who met Winthrop here. "It is all so strange," she murmured, looking at him inquiringly, as if for some solution, her eyes dark in the yellow light of the lamp she held.

Winthrop agreed with her in thinking it strange, but he did not tell her so. They went back to the kitchen. None of the servants had returned.

"They are probably somewhere about the grounds. But you must sit down and rest while I go and look for them: you are tired."

"No, I'm not tired," answered Margaret, contradicting this statement.

"Come," he said, authoritatively. Taking the lamp from her, he led the way toward the parlor which she had made so pretty.

She followed him, and sank into the easy-chair he drew forward. "Please go," she said. "Don't wait."

"But if you feel ill—"

"It's nothing. I'm only nervous."

"I shall probably bring them back in five minutes."

But twenty minutes passed before he returned with Dinah and Rose, whom he had found some distance down the shore. The two old women were much excited and voluble. Their story was that "Marse Horrel" must be "lorse." He had started early that morning in his canoe to go up the Juana, and had not returned. When it grew toward evening, as he had never before been out so long, they had become alarmed, and had sent Primus over to East Angels; the steamer that had carried him, and the one that had brought "Mis' Horrel" back, must have passed each other on the way. They did not send Primus to the hotel, because "Marse Horrel," he "'spizes monstous fer ter hev de hotel fokes roun'." They evidently stood in the greatest awe of anything "Marse Horrel" should "'spize." And they did not send Primus up the Juana, because "Prime, he sech a borned fool," they "dassent" trust only to that. So not knowing what else to do, they had sent him to East Angels for orders. Of course they had no idea that "Mis' Horrel" was on her way back.

Where were the men? Dodd had been gone a week; "Marse Horrel" had dismissed him; he said he was so well now that he did not need the two. And Elliot, "Marse Horrel" had sent "day befo' yesserday" up the river on an "arr'nd," they did not know what; he was to return, they did not know when.

"Something has evidently happened to Lanse," said Margaret, drawing Winthrop away a few paces when at last she had extracted the facts from the mass of confusing repetitions, ejaculations, and long, unintelligible phrases in which Dinah and Rose had enveloped them. The little old creatures wore scarlet handkerchiefs bound round their heads in the shape of high cones, and as they told their story, standing close together, with much brandishing of their skinny hands and a rolling of their eyes, they might have been African witches just arrived from the Cameroons.

"The nearest house is the hotel," said Winthrop. "Of course the boat that brought us is beyond call." But there was a chance that it might not be, and he hurried down to the landing. Margaret followed.

There was no sound of oars. He hailed loudly, once, twice. No one answered. "I shall have to go to the hotel myself," he said.

"That would take too long; it's five miles. It would be at least two hours before a boat and men from there could get here, and in that two hours you could find Lanse yourself, and bring him in."

"You speak as though you knew where he was."

"So I do. He is in the Monnlungs swamp. For a long while he has been in the habit of going up there every day; I have been with him a number of times; that is, I have followed in the larger boat with one of the men to row. Lanse is there now, and something has happened to him; either the canoe has been wrecked, or else he has hurt himself in some way so that he can't paddle. The great thing is to get him in, or at least to find him, before the storm breaks; we can't possibly wait to send to the hotel."

By this time the two negresses, each carrying a light, had joined them; that is, they had come as near as their respect would permit. Apparently they supposed that a great illumination would be required, for they had lighted and brought out two large parlor lamps, and now stood holding them, their large-lidded eyes cast down, motionless and reverent.

"Bring your lamps this way, since you're here," said Winthrop. He went toward the boats.

"That is the best," said Margaret, touch-

ing the edge of one of them with the tip of her slender boot.

The negresses stood on the low bank above. By the light of the great globes they held, Winthrop examined the canoe. It was in good order; the paddle was lying within.

"Now tell me how to get there," he said.

"Oh, I forgot; you don't know the way!" Margaret exclaimed, a sharp, nervous disappointment betraying itself in her tone.

"No, I don't know it. But probably you can tell me."

She stood thinking. "No; it's impossible. Dark as it is, you might not even find the mouth of the Juana, there are so many creeks. And all the false channels in the swamp. No, I shall have to go with you. I will take Rose; possibly she can be of use."

But quickly old Rose handed her great lamp to Dinah, and jerked herself down on her thin knees. "Please, missy, *no.* Not inter de Munloons in de *night, no! Ghossesses* dar!" She brought this out in a high shrill voice, rocking her little body to and fro in an anguish of fear, her broad flat features working in a sort of spasm, her great eyes fixed beseechingly on her mistress's face.

"You, then, Dinah," said Margaret, impatiently. But in spite of her rheumatic joints, Rose was on her feet in an instant, and had taken the lamps, while Dinah, in her turn, prostrated herself.

"You're perfectly absurd, both of you," Margaret exclaimed.

"Poor old creatures, you're rather hard on them, aren't you?" said Winthrop from the boat.

"Yes, I'm hard." She said this with a little motion of her clinched hand backward—a motion which, though slight, was yet almost violent.

"We must lose no time," she went on. "Go to the house, Rose—I suppose you can do that—and bring me the wraps I usually take when I go out in the canoe, the lantern, and some candles—"

"No," said Winthrop, interposing; "let her bring pitch-pine knots, or, better still, torches, if they happen to have them."

It appeared that "Prime" always kept a supply of torches ready, and old Rose hurried off.

Margaret stepped into the boat; she stood a moment before taking her seat. "I *wish* I could go by myself," she said —"do it alone!"

"You know how to paddle, then?" Winthrop asked, shortly.

"No; that's it; I don't; at least I can not paddle well. I should only delay everything; it would be ridiculous to try." She seated herself, and a moment later Rose appeared with the wraps and the torches.

Both of the old women were quivering with a wild excitement: agitated by gratitude at being spared the ordeal of the devil-haunted Monnlungs by night, they were equally agitated by the thought of what their mistress would certainly have to encounter there. They shuffled their great shoes against each other almost as if they were going to dance; they mumbled fragments of beseeching words; they seemed to have lost all control of their mouths, for they grinned constantly, though their breath came almost in sobs. As Winthrop pushed off—there was never any delay when action was intrusted to *him*—suddenly they broke out into a loud fervent hymn:

"Didn't my Lawd delibber Dan-yéll, Dan-yéll?
Didn't my Lawd delibber *Dán*-yell?"

For a long distance up the stream this protective invocation echoed after the voyagers, and the two grotesque figures holding the lamps remained visible, like black sibyls, on the low shore.

"Turn in now, and coast along close to the land," said Margaret. "It's so dark that even with that I am almost afraid I shall miss the mouth."

But she did not miss it. In ten minutes she said, "Here it is." And she directed him how to enter.

"I should never have thought it the right one, it's so narrow," Winthrop commented, as he guided the canoe toward an almost imperceptible opening in the near-looming forest.

"Yes—that was what I couldn't guard you against."

But the mouth was the narrowest part; the stream inside widened out, and was broad and deep. Winthrop sent the boat forward with strong strokes; the pine torch which Margaret had fastened at the bow cast a short ray in advance.

"I think now that we shall certainly escape the storm," she said.

"It's holding off wonderfully. But don't be too sure."

"Oh, I know it's coming. Still, I think we shall find Lanse and get him in before it actually breaks."

They did not speak often. Winthrop was attending to the boat's course; Margaret had turned and was sitting so that she could scan the water and direct him a little. Her nervousness had disappeared. Either she had been able to repress it, or it had faded in the greater presence of the responsibility she had assumed in undertaking to act as guide through that strange water-land of the Monnlungs, whose winding channels she had heretofore seen only in the light of day. Even in the light of day they were mysterious, dim; the enormous trees, thickly foliaged at the top, kept the sun from penetrating to the water; the masses of vines everywhere shut out still further the light, and shut in the perfumes of the myriad flowers. Channels opened out on all sides. Only one was the right one. Should she be able to follow it? The landmarks she knew—certain banks of flowering shrubs, a tree trunk of peculiar shape, a sharp bend, a small bay full of "knees"—should she know these again by night? Then there came to her suddenly the memory of a little arena far within through which the channel passed—an arena where the flowering vines hung straight down from the tree-tops to the water all round, like tapestry, and where the perfumes were dense.

"Are you cold?" said Winthrop. "You can't be—this warm night." The slightness of the canoe had betrayed what he thought was a shiver.

"No, I'm not cold. I think we shall find Lanse very soon."

"I am glad you feel so confident. I don't."

"I do. I am sure—I am sure he is near."

"Turn in now," she said, a few moments later. "To the right."

"We shall run aground; we're going into a wood."

"Yes, that's what it is, a wood—a wood in a lake, Lanse calls it."

"This is what Lanse has named the 'Water Gate,'" she said, as they passed under an arch of boughs.

"We're well within now," she went on, some moments afterward. "Don't you think we can begin to call for Lanse?"

"Call if you like. But for mere conversational purposes, pray don't invoke him so constantly; it really isn't necessary; I've known him for some time."

After that she said no more.

"The best thing we can do is to make the boat as bright as possible," he went on. "But not in front; that would only be blinding; the light must be behind us." He took the torch from the bow, lighted three others, and stuck them all into the canoe's lining of thin strips of wood at the stern. Primus had made his torches long; it would be an hour before they could burn down sufficiently to endanger the boat.

Thus, casting a brilliant orange-hued glow over the flowers and vines above, and lighting up the dark water vistas to the right and left as they passed, they penetrated into the dim sweet swamp.

LAMENT.

HOW meagre seems the life so briefly doled
That I who noted in your earliest hour
The dimple in your lovely cheek unfold
With the first smile of all—that I who told
The promise of your beauty as some flower
Flaming across the dark days of the year
Promises summer—that I who in your first
Dear warble had divined the glorious burst
Of music in your throat that yet might be
The marvel of some later minstrelsy—
How meagre seems the life so briefly doled
That I shall never see that beauty grow
To its meridian, full-orbed as the moon
Which great and golden in the mist swims low,
And hangs wide-winged in heaven when perfect June
Transfigures night—that I shall never hear
The voice in all the passion of its tune,
Sweet, sweet, and rich, with the unfallen tear,
The stress of love, the wine of life!

Ah me,
I shall be lying in my dust, all mute;
For song the owlet over me shall hoot;
I shall be gone, like the loose leaf from the tree,
The idle leaf that flutters in the blast,
And falls, and sodden with showers returns at last
To the enriching earth. Nor late nor soon,
Dead in the dark, shall it be known to me
That you, the one consummate flower and fruit,
Still show all men how goodly is the root!

Thus murmured I when the child's loveliness,
With gracious prophecy of lip and brow,
Filled all my yearning heart with sweet distress
And longing for the impossible. And now,
Less even than the loose and idle leaf,
A mere blown petal from the blowing bough,
The child is gone, and I grow gray and old.
And still I murmur to my angry grief,
How meagre is the life so briefly doled!

HUNTING A MYTHICAL PALL-BEARER.

DURING the war I scanned anxiously all correspondence from Stafford County, Virginia, where I was born, and from Fredericksburg, where my nearest relatives resided after our old house in Falmouth was turned into a hospital.* One day came a paragraph stating that in the old church-yard at Fredericksburg was the tombstone of a pall-bearer of Shakespeare. The phraseology was followed in an article in *Fraser's Magazine* (March, 1865), "Virginia, First and Last." Therein it is said that a pilgrim to Fredericksburg would find in St. George's church-yard a tomb "on which it is inscribed that he whose dust rests there 'was one of the pall-bearers of William Shakespeare.'" Thus unhesitatingly did I take stock in this pall-bearer, never suspecting him to be the creation of a correspondent's brain. I have since passed days scrutinizing war correspondence from the Army of the Potomac, to discover the man who set that story afloat. That ingenious person has long been wanted by others also. I have met some who would cheerfully be his pall-bearers. For myself—such are the Fallacies of Memory, whereof Miss Cobbe has written cleverly—for some time I would have serenely staked the life of any number of war correspondents on the certainty that I had seen that stone in my boyhood; for we had awe-inspiring tombs beside the Rappahannock. One at Falmouth possessed weird interest, being fortified with iron bars five feet high; a great cedar growing out of the grave indicated antiquity, and "James Hunter," in large iron letters—the sole inscription—piqued curiosity. A tomb to "John D. Baptist, a native of the Island of St. Kitts" (died 1804), was a striking object beside a stream utilized for immersions. In Fredericksburg was the monument of Washington's mother, its unfinished condition explained by the legend of a coquette of that family who imposed on her lover the task, but married another before its completion. There are two old grave-yards in the town. In one is the epitaph of Lewis Littlepage (born on the 19th December, 1762, and died on the 19th July, 1802). "Honoured for many years with the esteem and confidence of the unfortunate Stanislaus Augustus, King of Poland, he held under that monarch until he lost his throne the most distinguished *offices*." This is in the "Masonic burying-ground." In the older, beside St. George's Church, were curious epitaphs, of which only confused impressions remained with me across twenty years, when the enterprising correspondent evoked one of importance not to be realized by a boy. To meet the skepticism of London friends I wrote for the full inscription. The amazing reply came that no such stone was discoverable. But soon after (1870), my mother forwarded me the following, "copied from New York paper by Miss Olive Hanson": "One of Shakespeare's Pall-bearers buried at Fredericksburg.—In the old burying-ground at Fredericksburg, Va., is a tombstone with the following inscription: 'Here lies the body of Edward Helder, practitioner in Physick Chirurgery. Born in Bedfordshire, England, in the year of our Lord 1542—was contemporary with, and one of the Pall-bearers of, William Shakespear. After a brief illness his spirit ascended in the year of our Lord 1618, aged 76.'" Miss Hanson, sister of the principal of the Fredericksburg Academy, belonged to a family long connected with St. George's Church, and was likely to know if there were such a stone. This epitaph appeared in an editorial note of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and brought (July 13, 1870) comments, signed "Anglo-Colonus," who remarks that the phraseology is modern. The word "contemporary," he submits, "was not in use in the reign of James I., but was created in the learned age which followed. Cowley, perhaps, introduced it—'and loves his old contemporary trees.'" The Fredericksburg *News* (August 11, 1870) said: "In 1607 the landing at Jamestown occurred, and there was no church here for a hundred years later."

The literary criticism of "Anglo-Colonus" might have been made stronger. Even an epitaph could hardly indulge in such tautology as to describe a man's

* "*Falmouth, Va., opposite Fredericksburg, Dec.* 21, 1862.—Began my visits among the Camp Hospitals in the Army of the Potomac. Spent a good part of the day in a large brick mansion on the banks of the Rappahannock, used as a hospital since the battle. Seems to have received only the worst cases. Out-doors, at the foot of a tree, within ten yards of the front of the house, I notice a heap of amputated feet, legs, arms, hands, etc.—a full load for a one-horse cart."—*Walt Whitman's "Memoranda" in "Two Rivulets."*

"pall-bearer" as his "contemporary." It presently became manifest that the epitaph, if it existed, was still undergoing manipulation. In a version of the Washington *Evening Star* (1875), "pall-bearers" is followed by "to the body of William Shakspeare." The latest phrase is, "One of the Pall-bearers of William Shakespeare of the Avon!" But such variants did not affect the basis of the pall-bearer. Fredericksburg was founded in 1727, but the act of incorporation refers to the many people already settled in the neighborhood. When Bacon's rebellion occurred (1676) Stafford County was represented by two members in the Virginia Assembly. In Smith's map, published in 1812, our Rappahannock River is traced fairly well. There were old grave-yards in the vicinity long before Fredericksburg existed, and tradition says that bodies were brought from them to St. George's church-yard. There was nothing in the historic conditions of the question precluding the possibility of an early settler's body being brought to Fredericksburg, and his grave-stone also, or a new one raised. Indeed, it is probable the town held a grave-yard before incorporation, as old inhabitants say human bones were found when a street near the church was made.

In the summer of 1875 I visited Fredericksburg, after an absence of seventeen years, and found the church-yard much battered. The late Mr. Barton, an eminent lawyer but inveterate punster, who lived opposite, once remarked to a man at his door, "You see I have always a *grave* prospect before me." The man went off to report as "Barton's latest joke" that he said, "You see I have always a melancholy prospect before me." Were the old lawyer alive he might accept his dull friend's version. I guided Alexander Little, editor of the *News*, to the spot where I thought the stone lay. We found there a foot-stone only, the head-stone having been removed. I suspected theft, but soon concluded that it was an illusion of memory. I could not find one positive of having seen it, though several with vague impressions of it, and many who had heard of people who had seen it. It seemed impossible that such a stone, in a church-yard so accessible, should be overlooked by writers like Alden, Meade, Philip Slaughter, Howe, and Howison.

When I returned to England, in 1876, the matter had ceased to interest me as a Shakespearean, but all the more as a student of mythology, and also as a Virginian. I once "assisted" at a Cotswold hunt; that is, I sat in a carriage and watched the red-coated sportsmen careering over the fields after a fox which doubled on them successfully, and went home to have a good laugh with Mrs. Fox over the way he had done the gentry. The same evening I sat with Charles Flower, then Mayor of Stratford, a shrewd Shakespearean critic, at Avonbank, and he expressed his belief in the "pall-bearer." As one who had adopted the story, in my *Fraser* article, I felt some responsibility for the faith reposed in the story, and resolved to search the thing out. I entered on a hunt that has led me a dance unknown to any Cotswold "meet." A myth is as much a living organism as a fox, as fleet and more cunning. It hides in the bush of popular superstition, takes the color of local pride, enlists the truthful in its stratagems. However, chasing a myth is glorious sport, and though it may often double on one, it is pretty sure to be run down at last, and yield a pretty skin to stuff.

Another search made by myself in the Fredericksburg church-yard in 1880 convinced me that no stone there suggested the myth. In lists of adventurers to Virginia, up to 1620, are no names nearer Helder than "Eldred," "Elkin," and "Heiden." The improbabilities represented in the epitaph were thus great. That a man at seventy-four should be Shakespeare's pall-bearer, immediately emigrate to the wilderness of Virginia, and his death in a region remote from Jamestown be recorded on a stone unknown to antiquarians, were improbabilities whose sum was an impossibility. On the other side, however, were improbabilities that had also to be faced. But that anybody should invent such a story, should select for it a Virginia town only 135 years old, and make his pall-bearer seventy-six years old instead of a plausible age, were extreme improbabilities. Could a correspondent be so deep? Moreover, the only ship-load of early emigrants to Virginia whose names are entirely unknown sailed with Argall soon after Shakespeare's death (1616), reaching Virginia in 1617.

The pall-bearer was a myth—that was certain; but the myth must have a basis. In the absence of any explanation, the myth was growing luxuriantly, and some of its effects were phenomenal. "That

story," as my college friend Horace Furness wrote me, "has its periodicity like a comet, and when it once starts out it never returns until, like the cholera, it has slain its thousands. Its periodicity is about fifteen years, and I've seen two of 'em, and shall probably see a third." The latest appearance of the fatal meteor was in the New York *Times*, October 20, 1884. That article should be preserved as an example of how mythology is made. The correspondent finds in the Masonic grave-yard (only a hundred years old) a "red sandstone" slab on which the epitaph "may yet be deciphered." He has changed the name to Heldon, and added, after Shakespeare, "of the Avon." The "Heldon slab" stood in St. George's grave-yard, he says, "until Burnside mowed it down, after which it found its way to the Masonic yard, where it now lies under a locust, the old English lettering dim but traceable." As a matter of fact, there is but one red sandstone slab in that grave-yard; it never lay on its back, but was always firm set in its place; and there has not been for many years the faintest inscription upon it, the whole facing having come off in flakes. This, perhaps the only stone in the ground of which nothing is known, was naturally fixed upon by our foxy myth as a good bush to hide in. One can not help feeling compassion for this correspondent on his learning where the Helder stone really was what time he was beating that bush and starting a new fiction. But he hardly deserves mercy, having told "whoppers." *E. g.*: "One of the best posted men in regard to this section is Mr. Samuel Knox, who is a vestryman at St. George's. . . . Mr. Knox well remembers the stone." The venerable vestryman T. F. Knox could naturally remember an inscription "dim but traceable" near his house; but as there was no Helder stone there, neither he nor his sons remember it. The correspondent says Fredericksburg has "more tombstones than people"—not wonderful since the soldiers who fell there lie in their cemetery; and that "tombstones are in such favor as to be utilized for door-steps and fire-places"—a characteristic rendering of the fact that some hundred of the stones ordered for soldiers' graves were rejected, and are utilized for street crossings. "There is preserved in the town a copy of the *Fredericksburg Gazette*, published in 1784, which bears evidence that the stone was then a feature of the place, in a tribute to it in verse, as follows." There never was any such paper. The *Virginia Gazette* was published at Williamsburg (1736), and this *Times* letter was the means of taking up the time of Rev. Philip Slaughter in examining its files. The poem, of course, was not found, having been written by F. W. Loring for the *Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1870, suggested to him by the floating paragraph familiar to all. The *Times* man gave himself the last stroke by his alterations of this poem, and on that "red sandstone slab" the memorial will henceforth be "traceable," "Here lies, considerably, the discoverer of the epitaph of Shakespeare's Pall-bearer."

Nevertheless, I can not help feeling a certain consideration for that man—despite his calling the crystal Rappahannock a "muddy serpent," and our picturesque little city a "red mud town"—because of the courage with which he has gathered in his breast the fatal sheaf of fictions about the Pall-bearer. Many mythological formations may be explained by an analysis of his letter. He correctly counted on the public gullibility. When I again visited Fredericksburg this year I found the community fairly awakened by the inquiries received there, and by correspondents come to glean after the *Times* man. A crop of kindred myths had sprung up. It was said two strangers had visited a gentleman in the neighborhood whose wife was a Shakespeare, and with him found the inscription. This gentleman I saw; his wife was, indeed, a daughter of Mr. Shakespeare of Delaware; he had been visited by a citizen and a "correspondent," but no stone was searched for by them. Several times I was assured that Mr. or Miss So-and-so had seen the epitaph, but when the "dry so," as Virginians say, was reached, each had only heard, etc. But the "red sandstone slab" under its locust-tree had become an Object of Interest.

In September last I noticed in St. George's church-yard a small surface of stone exposed on a long mound of earth left about forty years ago, when the present church was built. By scratching away the thick sod a stone three feet by twenty-one inches was disclosed. My heart gave a leap on seeing a letter H. No stone must be left unturned, certainly not this; so I tracked the old colored sexton, Wash. Wright, about town, to the

church, where, a few yards from me, he had been sweeping. He peered down from the gallery.

"Mr. Wright, I want you to look at a grave-stone out here."

"Is it Mister—Mister—"

"Shakespeare's?" I suggested.

"That's it. Is it that stone?"

"No. You have heard about that?"

"Yes. A good many people have asked me about it. I never saw any such stone in the thirty years I've been here."

Spade and pick revealed the surface of a very old stone bearing what might be either an H or two old-fashioned J's separated by a mark. We turned the stone, but found nothing whatever. The stone was probably the foot-stone to John Jones, brother of Paul, but I pondered whether its mysterious mark, out of its place, might not have left in my childish mind congenial place for the mythical epitaph.

Talking with my mother of old tombs in Stafford County, she remembered driving with her father near Potomac Run, when he copied an inscription from an ancient stone standing by itself in a lonely place, about a mile from ruins of a church. She remembered no word of the inscription, but had heard it was a spot to be avoided after "sundown." Next morning came a note from Frederic Holland, of Concord, saying he had read in the *Literary World* that Dr. Helder was buried near Potomac Creek. This was vague enough, and, for a Staffordian, somewhat misleading, our rivulets being called "runs," and only "creeks" as they expand into the Potomac River. Potomac Creek was many miles from the spot where my mother remembered the stone. But in casual conversation with my uncle, Dr. Daniel, I learned that the stone was that of a British "chirurgeon." There was a tradition that a party had anchored in the creek and come to this region, where one of them was killed by Indians. Plainly this was the stone on which the myth of the pall-bearer was built. My mother assured me I would find nothing about Shakespeare on it; her father was a lover of the bard, and would have made the country ring with any such epitaph.

In company with St. George Fitzhugh, a lawyer of Fredericksburg, I started out on a bright September morning for a search after the Helder stone. We passed over the shining Rappahannock with its green islet, paused to observe the distant hills of Falmouth on one hand and the region of Washington's boyhood on the other, drove past well-remembered old mansions amid their stately trees, and at last reached the lonely valley through which glides the Potomac Run. I greeted such early friends as the Virginia creeper, the fox-grapes, and friendly black eyes of chinquapin bushes, and rather hoped to see a copper-head—there used to be plenty—but was disappointed. Perhaps these are disappearing with the political species they symbolized. Now and then the colin's call was heard, "Ah, Bob White!" but no sound indicating the proximity of human life. It was almost a surprise when we saw two men in a corn field. They tried hard to remember a tombstone, but could not. They went with us to the site of Potomac Church. When I was last there it was still a picturesque ruin; but armies used its bricks for hearths, and now one can only trace the walls in their débris. Here, where my ancestor, John Moncure, preached a hundred and fifty years ago, I pushed through a thicket, and emerged green with the tiny burrs poetically called "beggars' lice." There was beauty about this Gothic church, once the largest in Overwharton Parish, within my memory, and it was haunted by spirits of antiquity. A visit to it in boyhood inspired a tale furtively sent to the Fredericksburg paper, tremblingly read in print by its author, of the last of the Stafford Indians, made to work with his little son in building the church. My red hero avenges the cruel architect's fatal maltreatment of his son by hurling him from the tower on the day of its completion, then executing himself. This was a fifteen-year-old fancy, not founded on any fact beyond the traditional injustice of early settlers toward the aborigines. The glory of the old church departed in 1812, when soldiers were quartered in it. It was afterward used to breed silk-worms in.

No grave-stone being found here, we returned to Potomac "Run," drove in the water a little way, then took a primitive road by its side for a half-mile. Fortunately for our progress there had been a drought; even as it was, our wheels sank deep in mire. The road was so little used that we had to remove a small tree fallen across it. At length we saw the railway bridge, and on climbing a hill, north bank of the "run," a house. When we drew up in front of this house an aged man

came out of it, whom I had seen in early life—a Mr. Taliaferro. The house belonged to a widow, Mrs. Alexander. In reply to our questions, he said: "Yes, there used to be over there" (pointing), "on the edge of Willow Grove Farm, a tombstone, which was broken by the Northern soldiers. Mr. Cox, who afterward occupied the farm, removed the larger part of the stone to the sugar-berry tree yonder, against which it was left leaning for a long time. A few years ago Mrs. Alexander was building a kitchen at her old place" (pointing to a spot about four hundred yards away), "and somebody brought the stone for the chimney. But it was not used, and was left lying near the chimney. Last year, August, the kitchen burned down, and the chimney fell; the hot bricks covered the old tombstone, burned its surface, and I doubt if you could now find any letters on it." On our way to the burnt house I asked Mr. Taliaferro (Tolliver) whether he remembered the inscription. He said it had been many years since he read it, but he remembered the name, "Helder"—"Daniel Helder," he thought, or maybe "D. Helder"; that he was a doctor, and the date "16—something."

"The name of Shakespeare on it?"

"No, that was not on it."

"Did you ever hear of a tombstone of Shakespeare's pall-bearer being in Fredericksburg?"

"Yes; I read it last year in a New York weekly paper, and noticed that the name 'Helder' was the same as that on the old stone out here."

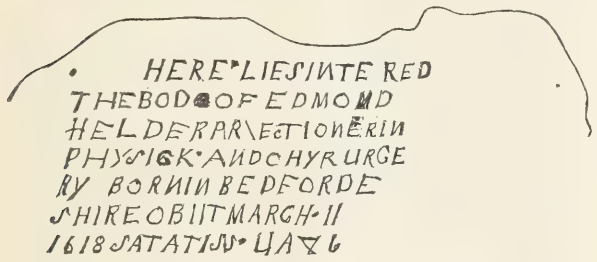
The burnt house was as the fire left it. The débris and bricks were in such a condition that it would have required a day to make any thorough search. But an edge of the stone we were searching for was visible, and on clearing away the bricks, its surface was found to be charred black and white. The ordeal of snows and rains, following that of fire, had only required a year to complete the work of destruction. No word could be traced.

I called on Mrs. Alexander, who said: "When the stone was first brought, I said it should not go into any chimney of mine, because it was a tombstone, and was sacred. I am afraid to say much about the stone, only I am certain the name was 'Helder,' that he was a physician, and 16 was in the year of his death. Last year we read in Frank Leslie's paper something that made me think this might be the stone spoken of, and I was sorry I had not paid attention to it. Many years before the war, Mr. Campbell, then editor of the Fredericksburg *Democratic Recorder*, came with my father (Robert Alexander, foreman in the printing-office), and copied the inscription for his newspaper. I was a child, but remember the visit, and feel sure the epitaph was then printed. I never heard any tradition concerning Dr. Helder, nor any superstition connected with the spot where he was buried."

We next repaired to the sugar-berry tree, and found a number of sunken graves there. They were in a row, and we concluded that they had been graves of soldiers whose bodies were removed after the Soldiers' Cemetery was completed. Close to the tree were two long stones, which I determined to dig up. A laborer brought from a neighboring house said they were natural stones; but when dug up—a difficult job, the tree's roots having surrounded them—they proved to be worked on the under side, though no letters were found. I concluded that these were fragments of the Helder stone—by all accounts large and massive—and suspected that the story of its removal from its original place to this tree must be legendary. Possibly the site of the Helder stone had been chosen for these recent burials as ground that might be consecrated.

A week after finding the stone I learned that the inscription had been preserved by Mr. C. J. Brown, now of Byfield, Massachusetts, with whom I have been in correspondence, and who has kindly aided me in getting at the facts. Having been sent a map of the neighborhood, Mr. Brown marked the spot where the stone stood, and it was precisely that of the sugar-berry tree (which he thought a wild cherry, but describes exactly); so that the story of its removal from another place is discredited. "I was," writes Mr. Brown, "a soldier of the Sixth New Hampshire Volunteers, and for a few days in August, 1862, my company was on guard duty on the railroad near Potomac Creek. One day, while off duty, I was wandering round, and stumbled upon the old tombstone. . . . I took a great deal of pains in making my copy, making it as nearly a fac-simile as possible, copying the curious formation of the letters, the manner of spelling, and the division of the words, and I am very sure the copy is correct.

I hardly think the soldiers could have broken up the stone for any such purpose as you suggest, as it was of granite or hard sandstone, at least four feet in length by twenty in width and six inches thick. (These figures are from memory.) All of our hearths were made of brick brought from the ruins of an old church in the vicinity, and further down the creek.... The stone was too firmly imbedded in the earth for me to move; the top was somewhat broken, but not enough to interfere with the lettering, which was very distinct.... If you can translate the bottom line, I would be pleased to see the translation. The line at the top indicates the shape of the top of the stone as it had crumbled or been broken off."



FAC-SIMILE OF MR. BROWN'S COPY OF THE INSCRIPTION.

If my reader, before going further, will study the characters following the date "1618," he will find that they make a pretty puzzle. My neighbor, Mr. Gordon Ford, his son Paul—expert in such things—and I concentrated ourselves for some hours on this line. The character immediately following the date is not an S, as it seems, but an ornamental separating line. The rest is, "Atatis sua 76." (*Ætatis suæ.*) However faulty the sculptor's Latinity, his English is careful; witness his small "c," indicating the need of repeating the "TI" in "prectioner."

My brother, resident in Fredericksburg, to secure the stone for me, got an old Confederate messmate to undertake its removal. Fortunately there was found near by a second fragment which exactly fits the top of the large piece. On this are two distinct letters and a slight mark, probably part of the letter R. No doubt these letters are the beginning of the word HERE. The sketch, by my brother's wife, is exact. The stone is now 1 foot 4 inches in height, 1 foot 3 inches in width, $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick; the letters are $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches high, and of the same width.

My reader has now a picture of the chirurgeon's grave-stone, set nearly 268 years ago, under which the fictitious pall-bearer now finds rest. Mr. John Hawkins, of Newberry, South Carolina (*Literary World*, February 7, 1885), has a soldier's diary, picked up by a Confederate at the battle of the Wilderness—a diary extending between February 17 and December 31, 1862; on a fly-leaf is written the spurious epitaph. Unless the epitaph was added later (the battle occurred in 1864), this would show that the imaginary pall-bearer began his career earlier than was supposed. It is probable that some correspondent, having copied the epitaph correctly, added that Dr. Helder was a contemporary of Shakespeare, and might have attended his funeral. A printer may have incorporated the comment in the epitaph, and some contemporary evolved the simple statement into the startling one. The original correspondent may have described the stone as "at Fredericksburg," for the region was a camp, and normal were merged in military boundaries. Perhaps



PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE GRAVE-STONE.

it will never be known who served up the chirurgeon as a Shakespearean figure. One can forgive him, since he has been the means of discovering to the New World its oldest English epitaph.

DOMESTIC AND COURT CUSTOMS OF PERSIA.

A PERSIAN mounts his horse on the right side; he writes from right to left. These may seem unimportant, trifling characteristics, but they are cited as forcible illustrations of the radical and permanent difference between the nations of the East and the West. The difference in the external customs and institutions is more apparent, perhaps, but is less important and profound than the divergences existing in the thought or the intellectual cast of these two great divisions of the human race.

The Persians resemble Europeans, or rather the Latin people, more than do other Asiatics, and yet, from the great gulf existing between Persian and Frenchman, one who has never been in the East may form some conception of the vast and seemingly irreconcilable space that separates the Asiatic in general from the European type.

Oriental life must possess charms for the student of human nature for ages; that of Persia is of especial interest, because, while apparently cast in fixed moulds of immemorial usage, it is more plastic and mobile than that of other Eastern countries. The Persian is of a vivacious, mercurial disposition, and has none of that aversion to change, as such, which is so marked a characteristic of the Chinese or the Indian. The climate suggests certain customs which, being suited to the circumstances, require only slow modification, and the rigidity of the theocratic code retards social movements. Were it not for these the Persians would be inclined by nature to be less distant in the rear of this progressive age. As it is, we find in Persia a somewhat complex civilization, and a diversity of races which by their individual traits give variety to the study of life in that ancient country. Three points are especially prominent when one comes to an analysis of Persian life: one is the fact that it is essentially an out-of-door life; another point is the seeming publicity of life there, the absence of reserve; and thirdly, in direct contrast with this characteristic is the profound seclusion and mystery of the domestic life of Persia. The former two characteristics of Persian society are the direct result of the climate, and necessarily partake of the simplicity which attends primitive life in all lands; but the reason for the character of the domestic institutions is more obscure; it can not be attributed wholly to the teachings of the Koran, for it has been a marked feature of Oriental life in all ages, the English sentiment that a man is lord in his own castle seeming to be a concise statement of the Persian ideas on the question of home life.

The physical conditions underlying the customs of Persia are as simple as the habits to which they have given rise—a country twice the size of France, representing, except in the Caspian provinces, a vast plateau 4000 to 6000 feet above the sea, skirted by tremendous snow-clad ranges, and including vast tracts of waste lands strewn with sand and salt. These spaces, where the onager and the gazelle wander at will, and the vulture poises in the cloudless heavens above, are broken at intervals by water-courses, giving sustenance to tufts of luxuriant verdure, which are as distinctly marked on the red waste lands as a dark shadow of a cloud on a summer day.

Here is a climate where rain never falls from April until December, where the temperature is uniform for the entire season, and the transition from one season to another as gradual as the approach of old age. For the greater part of the year the heat of mid-day obliges one to travel by the light of the moon, and to remain in the cool until the sun nears the west. For thousands of years these physical conditions have existed, and have maintained the character and customs of the Persians without change. The Persian who, smoking his kaliân at Teheran to-day, meditates "treasons, stratagems, and spoils," is in no essential sense different from his "burned fathers," whom Xenophon describes, no less unscrupulous, no less acute and wily and intellectual, no less addicted to the discussion of mystic philosophy and poetry, no less devoted to corrupt thoughts, and no less inspired by a wonderful feeling for the beautiful.

A third of the population of Persia is still composed of nomads, and all travel and freightage are still, as of old, conducted by means of horses, asses, camels, and mules, even though it be the choice wares and inventions of Europe, which they carry from the frontier over lofty rocky passes to the royal saloons of Teheran. It is at early morning, after a long toil-

some night over the mountains and plains, that these caravans enter the gates of Teheran, with the tinkle of donkey bells or the sonorous, monotonous clang of the larger bell which announces the stately march of the otherwise noiseless train of camels. Here and there among the confused throng of beasts of burden and vociferous drivers surging into the capital, one sees some man of rank coming from Meschêd or Ispahân. He is of dignified mien and dark but handsome features, and is superbly mounted. A train of mounted attendants clear the way for his approach, and perhaps his wives are also with him in tachtravans, or litters, borne by mules, or in kajevêhs, which are covered boxes slung on each side of a mule. Attaching ourselves to this imposing train, and borrowing some of its splendor, we enter the Gate of Meschêd, so called because one coming from that celebrated shrine of the Sheah faith, and from the now famous frontier of Afghanistan in dispute between England and Russia, must enter Teheran at this point. It is a lofty arched structure, resembling a Roman triumphal arch in size and plan. It is crowned with four pinnacles, and the entire surface is decorated with elegant geometric designs composed of glazed bricks of several indestructible colors.

Having fairly entered the city, one is surprised to find a bustling, thriving place of 180,000 people, rapidly spreading out in all directions, and destined soon to outgrow the limits now prescribed by the extensive earth-works and fosse laid out in modern style of fortification by the late General Büler, who captured Herat under Mohammed Shah. The nucleus or centre of the city is composed of the Ark, or the vast inclosure which embraces the palace now occupied by the Shah and the Foreign and War offices, with the arsenal and barracks. Adjoining the Ark are the extensive covered bazars, the finest in the East after those of Constantinople, less magnificent, perhaps, in the external display of goods, but more solidly and elegantly constructed. From the centre the city radiates in all directions, occupying the space of a European city of thrice the population, owing to the numerous and extensive gardens it includes, and the large ground-plan of the dwellings. It is now divided into the so-called Old and New parts, the latter being laid out with considerable regularity, with broad streets lined with trees, parks, and esplanades. Avenues of trees by the street sides are not, however, a feature of Teheran borrowed, as one might hastily suppose, from European usage. The finest avenues of Ispahân and Shiraz were thus beautified in the palmy days of Shah Abbas and the good Kerim Khân, the Zend.

Open water-courses, distributing water to all parts of the city, are on either side of these avenues of Teheran, and daily the dust is laid by sakkâhs, or water-carriers, who also supply the tea-shops and families of the better class with drinking water from sources presumed to be uncontaminated by the impurities defiling the ordinary connaughts, or channels. Water is the most precious article in Persia. Agriculture is entirely dependent upon irrigation, while the depth to which wells must be carried, and the absence of either rain or dew for ten months, require the expenditure of enormous labor and treasure to bring water from the mountains, or to divert the few existing streams into the public service.

We entered Teheran in the morning, and following the direction taken by the caravan, we came to one of the numerous caravansaries, which serve at once as inns for the lodging of strangers, and depots for the deposit of goods until distributed. On the country roads they are generally small, and the animals and loads rest outside in the open, generally free from molestation, for the country is at present in good order, and far more safe from brigandage than the disturbed adjoining territories of Turkey. Men of wealth or position travelling in Persia usually send in advance and hire a house during their stay in a place, or they are entertained by friends. The vaunted hospitality of olden times, still in full vogue in Oriental countries, is no indication of superior amiability or breeding; it is the result of circumstances—a system of mutual accommodation under unavoidable conditions, in which the host dispenses a courtesy which he knows he may need in turn. But the men of the middle and lower classes generally resort to the caravansaries, where they take a room, cook their own meals, and sleep on a rug they carry with them. In Teheran it is usual for a traveller to resort to an inn where he may find fellow-townsmen. Availing myself of this fact in several instances when I was obliged to cause the arrest of

fugitive criminals, I was able to trace and secure them through information obtained from those sojourning there.

After unloading his goods, the travelling merchant finds it next in order to take a bath, which is one of the institutions of Persia. Public baths abound at Teheran, and every one visits them at least once a week; many do it daily. The wealthy have private baths attached to their houses, which are sometimes elegant and luxurious. Christians are never permitted to enter the public baths of Persia—a point in which the Persians are far more fanatical than the Turks. But I am able to judge, from several private baths I have entered, what are the arrangements and practice. They resemble the Turkish baths, but in those of Persia the cold plunge bath in an immense tank is a most important feature. The water in these tanks becomes foul from frequent use and insufficient care to change it, and diseases are undoubtedly thus communicated. Notwithstanding this fact, these public baths are in the main useful and indispensable institutions in such a climate.



WEIGHING MERCHANDISE IN A CARAVANSARY, TEHERAN.

After completing his bath, the Persian traveller goes to the bazars, to transact the business which brought him to Teheran. This net-work of covered streets is cool even when the heat is unbearable elsewhere. Where two streets meet, the roof forms a Saracenic dome, groined or



WATER-CARRIER.

elegantly decorated with the beautiful honey-comb work called Saracenic, although in reality Persian in its origin. Each trade or fabric has certain streets allotted, the dealers in carpets and embroideries in one street, the shoe-makers in another, the workers in brass in another, the cotton beaters and weavers in still another street, and so on. In each avenue, however, are found confectionery or bakers' shops or eating shops, where one gets kebabs, ragouts, and the various native dishes of rice, classified under the general heads of chillô and pillô. All the shops are open to the street like booths, the buyer standing outside, liable to be jostled or run over by the ever-shifting, bustling, confused throng of pedestrians, and riders, porters, horses, and loaded mules.

Of course business is not confined to the bazars or covered market. Grocers, hucksters, butchers, carpenters, or blacksmiths are found in every quarter. It is curious to see, with all this thriving activity and apparently complex artificiality of a busy capital, a prevailing simplicity which carries one back to primitive times or nomadic usages. Everything is open to the public. The carpenter finds his shop too small for the window-sash he is framing; the good fellow takes it out to the shady side of the street, and shapes it on the pavement, regardless of passers-by. The carpenters of Teheran are a curiously independent set, who require so little to live on that they spend half the time in sleeping and smoking; this habit is encouraged by the fact that custom allows them to have an advance on what they are to receive for a job, ostensibly to buy the materials; but, if lazy, they spend it in smoking, and then have to resort to make-shifts to get their wood and nails. They are clever fellows, however, and do very good work when in the mood; but they labor under great disadvantages, for, having no wood like our soft pine, with a smooth, tenacious, but easily worked fibre, they must make even the simplest objects out of the chenar, the poplar, the hard pine, and the walnut, and this, too, with tools far inferior to ours. The saw, the Persian carpenter draws toward him in cutting; instead of a hatchet, he uses an adze, at the imminent risk of splitting himself asunder; in order to saw a bit of plank, he squats on the ground and holds the wood between his toes. In one respect the Persian has, I think, a means for drilling holes superior to our common gimlet. It is practically a drill, which is worked by a bow and cord, the latter twisted around the handle of the drill. The hole is made with much less effort than with the ordinary gimlet, especially in hard wood.

The out-of-door-ness of Teheran life is again seen in the publicity of the schools, which are open to the street exactly like the shops. The old master, with goggles on his nose, glances alternately at the passers-by in the street and on the pupils seated on their heels in rows before him, and reciting their lesson in chorus. The barber performs his functions in the same public manner, barber and barbered alike being indifferent to the common gaze; but, in fact, the sight is so ordinary, no one notices it. As it is the custom and law for Persians to shave the head, it is evident that the barber is a person of some consequence there, and he adds to it by pulling teeth, leeching, and vene-

section, the latter a very important pursuit in Persia, for even well persons are in the habit of being bled once or twice a month as a preventive to disease, while the slightest colic or neuralgic pain sends them in haste to the barber, who at the same time gives them in return advice *ad libitum* and the latest scandal of the neighborhood as a panacea to the soul of the patient. It is the custom, also, to bleed horses once a month in Persia. As the Persian horses are in every way admirable, and possess great endurance, and as the Persians have in all ages been noted for their knowledge and management of horses, it would seem that this custom is at least not injurious, and possibly in such a climate has decided advantages.

The baker is another absurd character of Teheran, who has the faculty of pursuing his vocation in violation of all Occidental notions about professional secrets. Whatever the baker of Teheran does is done "free and above-board," and if the customer is cheated, he has only himself to blame. He kneads and rolls his bread before the public, flattens the loaves into long thin sheets on his bare arms, and after the bread is baked, lays it on a ledge in the street wall by his shop to dry, or flings it over his shoulder like so many sides of leather, and peddles it. This bread, which, when baked, is only the tenth part of an inch thick, is very palatable when just from the oven, and even foreigners come to prefer it to any other, for it is sweet and easily digested.

But the growing heat of mid-day suggests that the hour for lunch and repose has arrived. The noonday meal is light, composed of fruit, grapes, figs, or melons, with salads and bread. After it perhaps follows a cup of tea and a kaliân, and then a nap, in which high and low participate. In the middle of the day, during the warm season, the whole city, the very streets and walls, seem asleep, gradually waking again as the sun begins to approach the west. After his siesta, the Teheranee says his prayers, or is supposed to say them: in spite of, or perhaps as a result of, their intense external fanaticism, the modern Persians are but little addicted to praying; their religion is rather like a shibboleth, a *mot d'ordre* to swear by, than a code of guidance to shape life and



EXTERIOR OF COUNTRY CARAVANSARY.



COTTON BEATER.

character. But the Persians are not singular in this respect at the present day. After another smoke, the Persian gentleman sallies forth toward the cool of the evening with a rosary in his hand, attended by a servant or companion.

It is the hour of peace; a rosy light bathes the house-tops, but the stately avenues leading north and south are in shadow, and cooled by the water thrown by the sakkâhs. The tender evening light also rests on the snowy crests of the vast ridge of the Shim Irân, or Light of Persia, which soars to a height of 13,000 feet across the northern side of the plain, but nine miles away. The evening glow, before it fades into twilight, lingers last on the snowy cone of Demavend, 21,000 feet high, ever present in every view, like the presiding genius that protects the capital of Persia.

With slow and dignified steps the Persian gentlemen stroll through these inviting avenues, engaged in genial converse. Their long robes, their massive beards, their lofty caps or voluminous turbans, give them a lofty stateliness as they wend along, undisturbed by the numerous horses or carriages, or the hideously unkempt and filthy dervishes who claim alms on account of their sanctified rags.

At this hour the tea-houses are in full blast. The reader may be surprised to learn that the national beverage of Persia is not coffee, but tea. One would naturally suppose that a country so near Araby the Blest and the aromatic groves of Mocha would, like the Turks, prefer coffee. Of course a great deal of coffee, prepared in the Turkish way, is consumed by the Persians, but the fact remains that they are essentially a tea-drinking race, drinking it in vast quantities, flavored with lemon or tourchee, which is the prepared juice of the lime, and sweetened almost to a syrup. The habit is probably the result of the commercial intercourse which at an early period existed between Persia and China, and which, as is now well known, gave an impulse to the arts of Persia, of which evidences appear at various stages of her æsthetic history. At Teheran the tea-houses take the place of the coffee-houses of Constantinople. One meets them at every turn, of every rank, but all

alike resorts for rest, leisure, and entertainment. There one may see public dancers, who by law are now invariably men, although women of questionable repute contrive to evade the laws sometimes and exhibit in the harems. The male dancers are brought up to this vocation from boyhood, and invariably wear long hair in imitation of women, and shave their faces smooth.

What interests an intelligent European more at these tea-houses than the dances are the recitations from the poets. The songs of Hafiz may be heard there, and entire cantos from the great epic of Ferdoonsee, repeated with loud, sonorous modulation, heard sometimes at quite a distance at the more inspiring passages, and listened to with enthusiastic rapture. Here, too, one may hear the *Arabian Nights* tales given without any attempt at expurgation, exactly as in a recent translation. The reader will recollect that the characters in the *Arabian Nights* are constantly and at every opportunity quoting long and appropriate passages from the poets. This may to the European appear to be an affectation or a freak of poetic license on the part of the author of these tales. On the contrary, he was simply giving us another of those traits of Oriental character the record of which has given to those inimitable narratives immortality as the finest picture ever given of the life of the East, which, after thousands of years, is only just beginning to feel the transforming influence of Western civilization.

As one continues his ramble through Teheran at this hour, he sees a crowd amused by baboons dancing to the beat of tambourines—animals which, if they do not get all the happiness they deserve, at least well fulfill their mission in ministering to the pleasure of myriads by their absurd antics and grimaces. Or we see a chained lioness put through her paces, or, fatigued by the part she has been forced to play in life, and unable to escape from it by suicide, is sleeping heavily on the pavement. But one of the most common spectacles of Teheran in the late afternoon—a sight which always draws a crowd—is a match of trained wrestlers, or athletes exercising with clubs, at both of which the Persians are very expert, although they make no great figure in jugglery.

The afternoon is also the time when the gentlemen of Teheran exchange calls. A gentleman in Persia never calls on a lady; he does not even dare to inquire after her health, or even mention her to her husband. Notwithstanding this, the exchange of visits is a most formidable affair at Teheran, affording an opportunity for the full display of the elaborate etiquette for which Persia has always been celebrated. I make no apology for describing with some minuteness the details of such a visit, as doubtless no such social ceremony is elsewhere in vogue to such a degree at the present day. All the ceremonies attending such an affair are shaded



A BUTCHER.

off to the finest point, and are expected to form part of the education of every Persian, or, in fact, to be a second nature to him.

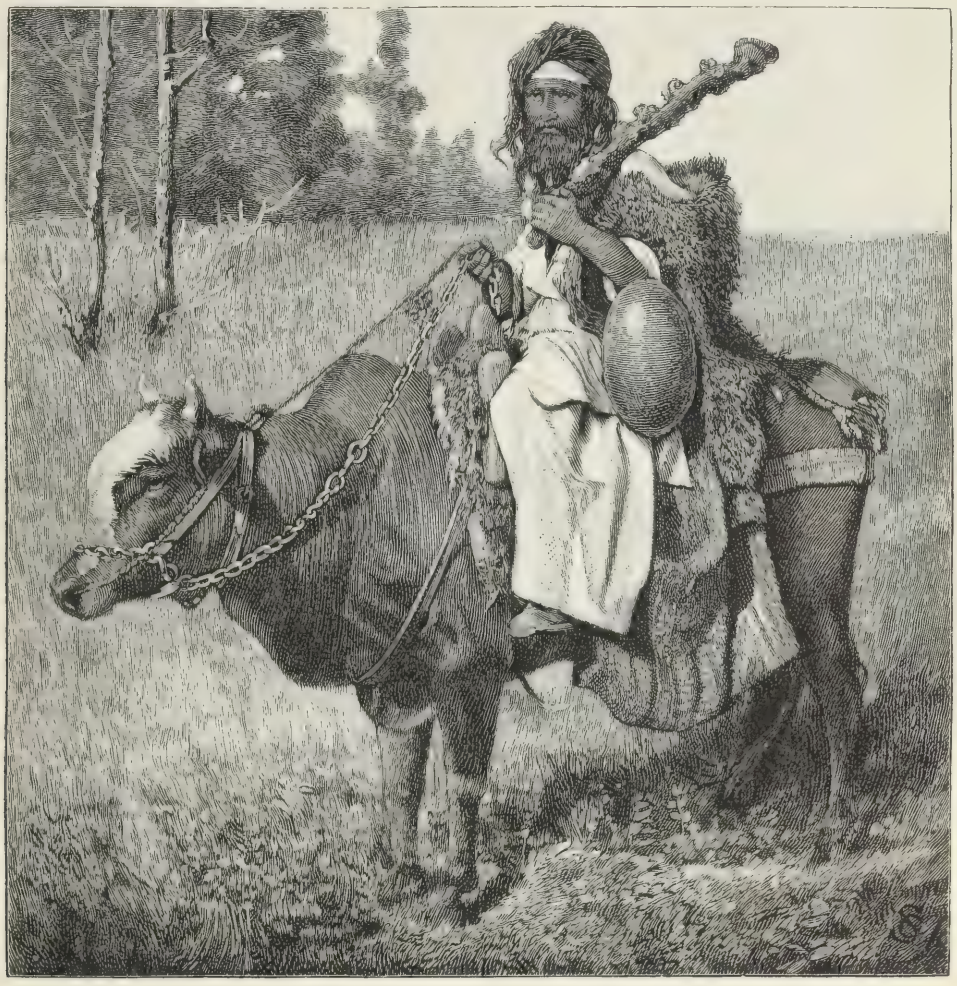
Before making the visit, a servant is sent, generally the previous day, to announce it. The rank of the servant who is sent is suited to the rank of the gentleman who is to receive the call. If a person of very high rank is to call on one of similar position, it is considered eminently proper to announce and accept the visit in an autograph note. If the caller is of the higher rank, he simply states that he proposes to call at such an hour; if of equal or lower rank, he asks permission to call. The call must be made on horseback or in a carriage, and the number of mounted attendants depends upon the rank of the person visited. Xenophon in his Anabasis states it as a custom peculiar to the Persians that they always went abroad accompanied by many retainers. The usage exists to this day, and is still carried to such a degree that it has a material effect on the resources of the country, so large is the number of servants who are consumers but not producers. The Prime Minister has in his employ two thousand men, of whom many, as well as their fathers, have been in his family all their lives. He rarely goes out with less than sixty to one hundred attendants. There are many gentlemen at Teheran whose households include one hundred domestics. Most of them are assigned some special duty, but often a number are merely retained to assist in the display of the *ménage*, fed by, and receiving the protection of, their lord, and picking up pishkesh, or presents, as they can.

On approaching the house, the visitor, if of high rank, is met by mounted heralds, who immediately return at full speed to announce the approach of the guest. If of very high rank, the host will try sometimes to see the effect on his guest by coming into the reception-room after the arrival of the guest. Supposing that he has not tried such a manœuvre, a courteous skirmish occurs when the guest enters the door; each seeks to outdo the other in politeness, while each is exceedingly careful not to accept or allow a position to which he is not entitled by rank. The corner of the room the most remote from the entrance is the place of honor; the guest, if he outranks the host, while strenuously declining to take that seat, will be very careful that his host does not occupy it instead, and quite as careful not to accept it if of inferior rank, although urged, for to do so under such circumstances would be to affront the host, and invite an affront in return. I should state here that the host advances outside of the door of the reception-room to receive one of superior rank; meets him at the door if of equal rank, and leads him by the hand to his seat; goes half-way the length of the apartment to meet one of slightly inferior rank, but does not condescend to advance a step for a guest far below in social or official position. When the host and guest are of equal rank, chairs or cushions are arranged in equal position opposite the refreshment table, and so on through all the various social grades. Other things being equal, the left hand, and not the right, is the place of honor.

The serving of refreshments is another important question, regulated by undeviating custom. The nazir, or head steward of the household, enters in his stocking feet, ushering in a number of servants equal to the number to be served. If host and guest are of equal rank, the cup is presented to each exactly at the same moment; but if one outranks the other, he is first served. When there is present a member of the royal family, or one of the cabinet or council of the Shah, or a foreign minister, the servants must always retire backward to the door. The number and character of the refreshments depend on the rank, the hour, and the season. In the morning tea is served once. In the afternoon, the guest being of equal or higher rank, he is first served with tea in dainty glasses. This is followed by the kaliân, or water-pipe, which differs from the Turkish nargileh by having a short straight stem. In it is smoked the tobacco called tumbakee, a species grown only in Persia. That of Shiraz is very delicate in flavor, and the best. The tumbakee must first be soaked in water and squeezed like a sponge, or it will cause vertigo. A live coal made from the root of the vine is placed on the tobacco, and the smoke is drawn through water with a gentle inhaling, depositing the oil in its passage through the water. When several persons of equal rank are being served, it is the proper thing to bring an equal number of lighted pipes; but if one present outranks all the others, only one pipe is brought in, which is handed to him. Be-

fore smoking, he makes a feint of offering it in turn to all present, but woe be to him who incautiously accepts it before he of higher rank has first smoked, for he will be made to feel the withering scorn of which a Persian gentleman is capable. I knew of such an instance. The pipe was offered by the host in this perfunctory manner to one of lower rank, and it was accepted; but when he of lower rank had smoked and returned it to the other, the host ordered the servant to take out the pipe, wash it thoroughly, and prepare it afresh. The Mestofi-Mamolêk, the highest man in Persia after the king, has not smoked for forty years. He took a solemn resolution against tobacco, because, when a young man, the kaliân was on one occasion given in his presence to a man whom he considered of lower rank before it was offered to him. He dashed aside the pipe, and swore never to smoke again, in order to avoid the possibility of being again subjected to such an affront.

After the first kaliân, tea is served again, followed by a second pipe. After a proper interval, whose length is regulated by the acceptability of the visit, coffee is served in tiny cups, followed in turn by the pipe. This is the signal that the limit of the entertainment has been reached, and the guest in honeyed words expresses his acknowledgments for the courtesy of the host, and requests permission to depart. When the Persian new year begins, with the spring equinox, the season is indicated by the substitution of a cool sherbet for the first cup of tea, and sometimes of an ice in the place of the coffee; but after the September equinoctial the tea and coffee are resumed. These may seem trivial matters, but in Persia they have great weight; and not only is the taste of the host indicated by the quality and style of the refreshments, but the *savoir-faire* and the rank of the guest are weighed by his bearing on such an occasion. It is of no slight importance that



ITINERANT BEGGAR.



NIGHT PROCESSION WITH LANTERN.

a European in Persia should understand these laws of etiquette; otherwise he is liable not only to have his breeding as a gentleman misunderstood, but to be assigned purposely such an inferior rank that he loses influence, while by strongly asserting his claim to all the privileges which he has the right to expect and demand, suitable to his rank, he receives the respect which is his due, but which no Persian will give except when he sees him firm on these points.

Thus far we have been considering life at Teheran as it appears in public to a man. From this aspect it appears to be an open-air, a public existence. But there is another phase to life in Persia of which even he who lives years in that country knows little and sees less—a state of mystery, a system hidden in the midst of a city busy and apparently open to the widest publicity. I refer to the domestic life of Persia, and the existence of woman in that land of romance and song. Without woman, how can there be romance and song? and where are the women of Teheran? and how is the poet who would sing their praises to see and appreciate the charms that quicken the chords of his lyre? Pope has said, and been applauded for ages for saying, that "the proper study of mankind is man." I venture to assert that the great sage and satirist stated only half a truth, and showed that he but dimly perceived the complex character of woman, or he would have said, instead, "The proper study of mankind is woman." But at Teheran one sees but rarely the face of a woman, unless she be a Nestorian, an Armenian, or a Guebre, or Fire-worshipper, who all go but slightly disguised, or if he be a Mussulman, in which case he may have all the concubines he pleases. It is a little singular that there are still about twenty-five thousand Guebres left in Persia; persecuted from the

time of the Mohammedan conquest, a few faithful ones still cling to the cult of Cyrus and Darius. Unlike the Mohammedan Persians, they have intermarried with no other race, and thus present to-day the original Persian race.



STROLLING MUSICIANS.

The laws of Persia are theocratic. They are founded on the Koran, and a system has been deduced which, like the common law, consists of the opinions of priests of especial sanctity and wisdom. This code is called the Shahr. There is a lesser and secular law called the Urf, based on oral traditions and practice, and employed in unimportant cases; but the Shahr is always the final authority. The laws relating to marriage and the relations of the sexes are a marvel of minuteness, and form the most extraordinary reading in existence. As it is simply impossible for any one to remember and practice every one of the regulations which govern the great question of the sexes and domestic life, a large portion of this burdensome

code is practically a dead letter; but enough yet remains in practice to produce an extraordinary system. Every Persian house is constructed upon a plan of secrecy; no windows are visible from the streets; but the interior is constructed around several courts, with lovely gardens, tanks, shrubbery, and even luxuriant groves of fruit and shade trees, of all of which one obtains not the slightest hint from the street. In the main dwelling the master of the house lives and transacts business during the day. But his business over, he retires for the night to his anderoon, which is the quarter of the residence devoted to the women. The anderoon is jealously guarded by the eunuch, and no man ever enters it but the proprietor. When he is there in the bosom of his family, he can not be disturbed; it is sufficient to say to any one who inquires for him, "He is in his anderoon." This is an asylum from outward cares which it would be well to import into the United States for those who seek effectual quiet and repose. To the Persian it takes the place of a club—the more so as clubs, theatres, and other places for evening resort would not be permitted in Persia. The influence of the women would be sufficient to prevent the establishment of institutions which would result in a complete reversal of the present domestic system. Knowing nothing better, and able to compass their ends with



A SLEEPING LIONESS.

matters as they are, being accustomed to them, the women of Persia are satisfied to have the system continue. It would be a mistake hastily to conclude that this indicates a low order of intellect or an abject spirit. If uneducated according to our ideas, the Persian women, from all I can gather, are by no means stupid, and enjoy an influence and a controlling power in domestic and state affairs not inferior to that of women elsewhere, only it finds expression by different methods. It is not the semblance of power that is to be feared, but the unseen power behind the throne; and I can affirm emphatically that in no country do women have more influence

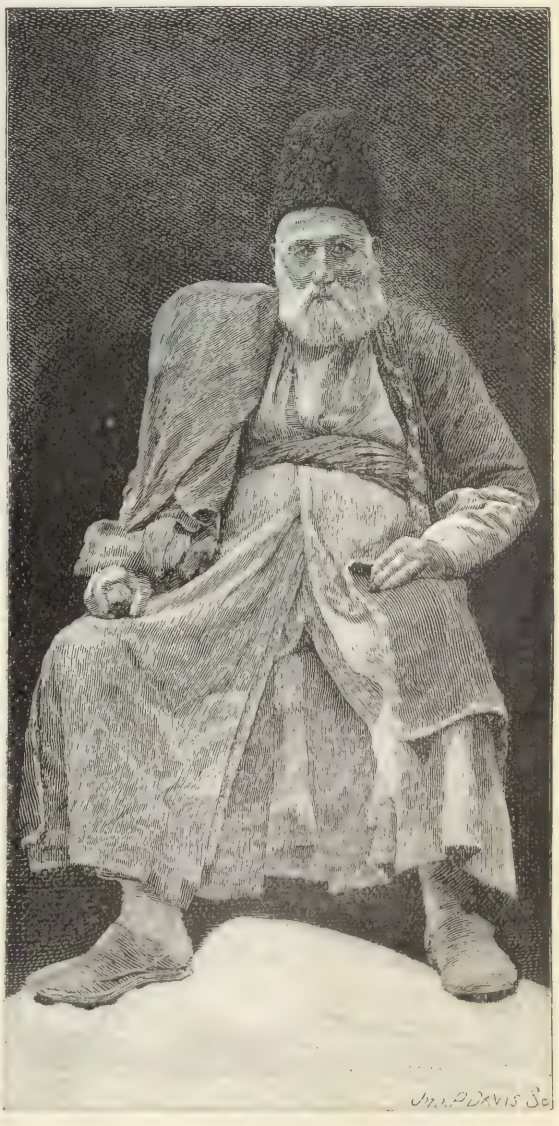
than in Persia, where they are content to be the power behind the throne.

It is true, the laws of the country appear at first sight to discriminate against the women. Divorce, for example, is easy for the man but difficult for the woman who has a grievance. The husband may dismiss his wife by saying three times, "You are divorced."

Besides the usual form of marriage, which is presumably for life, there is the temporary marriage. During the period agreed upon, which must be specified in a written contract, neither party can be divorced from the other. It is not uncommon for ladies of social position to prefer this form, as, by making the term sufficiently long, they can insure themselves against divorce, and loss of the portion or jointure advanced by the husband.

Women of great talents are occasionally found in the anderoons, skilled in music, poetry, and painting, and in the diplomatic art. All of them show skill in embroidering, which has been carried in Persia to a degree never elsewhere surpassed. According to Persian law, a husband must divide his time equally among his wives; but if he has one he prefers, she can generally arrange with the others by presents to have part of the time to which they are entitled. Diplomacy, intrigue, and influence in Persia are dependent in a large measure on the force of character displayed by the women. If a man wishes to influence another in an affair of importance, he manages it by confiding the matter to one or all of his wives, who in turn visit the wives of the man to be influenced, or the wives of one who has influence over him, and by urging and presents seek to attain the object. Most of the important transactions of Persia are conducted in this manner. The greatest difficulties I had to encounter in Persia were against the intrigues of women who were deputed to bespeak in this manner the opposition of the high officers of the government, or of the Shah himself; while, on the other hand, it was by availing myself of this usage that I was able repeatedly to win the advantage in certain difficult affairs.

The profound disguise worn by the women of Teheran in the street, supposed by foreigners to be a serious inconvenience, is, under existing conditions, an enormous advantage, and the women themselves would be the last to advocate a change, so long as polygamy exists. No argument is required to show what a power for intrigue exists in such a costume. In her mantle or veil, completely covering her from head to foot, a woman can go wherever she pleases without the slightest possibility of detecting her identity, and not even her husband would dare to raise her veil: to do so would render him liable to instant death. On the other hand, if a woman wishes to disclose her charms to any one, she generally contrives to find a chance to withdraw her veil for an instant. The rest is arranged by third parties, who are always on hand. The women of Teheran can thus go anywhere with little risk of detection; only the wives of the Shah and of his sons are debarred from the privilege, never going abroad without numerous attendants. The former are always accompanied by the royal guards, who, at a certain distance before and behind the royal ladies, keep the



A GUEBRE.

way clear. When these ladies propose to leave the palace, the event is announced by heralds in all the streets by which they are to pass; the shops are closed, and every one is expected to take himself out of the way. Until recently it was impossible, for this reason, to construct windows overlooking the principal avenues, and any unlucky person found in the passage of the royal cortége was put to death on the spot. But the most that would now happen would probably be that he would be roughly handled, even if he turned his face to the wall.

There could hardly be a greater contrast than between the out-of-door and the indoor costume of the ladies of Teheran. What it is at home is shown by the picture on page 233, taken from a photograph. It was formerly more modest, but this fashion came in with the present century. Like the costume of short clothes worn by men in the last century in Europe, it requires a good figure to show it off to advantage. The moderate garments worn admit of considerable scope in the exercise of a taste for color and embroidery, but otherwise there is no difference in the home dress worn by the Persian ladies of Teheran from the palace to the meanest hovel.

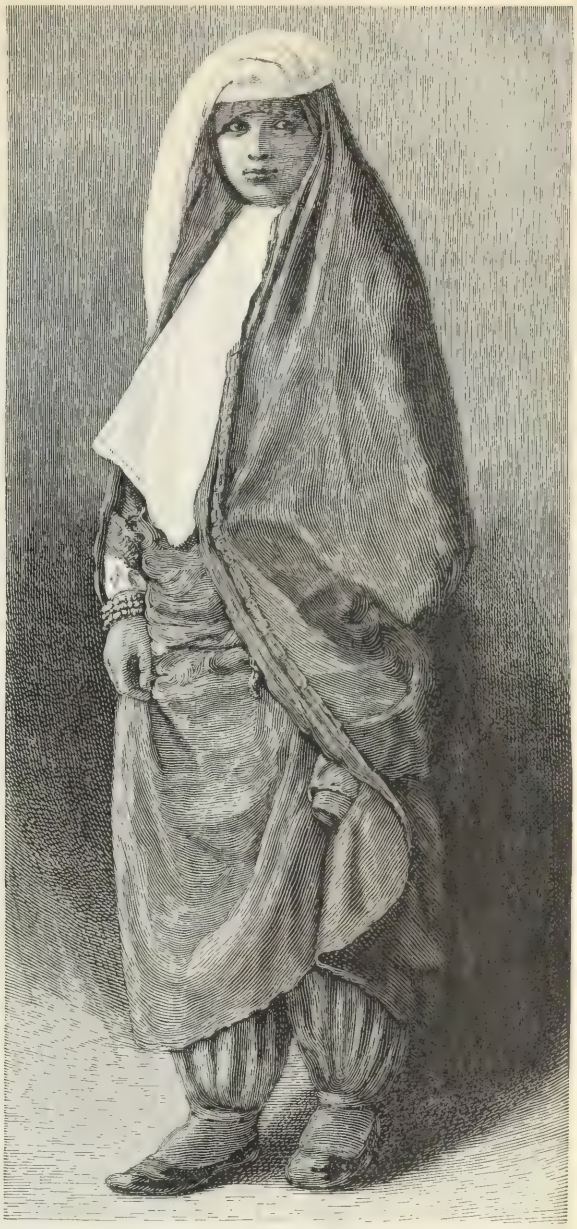
The simplicity of this dress is, again, in strong contrast with the very elaborate and costly costume worn by gentlemen of the court. There is a tendency to adopt a modification of the European dress, resembling a military uniform. But on state occasions the magnificent and imposing robes of office are worn as of old, made of the richest stuffs of Cashmere and Kermân, worked with exquisite designs. At a royal audience the invariable kolâh, or black lamb-skin cap, is exchanged for a white turban, which is doffed on retiring from the royal presence, and given to a servant who has waited outside of the palace gate. As may be easily imagined from the account of visiting etiquette, the court ceremonials of Persia are of the most elaborate and punctilious character, although indicating at present an inclination to relax a little from a ceremonial that is burdensome in its details. It must be admitted that such



GUEBRE WOMEN.



ARMENIAN WOMAN IN STREET COSTUME.



PERSIAN WOMAN, WITH VEIL RAISED, IN STREET COSTUME.

pomp is qualified to give majesty to a monarch, and to aid in the maintenance of power in a despotic government. It was the great court pageants and ceremonials of Byzantium which aided to prop up the decaying Roman Empire long after it had lost its vitality, presenting by its continued existence for centuries after it became moribund one of the most extraordinary phenomena in history.

Nusr-ed-Deen Shah, the reigning sovereign of Persia, is a man of good and progressive ideas, patriotically inclined, but often hampered by the character of his *entourage* and the menacing aspect of Russia, frowning upon any progress in Persia that would tend to add to the independence of an ancient monarchy that she hopes eventually to absorb without resistance—a problem that, in my opinion, is not likely to be as easy as she supposes. The Shah is a man fond of the chase, a bold and skillful marksman, of social disposition, and prefers, as far as possible, to drop the irksome ceremonies of state which surround him. On one occasion he said to an elegant and accomplished Persian gentleman whom he had honored by a visit to his superb country-seat, "If only I could for a while lay aside the embarrassments of my position, how I should enjoy a free conversation with a gentleman of your tastes and culture!"

He gives an audience to his ministers every morning about six, receives their reports, and gives his orders for the administration of affairs. In the afternoon, and sometimes in the evening, he engages in

social converse with one or more of his favorite courtiers, or listens to the reading of foreign periodicals. On such occasions there is sometimes a freedom of expression allowed his courtiers which in former reigns would have cost them their heads. But Nusr-ed-Deen Shah is a man of noble and generous impulses.

The tendency to modify the strictness of the court etiquette at Teheran is shown by the manner of receiving foreign ministers. His Majesty receives them standing at the upper end of the audience chamber, which is the magnificent hall containing part of the crown jewels, when an audience is granted to the entire diplomatic corps on state occasions. When an audience is given to a single person for a special object, the king receives him in one of the smaller but scarcely less splendid apartments of the palace. Nothing further is required of the minister except to leave his galoches, or outer shoes, at the gate of the palace. He is attended by the Zahiri Doulêh, or master of ceremonies, and when the massive embroidered portière is raised and discloses the Shah-in-Shah opposite him, resplendent in rubies and diamonds, he bows, and repeats this mark of respect when he has reached his Majesty, who stands as near to him as two gentlemen in ordinary conversation. The minister remains covered, as indicating the equality of the two powers, and waits for the Shah to begin the conversation, which becomes free and easy if his Majesty is in pleasant humor, or is favorably inclined to the minister and his country. The Shah speaks French, and sometimes condescends for a moment to dispense with the court interpreter and converse directly with the minister, although such condescension may be accepted as a mark of high favor. In former days the Shah would terminate the audience by saying, "You have leave to retire;" but the present king simply keeps silent or takes a step back, which is the signal for the minister to withdraw from the "blessed presence," taking care not to turn his back to the king until he reaches the door. This manœuvre is not an easy one when the entire diplomatic corps at Teheran is forced to retire down a hall over a hundred and fifty feet in length, and to be careful not to stumble over the chairs of beaten gold on either hand, and to avoid slipping on the highly polished pavement of variegated tiles.



WINTER IN-DOOR COSTUME.

But perhaps I can not better describe the intricate and time-honored ceremonies of the court of Persia than to give an account of the ceremonies of the No Rooz, or New-Year. The Persians, being now Mohammedans, pretend that the No Rooz comes at that time because it is the birthday of the Prophet. But in reality it is the time of the spring equinox, and the ancient Persians or Fire-worshippers made this the time for the opening of their new year. Traces of old religious customs of Persia still exist, such as looking over a row of burning heaps of brushwood the evening before No Rooz, and also the custom of hailing the new moon by covering the face with the hands, and then, as the hands are withdrawn and the moon appears, to stand several moments in that position and offer a prayer.

The celebration of the No Rooz contin-

ues for ten days; it is a period of rejoicing. All labor ceases; every one appears in a new suit of clothes, and visiting and feasting are universal. On the last day of No Rooz the entire city goes forth into the suburbs on a general picnic; the gardens of the wealthy are thrown open to the public, and for the only time in the year Persian gentlemen are accompanied by their wives in a promenade.

As the hour for the sun to cross the line approaches, the great officers of the realm gather in the grand hall of audience, around whose walls are clustered the crown jewels, the most costly and magnificent possessed by any court. The courtiers arrange themselves by prescribed rules, according to rank, on each side of the hall, the first in order being assigned places next to the celebrated peacock throne brought by Nadir Shah from Delhi, the lowest estimate of whose value has been placed by experts at fifteen millions of dollars. Between these two ranks of the distinguished men of Persia, who are glittering with innumerable gems, the Shah-in-Shah, or King of Kings, now passes with a slow and majestic step, and seats himself upon a silk carpet, embroidered with diamonds and pearls, at the foot of the peacock throne.



SUMMER IN-DOOR COSTUME.

When his Majesty has taken his place, the chief of the Khajars approaches each courtier in turn, attended by servants bearing trays loaded with coins, of which a portion is now given to all in order, for good luck, that they may have money in their hands when the new year begins. Numerous salvers containing the fruits of earth and water, or piled with silver and gold coins of Persia of different denominations, are also laid before the king, who now proceeds to burn incense on a small brazier until it is announced that the sun has crossed the line. A cannon proclaims the tidings over the capital, accompanied by the blare of trumpets. At the same instant the king takes up a magnificently bound Koran which is laid be-



COURTIER IN COURT COSTUME.

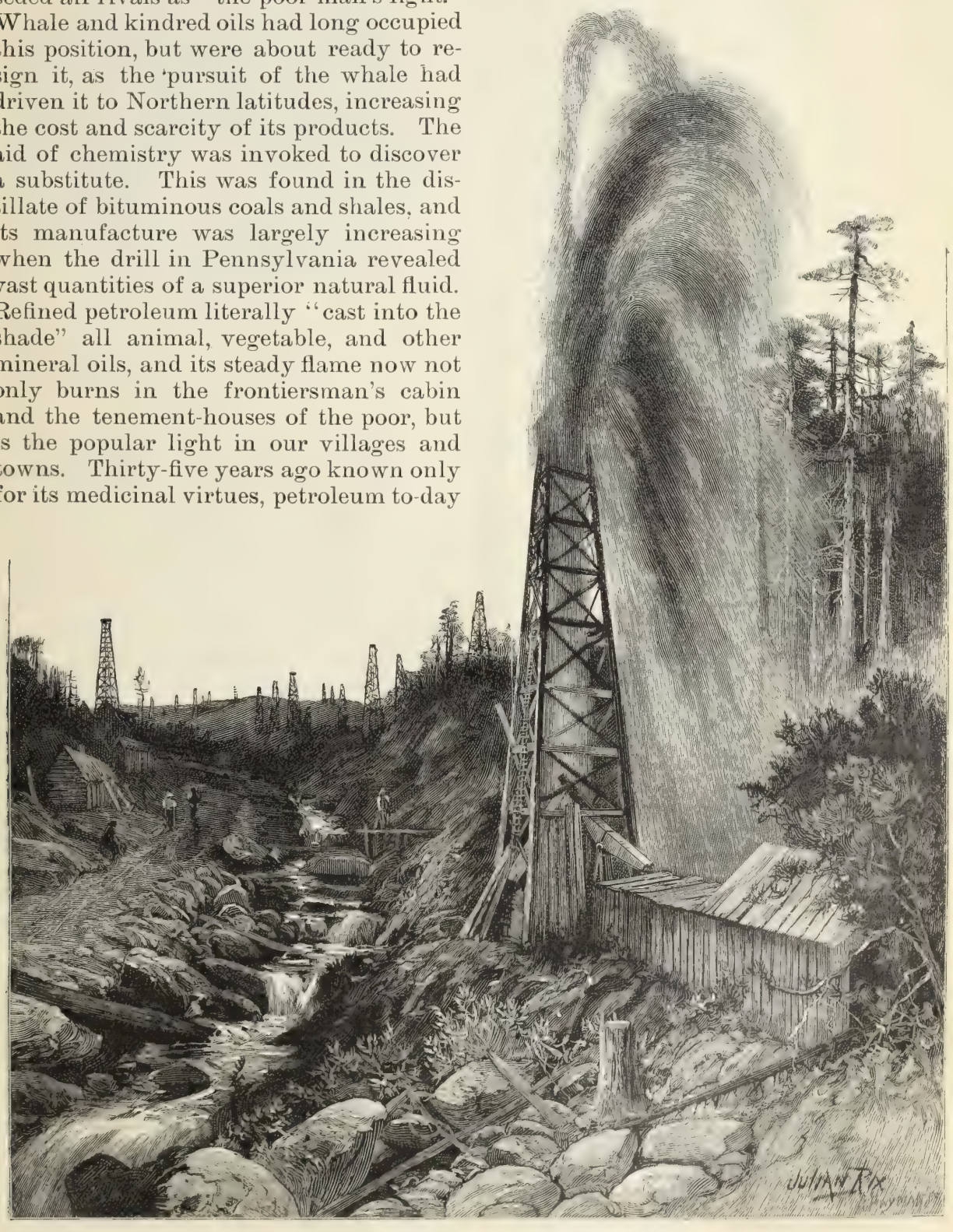
fore him, presses it to his forehead, lips, and bosom, and then turning to the mollahs, says, "Mombarêk bashêd!"—"May it be propitious to you!"

A mollah then arises, and in full, rich voice chants an invocation. This over, each personage present, according to rank, kneels before the Shah and receives from the royal hands a gift of coin, the amount depending upon the favor in which he stands with the king. This done, each retires from the hall until his Majesty remains alone. In the evening there are other imposing state ceremonies.

A LAMPFUL OF OIL.

MAN'S ingenuity in the production of artificial light has spanned the gap between the primitive striking of flints and the brilliant electric glow of modern times. Though gas and electricity are the highest forms of this evolution, petroleum, soon after its introduction, as a cheap, portable, and brilliant illuminant, superseded all rivals as "the poor man's light." Whale and kindred oils had long occupied this position, but were about ready to resign it, as the pursuit of the whale had driven it to Northern latitudes, increasing the cost and scarcity of its products. The aid of chemistry was invoked to discover a substitute. This was found in the distillate of bituminous coals and shales, and its manufacture was largely increasing when the drill in Pennsylvania revealed vast quantities of a superior natural fluid. Refined petroleum literally "cast into the shade" all animal, vegetable, and other mineral oils, and its steady flame now not only burns in the frontiersman's cabin and the tenement-houses of the poor, but is the popular light in our villages and towns. Thirty-five years ago known only for its medicinal virtues, petroleum to-day is one of our great staple domestic products, and the fourth article in value of our exports.

Petroleum is a universal product, whose existence and burning properties have been known from the dawn of history. It is therefore very remarkable that its practical utilization should have



A FIELD OF DERRICKS—EFFECT OF A TORPEDO.

been reserved to Americans of our day and generation. Physically considered, petroleum is a liquid bitumen (hydro-carbon), and occupies a middle position between natural gas and asphaltum—respectively its gaseous and solid forms.

Herodotus describes a fountain of pitch on the Euphrates, from which "three different substances, asphalt, salt, and oil, were drawn." A semi-liquid bitumen was employed in Babylon and Nineveh as a cement in masonry, cisterns, etc. Baku, the present seat of the Russian petroleum industry, but in ancient times a portion of Persia, is famed for its sacred fires, and we know that as early as A.D. 636, the period of the Saracen conquest, pilgrimages were made to its shrines by fire-worshippers. Hindoos continue to visit these naphtha springs to the present time. Marco Polo visited the spot in the thirteenth century, and reported that the oil was "good to burn, and to anoint animals that have the mange. People come from vast distances to fetch it, for in all countries round there is no other oil."

The first mention of petroleum in the United States is contained in a letter from the commandant of Fort Duquesne to General Montcalm in 1759. In it he describes a religious ceremony of the Seneca Indians, three leagues above the mouth of the Venango. "The surface of the stream," he says, "was covered with a thick scum, which, upon applying a torch at a given signal, burst into a complete conflagration." There is evidence that some aboriginal race had known the value of petroleum, and had dug pits ten to twelve feet in diameter and eight to ten feet in depth to procure it.

The first petroleum discovered at any depth was in the salt wells on the Kanawha, Big Sandy, Cumberland, and Allegheny rivers.* The first well bored for salt in the United States was in 1806, and thereafter the industry grew and extended, and in almost all the salt wells a little petroleum was found. It was regarded as an inconvenience, and the only thought given to it was to get rid of it.

In 1833, Professor Silliman, the elder, described a visit to an oil spring near Cuba, New York. He said that the petroleum which floated on the surface was collected by thin wooden skimmers, then strained through flannel, and used for sprains, rheumatism, and sores on horses.

At this early date, oil from this and other springs and from the wells at Burkesville was bottled and sold under the name of "Seneca Oil" or "American Oil." Samuel M. Kier, a Pittsburgh druggist, began in 1849 to bottle quite extensively petroleum taken from his father's salt well at Tarentum, located about twenty miles above Pittsburgh.

At this period the paraffine industry of Scotland was successfully established, and both lubricating and illuminating oils were distilled from Boghead and other coals and shales. The manufacture was begun in 1853 in Waltham, Massachusetts, and in 1854 at Newtown Creek, Long Island, by the North American Kerosene Gaslight Company of New York. By 1857–59 there were over fifty works in this country engaged in the manufacture of *coal* oil, and a large proportion of these were in the West, particularly in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Kentucky, where quantities of cheap bituminous coals were accessible.

In the summer of 1854, Dr. Brewer, member of a large firm of lumbermen and merchants in Titusville, Pennsylvania, visited Dartmouth College, of which he was a graduate. He carried with him a sample of the oil obtained from a spring located on Cherry-tree Run, a small tributary of Oil Creek, and owned by his firm, Brewer, Watson, and Co. The specimen was shown to Professor Crosby of Dartmouth, who in turn exhibited it a few weeks later to George H. Bissell, a New York lawyer, then on a visit to his *alma mater*. Investigation followed, and on the 10th of November, Brewer, Watson, and Co. deeded to Eveleth and Bissell one hundred and five acres of land, and on December 30, 1854, the Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company was organized, with a nominal capital of $250,000, divided into 10,000 shares of $25 each. This was the first petroleum company ever organized. Professor B. Silliman, Jr., the Yale chemist, was engaged to exhaustively test and report upon the petroleum, which he finally did April 16, 1855. His report was singularly correct in his estimate of its utility, and in his forecast of the proper method of refining it. Owing to various complications and dissensions among the stockholders, the property was finally leased to the Seneca Oil Company, a Connecticut corporation owned in New Haven.

* This name, curiously, is spelled Allegheny for the river and Pennsylvania city, Alleghany for the mountain, and Allegany for the county in New York.



COLONEL E. L. DRAKE.

Things moved slowly. Finally, in 1857, E. L. Drake, by courtesy "Colonel," who had been consecutively dry-goods clerk, express agent, and railroad conductor, was sent out to the property to examine and report. He returned full of enthusiasm. The next year Drake again departed for the "promised land," determined to bore a well, as had been done for salt. Beginning to drill in the early summer of 1858, his labors were interrupted, and again resumed, and on August 28, 1859, at a depth of sixty-nine and a half feet, he "struck oil." This was a red-letter day in the annals of Oildom, as it marks the first deliberate step in the petroleum industry. It will be noted that the parties in interest, while never abandoning their undertaking, were unconscious of the great mine of wealth which lay beneath their property. They actually occupied nearly five years, from the date of their purchase, in drilling a hole sixty-nine and a half feet in the ground.

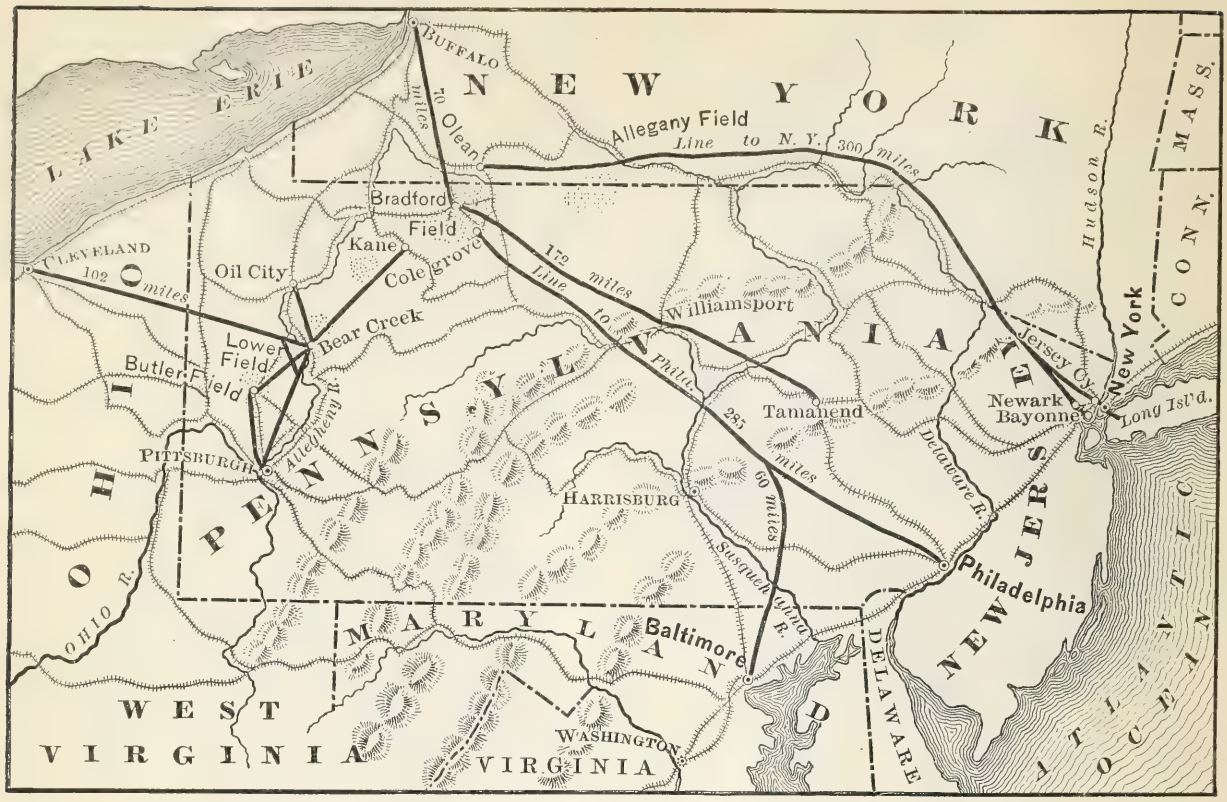
"Colonel" Drake, whose name will forever be identified with the first oil well ever drilled, after acquiring notoriety and a competency, lost it all in speculating in oil stocks in New York. He also lost his health, and was reduced to positive penury, which was first relieved by a purse of $4200 generously contributed by his old neighbors and friends in Titusville. In 1873 the Legislature of the State of Pennsylvania granted an annuity of $1500 to himself and his wife during the lifetime of either. The widow is still living.

The Drake well was tubed, and started off at the rate of ten barrels per day, and later, by the aid of a more powerful pump, its production was increased to forty barrels. To-day a well of this size would be regarded as small, as crude oil is now worth only two and one-half cents per gallon, while the product of the Drake well during the first four months commanded an average of fifty cents.

Doubt and distrust that preceded Drake's successful venture suddenly fled before the common conviction that an oil well was the *open sesame* to wealth. Land which hitherto had been valued only for its timber increased in price a hundred or a thousand fold. Every farmer now thought he had found an Aladdin's lamp filled to the brim with kerosene. The dreary solitudes which had been broken only by the woodman's axe now resounded with the busy notes of preparation for a dive into nature's great *grab-bag*. In the beginning developments proceeded slowly, as the means of transportation were defective, and everything had to be carried into the wilderness. By June, 1860, the daily production was estimated to be two hundred barrels. On the 15th of May, 1861, a report was made that 135 wells were producing 1288 barrels. In this month the Funk well, at a depth of 460 feet, encountered the "third sand," from which stratum the bulk of oil has since been obtained, though usually at a much greater depth.



THE DRAKE WELL.



MAP OF OIL REGION AND MAIN PIPE LINES.

Several different theories have been advanced as to the origin of the oil, but none of them are entirely satisfactory. As a matter of fact, petroleum is encountered in all ages from the Laurentian to the tertiary. The sand strata in Pennsylvania in which oil is found are chiefly in the Chemung group of the Devonian formation. The name is derived from the Chemung River, where they crop out distinctly.

By this time the prospectors had learned where to find the oil, and in September, 1861, the Empire well on the Tarr farm started off, to everybody's amazement, at the rate of 2500 barrels per day. Production ran to waste for want of barrels and tanks to store the oil, and became more of a drug in November, when the Phillips well on the Tarr farm flowed 3000 barrels the first day. Other wells came in to swell the production, and by January 1, 1862, oil could hardly be sold at the wells at any price, and was nominally quoted at ten cents per barrel. Sales in New York at that time did not cover the cost of transportation. This was a wasteful and unprofitable period. J. T. Henry states that the production during the early part of 1863 was scarcely half that of the beginning of 1862, and that of 1864 was still less. In May, 1865, the production had declined to less than 4000 barrels per day.

In January, 1865, the Frazer well on the Holmden farm, at Pithole, "struck oil," and its output the first day was 250 barrels. This was followed by a series of rich strikes, which like a magnet drew restless spirits from every quarter, until within a few months a city of 15,000 to 20,000 people was established. Pithole City was a nine days' wonder; it was so phenomenal and ephemeral that it was like a phantom of the imagination. It had banks, saloons, churches, school-houses, large and numerous hotels, one costing about $75,000, a fire department, and by September a daily newspaper. It was at one time, next after Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, the largest post-office in Pennsylvania. During the coming winter the wells showed signs of exhaustion, and within two years the glories of Pithole had vanished. Fire and flood completed the work of destruction, and to-day there is hardly a human habitation to mark its site.

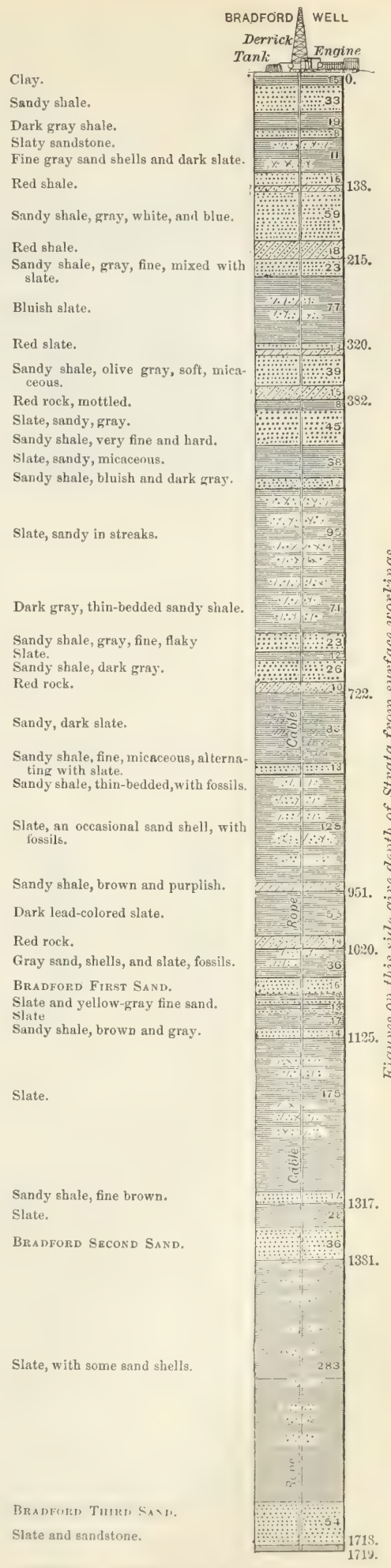
Oil men are fond of recalling the great flood of 1865, which swept everything movable out of the valleys, carrying engines, derricks, bridges, embankments, tanks, and barrels of oil before its resistless fury. In this year also the govern-

ment levied a tax of one dollar per barrel, and many oil-producers were sad at heart. Their spirits were revived next year, owing to the increased demand abroad for petroleum and the repeal of the government tax. Our exports in that year aggregated nearly 51,000,000 gallons, against 25,500,000 gallons in 1865, an increase of one hundred per cent. Operations during all these years up to about 1874 were in the valley of the Allegheny and along its tributaries. Oil Creek, Pithole, Tidioute, Parker's Landing, Petroleum Centre, Oleopolis, and Titusville were, each in its own time, the centres of interest.

As early as 1866 a well was begun in McKean County, near Bradford, but it was abandoned at a depth of 850 feet. In 1871 another well in that vicinity was drilled through to "pay sand," which was below the level of the unsuccessful venture. It proved to be a small producer, yielding ten barrels per day, and excited no interest. In 1874 a seventy-barrel well was completed, which may be regarded as the beginning of the development of the Bradford field. On account of its area and the longevity of the wells, it has completely overshadowed all other districts. Though the extent of its resources was not immediately recognized, by January, 1878, its production reached 6000 barrels. The daily average then steadily rose to 17,500 in 1878; 38,500 in 1879; 55,000 in 1880; 71,000 in 1881. It attained its maximum production, 81,000 barrels, during the month of August, 1881, since which time it has steadily declined. It has recently been yielding only 26,000 barrels daily.

In the autumn of 1881 there was a large increase of operations in the Allegany field in southern New York. By July, 1882, its production mounted to an average of 23,884 barrels per day, which has declined to 7000 at recent dates. The period of its maximum development was simultaneous with the most phenomenal of all the later fields—Cherry Grove.

On the 22d of December, 1881, Grace and Dimick began to drill in this township what is known as a "wild-cat" well, *i. e.*, a gambling venture in territory not known to be oil-bearing. By March 3, 1882, operations there were temporarily suspended, and the well was boarded up and guarded to prevent public inspection. For nearly two months and a half the oil trade watched it with absorbing inter-



VERTICAL SECTION OF BRADFORD WELL.



VIEW OF OIL CITY.

est, which its subsequent performances fully justified. It was known as "Mystery 646," from the number of the lot upon which it was located. Producers and speculators were on the *qui vive* to ascertain the facts, and scouts were employed to fathom its mystery. It required bravery as well as diplomacy, a knowledge of sands and oils as well as physical endurance, to learn the secret of the drill. The scout who most distinguished himself was Si Hughes, who eluded the vigilance of the guards, crawled under the derrick, decided that the well was dangerous, and hastened to inform his principals of his discovery. For this piece of detective work he was handsomely rewarded.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of May 17, 1882, it made a big flow. The news of a "gusher" in the wilderness created a genuine sensation, and the spot was soon invaded by an army of drillers. Within sixty days the surrounding farms were perforated by hundreds of holes, and oil was springing from every pore at the rate of 25,000 to 35,000 barrels per day. The area of fertile territory was soon defined, and nature's resources soon exhausted. By November the production had declined below 5000 barrels.

The oil there was found in the fourth, or "white sand," as distinguished from the third, or "black or chocolate-colored sands" of Bradford and Allegany. Since then there has been a succession of white sand pools, such as Cooper tract, Balltown, Henry's Mills, Wardwell's Ferry, and Thorn Creek—the home of the "gushers." They lacked the staying qualities of the darker sand districts, and while they dazzled by their rocket-like ascent, they fell with equal celerity. The "gushers" may be compared with the boiling geysers of the Yellowstone, as the tremendous hydrostatic pressure, when they are first opened, sends a shower of oil high in the air above the derrick.

It will, of course, be understood that these wells, by their extent if large, or their failure if dry, exercised a potent and immediate influence upon the market for oil, as well as the value of contiguous land. The scouts, in their haste to advise their principals of important events, had some exciting races to the nearest telegraph office. The telegraph companies themselves had some exciting races to see which should first reach the wells. One company ran a wire into a small coal-bin belonging to a country school-house, and there received and dispatched as many as three hundred messages per day. A few days later a rival company opened an office in a portable canvas tent about twenty feet from an important well that was nearing completion. The climax of this competition of telegraph companies "at the front" was reached when the Postal Company improvised a perambulating office in an omnibus, and a little later strung a wire to a frontier well in Thorn Creek

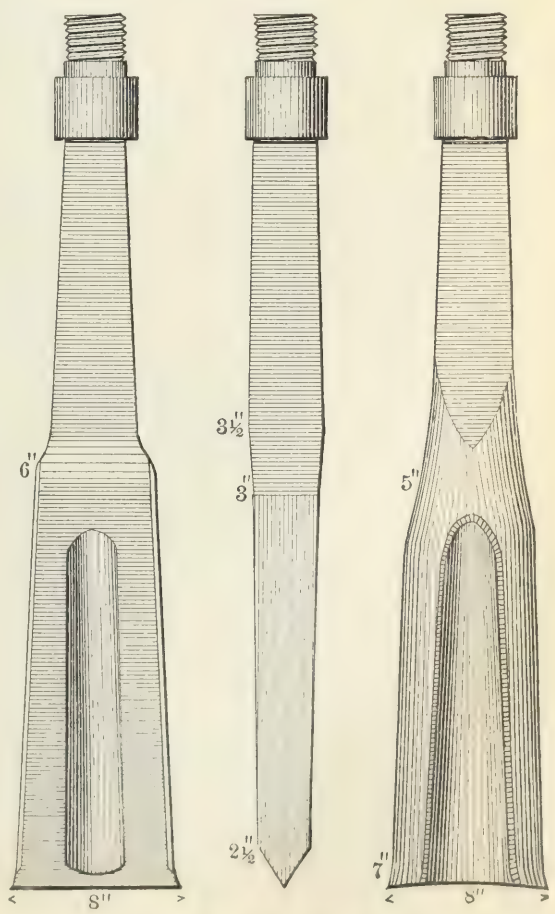
district, placed their instruments on a stump, and opened an out-door office.

In the early days trading was largely confined to those who really wanted the article for shipment, refining, and exportation. The accumulated stock was then very light, and there were some startling fluctuations in prices. The first product of the Drake well sold for $20 per barrel of 42 gallons. In 1860 it sold down to $2 or $3 per barrel. The extremes in 1861 were $10 early in the year and 10 cents in the autumn, when the product of the big flowing wells was running to waste. In March, 1862, prices ranged between 25 and 50 cents per barrel, but eight months later, owing to declining production, increasing consumption, and improved facilities for handling the oil, the price advanced to $4. In June, 1864, oil sold at $12 per barrel, but the average for the decade 1863–73 was somewhere between $3 and $5. In January, 1873, the highest price was $2 90, but by the next December it had lost the two dollars and was selling for 90 cents per barrel. In December, 1876, it reached $4 23¾, but by September 27, 1878, it was off to 78¾ cents.

When the magnitude of the Bradford field fairly dawned upon the oil trade, a permanent reduction in values occurred. This downward tendency was accelerated by the added production of the Allegany field, but the greatest depression in prices since the glutted markets of 1861–2 was occasioned by Cherry Grove. But when it was discovered that Cherry Grove was doomed to a rapid exhaustion, oil mounted upward from 49¼ cents, to which it had declined July 6, 1882, to $1 37 on November 6 following. The bubble of high prices burst, and the market which closed at $1 08½ on the evening of December 12, sold as low as 89¾ cents the next day, and within a few days declined still further to 75 cents. This panic was due to the opening of a "gusher" at four o'clock the preceding evening in a new district called Balltown.

The Wall Street panic in the spring and early summer of 1884 involved relatively heavier losses to the oil trade than to traders in the market for railway stocks, cotton, or grain. Oil which sold at $1 02¼ on the 6th of May, the day the Marine Bank failed, touched 50⅞ on June 21. Thus the value in the open market of a great staple commercial product was cut in two within six weeks. On those perilous, exciting days when the petroleum exchanges were converted into slaughter-houses, terror was depicted on every countenance, and the stoutest hearts were paralyzed with the overwhelming disaster that swept away margins, capital, and credit. Within the past few months the strength of the statistical position has made crude petroleum firm in price at $1 per barrel and upward.

In the early days trading was done wherever men congregated in the oil regions—at the wells, on railway trains, in telegraph offices, hotels, streets, and public places. As early as November, 1868, an exchange was organized at Petroleum Centre. In 1869–70 there were common market-places, though not regularly organized exchanges, in Oil City and Pittsburgh. In 1871 an exchange was established at Titusville. The first successful Petroleum Exchange was created in Oil City on February 7, 1874, New York followed in 1877, Pittsburgh in 1878, and Bradford in 1879. Until within two years Oil City exercised an autocratic influence in fixing the price of oil, and its quotations were the standard of value. It is a singular and unique fact that an interior town, with a small



BITS FOR DRILLING WELLS.



DRILLING APPARATUS.

population, moderate banking facilities, and no longer the centre of any important producing interests, should so long have held its commanding position. As a rural speculative centre it is positively without parallel. Virginia City, Nevada, located immediately above the colossal silver mines of the Comstock lode, and four or five times as large as Oil City, never aspired to any pretensions as a market-place for shares.

Up to the winter of 1882–3 the original New York Petroleum Exchange was of no influence in the oil trade. It then moved to enlarged quarters, and trebled its membership to 600. At this time the National Petroleum Exchange was organized, with 500 members, and simultaneously the New York Mining Stock Exchange, with nearly 500 members, began trading in petroleum. In April, 1883, the latter two exchanges were consolidated, and on May 1, 1885, the old Petroleum Exchange was merged with the consolidated board, forming the Consolidated Stock and Petroleum Exchange. The present organization has 2117 members, pays $8000 upon the death of each as life-insurance, has cash reserves of over half a million dollars, and now establishes the market price for petroleum. The clearances in the New York market in 1884 aggregated over 5,500,000,000 barrels —about 150 times the total product above-ground.

Having briefly reviewed the growth of the industry and its accompanying speculation, we may now glance at the methods employed in producing, transporting, and refining oil.

Prospectors in selecting a promising spot to test new territory are often influenced by a "belt theory," first advanced by a man named Angell. In a general way his idea has been verified by experience. It proceeded upon the hypothesis that oil lies in belts or pools having a northeast and southwest trend, sometimes called the "forty-five degree line." In districts known to be oil-bearing the wells are frequently located near the boundary of the owner's property. The object is to drain as much of his neighbor's oil as possible, for there are no partitions in the subterranean chambers corresponding to the lines of surface ownership. The driller's motto is "first come, first served," hence there is generally a race to see who shall first tap nature's till.

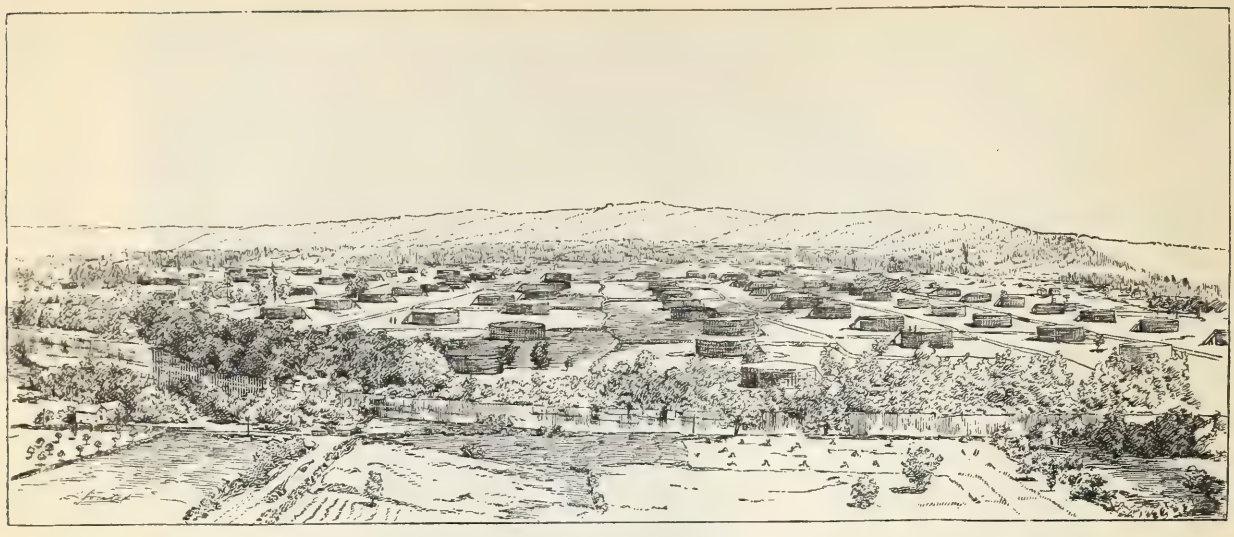
When the exact spot for the well has been determined upon, a well-hole is dug about fifteen feet in depth, and if solid rock is not reached, a wrought-iron pipe eight to twelve inches in diameter is driven down to it. Above this is erected the "derrick," a pyramidal structure of heavy timbers, generally seventy-two feet in height. At each side is located a fifteen to twenty horse-power engine, which operates a walking-beam, to which is attached a heavy cable and the drilling apparatus.

This consists of four parts. The upper one is called the "sinker-bar," about eighteen feet in length; next come the "jars," seven feet in length; then the "auger-stem," about thirty feet long, of $3\frac{1}{4}$-inch cold rolled steel; and finally, at the end of this is a "bit" three feet in length. Thus equipped, steam is turned on, and the ponderous weight of 2000 to 3000 pounds, alternately raised and dropped, as in a pile-driver, drives the bit into the rock at the average rate of sixty to one hundred feet daily. After drilling for some time the tools are hoisted and a fresh bit is inserted. Meanwhile a "sand pump," or "bailer," a cylindrical tube with valves opening inward, is dropped down the hole to remove detritus or water. A "casing" is fitted snugly to the walls of the well to keep out the water; and when it is necessary to pump the oil, the well is tubed. The tube is about two inches in diameter, around which a rubber packer is inserted just above the oil and gas bearing rock. This cuts off the escape of the gas, forcing it up through the tube, and causing the well to flow. The bore of the well varies from eight to six inches, and its depth varies with the geological formation, averaging perhaps 1200 to 1500 feet, and sometimes reaching 2500.

The cost of a well naturally depends upon its location, depth, and character of rock. The owner generally erects the



A BURNING TANK.



A CITY OF TANKS AT OLEAN, NEW YORK.

derrick, engine, and tank, at an average expense of $1500, and then contracts with a driller to furnish the tools and sink the well. This charge will probably average sixty cents per foot. It is perhaps safe to say that wells in the larger fields average in cost from $2500 to $3000.

Torpedoes, which were first introduced about 1865, were received with distrust, but are now in general use, and have become a necessary part of the equipment of a well. They are cylindrical tubes, varying in size, but generally eight inches in length and four in diameter, containing fluid nitro-glycerine. These torpedoes are carefully lowered into the wells and exploded by dropping a 20-pound cast-iron weight upon them from above. The explosion shatters the walls, giving a greater exposure of surface to draw oil from, thus stimulating the wells and increasing their production. Though this treatment hastens the exhaustion of a well, it is believed by many that the amount of oil obtained exceeds what would otherwise be procured. At first only five or six quarts of nitro-glycerine were introduced, but now it is no unusual thing to employ 120 to 200 quarts of glycerine, equal to 3240 to 5400 pounds of gunpowder.

This explosive has often been employed with startling results, notably in the autumn of 1884. The Armstrong well No. 2, at Thorn Creek, in the vicinity of several "gushers," was drilled through to the pay sand, and finding no oil, on October 25 it was pronounced dry. The result of this announcement was felt in the oil market, which advanced from 73 to 81½ cents. On the evening of the 27th a large charge of nitro-glycerine was exploded in it, and instantly a tremendous stream of oil gushed forth, putting five hundred barrels in the tank during the first hour. This was the largest well ever opened in this country, and has since been surpassed by only one of its neighbors. The effect of this torpedo was almost as instantaneous in the market as in the well, and early the next morning the price dropped like a plummet to 64¾ cents.

The torpedo was patented by Colonel E. A. L. Roberts, and though contested by the oil-producers, the validity of the patent was established, and a fortune was made out of royalties for its use. One year ago last May it expired, and since then the cost has been largely reduced.

In the beginning of the oil industry great difficulty was experienced in procuring storage and transportation facilities. This was before railroads had penetrated the oil regions, and when the principal mode of shipment was by barrels in wagons to the Allegheny, and thence by bulk boats to Pittsburgh. The barrels were at first so imperfect that much of the oil oozed out in transit, but this defect was afterward remedied by a preparation of glue.

Then came the era of railroads and tank cars, which were improved in their construction by an upper valve for loading and a lower one for discharging the oil. During all this time the great problem was to get the oil to the cars, and the necessity for this led to the introduction

of iron pipes, or conduits, from the wells to the railways. The pipe line built in 1865 from Pithole to Miller's farm, the nearest railway station, was the germ of the present labyrinthine system of pipes that traverse the oil fields. Teamsters and roustabouts were so hostile to this innovation, which they regarded as an invasion of their rights, that the line had to be constantly guarded.

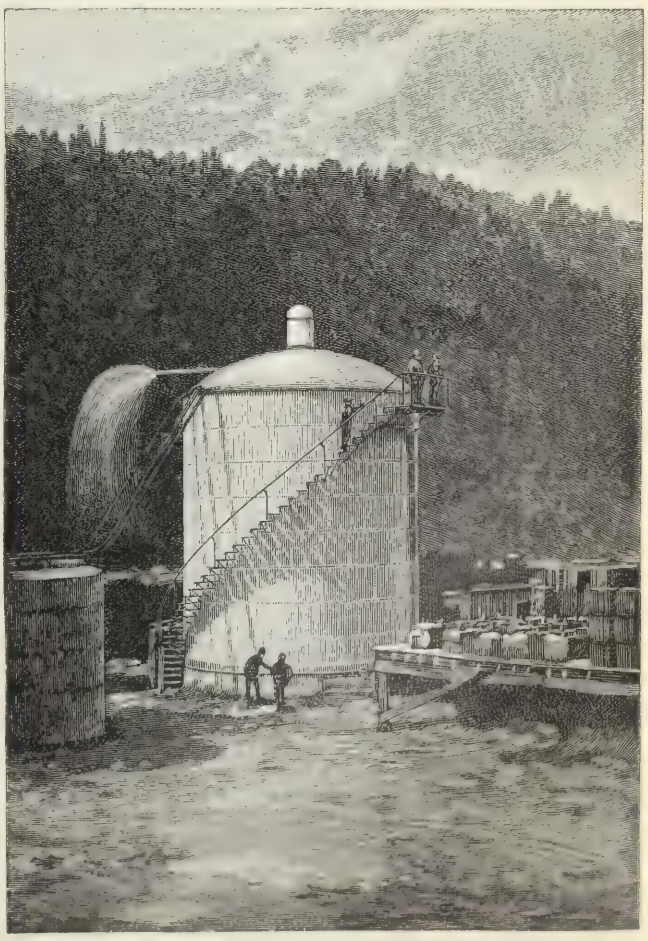
The first companies were merely common carriers, and made no provision for the storage of the oil, but about 1864 a regular storage company was established in Pittsburgh to receive oil from the Allegheny boats. The monthly charge for storage at first was five cents per barrel, and in some exceptional cases ten cents, but later the rate was reduced to two and a half cents, and in 1876 to one and a quarter cents. Between 1869 and 1871 a number of miscellaneous companies were organized to store and transport oil, but their service and management were not always satisfactory.

In 1876–7 a general consolidation of the leading independent corporations was effected under the name and title of the "United Pipe Lines." This organization, with its capital of five millions, came under the control of the Standard Oil Company, and its pipes and tanks were extended to meet the growing proportions of the oil fields and the accumulating stock of oil. On April 1, 1884, this company was absorbed by the National Transit Company, a later adjunct of the Standard, the capital of which is thirty-two millions. The original company is now known as the United Pipe Line division of the National Transit Company.

The oil fields are covered with a network of pipes and tanks connected with the wells. When a new district is discovered, the pipe line connects it with the nearest station of one of the old fields. Each individual erects a tank at his well of a capacity corresponding to his expectations of the well. When the tank fills up with oil he sends for the company's gauger, who measures its contents and turns it into the pipes of the company. A receipt for the number of barrels, less three per cent. for leakage, evaporation, etc., is given to the owner. This may remain from thirty to forty-five days, storage free, as a credit balance. Then it is converted into what are technically called "acceptances," but commonly known as "oil certificates," in round lots of one thousand or ten thousand barrels. This acceptance or certificate corresponds to a warehouse receipt, and is the title of ownership passing from the seller to the buyer on all the petroleum exchanges.

The United Pipe Lines is a mutual insurance company, and in the event of destruction by fire of any oil held by it, a *pro rata* assessment is levied on all outstanding certificates. The company owns no oil, except such as it purchases for "sediment and surplus" account, to maintain the integrity of its certificates.

As the custodian of this oil it charges 50 cents per 1000 barrels daily, or $12 50 per month. This charge covers the use of its plant, loss by evaporation, and the formation of worthless sediment. There must be a very handsome profit in this business, though it should be remembered that when the oil fields give out, the plant will be as worthless as old junk.

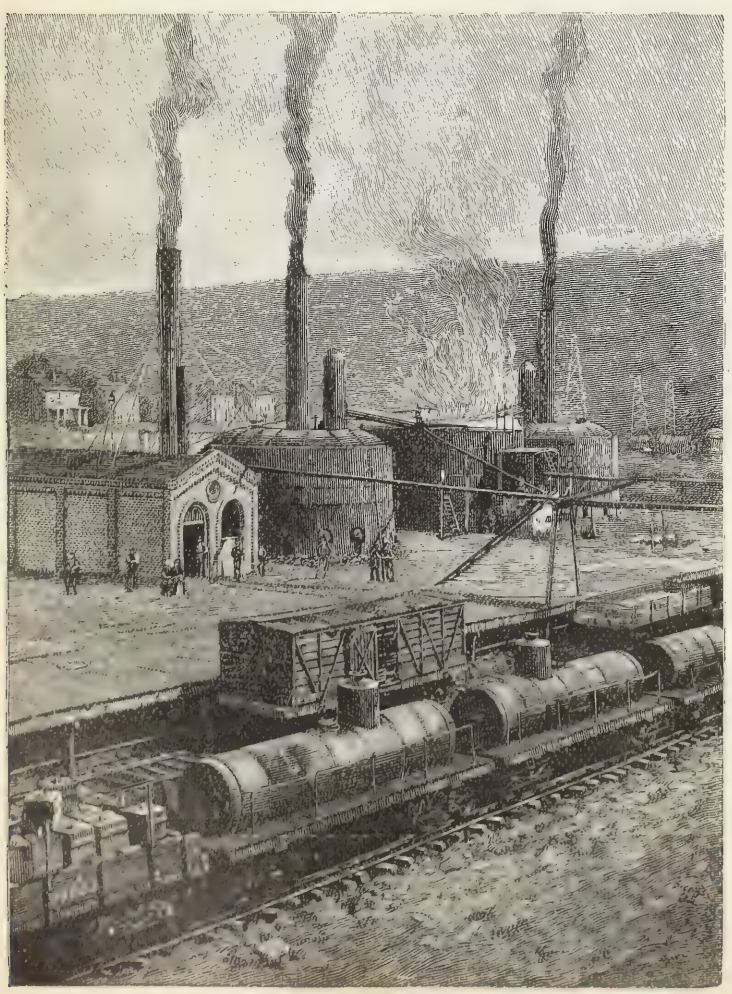


THE AGITATOR.

When the holder of the company's acceptances presents them, requesting the delivery of a corresponding amount of oil at a certain railway station, an additional charge of twenty cents per barrel is made. This covers the cost of making connection with the wells, the conveyance and loading of the oil, leaving again an apparently large margin of profit for the service. The oil regions are within an area one hundred miles square, and it is only at some railway station within this territory that the United Pipe Line will deliver the oil. If the owner desires to ship it to any outside point, he can do so at such railroad freight rates as may be established. If he wishes it transported to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Buffalo, Cleveland, or Pittsburgh, to which points the National Transit Company has trunk pipe lines, he can have it sent in this way at the same rate charged by the railroads. This cost varies from forty to fifty-five cents to the sea-board.

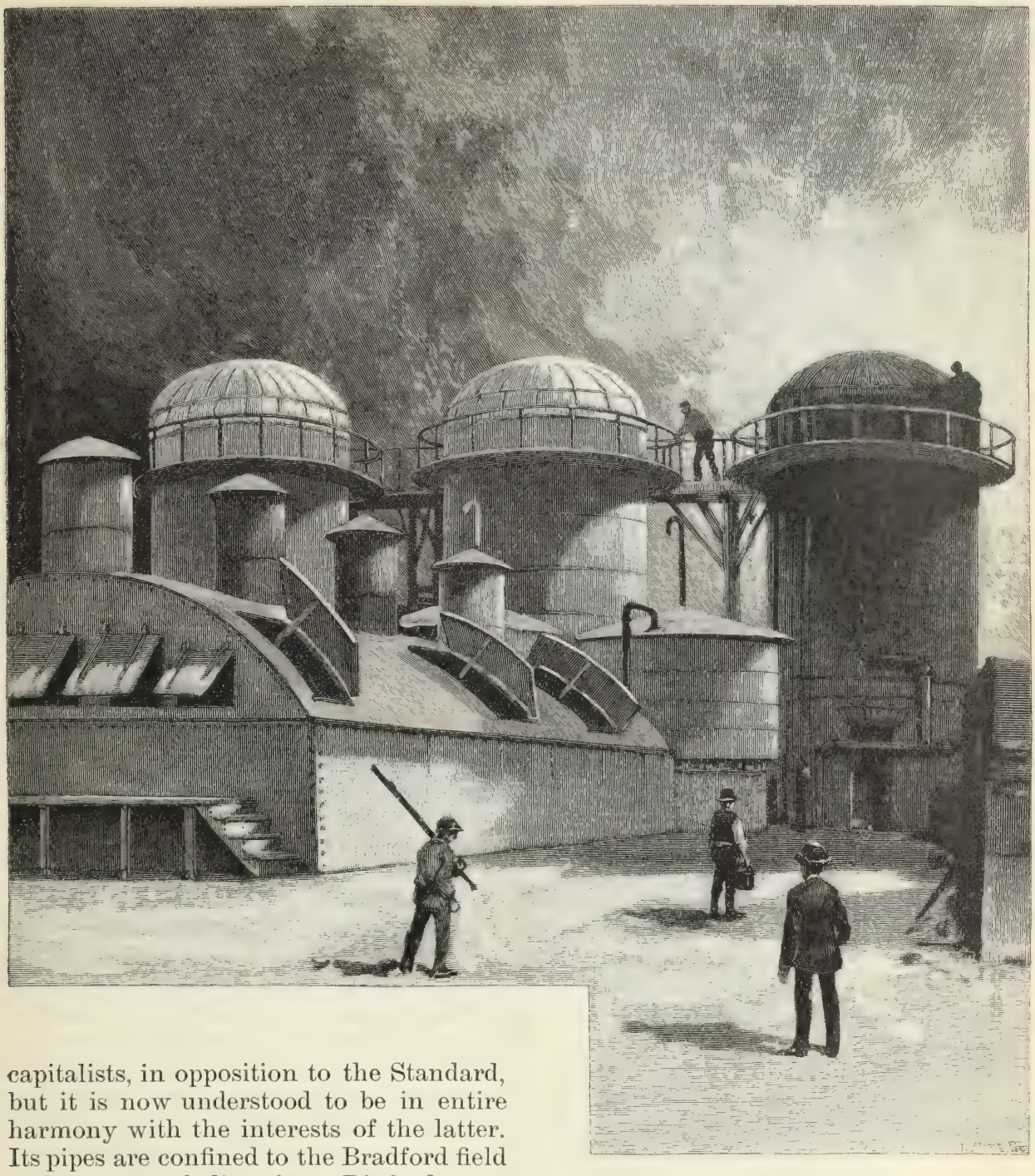
Olean, just north of Bradford, is the northeastern terminus of the United Pipe Lines and the western initial station of the trunk line to New York. Here are located immense storage tanks, each holding 35,000 barrels. The National Transit Company in its two divisions owns or leases 1554 tanks, with an aggregate capacity of 42,000,000 barrels. They have held over 40,000,000, but, owing to a reduction of stocks during the past year, they now contain about 36,000,000 barrels. The trunk line from Olean to New York was completed in October, 1881. It consists of two six-inch pipes, which follow the inequalities of surface the entire distance of three hundred miles. Every twenty-five miles there is a pumping station with double tanks. While the oil from the first section is discharging into one tank, the contents of the second tank are pumping into the next section. This operation is repeated at each succeeding station until the sea-board is reached, requiring about one week to complete the transfer.

At Saddle River, near Passaic, New Jersey, and eleven miles from New York, a branch line diverges, and crossing the North River, New York city diagonally from Seventy-second to Sixty-third Street, and the East River, it supplies the refineries at Hunter's Point, Newtown Creek, Williamsburg, and Brooklyn. The main line continues to the large Standard refineries at Bayonne, on New York Bay. The line to Philadelphia begins at Colegrove, in McKean County, with a branch from Millway, Pennsylvania, to Baltimore. The lines to Buffalo, Pittsburgh, and Cleveland are shorter and of less interest. The company purchased the right of way, and did not look to the State to exercise the right of eminent domain. A private telegraph wire follows the pipe line, giving the managers perfect control of its operations. There are several small lines too insignificant to mention. The only important attempt at rivalry came from the "Tidewater Pipe Company, limited." It was organized by Philadelphia and New York



A REFINERY IN THE OIL REGIONS, SHOWING TANK-CARS.

PUBLIC LIBRARY



A GREAT REFINERY AT HUNTER'S POINT.

capitalists, in opposition to the Standard, but it is now understood to be in entire harmony with the interests of the latter. Its pipes are confined to the Bradford field and to a trunk line from Rixford, near Bradford, to Tamanend, on the Reading Railroad, a distance of 170 miles. It built and operated refineries, and has a storage capacity of about a million and a half barrels. It assumes the fire risk, and its certificates are only bought and sold for legitimate commercial purposes, as they are not a good delivery on the petroleum exchanges of the country.

Having thus traced the crude oil, which is of a greenish color, from its subterranean home to the receiving tanks of the refineries at the sea-board and elsewhere, we may now study the processes whereby it is fitted for use.

The discovery of petroleum in quantity was the death-blow to the distillation of coal oil from coal and shale, but the manufacture of coal oil paved the way for the successful refining of petroleum. Kiers, the druggist who had experimented with some primitive refining utensils, was not successful until he called to his aid in 1858 the services of C. B. Holmes, an expert distiller of coal oil.

After Drake's discovery, the works at Newtown Creek and South Brooklyn were converted from distilleries of coal oil to refineries of petroleum, and it was in these

factories that kerosene was first produced to any extent. Early in 1860 Holmes erected a refinery at Erie, Pennsylvania, and soon thereafter the "woods were [literally] full of them," particularly along Oil Creek. They were of very simple and primitive construction, and their product did not compare with the careful scientific work of to-day. The greatest step in the direction of improved apparatus and processes was taken in 1862, at Corry, Pennsylvania, and at Plummer, between Oil City and Titusville.

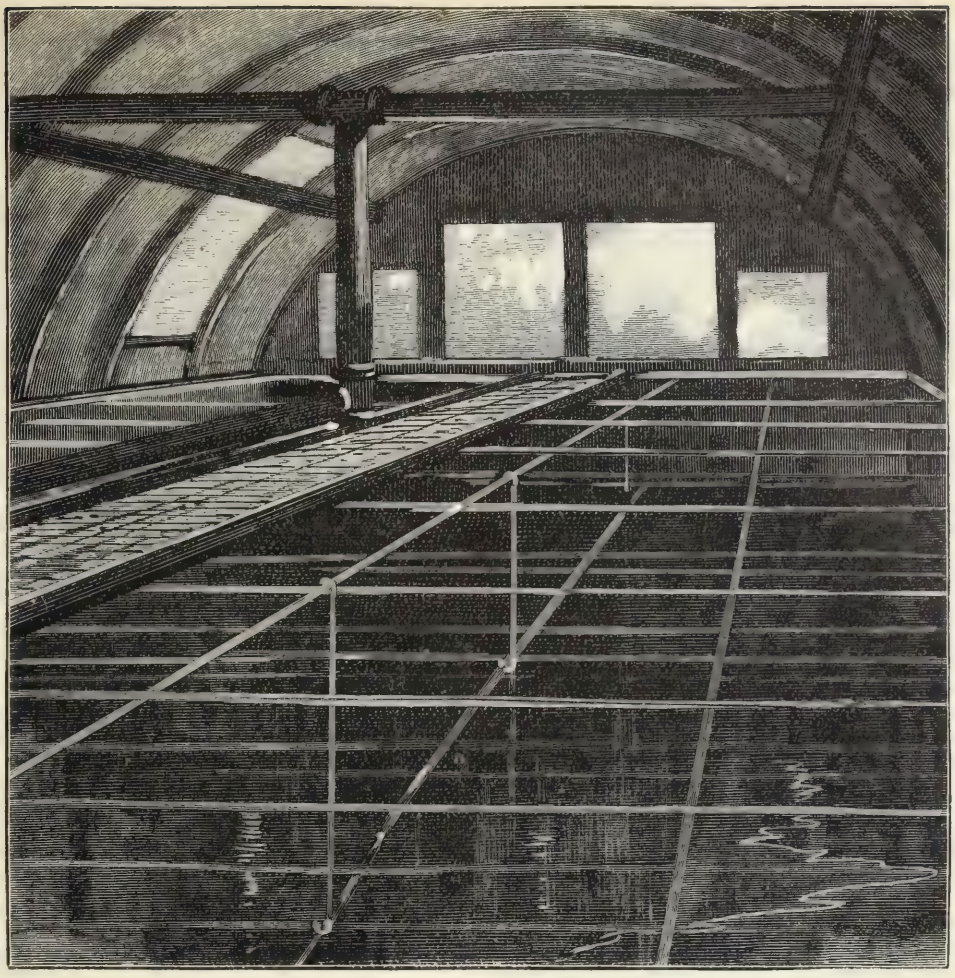
Processes vary in different establishments, but they are essentially as follows: The crude oil is emptied into stills made of heavy boiler iron, either in a cylindrical form (placed horizontally), or with oval top and corrugated bottom, underneath which is the furnace fire. Every refinery has a series of these stills, each containing from 600 to 1500 barrels. The former are twelve and a half feet in diameter and thirty feet in length. The heat of the furnace causes vapors to rise from the most volatile portions of the oil within three hours after firing up. This vapor enters a coil, or worm, of iron pipe submerged in cold water. The water cools or condenses the vapor into a liquid called "distillate." This condensation in some refineries is effected by permitting the vapor to escape into confined boxes of water, or condensers. In this box or condenser the vapor is converted into a distillate which passes through a pipe to the "receiving-room," and the water sinks to the bottom of the condenser, and is withdrawn.

All distillate is sent to the receiving-room, where a separation is made according to its density. All that is below 60° B. (Baumé, standard of density), and down to 40° B., is turned into a tank for kerosene distillates. The lighter portions, or the earlier runs from the still, go into naphtha, gasoline, or benzine tanks, while the heavier oils, below 38° B., go into the manufacture of paraffine and lubricating oil. The lightest vapor is called "rhigolene," ranging from 115° to 105° B., though it and the second run are usually turned into the naphtha tanks. When saved it is used as an anæsthetic. The next product is known as "cymogene," ranging from 105° to 95° B., and is sometimes used in ice-machines. Below this is gasoline, 95° to 80° B., used largely in country houses for manufacturing gas. The Park Avenue Hotel, New York, the Grand Union, Saratoga, and the Hotel Kaaterskill are lighted by this kind of gas. Next comes naphtha, 80° to 65° B., which is extensively used in South American towns for street-lamp lighting, and in conjunction with benzine, 65° to 60° B., as a substitute for turpentine in mixing varnishes and paints. They are also used as a solvent to remove stains and grease and for cleaning wools, and for this purpose are of superior value.

Finally we come to that portion of the distillate intended for kerosene. It is relatively free from the obnoxious and inflammable elements that characterized the earlier runs from the stills, but it is necessary to subject it to further treatment. This distillate, therefore, is conveyed into a still, where live steam is injected into it, the gentle heat driving off through a pipe a large proportion of its remaining inflammable ingredients. The method of one of the leading manufactories in producing their high-test oil is to introduce the oil in the lower part of a tank of water heated to a temperature of 206 F°., or just below the boiling-point. The oil rises through the water, and the vapor which is thus generated is carried away; the remaining portion of the improved distillate is conveyed to a large tank called the "agitator."

In this agitator the distillate is treated with one and a half to two per cent. of sulphuric acid. Meanwhile a current of air is forced down a tube submerged in the distillate. The air escapes from perforations at its lower extremity, breaking up the acid into minute particles or atoms, which insures the closest commingling and admixture of the oil and acid. The pitch which is held in suspension in the distillate has a greater affinity for the sulphuric acid, and consequently flies to its embrace. When the current of air ceases, the acid in combination with the pitch is precipitated to the bottom and drawn off. The acid acts as a scavenger, "sweetening" the oil. It goes into the agitator as white and clear as water, and comes out a thick, black, and tarry substance, known as "sludge" or spent acid. This sludge, which has a very offensive odor, is either dumped in deep ocean or sent to Barren Island to be used in the manufacture of artificial fertilizers.

The next process is to give the distillate a water bath, for which purpose a large quantity of water is pumped to the top of the agitator, and falling to the bottom,

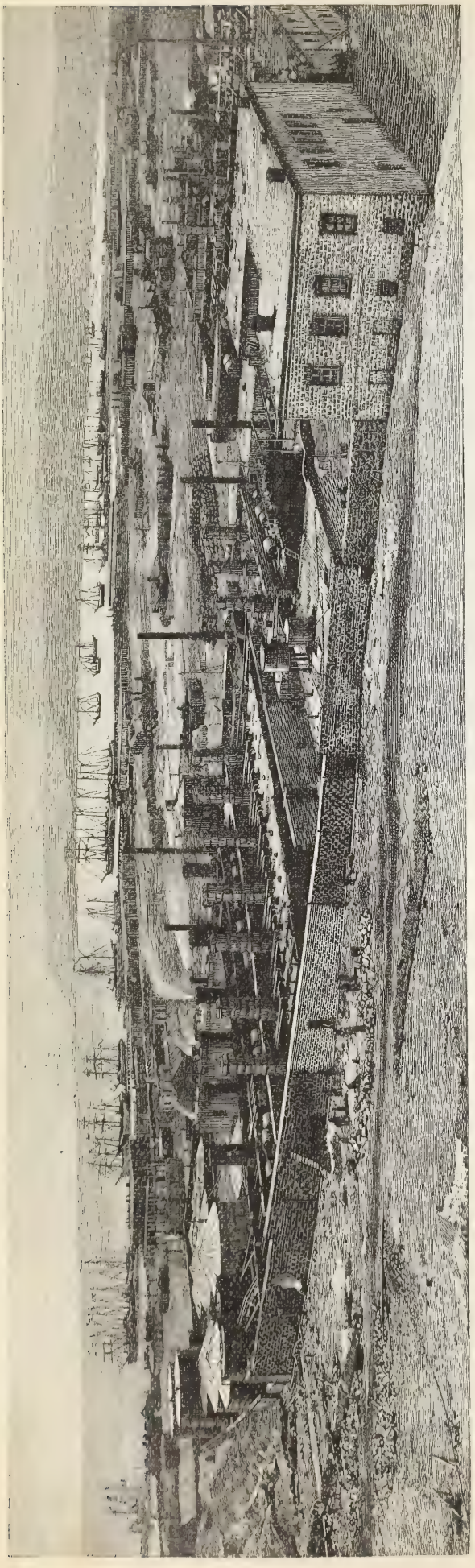


INTERIOR OF BLEACHING TANK.

cleanses its contents, removing the light films of acid that may attach to the oil globules. A solution of caustic soda is next applied in like manner to neutralize any remaining traces of acid, and to complete the deodorization of the oil. This distillate has now become *refined* oil, but to lighten and brighten its color it is withdrawn into settling pans, where it is bleached from twelve to forty-eight hours. It is then barrelled or packed in wood-incased tin cans, and made ready for shipment to consumers at home or abroad.

The next product from the stills is a black tarry substance, termed residuum because it can not be advantageously distilled for illuminating oil. It is therefore converted into paraffine wax and lubricating oils by processes entirely different from those employed in producing kerosene. Paraffine is made into wax candles, matches, chewing-gum, candies, etc. Anthracine is the basis of the beautiful aniline dyes. Heretofore it has been solely derived from the coal tar obtained by the dry distillation of bituminous coal. A process has, however, been patented for obtaining this anthracine from crude petroleum, or the petroleum tar obtained as a refuse product in the distillation of petroleum for the purpose of producing kerosene. Lubricating oil for journals working under light pressure is as good as sperm-oil. In fact, such railroads as the London and Northwestern, the war ships of England, and the cotton factories of Manchester and New England use paraffine oils in preference to animal or vegetable oils. The former will not spontaneously ignite. Mineral lubricating oil costs only a tenth as much as sperm-oil.

The medicinal value of petroleum and its products, especially for rheumatism and sores, has long been recognized. Its most important use is in vaseline, which is conceded to be almost without a rival as a base for ointments; and for many diseases, such as consumption, bronchitis, phthisis, etc., its internal use has been recommended. Further experiments are necessary to define its full value as a remedial agent.



THE RUSSIAN OIL FIELDS OF THE NÖBEL REFINERY—VIEW AT BAKU.

In the matter of refined oil there are various grades adapted to different markets or legal requirements. The ordinary standard for the oil of commerce is 100° flash test, Tagliabue tester, and 110° fire test. Different instruments have been devised to test the quality of oil, but the principle of all is the same. An open or inclosed cup containing oil in which a thermometer is submerged is heated by means of a spirit-lamp. As each increasing degree of heat is registered, a lighted taper is rapidly passed over the surface to detect the existence of naphtha or gaseous matter. The lowest temperature at which the oil evolves an inflammable vapor is noted and fixed as the "flashing-point." The heat is intensified and the experiment continued until the oil itself ignites. The former is the flash test, the latter the fire test. An inflammable vapor such as a low grade of oil gives off at even a low temperature is, when mixed with atmospheric air, say in the proportion of one to five, a very dangerous compound. It is not the oil which explodes, but the gas which is generated in a hot lamp.

The flash test of 100° F. and the fire test of 110° are doubtless safe in properly constructed lamps, even though the temperature of the oil may rise above the degree of the test, because the vapor is confined, and also because a portion of it is constantly consumed by the flame. As a matter of fact, experiments made by Professor C. F. Chandler demonstrate that the temperature of the oil in lamps frequently does rise higher than the degree fixed upon as a safety standard. For instance, in a room where the thermometer recorded 82° to 84° F. the highest record of the oil in any one of thirteen metal lamps was 120° F., and in any one of twelve glass lamps 91°, the average for the metal lamps being 96½° F., and for the glass 86°. In a room 90° to 92° F. the highest temperature in the metal lamp was 129° F., and in the glass 98°, the average for the metal being 104½° F., and for the glass 92⅓°. From this it would appear that glass is a safer material than metal, inasmuch as

the oil does not get so hot, but, on the contrary, danger of breakage is greater. While the brass "student-lamp" heats up to about the highest degree, it has an attachment excluding the atmosphere, so that blowing out the flame does not drive it downward. Moreover, it is so arranged that the oil is always on the same level, and therefore the capillary attraction is never overtaxed, as in ordinary lamps, when the oil is low. Experts in kerosene lighting lay stress on the necessity of procuring a good quality of wick and of fitting it fully.

Absolutely safe as a good grade of kerosene is in a good lamp, the consumer's only protection lies in the brand, or in State or municipal inspection. The law should be based upon scientific experiments, and be rigidly enforced. Some States are without adequate laws in this respect, and they should hasten to surround their citizens with proper safeguards. Such laws also serve to protect honest manufacturers from the competition of unprincipled refiners. While in England, New York city and State, and Massachusetts 100° F. flash test is the standard, in Indiana, Michigan, and Ohio 120° is the lowest. Georgia, Pennsylvania, and Maryland have 110° fire test as the standard, while in Maine, New Hampshire, Wisconsin, and Japan it is 120°. Missouri and Illinois require 150° fire test, which insures to all families the grade of oil which is used by the most intelligent consumers everywhere. The instruments differ so much, however, that kerosene which would be condemned by one might be accepted under another.

The petroleum industry gives employment to a large body of laborers. In 1880, according to the census report, there were 2111 skilled and 8784 unskilled workmen engaged in producing oil, and 9869 persons in refining it. There are about 20,000 wells in the entire oil field, but many of them are small pumpers, and one hand can attend to several of them. After the completion of the derrick, and the arrival of engine and tools, four men are required to drill a well. These men receive $3 50 per day. The common well-tenders, pipe-men, and the like receive $50 per month, or from $1 75 to $2 per day. Coopers and carpenters get about $2 50. In refineries skilled laborers receive $3 per day, and still-men, or common workmen, get about $1 75.

The best-paid men in the oil business are those who own and control "the Standard," and their services undoubtedly come under the head of "skilled labor." Mr. John D. Rockefeller, who is the master-spirit of the Standard, is still a relatively young man. When he became interested in a small refinery in 1862 he was not much more than a precocious boy. He had the prescience and sagacity, however, to foresee the future possibilities of the petroleum industry, and in 1865 he abandoned his produce commission business in Cleveland and devoted himself exclusively to oil refining and shipping. By 1870 the firms of Rockefeller and Co. and Rockefeller, Flagler, and Andrews had attained a high position in the trade; but Rockefeller's dream was a great organization that should control the petroleum business of the country. In this year the Standard Oil Company of Ohio was formed, with a nominal capital of $1,000,000. To it was transferred the plant, property, and good-will of the two firms above mentioned. Later, this capital was increased to $3,500,000, by uniting with it the larger outside refineries of Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and New York, and the policy of aggression and absorption of rival concerns was begun. A Standard Oil Company was organized in Pennsylvania, in New York, and in New Jersey; but, superior to these companies, there was created in 1880 a mysterious organization known as the "Standard Oil Trust," with a capital of $70,000,000. One of its originators has testified that it is "neither a partnership nor corporation," but "an agreement made by individuals interested, who have by virtue of that agreement created a trust, and put that trust in the hands of trustees." In it is supposed to be lodged the supreme control of the four Standard Oil Companies of Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, and New Jersey, of the National Transit Company, and of the various refineries and allied interests which it owns or controls. It is a commercial secret society, which has been managed with consummate skill and ability, and it has successfully defied inquisitive courts, legislatures, and newspapers.

"The Standard" in its generic sense has come in for generous abuse in many quarters, as its tentacles have reached out and bodily appropriated the transportation facilities and refineries of oil, suppressing all opposition and competition. Before it constructed a pipe line of its own to the

sea-board it was necessarily the largest shipper of crude oil to tide-water, and great complaints were made that all the oil terminal facilities of railways, particularly the Erie and New York Central, were owned or leased by the Standard interests, and such large rebates were made to it on the oil transported in tank cars that the discrimination was ruinous to all outside refiners and shippers.

It may be said, however, that the growth of the Standard was merely in keeping with the commercial tendency of the present time, which leads to the aggregation of capital and the consequent overthrow of smaller artisans and tradesmen. The company should be less subject to hostile criticism than had it been the recipient of grants, subsidies, or valuable public franchises. It is a natural and not a legislative monopoly, and in this respect differs from many other great monopolies, like the East India Company, the Hudson Bay Company, and Alaska Fur Company, or railways with large land grants of public domain. Though "the Standard" has acquired control of almost the entire pipe line system, and manufactures and sells perhaps ninety per cent. of all the oil produced, it has, as a rule, held aloof from the producing business, though many of its largest stockholders are personally interested in production.

From present appearances the petroleum wells of Pennsylvania have passed their maximum, and though occasional small pools are likely to be found, it is extremely doubtful if future discoveries can possibly approach the volume of output of the palmy days of 1881 and 1882. The probability is, however, that prolific fields will be opened in some other portions of the country, perhaps in West Virginia, the Carolinas, Kentucky, Ohio, Missouri, Wyoming, or in California and Canada, where oil has been found in small commercial quantities. South America, too, especially Peru, is a promising field, and, in fact, since petroleum is a universal product, a great many surprises in the way of development doubtless lie before us in the future. Since its sources of supply, however, are hidden, and it is in that respect radically different from most staple products, great uncertainty must always attend the production of petroleum.

The foreign demand for our refined oil has steadily increased, as follows:

Exports of Oil from the United States.

Year.	Gallons.	Value.
1862	5,828,129	$1,539,027
1864	25,496,849	16,563,413
1866	50,987,341	24,830,887
1868	79,456,888	21,810,676
1870	113,735,294	32,668,960
1872	145,171,583	34,058,390
1874	247,806,483	41,245,815
1876	243,660,152	32,915,786
1878	338,841,303	46,574,974
1880	423,964,699	36,218,625
1882	559,954,590	51,232,706
1884	513,660,092	47,103,248

The exports for 1885 exceed those of 1884 by about ten per cent. The larger portion goes to Germany and England, but the demand in India and China is increasing. The domestic consumption is growing, and at the present time the aggregate consumption of American kerosene is in excess of the production of petroleum, as it has been for a year or more. The present daily production of petroleum is about 55,000 barrels, against an estimated consumption of between 65,000 and 70,000. The foreign demand averages about 42,000 barrels, and the home consumption 26,000.

The great rival to American petroleum, which gives promise of dangerous competition in the near future in the markets of Europe, is the Russian.

The petroleum industry of Baku may be said to date from 1872, when the crown monopoly was abolished, and the territory divided into lots of twenty-five acres each and sold to the highest bidder. This brought the petroleum resources of the region to public attention; but up to 1877 their development was seriously restricted by the onerous tax collected from the product. In 1875 Robert Nobel, a Swede, whose brother Albert invented dynamite, and whose brother Ludwig was a rich ship-builder on the Neva, located in Baku, and erected a small refinery. A few years later he was joined by Ludwig, who invested his fortune and brains in the petroleum industry. They introduced modern ideas in a vigorous manner that completely revolutionized the previous methods of the oil business of that region, and in fact they created the industry. They imported skilled well-borers with their tools from Pennsylvania, and constructed a pipe line eight miles in length from Baku to the wells at Balakhani, replacing the old mode of transportation on Persian carts. At the present time there are seven lines of pipe

between these two points, besides a railway.

The great obstacles to overcome were the remoteness of the refineries from the market and the difficulty and excessive cost of transporting the refined article to the centres of consumption. In 1879 they began the construction of a fleet of cistern steamers, specially designed and built for the purpose of carrying oil in bulk on the Caspian Sea to the mouth of the Volga. These vessels were constructed in Sweden, and floated in halves through canals to the Volga, where they were united. They have a length of 250 feet, beam 28 feet, and depth in water when loaded 10 to 12 feet. Mr. Redwood states that "the whole of the bows and forward part of the steamer forms one large cistern, furnished with two longitudinal bulk-heads and several transverse bulk-heads, to prevent oscillation of the liquid when the vessel is rolling in a heavy sea. The engines and boilers are amidships, and aft of these are two cylindrical vertical tanks of a diameter about equal to the beam of the vessel, rising somewhat above the level of the deck." The Caspian is a stormy sea, and the voyage to the mouth of the Volga is 460 miles. (The first experiment in shipping oil in bulk across the Atlantic was declared to be a failure, and American oil is usually exported in barrels or cases, but during the month of October last the American ship *Crusader* carried in bulk from New York to Liverpool 177,400 gallons of oil.) The Caspian steamers can proceed no further than about twenty miles from the mouth of the Volga, as the water is too shallow to allow their passage. To meet this difficulty the Messrs. Nobel constructed a number of tank barges to convey the oil to Tsaritzin, where they built large storage tanks, sidings, cooper shops, etc. At this point they met the Tsaritzin-Griazi Railway, which connects with the railway system of Russia, and they built 1500 tank cars to transport the oil into the interior for general distribution.

The refinery at Black Town, the Hunter's Point of Baku, covers seventy-five to eighty acres, and about eight thousand men are said to be employed by the various firms and companies at that place. The firm of Nobel Brothers has passed into the hands of the Nobel Company, which occupies in Russia relatively the same position that the Standard does in this country.

As a rule, American producers make light of Russian production, and American exporters of refined oil contend that inasmuch as only about one and a half per cent. of European consumption is supplied by Russian refineries, they have no fears of Russian competition. That they underestimate the capabilities of that region is apparent, if we may believe such observers as Charles Marvin, an English authority on Russia, or Boverton Redwood, the chemist of the London Petroleum Association, and the statement of well-informed Americans who have visited that region. Mr. Redwood, who recently returned from a tour of inspection, states that "the oil field from which the Baku refiners are supplied is not, in fact, more than three miles square, and on this small tract there are flowing wells or fountains which apparently could supply the whole world with lamp oil and lubricating oil. . . . There is, I believe, no reason to doubt that something like 1000 to 1200 square miles of the Apsheron Peninsula may be fairly regarded as more or less productive oil territory. . . . I had seen wells in America that were considered remarkable in regard to the quantity of the oil yielded, and had read accounts of the productiveness of the Russian wells, but I was, I must confess, wholly unprepared for the evidences of abundant supply. . . . The well I saw spouting (Nobel's No. 18) yields at the rate of 1,125,000 gallons (say 27,000 barrels) per twenty-four hours when opened (it is shut down by a valve attachment when its product is not needed), and it is by no means the most productive that has been struck, the Droojba well and Nobel's No. 9 well having for a time yielded about double that quantity." The significance of this statement will be realized when it is remembered that a 5000 barrel well in this country is considered very large indeed, and that the largest ever opened here made less than 10,000 barrels in twenty-four hours.

No effort has been made to develop the resources of that region, as the 400 wells already opened have supplied more than the refineries could use, and in its crude form at the wells the oil has only a nominal value, say from 10 to 25 cents per barrel. It costs more to drill wells there than here, or say $10,000 against an average of $2500 to $3000. This is owing to the harder rock generally encountered, and greater cost of machinery, the average

depth being only about 450 feet. The oil seems to lie in cells, and when one is exhausted and stops flowing, upon deeper boring another reservoir is tapped. There are only about one hundred of these wells actually yielding oil at any one time, and though the figures are not so exact as those obtained of American production, the output in 1879 is given at 370,000 tons= 2,590,000 barrels, and in 1884, 1,130,000 tons=7,910,000 barrels. Upon good authority it may be said that the present daily production of Russian oil averages 35,000 barrels.

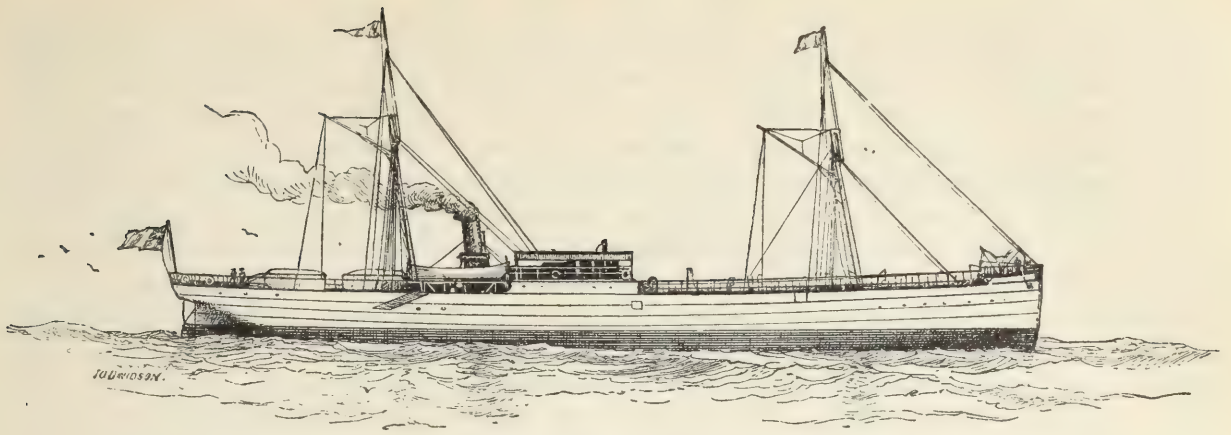
The completion within a few years of the Trans-Caucasian Railway from Baku to Batoum, on the Black Sea, a distance of 560 miles, furnishes a European outlet for Russian petroleum. This railway has so far, however, not accomplished so much as was expected of it, owing to single track, insufficient rolling stock, and steep grade in crossing the Suram Pass, 3000 feet above sea-level. It is said that transportation from Baku to Batoum costs about two cents per gallon for oil, and takes from four to fourteen days' time. It has been proposed to construct a pipe line between these points to economize the cost of shipment. And this must be done to give the Russian product a cheap and adequate outlet. The Austrian Lloyd's and the Black Sea Navigation Company can convey the oil to Constantinople, and thence through the Mediterranean to all the ports of western Europe. Liverpool by water is 3110 miles from Batoum, and 3000 miles from New York; Antwerp is 3185 miles from Batoum, and 3348 from New York; Hamburg is 3452 miles from Batoum, and 3576 miles from New York. Thus it will be seen that with proper shipping facilities Baku will be at no disadvantage in respect to proximity to markets. Moreover, oil is introduced into Germany and Austro-Hungary directly across the border by rail from Tsaritzin as a distributing point.

The relative quality of Russian and American refined oil has been a subject of much discussion. Mr. Redwood says that "when the Russian oil was first introduced in Europe its high specific gravity led to the belief that it would not burn in ordinary mineral oil lamps. The fact, however, was overlooked that the crude oil yields so small a percentage of kerosene that this product is necessarily very homogeneous." It is not regarded as quite equal to the American article, but this is probably due to superior care in refining it here. If American refined advances materially in price, it is likely to assist the Russian refiners in marketing their oil in Europe. At home they have an advantage over foreign oil in a protective tariff equivalent to about six cents a gallon on imported kerosene.

The Russian oil, as all American oil men remark in commenting upon it, yields only about 27 to 30 per centum of kerosene, against 75 to 78 per centum from Pennsylvania oil; but as an offset to this the Russians obtain 45 per centum of lubricating oil, which, according to the testimony of a prominent Standard magnate, "is flooding Europe," and also about 14 per centum of liquid fuel.

This brings us to the interesting question of the use and value of petroleum as a fuel, in which respect Russia has determined a problem which is not yet regarded as conclusively solved in this country. In the Caspian region coal and wood are scarce, and the necessity of finding a substitute, together with the cheapness of crude petroleum or its refuse, called *astatki*, accounts for the persistent and successful attempts to use petroleum as a fuel. To-day nearly if not all the steamers on the Caspian and Volga, and the locomotives on the railways in that region, burn oil exclusively. In the apparatus employed, a continuous stream of oil passes through an aperture one-eighth of an inch in diameter, falling vertically, and meeting a jet of steam which forces the oil into the furnace in the form of exceedingly fine spray, making in its combustion an intense heat.

In this country, with a few exceptions, the only practical utilization of petroleum as a fuel is in kerosene stoves, and during the past few years their manufacture and use have greatly increased. In the ordinary oil stove the heat is obtained from three or four wicks without chimneys. The great objection to all oil stoves (which also applies to gas stoves) is that they vitiate the air unless the apartment be fully ventilated. It is estimated that a four-burner stove in a closed room would consume as much oxygen as fifty men. Oil stoves are very convenient for small families and for light meals, and are decidedly economical. Gasoline and naphtha have been employed in stoves, but they are dangerous, and their use should be avoided.



OIL STEAMER ON THE CASPIAN SEA.

Notwithstanding the acknowledged success of petroleum as a fuel for locomotives and steamers in the Caspian region, it can hardly be said to have passed the experimental stage in this country. As early as 1862, in the refinery at Corry, Pennsylvania, previously referred to, its use as a fuel was undertaken by means of an apparatus similar to that now employed in Russia, but it does not appear to have impressed the refiners, perhaps because petroleum became more valuable in succeeding years. Those, however, who have tested the spraying injector concede that it is a complete mechanical success, but nearly all American authorities pronounce against its use on ocean vessels. The objection is that the heat of the engine-room might generate dangerous explosive vapors, besides rendering the close quarters of the vessel uncomfortable from its stench. No such comments are made on it in Russia; on the contrary, it is highly commended there. In 1867 the Bureau of Steam Engineering, in a report to the Secretary of the Navy, said: "It appears that the use of petroleum as a fuel for steamers is hopeless; convenience is against it, comfort is against it, health is against it, *economy* is against it." At that time, however, petroleum was five or six times as dear as now, so that the last portion of the statement must be reversed. The economy of course depends on the relative cost of the two fuels, which is constantly varying.

With crude oil at 75 cents a barrel and coal at $3 per ton, their value would be identical. The common scientific statement is that one pound of petroleum contains twice as many heat units as a pound of coal; but experiments made under the direction of B. F. Isherwood, the distinguished Chief Engineer of the navy, with a regular marine boiler, show that one pound of petroleum evaporated two-thirds more water than a pound of anthracite. The apparatus by which he made this test was a simple Giffard injector, by which the petroleum is injected into the furnace in the form of minutely divided spray by the agency of steam.

The point has been urged that one great advantage possessed by petroleum as a fuel lies in its smaller bulk; and, while this is true in a measure, there has been considerable loose writing on the subject, which may be corrected by the exact facts.

The facts are that the relative weights of anthracite and petroleum that can be carried on board a vessel in a given space depend largely upon the manner in which the latter is stowed. American anthracite has a specific gravity of 1.50, and as stowed in vessels sixty pounds can be placed in a cubic foot of space, taking large and small lumps mingled. The specific gravity of petroleum at engine-room temperature is but little over one-half that of anthracite, but fifty pounds of it can be placed in a cubic foot of space, provided it be carried in compartments or tanks built into the vessel for the purpose. The compartments must be numerous and small, however, on account of the rolling and pitching of the vessel at sea, for the weight of a large quantity of petroleum could not be allowed to shift position. Assuming that the petroleum is carried in tanks, and that it evaporates two-thirds more steam per pound than anthracite, we have for the relative steam-producing capabilities of the anthracite and petroleum in equal spaces (1×60), 60 for the former and ($1\frac{2}{3} \times 50$) $83\frac{1}{3}$ for the latter, so that for equal space in the vessel occupied by

fuel, petroleum would produce about 39 per cent. more steam. The relative weights of fuel to be carried, which is also very important in vessels, would be as 60 for the anthracite and 50 for the petroleum, or one-sixth less than the anthracite.

If, however, the petroleum be stowed in barrels, the above ratios change materially. In this case only about 36 pounds of petroleum could be placed in a cubic foot of space, allowing for the bulk of the materials of the barrels and for the interstitial spaces between them. Then the relative quantities of steam that could be obtained from equal spaces occupied would be (1×60) 60 for the anthracite and $(1\frac{2}{3}\times36)$ 60 for the petroleum, or exactly the same. In either case the aggregate weights of fuel and containing vessels would not materially vary, for the weight of the barrels or of the partitions of the small compartments containing the petroleum is considerably greater than the weight of the bunkers containing the anthracite.

The great economy in the use of petroleum on large vessels may be illustrated by reference to the *Etruria*, the latest Cunarder. Shipping men say that one reason such vessels are not more profitable is because of the small space left for freight after stowing the necessary quota of coal. It burns on a passage of six days and a half 2275 tons of coal, but, to be prepared for delays, it carries 3000 tons, leaving only 400 tons for freight. If 39 per cent. of space could be economized on such a vessel as this, it would give space for 1170 tons more cargo of the same gravity as coal.

The Hydrographic Office of the Navy Department recently requested mariners to report upon the value of oil in quelling boisterous and dangerous seas. The testimony is uniformly favorable to the use of animal and vegetable oils "on the troubled waters," but petroleum is thinner, and lacks that oleaginous quality necessary to subdue the breaking of the waves.

Unless petroleum be found in much greater quantities than heretofore, it could not to any considerable degree furnish sufficient fuel to drive the wheels of our industries. Its enlarged use would doubtless increase its cost to an extent that would destroy the economy.

In steel works at Worcester, Massachusetts, on steam ferry-boats on the bay of San Francisco, and elsewhere, isolated attempts have been made to use petroleum as a fuel.

A naphtha engine called the Holland patent ran for some time on the Erie, drawing a train of passenger-cars, but nothing seems to have come from the experiment. The Dickey furnace, which has a spraying apparatus, uses crude oil, and extended experiments were made with it.

Though the introduction of petroleum as a fuel has met with little favor, natural gas, chemically identical with petroleum, has of late attracted wide attention. The existence of natural gas in this country was known long before petroleum wells were drilled; and as early as 1821 a gas spring at Fredonia, New York, was discovered, a well dug, and the gas was conveyed to several houses, which were illuminated by it in 1824, when Lafayette passed through the village.

In the early days of the oil industry natural gas was found to co-exist with the oil, and its presence causes oil wells to flow. As early as the spring of 1861 Rouse's well was opened as a large producer of petroleum, with a large volume of escaping gas that filled the neighboring valley like a fog. Coming in contact with fire somewhere in the vicinity, a terrific explosion occurred, killing nineteen persons. During the last decade natural gas has been introduced into most of the towns of the oil regions, both as a fuel and illuminant. Prominent among towns using this natural agent are, first, Pittsburgh and Allegheny City, where it is extensively employed in manufactures, and next to these Oil City, Bradford, Warren, Titusville, Franklin, Butler, Beaver Falls, Bolivar, Allentown, Friendship, etc., in Pennsylvania, and Cuba, Fredonia, and Olean, in New York.

There is a saving in its use over lump coal of about twenty per cent., and in labor of about ten per cent. Manufacturers consider it superior to coal, as it is easily applied and cheaply and conveniently manipulated. It is probable that within a year it will almost entirely supersede coal in Pittsburgh, where it already displaces over ten thousand tons of coal daily. Thus the character of that city will be completely transformed, and it will no longer be properly described as "the dirtiest city in America." On the contrary, it should be the cleanest of any manufacturing centre. It is only within the last two years that any serious attempt has been made to convey the gas from the chief sources of supply at Murraysville and Tarentum, about

twenty miles distant. Now there are over three hundred miles of pipe, from six to twenty-four inches in diameter. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the distinguished iron-master, in a late address before the Steel and Iron Institute of London, said: "A walk through our rolling-mills would surprise the members of the Institute. In the steel-rail mills, for instance, where before would have been seen thirty stokers stripped to the waist, firing boilers which require a supply of about 400 tons of coal in twenty-four hours, ninety firemen in all being employed, each working eight hours, they would now find one man walking around the boiler-house, simply watching the water-gauges, etc. Not a particle of smoke would be seen. In the iron mills the puddlers have whitewashed the coal-bunkers belonging to their furnaces."

Natural gas has given such a manifest advantage to Pittsburgh manufacturers, where its use has already become quite general, that other cities and towns are moving in the same direction. A recent proposition is to convey through pipes to Cincinnati a large supply of gas now escaping under a pressure of 400 to 700 pounds to the square inch from wells located on the boundary between Kentucky and Virginia. It has also been proposed to bring natural gas from Pennsylvania to New York city. Drilling for gas wells has become an industry distinct from oil borings, and the use of this natural gas agent for heating and lighting purposes is becoming general in the oil regions. In northwestern Ohio, about Lima and Findlay, important strikes of natural gas have been made within a year. For house supply the natural gas companies generally estimate the amount of coal that would be consumed, and then furnish the gas at the cost of the coal, or less, at so much per month, though in some instances, as in Allegheny City, it is sold by the thousand feet, the present rate being fifteen cents. Its safety has been questioned in pretty much the same way that the safety of petroleum as a fuel has been questioned, but the Board of Underwriters have assured themselves that in Pittsburgh it is introduced and distributed in a perfectly safe manner, under conditions prescribed by them.

The thought naturally suggests itself that the supply of gas may be soon exhausted, but the fact is cited that a gas well at Murraysville has been blowing off gas for nine years, and notwithstanding it is now surrounded by a cordon of wells, the diminution in its pressure is scarcely perceptible. Numerous other examples confirm the opinion that within a number of years these gas wells suffer no appreciable diminution in supply, and many geologists advance the theory that Nature is constantly evolving the gas in her laboratory. Near Baku, in Russia, the naphtha springs have been discharging for twenty-five hundred years. Capital, which is proverbially timid, though slow in coming to the conclusion, is now freely invested in furnishing Pittsburgh and other towns with natural gas, and there is good reason to believe that the sources of supply will not be exhausted during the present generation.

"SIS."

I.—A MEMORY.

"HER name is Ferginia, but dey calls her Lily, becase she's so white; en my name is Sajane, en dey calls me Sis, becase—becase—well, I don' know no reason, 'cept de debil had a spite agin me."

This forms the introduction to Sis and her nursling, and a strange contrast the two presented. Sis, elfish, grotesque, hump-shouldered, and black as the ace of spades; and Lily, petite, fairy-like, and fair as her name-flower, with eyes as blue as the heavens, and flaxen hair which crinkled and curled about her shoulders and formed a pretty frame-work for the baby face. Sis, in her blue cotton dress and white apron, with her woolly head enveloped in the inevitable "head-hancher" of the negro; Lily, dainty and spotless from the crown of her fair head to the toe of her little blue slipper—and yet the two were as closely bound by ties of affection as if born of the same mother. These ties were first riveted when Sis was permitted to lift the exquisite specimen of babyhood from the cradle, and was established second nurse. For in spite of her deformity Sis was in great demand as a nurse—she was so faithful and bright, devoted to children. Her misfortune had made her a sort of pet in the family, "Ole Mis'" ear-



"OH, SAJANE! POOR SAJANE!"

ly transferring her from the rougher life of the negro quarters to the easy servitude of the family. So it happened that Sis lifted the precious baby from the cradle and took her right into her heart.

They were not too devoted to have many a sharp skirmish, however, as the little lady, under her soft exterior, possessed a willful nature and a strong sense of what was due to her small self, and Sis, occupying the superior position of guardian of the little lady, was not disposed to abate a tittle of her authority.

Sis had a great objection to her nickname, and early determined that her little "Miss Lily" should give her her proper title; but Lily soon learned that this concession could be used as a means of obtaining many indulgences, and used it accordingly.

"Sis!"

"I ain't name no Sis; I name Sajane, en so I dun tol' you time and agin. I don' love nobody what call me dat ugly name."

"Well, if I call you Sajane, will you take me down to the quarters to see Aunt Dolly's little baby?"

"Miss Lily, chile, I can't do dat. Yo' mammy say I mus' keep you outen de sun."

"Then you des ole Sis, en I ain't goin' to call you Sajane."

"Dyare, now, you is des a bad chile, en I haffer take you to ole mammy."

Then quickly would follow the reconciliation, and they were more devoted than ever. Lily early discovered that Sis's form was not quite like other people's, and some instinctive feeling of delicacy made her shy about speaking of it. One day, however, when Sis had her in her arms, the child leaned over her shoulder and said, touching the hard protuberance which was so different from any other back she knew, "Sajane, what makes you have this on your back?"

Sis shook herself a little impatiently, and did not answer.

Then Lily said, "I is sorry, Sajane;" and she was, though she did not know why.

Sis clasped her arms a little tighter about the tiny form at the sound of the sympathizing words, and then blurted out, "Well, yo' see, when I was a little baby, littler den you is, Miss Lily, my mammy

lef' me on de bed while she went out to hang out her clothes, en somehow or udder I fell off dat bed, en when she cum back she find her little black baby layin' under de bed, wid her back all broke; en dat what make it lump up ugly dis way."

Lily did not raise her head, but Sis could feel the sobs which shook the little form, and she said, in a shaky voice,

"Don' cry, Miss Lily."

"Oh, Sajane," broke out the child, as her little arms stretched out to embrace the misfortune on Sajane's back—"Oh, Sajane! poor Sajane! I love you. Lily thinks you is buful, if ev'ybody does think you is ugly."

"Humph!" said Sis, her sense of humor coming in to break up the pathos, which was becoming too strong for her—"Humph! Cose I's b'utiful! Who says Sajane is ugly?" and then she laughed, so that in a minute Lily had to wipe away her tears and laugh too, for they both recognized it as really the very best joke of the season that Sajane should be beautiful.

II.—SIS PREACHES A REVIVAL SERMON.

One bright Sabbath afternoon in midsummer Sis had been permitted to go to church, and our little Lily, now five years old, after spending the hours between mammy in the nursery and mamma in her room, was permitted to go out with a small ebon attendant, Fanny by name, to watch for the return of the devout Sis. Soon they saw her approaching, dressed in her new homespun dress and white apron, and mamma's last summer bonnet surmounting her bright cotton "head-hancher." The two children ran to meet her with eager cries of joy, but Sajane retained an aspect of forbidding solemnity as she said: "Chillun, you wouldn' laf uv a Sunday ef you had heyard Bro' Peter Stubbs hold fofe like I did dis bressid Sabbat day, en you ain' nudder of you bin to church. Oh, I's oneasy 'bout you." Here followed a deep groan of anguish, which melted the two young culprits like wax before the fire. They fairly cowered in the presence of their judge.

"I spec I better hab church fur you. Don't you want me to preach fur you like Bro' Peter Stubbs? I tell you de people jest howled like wolfs 'fo' he wuz dun wid 'em." A trembling assent was given by the two children, and Sis, mounting a moss-covered rock, with her small audience before her on the grassy carpet, proceeded to hold a service—in direct imitation of "Bro' Peter," it must be presumed, as she completely smothered her



"I'S SECH A SINNER TOO!"

own identity. First she struck up the hymn, in which Fanny joined with fervor, and even Lily took up the chorus.

"Sister, dus you want to git aligion?
Go down in de lonesome valley.
Sister Mary got de letter,
Sister Martha got de letter,
To meet my Jesus dere,
'Way down in de lonesome valley."

Next followed the sermon, "fum de tex' w'ich is foun' in de holy book whens all our comforts cums. 'Dese here shill go to eberlastin' fire.'

"My bredren and sisters, to you I speaks in dese solem' words, en may de Lord in His marcy sen' down fire and brimstone en melt you' hard hearts!"

Sis had not quite calculated upon the speedy effect of her eloquence. First the undue solemnity of her salutation, then the weird singing, and now the stirring petition for fire and brimstone, so wrought upon the excitable little girl that she broke into loud cries, in which she was joined by Fanny, and both children fled into the house before Sis could stop them.

Down the stairs flew Lily's mamma, followed by old mammy from the nursery.

"What's the matter with my darling?" said mamma, opening her arms wide.

"Oh, mamma, I'm such a sinner!" cried the child, as she threw herself into the offered refuge, and she was borne away into the cool library to be tenderly comforted.

"Fur de lor's sakes what is de matter?" said old mammy, catching Fanny by the shoulders.

"I's sech a sinner too!" exclaimed the little mourner.

"Sinner indeed!" exclaimed the irate guardian, as she commenced a tattoo upon the mourner's shoulders. "I'll teach you to be a sinner here in de house wid de white folks! Go 'long to de quarters, and be a sinner dere wid de niggars! You's jest fittin' to stay dar, bein' a sinner and skeerin' de chillurn to def. Go 'long wid you, and don't lemme see you till you stops bein' a sinner!"

III.—HOW SIS LEARNED TO READ.

Passing years touch the fair nursling of Sajane with developing hand, transforming her from the baby into a little maiden who knows how to read. Sis is still her attendant, and the contest for mastery is carried on between them with a growing spirit—resistance on the one side, and Machiavelian strategy on the other. Sis has attained to womanhood in years, but still looks like an elfish child. Now a new fire burns in her eyes; it is a thirst for knowledge. She must know all that is in the books she sees Lily reading. So she sets her wits to work to persuade the little lady to teach her. It is not a hard thing to do at first; it was a position of superiority which was quite to her mind. She could lord it over Sajane to her full satisfaction, and for once Sajane made no resistance. She would do anything for a lesson; but after a while Lily found her pupil so apt that her own laurels were in danger; and then, too, she tired of her task; and so one day she announced that she would not teach Sis any more. In vain Sis pleaded; in vain she offered rewards; taffy and pea-nuts were rejected. She would not teach her, and that was the end of it. Sis reproached her.

"Law, Miss Lily, you ought to be 'shamed. Whar would you 'a bin ef Sis hadn't nuss you? You'd 'a bin ded, en in yo' coffin—dat you would."

Lily laughed derisively as she left the room to prevent further importunity. Do you think Sis gave up her point? Not she; it was not her way; but she took a little time to form her plans. Lily had not been quite well. Mamma said she had been sitting up too late, and Sis was instructed to see that her charge was in bed at an earlier hour. Sis fairly glowed with satisfaction; the order supplied the very opportunity she needed.

The sun had scarce disappeared, and the rosy light of his face still illuminated the western sky, when Lily was disturbed at her play by Sis's voice, saying, "Come, Miss Lily, you mus' go to bed."

"Oh, Sis, I won't!" said the child.

"Yes, you mus'; yo' mar said I was to put you to bed early, en de sun is down, en you mus' go."

Lily knew of the order, and was forced to yield, which she did rather sulkily, it must be confessed; but Sajane, with an object to accomplish, spared no blandishments to restore her to good-humor. As she undressed her she told her all the stories she knew Lily liked best, those of a religious tendency having the predominance, as best calculated to produce a proper frame of mind. The salutary influence of this treatment was apparent in the meek tones of the little maiden's voice as she knelt in her white night dress at Sis's knee, and repeated:

> "Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
> If I should die before I wake,
> I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Once fairly ensconced in bed, Sis's plan bloomed forth suddenly in all its diabolical wickedness.

"Now, Miss Lily, chile, I gwyin to read yo' to sleep."

Lily rose in her wrath. "You can't read; you sha'n't read to me!"

"Miss Lily, dat's bery wicket in yo', not to want to hear me read de Bible to you—jist after you sed yo' prayers too. God won't love you, and maybe you will die befo' you wakes. What you tink yo' mudder gwine say when she hyar you don' wan' hyar de *Bible* read? You sholy ought to be 'shame' of yo'self, Miss Lily, chile. I is oneasy 'bout you—'deed I is; you better ax God to fogif you 'fo' you shets yo' eye." And Sis's voice became quite plaintive as she painted with master touch the perils awaiting the young reprobate.

If it had been broad daylight, with the whole day ahead, Sis would have scored no easy victory in the contest; but the gathering shadows fell upon the little heart, and the thought of the long dark night she must pass, and the possible appearing at the awful Judgment bar, broke her spirit of resistance, and a very meek little voice answered, "Go on, then, Sajane."

Not a shadow of the triumphant bound her heart gave showed itself in the weird



"LILY WAS APT TO PICK UP A BOOK."

face of the ambitious Sis as she opened the Bible and began her lesson.

"'Now w-h-e-n—' What do w-h-e-n spell, Miss Lily?"

"When," was the answer from the bed, in a very patient voice.

"'Now when Jesus was b-o-r-n—' Oh, Miss Lily, what *do* dat spell?"

"Born!" came in louder tones from the bed.

"'Now when Jesus was born in Be-be-t-h-l-e-h-e-m—' Laws gracious, Miss Lily, what is all dis? I neber see sich a big word. 'Tis a whole Bible at oncet. What do it spell, Miss Lily?"

"Oh, Sis, let me go to sleep!" cried the tormented child, her indignation overmastering her fears.

"Oh, you wicket chile, not to want to know where Jesus was born!" said Sis, in sad rebuke.

"Bethlehem!" shouted Lily at the top of her voice.

Sis resumed her reading without any change of tone.

"'Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of J-u-d-e-a—' Oh, Miss Lily!"

Lily rose up in bed, thoroughly aroused. "Sis, if you don't let me alone and let me go to sleep, I'll scream as loud as I can, and tell mamma that you put me to bed in broad daylight just to teach you to read."

"Miss Lily, chile"—Sis's voice was tremulous with tender reproof—"I don' know what's cum over you. You ain't like you wuz when you wuz a little baby, en I use to nuss you en cyar you roun'. I's feard de ole Satan is gittin hol' of you—"

"Sis," said Lily, sitting up straight in bed, "I just know ezakly what you put me to bed for; but I'll teach you to read

five verses if you will promise to go away then and let me go to sleep."

The required promise was given, and the lesson followed, upon which Sajane could be heard to say under her breath: "Well, I dun larn consider'ble to-night. I'll git it out er dat chile yit." And she did, and became a fluent reader.

IV.—MISTRESS AND SLAVE.

A few more years and Lily is a big girl, still fairy-like and fair, disposed to be dreamy and self-absorbed, which often got her into trouble. She shared Sis's service with her little sisters, but was still first in the constant affections of Sajane, who tyrannized over her, however, as only Southern nurses know how to do.

It was a rule in the well-ordered household that every child must be at morning prayers, the unfortunate delinquent being punished by having a breakfast of dry bread. Lily was apt to pick up a book and idle the time away until the last moment, and then hurry Sis to dress her. If Sis happened to be in a good humor, she made no trouble about it, but woe be to Lily if she had "put on any a'rs" and provoked her.

One morning this had been the case. Lily had been very provoking. The prayer bell was imminent. Lily was fully roused to the danger of her situation. "Oh, Sis, dress me!" had sounded several times. Sis was busy with the other children. "Miss Lily" must wait. At last, goaded to the utmost, Lily exclaimed, with flashing eyes:

"Sis, I order you to dress me *at once*. What were you made for, miss, but to wait on me?"

A terrible speech, and the narrow view it embraced of the scope and end of the creation of Sajane could not easily be forgiven. She was furious.

"What was I made fur but to wait on you! You better ax yo' mudder dat question. What she gwine to say when she hear how you talks to her po' niggar? What was *I* made fur but to wait on *you*? I'll show you what. Jist wait till I ready to dress you; I's busy now."

Lily was shocked at herself as soon as the words were out of her mouth, but not so sorry as she was as she munched her "bread of affliction" morning after morning, in sad repentance, with her hair plaited back so tight that every hair pricked, and she could hardly shut her eyes; and she did not complain, as she knew further punishment would be meted out to her if her mother should hear of her unkind and arrogant speech. It was a principle with Virginia mothers never to encourage children to "tell tales," and it embodied a sort of chivalrous feeling toward the nurse, whose faithfulness in great matters was so proven that the small tyrannies were not to be feared, but were even regarded as conveying salutary lessons to the nursling. Lily's mamma heard the whole of this contest, and left it, without interference, to work out its own result, which was repentance on both sides, and renewed affection, which, with many interruptions, lasted through life.

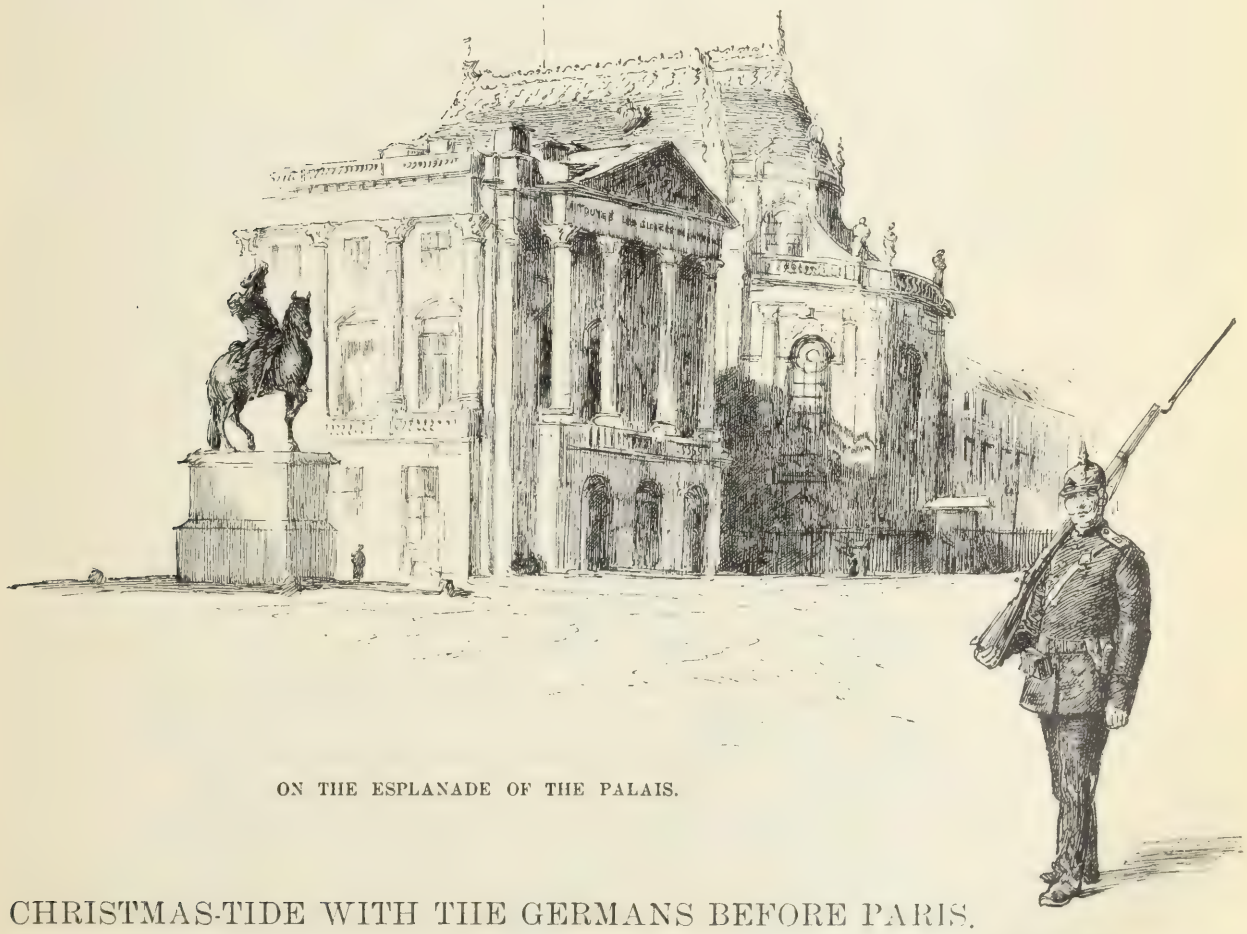
V.—A WEDDING.

The large house on Franklin Street, Richmond, is lighted from garret to cellar on this particular evening in May, the season when this beautiful Southern city is wont to dress herself in her festoons of roses. The house upon which our especial gaze is now concentrated is a perfect bower of this most beautiful of all the flowery kingdom, and many of the fashionable promenaders on Franklin Street make it the terminus of their walks, and stop to gaze at the luxuriant branches of white, red, pink, and yellow roses, which mingle their hues and their perfume in luxuriant profusion. Roses are nowhere more beautiful than they are in the city of Richmond in the month of May, and they were rarely so beautiful even here as on this particular May, when they brought their garlands to deck the bridal day of the fair young daughter of the house, the "Miss Lily" whom we have known briefly as the infant, the sinner, the student, the teacher, the arrogant young mistress. Through all of these developing periods she has passed, and now stands the fair young bride, beside the man of her choice. She has not lost any element of her exquisite beauty. She is as lily white as the baby Sis lifted from the crib eighteen years ago, and the soft draperies, the shimmering lace of the veil floating like a cloud about the airy form, make one think of Raphael's cherubs. It is a pretty picture, framed in by the wide arched doorway—that beautiful woman contrasting in her delicacy and lily whiteness with the stalwart dark-browed young man at her side: perfect specimens of their kind, she with her shy modesty, he with every

fibre of his being displaying his triumphant joy.

It is a home wedding in accordance with the old Virginia custom, which regarded the home as the proper place for the father to bestow the daughter upon her husband. Around the pair are grouped family and friends, the mother a little tearful, but not sorrowful. The background of this scene is a dusky one, consisting of the servants of the household; and pressing forward almost to the front is the familiar form of Sajane. Like the mamma, she has tears in her eyes, which are riveted on the face of the bride. Sajane is dressed in a black silk dress, but she is not thinking of it now; her memory is busy with the past; she is sorry for every cross word she has ever spoken to her darling. Just at this moment to be "*made* to wait on Miss Lily" filled the sum of her ambition. Then came the inevitable "I pronounce you husband and wife. What God has joined together, let no man put asunder. Salute the bride"—that beautiful old fashion, now obsolete, so appropriate in a home wedding—and Lily submits blushingly, and is then hugged and kissed by all, and laughs and blushes and cries; and from the very bosom of some brocaded old dowager catches sight of Sajane, and, as she has done all her life, flies to her, crying, "You darling old Sajane, we will never part, will we?"

Sajane catches the little white hand, with the wedding ring on it, and covers it with kisses and tears, and says, "La, Miss Lily, de idear ob you bein' maryid! It seem to me like you is jest a little baby yit!"



ON THE ESPLANADE OF THE PALAIS.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE WITH THE GERMANS BEFORE PARIS.

IT has been my fortune, since attaining years of discretion—or indiscretion—to have spent Christmas in a curious variety of places. One Christmas I passed steering all day long a water-logged timber ship in the Atlantic; another in the barrack-room of a cavalry regiment. I have seen the Christmas morning sun rise over the frozen surface of a bay in Lake Ontario, and on the crumbling ramparts of Jelalabad, in Afghanistan. I have "put through" a Christmas jammed into a snow-

drift on the railroad between St. Paul, Minnesota, and Sioux City, Iowa, and have enjoyed another among the cordial folk of New Zealand. I have listened to the Christmas morning service in the Isaac Cathedral of St. Petersburg, and passed a Christmas afternoon and evening driving a "four-wheeler" in the streets of London, with intent to find an article in the experience. But the most interesting Christmas I ever spent was with a regiment of the Saxon army corps on the forepost line of the German environment of Paris.

In France the winter of 1870–1 was a bitter and a bloody season. It seemed as if the Germans had brought with them from their own land its rigor of hyperborean temperature. The summer had been hot enough, in every sense of the word. Never was there a fiercer sun, never a fiercer fight, than the sun that blazed and the fight that raged all day long on the plain of Mars la Tour. Round Sedan, on the 2d of September, all the dead whose corpses littered the slopes had not fallen by bullet, shell, or steel; the sun, too, had claimed his victims on that lurid day. But already there had been thin ice on the Moselle and the Wied before Bazaine's surrendered army had trudged dejectedly out of Metz to the prisoner camps where they were to shiver till the crammed prisoner trains carried them away into captivity. There was an interval of "Indian summer" later; and when, journeying from one siege to another—from surrendered Metz to where Paris lay, to quote General Trochu, "in that circle of iron which threatened to stifle her in a slow agony"—the bright warm sunshine was sparkling on the dome of the Luxembourg and the cross that surmounts the Pantheon, and German officers were sitting round the *café* tables on the sidewalks of the Versailles avenues.

That glint of Indian summer lasted long enough for me to discern and appreciate, even in the dishevelment war had brought on them, the beauty of the environs of Paris, in whose villages and châteaux the German besiegers made their quarters. Versailles itself was virtually a German town. Wilhelm's royal banner floated from its Préfecture, the Crown Prince had his head-quarters in the mansion of one of its notables, and "the man of blood and iron" occupied a modest little house in the Rue de Provence. Prussian soldiers mounted guard on the esplanade of the Palais, on whose façade is carved Louis the Grand's proud legend, "A Toutes les Gloires de la France"; and the cots of wounded Prussian soldiers were ranged close under the mirrored walls of the famous Galerie des Glaces. But Versailles was not much to the taste of a man whose line as a war correspondent was the forepost line. It seemed to me, after a few days' experience, a pool of stagnation, on the surface of which floated princes, diplomates, correspondents, and the errant citizens of every civilized country of the world. No fighting, gossip, and some scandal, in the place of real wholesome news. Undoubtedly, if that were all, Versailles was the place to see notabilities. What a place would Versailles have been in those days for old Pepys! How he would have bowed to the ground as he sniffed the odor of exalted rank! how he would have scuttled about from one back stair to another, from the park to the table d'hôte of the Réservoirs, from the lawn of Les Ombrages to the court-yard of the Préfecture!

It was arranged that I should attach myself to the head-quarters of the Army of the Meuse, whose commander was the Crown Prince (now the King) of Saxony, and to which was intrusted the northern and eastern sections of the cordon of environment, from the right bank of the Seine opposite St. Germain round to the Marne at Champigny. There was yet sunshine enough in the third week of November to warm the thin blood of the old militaires doddering mournfully among the stalwart lounging Landwehr-men of the Prussian Guard, and among the children with their *bonnes* on the terrace of St. Germain, as I rode along that beautiful esplanade on the journey to my new sphere of action. Once across the Seine, it was soon made apparent to me that the atmosphere had changed from an atmosphere charged with gossip to an atmosphere accentuated by bullets. The nearest road to my destination was under easy chassepôt range from the other side of the river for a stretch of four miles—a distance which the sensible man was wont to cover at a smart canter. The Crown Prince of Saxony had his snug head-quarters among the châteaux surrounding the pretty village of Margency, in the heart of the forest of Montmorency.

The region all around Margency was historic ground. American and English

visitors to Paris are familiar, not alone with the cuisine of the Cheval Blanc, but also with the superb scope and beauty of the scene from the lofty terrace on the brow of the hill of Montmorency, at the end of which terrace stands that hostelry. The waiter at the Cheval Blanc may inform his foreign patrons that the white horse on its creaking sign-board was painted by the famous Gérard in liquidation of a long score he and a couple of festive friends had run up with Ledru during a short, riotous visit; but he is scarcely likely to impart the information that the adjacent terrace is carried over the site of the old mansion of the Montmorencys, that great family whose name is writ large on the pages of the history of France. Looking out from that terrace, the eye can rest on no spot unlinked with associations. That is the hill of Montmartre, house-crowned, away there over the double bend of the Seine and the peninsula of Gennevilliers; Montmartre, where in 1814 Marmont and Mortier made the last desperate stand for their great master and Emperor, and whence, in the days when I lived within view of it, the lime-light used to flash out so luridly over the night sorties. That grand pile away to the left is the Cathedral of St. Denis, in whose vaults repose the dust of dynasty after dynasty of French monarchs, down to the Napoleons, whose family tomb is in the little church of St. Leu, away behind on the edge of the forest of Montmorency. That tree-embowered house close under the terrace of Montmorency—the cottage of Montlouis—was the last residence of Rousseau before he migrated to Ermenonville, where he died. But the Montlouis cottage is not the original "Hermitage"; that too, however, is close at hand, a little sequestered house on the fringe of the forest, a short distance to the east of the town of Montmorency. Grétry lived in it after Rousseau left it, and the composer shares with the sage the memorial trophies of the Hermitage. Within view from the terrace are the residences of the bright coterie that opened its arms to Rousseau when he came to settle at Montmorency—the two sisters Mesdames D'Houdetot and D'Épinay, to whom he was the apple of discord; Grimm, the graceful and spirited historian; and the poet St. Lambert, the "gentleman of the sword and pen," whom Horace Walpole did not like. The château of the Neckers, where Madame De Staël was the centre of a brilliant circle, stood among the trees over the way there in St. Ouen: it suffered from its proximity to a French battery during the siege. Talma, the tragedian, lived at Enghien, down there by the lake-



"THOUSANDS WHO HAD BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO CHRISTMAS-TIDE."

side, close to the Princess Demidoff's villa; and Marshal Catinat, the great soldier of fortune, grew flowers and cabbages in Épinay, where the trees are touching the river. In the church of Argenteuil, down there to the right front, there is a massive chest containing a piece of the seamless coat of our Lord, that garment of which Matthew of Westminster wrote, "Mater ejus fecit ei, et crevit ipso crescendo." Just beyond Argenteuil on the river's brink is the château of Marais, where Mirabeau dwelt during the stormy times of the great Revolution; and in the church of Colombes, whose spire shows above the trees there on the other side of the river, Bossuet pronounced his magnificent funeral oration over the coffin of Henrietta Maria, the young daughter of Henri Quatre.

I must crave pardon for garrulousness about the associations of those scenes, for the scenes themselves seem as if welded into my life. From that terrace of Montmorency I have looked down on fierce-fought sorties—glancing back on it now, that winter's memory is as of one long sortie—on the storm and smoke of a week's bombardment. I have helped wounded men along it as they limped toward the hospital, have dodged the shells from Fort du Nord that came hurtling through the air to burst on its containing wall, and have traversed it with a triumphant column marching down to take possession of surrendered St. Denis. But I will sin no more. It was a strange thing, surely, that round the edge of that cockpit, where every man went about with his life in his hand, there should have been thoughts about and preparations for the Christmas festivities before November had come to a close. Indeed, before November was to end, thousands who had been doubtless, like their fellows, looking forward to the Christmas-tide, were stark and stiff on the battle-field. For on the last day of that month Ducrot made his great sortie on the eastern face, and the fiercest fighting of all the siege raged on the slopes and among the lanes of Villiers, Champigny, and Brie.

It was on these slopes, not indeed on the 30th November, but two days later, where the fighting was renewed with all but equal venom, that I received my earliest Christmas invitation—the one I kept. I had joined a Saxon regiment that was moving down the slope from Villiers on Brie, while a great deployment of French was pressing upward from Brie on Villiers. Under conditions such as those a struggle becomes inevitable. And it was a struggle. Both sides were in stern earnest, and it simply was a question which would the sooner harden its heart to push on to close quarters. In the turmoil a young officer whom I had spoken to once or twice before in the course of the day was hit, and came staggering back to the corner where I had accepted what cover it offered. I roughly bandaged his arm, took him back a little way, and remained with him till the regiment, having forced the French back and having been relieved by fresher troops, was on its return to its original position. The officer commanding the young lieutenant's battalion halted, thanked me very heartily for my little good offices to his subaltern, said every man of his command would thenceforth regard me as a comrade, and begged me to find the battalion out, wherever it might be, and share its Christmas cheer, whatever the fortune of war might make that. I gave him a conditional half-promise, and between that afternoon and Christmas morning saw in a casual way so much of the good major and his officers that I had almost come to be regarded as a member of his regimental family.

For after that day I had but little enjoyment of my comfortable quarters in the Margency château. Most of the fighting occurred on the eastern face, and my life became a long gallop, in the attempt to carry out Prince Frederick Charles's maxim of "making for the cannon thunder." A chronic skirmish sputtered on the confines of Le Bourget, varied by desperate and once or twice all but successful efforts on the part of the French to retake that long unlovely village, which before I reached the vicinity of Paris they had recovered once, to be driven out two days later by an onslaught so stubbornly resisted that not many of the heroic defenders were left to be driven out. I was not a witness of the scene depicted in De Neuville's famous picture, but when I visited the place first with some of the officers who had taken part in its recapture I saw and heard enough to entitle me to vindicate its accuracy. He painted the scene outside the church of Le Bourget; I was inside that church while it yet remained as the desperate combat left it. Its open door creaked dismally in the wind. As one entered, there lay the bloody rags



"I ROUGHLY BANDAGED HIS ARM, AND TOOK HIM BACK A LITTLE WAY."

and gouts that were the relics of the wounded. Priestly vestments lay torn and foul; they had been used in the pinch to bind up wounds with, and the blood on them was scarcely dry. Shells had broken through the roof, and the floor was strewn with fragments of ceiling. The light from the windows had been softened by pictured screens. These were all unfastened, and swung to and fro in the wind. The Virgin had a bullet-hole through her heart; our Lord had been shot right through the head. On the altar, its marble dinted here and there with bullet blows, and with a blood-stained boot on its steps, there lay open the great Psalter, with a great splash of blood across the page. The book was open at the 57th Psalm — "Miserere mei, Deus, miserere mei. . . . Clamabo ad Deum altissimum." In all the village there was but one house that had not been either knocked about by the shell fire from the great guns of the Paris forts, or hacked and battered by the crowbars of the Prussian pioneers as they drove a way through the partition walls for their comrades who retook the place—the street was so swept by French fire as to be impassable. That still habitable building was a low-browed

farm-house at the end nearest Paris, whose walls were exceptionally massive. Into this place were crammed two companies of one of the Guard regiments. In danger, squalor, and discomfort as the fellows were, they had thus early commenced their poor Christmas preparations. Love-gifts from home were being saved up for the feast or the tree, and Chinese lanterns were in course of manufacture. When Christmas came, but few men of that detachment remained to share in the seasonable cheer.

From its officers I had a Christmas invitation, with the genial temptation that almost for certain the festivities would be interrupted by a fight. I was to watch more than one fight in which the gallant Von Thummel and his lads were hard put to it to hold their own; but it seemed to me that if one were to "take his risks" as the accompaniment to his Christmas dinner, he might have some compensation in at least a modified luxury, and so I declined the invitation of the gallant Queen Elizabeths. Then there came to me another, that promised luxuriously enough, for the dinner was to be eaten in the Petit Vattel of Versailles; and there was an infinitely greater attraction than the fare in the company. The little English coterie in what I may call the Franco-German capital had resolved on dining together on the Christmas night, and had sent out summonses to their outlying compatriots within range. There were to gather round that board in the Little Vattel men "of light and leading," as well of social charm and brilliancy: William Howard Russell, the *doyen* of that service which he has elevated into a profession; poor Odo Russell, subsequently Lord Ampthill, whose premature death when British Ambassador at Berlin was an irreparable loss to his country; the taciturn but not saturnine Hillary Skinner, my own colleague; that burly admirable Crichton Beatty Kingston, of the *Telegraph;* the poet-journalist Alfred Austin, of the *Standard;* the mild and retiring De Havilland, whom antithetically we used to call the "great commander"; John Furley, the most skillful and most daring volunteer ambulance man in the world, and others less known to fame. With their kindred Anglo-Saxons were to dine such American gentlemen as the Christmas should find in Versailles. It was hard to steel one's self against the temptation of participating in an occasion so full of bright conviviality as this gathering was sure to be; but then Versailles was off my ground, and if there should be trouble on that pestilent restless eastern front and I not at my post, the remorse or the default would far outweigh the pleasure of the dinner. Then there was the knowledge that the preparation for the bombardment of Mont Avron would be all but completed by Christmas Day, and that on the morning of the holy day itself the blindage of trees which covered the batteries might be cut down, and the roar of the cannon be heard instead of Christmas bells.

The big cannon which the Germans had brought from Spandau and placed in battery along the eastern face of the environment from Maison Guyot south to Noisy respected the sanctity of Christmas Day, and their loud throats were silent until the morning after but one, although the French forts desisted not from their desultory cannonade on the natal day of the Prince of Peace. But there was sharp and stubborn fighting during the whole week previous, which culminated in a general "alarm" of the whole Meuse army on the 24th, in the momentary expectancy of a general and a desperate sortie. The French troops had been out in the open then for four days and as many nights, when the temperature was many degrees below freezing-point. To face this cold by night, and to stand all day with faces to the foe! I protest I was filled with admiration, respect, and heart-felt compassion for the men I saw before me doing this—doing it, too, as we knew, poorly clad and on scant rations, and without the spur and the stay which the consciousness of success ever imparts. Those men out on the plain there must have been stanch soldiers, and they must have been led by officers worthy to command troops that could confront hardships so great. As the sun went down on Christmas Eve there were happy indications that the day consecrated to associations of peace on earth and good-will among men was not to have its hallowed character desecrated by the mad passions and cruel carnage of a great battle. As the twilight fell, the air was still throbbing to the din of a cannonade; but the French infantry were breaking up from their chill and cheerless bivouacs on the plain, and falling back, none of us were so churlish as not to wish, into less rigorous Christmas quarters.



"IN HONOR OF CHRISTMAS."

As for the Germans, they were not standing to attention every hour of every day, and when two days before Christmas the field-post wagon came rolling into Le Vert Galant, laden till its springs were flattened with the load of Liebesgaben from kinsfolk and friends in the fatherland, a goodly muster of stalwart Saxons crowded round the welcome vehicle. The wagon halted outside the regimental headquarters, and the bugle sounded "the rally," for the Germans love to do everything formally and in order. It was a curious medley of contents that streamed out as the tail-board of the wagon was let down. The German field-post was an elastic institution, and had a friend at home chosen to send to the front a box-mangle or a live parrot in a cage, I do not believe there would have been any objections on the score of bulk. There tumbled out cigar boxes wrapped in canvas, long podgy rolls that were eloquent of sausage, flabby parcels that probably contained warm under-clothing, and little packets which rolled as they fell, and evidently consisted of thalers. Yes, there were two beer barrels which Major Von Schönberg had been expecting: it rejoiced my heart that Frau Majorin had fulfilled the marital requisition, since her husband was to give the Christmas dinner at which I presently was to be a guest. A pile of packages was made against the wall, the sergeant cleared a space, and went to work calling out the name on each letter and packet, as letter or packet came to hand. To many of his calls the answer had no cheerful tone, for the regiment had suffered severely in the fighting of the great sortie. "Schumann!" bawled the staff sergeant. "Killed," came the response, uttered by some comrade in a solemn voice: for poor Schumann the love-gift from home had arrived too late. "Kaspar!" Kaspar did not answer to his name; his corporal laconically replied for him, "Wounded." "Bergmann!" The cold and exposure had invalided Bergmann; of him, in two words, the report was, "In hospital." "Schräder!" Schräder was not on hand to receive his love-gift; the answer regarding him was the indefinite "Weg." "Weg" in this connection had a wide and vague meaning—or no meaning. The "Weg" Schräder might be a prisoner; wounded, and as yet unreported to his battalion, snug in some field hospital outside the Saxon ken; lying unburied, with his dead face looking up into the wan wintry sunshine out there on the snowy

slope stretching down to the Marne; a deserter—only that one never heard of a German soldier deserting. The sum of "Weg" in the case of Schräder and others was simply "Not here, and the Lord only knows where they are." When the sergeant had completed his task of distribution, there remained quite a heap of packets which those to whom they were addressed never would claim.

There were few indications in Lagny of preparations for "Merry Christmas" when I rode back from Le Vert Galant into that little town to dispatch a letter by the post train, which started from it every morning. As the terminus of railway communication with Germany, Lagny was the focus on which concentrated all the movable *detritus* of the great siege. From all round the cordon captured French prisoners were escorted in batches to Lagny, thence to be deported into captivity by the prisoner trains; wounded German soldiers, as soon as they were in condition to be evacuated from the field hospitals, were sent thither for conveyance to Germany in the ambulance cars. Ever since the end of November there had been hard fighting somewhere around the great circle every day, and unfortunate little Lagny had been inundated with wounded and prisoners—for days at a time at the rate of a thousand of each per day. Under the avalanche of misery the German organization had for a time broken down. I saw a batch of prisoners march into Lagny so ravenous with hunger that the wretches grubbed in the gutter after turnip-tops and bones, and turned over dirt heaps in search for scraps of bread. The wounded poured into the place, unfed, their wounds undressed, chilled to the marrow by the cruel cold, and jolted almost to distraction. Sheds, railway vans, the railway station, the church, the Mairie, were used as receptacles for the poor broken creatures. That Lagny church, to what strange and diverse uses I knew it come during this terrible month! Now a shelter for 700 wounded men; now the barracks for 1000 Bavarians, a new draft pressing to the front; in the Christmas week itself the prison pen of some 1200 French prisoners, some of whom died on its cold stone floor. As I went into the station to mail my letter in the post-wagon, I found its platform strewn with a kind of baggage, waiting dispatch, that made my heart ache. There, stretched on the planking or the litters, lay the poor wounded fellows, looking up at the hale folk with their great, calm, patient eyes. I saw a clumsy man stumble over one of the prostrate forms, and all the chiding he received was a wan, pinched smile.

Christmas morning, "All quiet everywhere," was the early morning report communicated by gallant old General Budritski, of the Guard Corps, as he stood pulling his white mustache in the doorway of his quarters in the high street of Gonesse. I seemed to recognize an intonation of disappointment in the old chief's accents; he was always happiest when the bullets were flying, and he had shown the young ones the way over the barricade at the recapture of Le Bourget. "All quiet everywhere!" Yes, the Christmas bells were ringing out from the Gonesse belfry; but surely those were strange echoes of them that came pealing to us across the Corneuve plain and over the tree-tops of the forest of Bondy. Those white wreaths that decked the grim fronts of Forts Rosny and Aubervilliers were truly in a strange style of Yule-tide decoration. There was no sentiment about the old war-dog Budritski. With a shrug of his lean shoulders he intimated that he regarded the accompaniment to the Christmas bells which the cannon of the French forts were sounding as a *dummes Zeug*, and straightway went inside to breakfast. He was so kind as to ask me to accompany him; but in those days—alas that they are so old!—I was fonder of the society of buoyant young subalterns than of general officers of a saturnine temperament. And in Gonesse, notwithstanding that it was within range of the French forts, the Prussian Guardsmen had established a "casino," or officers' club, where a French couple cooked dainty little *plats* to the marvel, and where the Bavarian beer was as good as the French red wine. In the Gonesse casino you could have a *déjeuner à la fourchette* not much inferior to Durand form, and at about one-fourth the cost, for the German Guardsman is not a wealthy man, and the tariff was fixed to suit a modest purse.

My way from Gonesse—I was bound for the Saxon battalion which Major Von Schönberg commanded, which I knew was lying somewhere in front of Clichy—was southward through the wrecked villages



"'SCHUMANN!' BAWLED THE STAFF SERGEANT."

of Aulnay and Sevran, to where General Von Montbe had his quarters in the pretty château of Clichy. There I learned that the Von Schönbergs were well out to the front, on the confines of that beautiful ancient chase the old park of Raincy, an outlying part of the historic forest of Bondy. An orderly went forward with me to show me the villa in which the major had his residence. Here, it is true, I found him, but the arrangements for the Christmas festivities, which were to have been celebrated in the said villa, had been thrown into dislocation by an order for his battalion to relieve another on the forepost line opposite the strong French position of Bondy; whereas the expectation had been that it would have been left until the morrow in its present position of support. However, orders had to be obeyed, and the good major hoped in his cheery way that although, if the piano could be sent up into the forepost line, the proximity to the French posts would prevent its being used, and although our dining-room would be smaller than the spacious *salle à manger* of the villa, nevertheless we should do very well.

I had to leave my horse in the stable at the villa: mounted men, save on duty, were forbidden in the foreposts. From time to time the dull boom of a French cannon was heard as the major and I walked down the long garden on whose evergreens the snow hung crusted, and passed out through the wicket-gate into the forest. And soon it was apparent that the *dummes Zeug* had a tragic element in it. Four men came along the forest alley bearing a motionless form lying on a stretcher, and covered with a blood-stained blanket. "Wounded?" asked Von Schönberg. The solemn "Dead" came in an under-tone from the mouth of the accompanying under-officer. It was a corpse they were carrying back into the village.

Private Jeskow had seen his last Christmas morning. He had been making his coffee in a house behind an outpost, when a shell burst under the window. A sergeant warned him that the French had got the range; but the coffee was close to the boil; a second shell burst inside the room; a fragment struck Jeskow in the back; and so it was that they were carrying the corpse of him back to the village grave-yard.

On our way to the front we passed one of the batteries of siege guns which were to open fire on Mont Avron the following morning but one. The guns were already in their places, ambushed by the belt of undergrowth that had been preserved in front of them; they reminded me of tigers lurking in the jungle waiting for their prey. In honor of Christmas time the gunners had bedecked the smooth sleek devils with wreaths of ivy and winter blossoms. Green leaves begirt the muzzles so soon to vomit forth death and destruction. The honest artillerists were proud of their pretty decorations, nor saw in them some such incongruity as would be a flower show in the crater of a volcano.

Forward through underwood interspersed with great trees, the path broken and jagged by shell holes. Everywhere the forest was full of barricades, of *chevaux-de-frise*, of all kinds of appliances for arresting the advance of an enemy. Then we emerged into a strip of clearing, on which were works of greater pretensions —intrenchments, stockades, abattis, enfiladed approaches, about which and among the huts behind were many soldiers. Passing through some scrub, we were in a sort of village of pretty country houses nestling among underwood. Forest, clearance, and village reminded me of Chiselhurst Common, of Cresson Springs on the summit of the Alleghanies. On the *rond point* in the centre of this forest village strolled and lounged some officers of the battalion waiting to be relieved; the men not standing on watch in the forepost line were massed in shelter behind the walls inclosing the gardens of the villas. My major and other officers exchanged items of information as we waited for his battalion to arrive. The French in Bondy had been on parade in the morning; a hollow square had been formed, it was conjectured for a religious service. If this had been so, the cannon of the forts had furnished the responses.

We were in the park of Raincy, and the mansions all around us, now empty, forlorn, and dilapidated, were the country-seats of rich Parisians. No life anywhere about the picturesquely built houses, save where a vagrant cat darted across the road. The desolation of war had fallen on the dainty pleasaunces, and had scored its fell mark athwart the trim finished prettiness. The furniture had been used in the construction of barricades, a shell had burst in a piano that helped to make a shelter-place for a sentry, and tapestry hangings formed screens for bivouacs. No forlorner spectacle could be imagined than was presented by this dainty settlement, so purely French in its mingled rusticity and self-consciousness of metropolitanism.

By-and-by from out the wood came steadily tramping Von Schönberg's battalion, led by the senior captain, big Kirchbach, who, like his dashing brother-in-law Hammerstein, had been an officer of the old Hanoverian army, and had fought at Langensalza, its last battle. They, with a number of their comrades, rather than accept the Prussian service, had hurried from Langensalza to join the army of Saxony, and fight with it against the hated Prussians at Sadowa. But fate had been overstrong for them. As a consequence of Sadowa, the Saxon army had shared in effect the fortune of the Hanoverian, and been blended with the Prussian army. So Kirchback, Hammerstein, and the other Hanoverian officers found themselves in 1870 fighting the battles of that Prussia which they still hated. Nevertheless they fought, while they cursed that they had to fight, and Wilhelm had no better officers under his banner than the Hanoverians who held commissions in the Royal Saxon Army Corps. They were men for the most part both of superior general culture and exceptionally conversant with military duty, although, to be sure, they did not seem very soldier-like here on the winter forepost service, incased in multitudinous wraps that made them all but unrecognizable, and wearing high fur boots, which were jocularly traditioned to have been bequeathed to Hammerstein by an Esquimau ancestor. Hammerstein was proud of his family, and resented this theory of derivation for the fur boots, but wisely continued to wear them. As for Kirchback, he was a philosopher, and would have accepted any ancestral attribution

that would have brought him a fur coat to match the fur boots.

The relief in detail of the foreposts was a delicate duty that had to be accomplished while the two battalions remained to cover it, for the relief had to be in full occupancy of the chain of posts before the relieved could safely withdraw. As each company went out to its section of the position, it was met by a trusty non-commissioned officer of the corresponding outgoing company, who acted as its guide. Then the sergeant and the lieutenant went out and relieved the sentries along the front, and, with a cheery adieu, off tramped the "old guard," glad enough to go, for sure, after three days and three nights of the wearing, anxious, and hazardous forepost work.

It was well on in the afternoon before the relieving duty was finally got through, and the Von Schönbergs fully in possession of the new positions. The rendezvous for the Christmas feast—a hut built of doors from wrecked houses—was the quarters of Captain Von Zanthier, the officer under whose charge was the uttermost forepost line of the section of front held by the battalion. Its greatest height inside was about six feet, the roof sloping till at the back it was barely four feet. This lower-roofed side was lined with spring mattresses having the same origin as the doors. Pictures hung on the walls, and mirrors—neither part of an officer's field kit on active service; and between the close-curtained window and the row of mattresses was a range of good massive mahogany tables, that certainly were not made by the German pioneers. The chairs may be described as mixed. All styles were represented impartially—the fauteuil, the ottoman, the American rocker, the high straight-backed Elizabethan, the Louis Quatorze lounge, the humble wicker-bottom. With the wood fire crackling in the stove, and the brass lamp brightly burning, the queer little nest looked so cheery and home-like, one had no temptation to remember that the French were not a thousand yards distant, and that a shell might any minute knock into small pieces it and its inmates. The kitchen was outside, well behind a clump of hollies, so that the fire should not show through the darkness. The major's cook was an imposing military person in white cap and apron, who acted as head waiter as well, and who, before he announced that dinner was served, entered in state and lit the candles on the Christmas tree, from every twig of which dangled cakes and comfits. Then we drew around the social board, and fell to with a will. *À la guerre comme la guerre.* Yes, the table-cloth was too short, clean plates were not supplied with every course, and there had been an understanding that every man should bring his own feeding utensils and drinking-horn. But the cooking was excellent, and the *menu* was certainly not destitute of variety. Here it is:

Hors-d'œuvre.
Caviare.

Soup.
Liebig's Extract.

Fish.
Sardines in oil.

Entrées.
Goose Sausage, Ham Sausage, other miscellaneous Sausages.

Pièces de Résistance.
Boiled Beef and Macaroni.
Roast Mutton and Potato Salad.

Entremets.
Schinken, Compote of Pears, Compote of Apples, Preserved Sauerkraut.
Cheese and Fresh Butter.

Dessert.
Fruits, Nuts, Biscuits, Tarts, etc.

Nor were fluids lacking. A barrel of Frau Majorin's beer was on tap in the corner, in prime condition; plenty of fair claret, and a few bottles of champagne iced—perhaps, indeed, rather too much iced. The bottles had been placed outside in the snow, and when the corks were drawn the wine would not flow; it seemed frozen solid. Among the expedients suggested was one that the bottles should be smashed, the contents broken up with a chopper, and a lump of frozen champagne served out to each guest to negotiate as he pleased; but presently an ingenious person fell to pricking the ice inside a bottle with the ramrod of his pistol, and found that there was liquid underneath. So we pricked all the bottles, and prospered.

Oratory was not to our taste, and there were but two toasts. Major Von Schönberg, in a few words, gave "the King of Saxony"; perhaps it was pardonable that I was a little more diffuse in proposing the health of the Frau Majorin, which we drank enthusiastically in her own beer. Song followed on song, only the choruses

had to be taken low, if not sweet, because of the proximity of the enemy. One young ensign—the Baron von Zeymann—had a mellow and sympathetic voice, and sang to perfection the beautiful and plaintive *Lied*,

> "Ich hatte einen Kamerad,
> Einen besseren findest du nicht,"

and its sentiment, among men who had left dead comrades on every field from Gravelotte to Villiers-Champigny, caused many a heart to swell.

About midnight Captain Von Zanthier rose, got into his cloak, and buckled on his sword. He was going out with the "sly patrol"; did I care to accompany him? Naturally. We started—the officer, a corporal, three privates, and myself—and pushed to the front till we were out among the underwood in front of the furthest of the German posts. There were the French pickets barely 600 yards away, and the chain of French sentries—if there was one—was between us and the pickets. We could discern the fellows huddling around the fires. The brush-wood crackled close to us, we heard the tramp of men, and there was a challenge in French, in an under-tone. Von Zanthier replied in the same language. It was a French patrol, and the officer in charge, assuming ours to be another, called cheerily, "Come on, friends!" Von Zanthier and his men obeyed the mandate; I got behind a bush to be out of harm's way in case of bullets. But there were no bullets. Von Zanthier returned in a few minutes with three prisoners, whom he had quietly bagged—a *mobile* officer and his two men. The *mobile* officer was quite affable and garrulous; he accepted the fortune of war with a light heart, and became still cheerier when, on our return to the hut, it was found that the skillful man in the white cap was waiting for us with a steaming jorum of egg-flip. The *mobile* officer pledged us with effusion, and genially accepted the offer of supper. After that there was some more egg-flip, and then the *mobile* officer and I betook ourselves to the spring mattresses. Von Zanthier was on duty, and for him, until after day-dawn, there was to be no rest.





SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER;

OR, THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.—A COMEDY.

ACT THIRD.

Enter HARDCASTLE, *alone.*

HARD. What could my old friend Sir Charles mean by recommending his son as the modestest young man in the town? To me he appears the most impudent piece of brass that ever spoke with a tongue. He has taken possession of the easy-chair by the fireside already. He took off his boots in the parlor, and desired me to see them taken care of. I'm desirous to know how his impudence affects my daughter. She will certainly be shocked at it.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE, *plainly dressed.*

HARD. Well, my Kate, I see you have changed your dress, as I bid you; and yet, I believe, there was no great occasion.

Miss Hard. I find such a pleasure, sir, in obeying your commands, that I take care to observe them without ever debating their propriety.

Hard. And yet, Kate, I sometimes give you some cause, particularly when I recommended my modest gentleman to you as a lover to-day.

Miss Hard. You taught me to expect something extraordinary, and I find the original exceeds the description.

Hard. I was never so surprised in my life! He has quite confounded all my faculties!

Miss Hard. I never saw anything like it; and a man of the world too!

Hard. Ay, he learned it all abroad: what a fool was I, to think a young man could learn modesty by travelling. He might as soon learn wit at a masquerade.

Miss Hard. It seems all natural to him.

Hard. A good deal assisted by bad company and a French dancing-master.

Miss Hard. Sure you mistake, papa! A French dancing-master could never have taught him that timid look—that awkward address—that bashful manner—

Hard. Whose look? whose manner, child?

Miss Hard. Mr. Marlow's; his *mauvaise honte*, his timidity, struck me at first sight.

Hard. Then your first sight deceived you; for I think him one of the most brazen first sights that ever astonished my senses.

Miss Hard. Sure, sir, you rally! I never saw any one so modest.

Hard. And can you be serious? I never saw such a bouncing, swaggering puppy since I was born. Bully Dawson was but a fool to him.

Miss Hard. Surprising! He met me with a respectful bow, stammering voice, and a look fixed on the ground.

Hard. He met me with a loud voice, a lordly air, and a familiarity that made my blood freeze again.

Miss Hard. He treated me with diffidence and respect; censured the manners of the age; admired the prudence of girls that never laughed; tired me with apologies for being tiresome; then left the room with a bow, and "Madam, I would not for the world detain you."

Hard. He spoke to me as if he knew me all his life before; asked twenty questions, and never waited for an answer; interrupted my best remarks with some silly pun; and when I was in my best story of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, he asked me if I had not a good hand at making punch. Yes, Kate, he asked your father if he was a maker of punch?

Miss Hard. One of us must certainly be mistaken.

Hard. If he be what he has shown himself, I'm determined he shall never have my consent.

Miss Hard. And if he be the sullen thing I take him, he shall never have mine.

Hard. In one thing, then, we are agreed—to reject him.

Miss Hard. Yes: but upon conditions. For if you should find him less impudent, and I more presuming—if you find him more respectful, and I more importunate—I don't know—the fellow is well enough for a man. Certainly we don't meet many such at a horse-race in the country.

Hard. If we should find him so— But that's impossible. The first appearance has done my business. I'm seldom deceived in that.

Miss Hard. And yet there may be many good qualities under that first appearance.

Hard. Ay, when a girl finds a fellow's outside to her taste, she then sets about guessing the rest of his furniture. With her, a smooth face stands for good sense, and a genteel figure for every virtue.

Miss Hard. I hope, sir, a conversation begun with a compliment to my good sense, won't end with a sneer at my understanding?

Hard. Pardon me, Kate. But if young Mr. Brazen can find the art of reconciling contradictions, he may please us both, perhaps.

Miss Hard. And as one of us must be mistaken, what if we go to make farther discoveries?

Hard. Agreed. But depend on't, I'm in the right.

Miss Hard. And depend on't, I'm not much in the wrong. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Tony, *running in with a casket.*



Tony. Ecod! I have got them. Here they are. My cousin Con's necklaces, bobs and all. My mother sha'n't cheat the poor souls out of their fortin neither. O! my genus, is that you?

Enter Hastings.

Hast. My dear friend, how have you managed with your mother? I hope you have amused her with pretending love for your cousin, and that you are willing to be reconciled at last? Our horses will be refreshed in a short time, and we shall soon be ready to set off.

Tony. And here's something to bear your charges by the way (*giving the casket*); your sweetheart's jewels. Keep them, and hang those, I say, that would rob you of one of them.

Hast. But how have you procured them from your mother?

Tony. Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs. I procured them by the rule of thumb. If I had not a key to every drawer in mother's bureau, how could I go to the ale-house so often as I do? An honest man may rob himself of his own at any time.

Hast. Thousands do it every day. But to be plain with you, Miss Neville is endeavoring to procure them from her aunt this very instant. If she succeeds, it will be the most delicate way at least of obtaining them.

Tony. Well, keep them, till you know how it will be. But I know how it will be well enough; she'd as soon part with the only sound tooth in her head.

Hast. But I dread the effects of her resentment, when she finds she has lost them.

Tony. Never you mind her resentment, leave me to manage that. I don't value her resentment the bounce of a cracker. Zounds! here they are. Morice! prance! [*Exit* Hastings.

Tony, Mrs. Hardcastle, *and* Miss Neville.

Mrs. Hard. Indeed, Constance, you amaze me. Such a girl as you want jewels! It will be time enough for jewels, my dear, twenty years hence, when your beauty begins to want repairs.

Miss Nev. But what will repair beauty at forty, will certainly improve it at twenty, madam.

Mrs. Hard. Yours, my dear, can admit of none. That natural blush is

beyond a thousand ornaments. Besides, child, jewels are quite out at present. Don't you see half the ladies of our acquaintance, my lady Kill-day-light, and Mrs. Crump, and the rest of them, carry their jewels to town, and bring nothing but paste and marcasites back?

Miss Nev. But who knows, madam, but somebody that shall be nameless would like me best with all my little finery about me?

Mrs. Hard. Consult your glass, my dear, and then see if with such a pair of eyes you want any better sparklers. What do you think, Tony, my dear? does your cousin Con want any jewels in your eyes to set off her beauty?

Tony. That's as thereafter may be.

Miss Nev. My dear aunt, if you knew how it would oblige me.

Mrs. Hard. A parcel of old-fashioned rose and table cut things. They would make you look like the court of King Solomon at a puppet-show. Besides, I believe I can't readily come at them. They may be missing, for aught I know to the contrary.

Tony. (*Apart to Mrs. Hardcastle.*) Then why don't you tell her so at once, as she's so longing for them? Tell her they're lost. It's the only way to quiet her. Say they're lost, and call me to bear witness.

Mrs. Hard. (*Apart to Tony.*) You know, my dear, I'm only keeping them for you. So, if I say they're gone, you'll bear me witness, will you? He! he! he!

Tony. Never fear me. Ecod! I'll say I saw them taken out with my own eyes.

Miss Nev. I desire them but for a day, madam. Just to be permitted to show them as relics, and then they may be locked up again.

Mrs. Hard. To be plain with you, my dear Constance, if I could find them you should have them. They're missing, I assure you. Lost, for aught I know; but we must have patience, wherever they are.

Miss Nev. I'll not believe it! this is but a shallow pretence to deny me. I know they are too valuable to be so slightly kept, and as you are to answer for the loss—

Mrs. Hard. Don't be alarmed, Constance. If they be lost, I must restore an equivalent. But my son knows they are missing, and not to be found.

Tony. That I can bear witness to. They are missing, and not to be found; I'll take my oath on't.

Mrs. Hard. You must learn resignation, my dear; for though we lose our fortune, yet we should not lose our patience. See me, how calm I am.

Miss Nev. Ay, people are generally calm at the misfortunes of others.

Mrs. Hard. I wonder a girl of your good sense should waste a thought upon such trumpery. We shall soon find them; and in the mean time you shall make use of my garnets till your jewels be found.

Miss Nev. I detest garnets.

Mrs. Hard. The most becoming things in the world to set off a clear complexion. You have often seen how well they look upon me. You shall have them. [*Exit.*

Miss Nev. I dislike them of all things. You sha'n't stir. Was ever anything so provoking, to mislay my own jewels, and force me to wear her trumpery?

Tony. Don't be a fool. If she gives you the garnets, take what you can get. The jewels are your own already. I have stolen them out of her bureau, and she does not know it. Fly to your spark, he'll tell you more of the matter. Leave me to manage her.

Miss Nev. My dear cousin!

Tony. Vanish. She's here, and has missed them already. [*Exit* Miss Neville.] Zounds! how she fidgets and spits about like a catherine-wheel!



TONY (APART TO MRS HARDCASTLE). "THEN WHY DON'T YOU TELL HER SO AT ONCE?"



Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE.

MRS. HARD. Confusion! thieves! robbers! we are cheated, plundered, broke open, undone!

TONY. What's the matter, what's the matter, mamma? I hope nothing has happened to any of the good family?

MRS. HARD. We are robbed. My bureau has been broken open, the jewels taken out, and I'm undone.

TONY. Oh! is that all? Ha! ha! ha! By the laws, I never saw it acted better in all my life. Ecod, I thought you was ruined in earnest, ha! ha! ha!

MRS. HARD. Why, boy, I am ruined in earnest. My bureau has been broken open, and all taken away.

TONY. Stick to that: ha! ha! ha! stick to that. I'll bear witness, you know; call me to bear witness.

MRS. HARD. I tell you, Tony, by all that's precious, the jewels are gone, and I shall be ruined for ever.

TONY. Sure I know they are gone, and I'm to say so.

Mrs. Hard. My dearest Tony, but hear me. They're gone, I say.

Tony. By the laws, mamma, you make me for to laugh, ha! ha! I know who took them well enough, ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Hard. Was there ever such a blockhead, that can't tell the difference between jest and earnest? I tell you I'm not in jest, booby.

Tony. That's right, that's right; you must be in a bitter passion, and then nobody will suspect either of us. I'll bear witness that they are gone.

Mrs. Hard. Was there ever such a cross-grained brute, that won't hear me? Can you bear witness that you're no better than a fool? Was ever poor woman so beset with fools on one hand, and thieves on the other?

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

Mrs. Hard. Bear witness again, you blockhead you, and I'll turn you out of the room directly. My poor niece, what will become of her? Do you laugh, you unfeeling brute, as if you enjoyed my distress?

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

Mrs. Hard. Do you insult me, monster? I'll teach you to vex your mother, I will!

Tony. I can bear witness to that. (*He runs off, she follows him.*)



IN THE MARSHES.

WHERE the soft-spreading down
Sinks away to the sea
That has crept from the lea—
Crept so quiet and slow
That the marsh scarce can know
Be it water or land,
So thick the reeds stand
In the dikes 'neath the slopes of the town—

And the great crimson sun
Drops slow down the sky
Where vast meadows lie,
Washed warm in the flush,
There, through the world's hush,

Earth's sweet, solemn speech
Our faint sense may reach
With its tale of one more day's fate done.

O'er calm plains the stream
Unrolls its clear line
To the last kiss divine
Of the sweet dying day.
But vainly we pray
For as pure a content;
Our passions' fierce bent
May not rest in so peaceful a dream.

And now, lavish of gold
Upon islets of green,
Where clouds float serene
Upon lakes of fair light
'Mid a sky as of night,
The sun dies at last,
And the good day is past—
Night is near with her sad kiss and cold;

And the twilight's still hand
On brown grass and moss
Lays brown shades across,
While in the dim light
Brown cattle and white
Blend into the gray
Of the waning of day—
Kindred shapes of the lonely marsh land.

The land lies at peace;
Mute pines 'neath the moon
Breathe the fragrance of noon,
And stars stud the skies
With thousands of eyes.
Earth waits for the day,
But the night bids us stay—
Night, the end, when day's conflict shall cease.



INDIAN SUMMER.

(Copyright, 1885, by W. D. Howells.)

XX.

THE next time Colville came he found himself alone with Imogene, who asked him what he had been doing all day.

"Oh, living along till evening. What have you?"

She did not answer at once, nor praise his speech for the devotion implied in it. After a while she said: "Do you believe in courses of reading? Mr. Morton has taken up a course of reading in Italian poetry. He intends to master it."

"Does he?"

"Yes. Do you think something of the kind would be good for me?"

"Oh, if you thirst for conquest. But I should prefer to rest on my laurels if I were you."

Imogene did not smile. "Mr. Morton thinks I should enjoy a course of Kingsley. He says he's very earnest."

"Oh, immensely. But aren't you earnest enough already, my dear?"

"Do you think I'm too earnest?"

"No; I should say you were just right."

"You know better than that. I wish you would criticise me sometimes."

"Oh, I'd rather not."

"Why? Don't you see anything to criticise in me? Are you satisfied with me in every way? You ought to think. You ought to think now. Do you think that I am doing right in all respects? Am I all that I could be to you, and to you alone? If I am wrong in the least thing, criticise me, and I will try to be better."

"Oh, you might criticise back, and I shouldn't like that."

"Then you don't approve of a course of Kingsley?" asked the girl.

"Does that follow? But if you're going in for earnestness, why don't you take up a course of Carlyle?"

"Do you think that would be better than Kingsley?"

"Not a bit. But Carlyle's so earnest that he can't talk straight."

"I can't make out what you mean. Wouldn't you like me to improve?"

"Not much," laughed Colville. "If you did, I don't know what I should do. I should have to begin to improve too, and I'm very comfortable as I am."

"I should wish to do it to—to be more worthy of you," grieved the girl, as if deeply disappointed at his frivolous behavior.

He could not help laughing, but he was sorry, and would have taken her hand; she kept it from him, and removed to the farthest corner of the sofa. Apparently, however, her ideal did not admit of open pique, and she went on trying to talk seriously with him.

"You think, don't you, that we oughtn't to let a day pass without storing away some thought—suggestion—"

"Oh, there's no hurry," he said, lazily. "Life is rather a long affair—if you live. There appears to be plenty of time, though people say not, and I think it would be rather odious to make every day of use. Let a few of them go by without doing anything for you! And as for reading, why not read when you're hungry, just as you eat? Shouldn't you hate to take up a course of roast beef, or a course of turkey?"

"Very well, then," said Imogene. "I shall not begin Kingsley."

"Yes, do it. I dare say Mr. Morton's quite right. He will look at these things more from your own point of view. All the Kingsley novels are in the Tauchnitz. By all means do what he says."

"I will do what *you* say."

"Oh, but I say nothing."

"Then I will do nothing."

Colville laughed at this too, and soon after the clergyman appeared. Imogene met him so coldly that Colville felt obliged to make him some amends by a greater show of cordiality than he felt. But he was glad of the effort, for he began to like him as he talked to him; it was easy for him to like people; the young man showed sense and judgment, and if he was a little academic in his mind and manners, Colville tolerantly reflected that some people seemed to be born so, and that he was probably not artificial, as he had once imagined from the ecclesiastical scrupulosity of his dress.

Imogene ebbed away to the piano in the corner of the room, and struck some chords on it. At each stroke the young clergyman, whose eyes had wandered a little toward her from the first, seemed to vibrate in response. The conversation became incoherent before Mrs. Bowen joined them. Then, by a series of illogical processes, the clergyman was standing beside Imogene at the piano, and Mrs.

Bowen was sitting beside Colville on the sofa.

"Isn't there to be any Effie to-night?" he asked.

"No. She has been up too much of late. And I wished to speak with you—about Imogene."

"Yes," said Colville, not very eagerly. At that moment he could have chosen another topic.

"It is time that her mother should have got my letter. In less than a fortnight we ought to have an answer."

"Well?" said Colville, with a strange constriction of the heart.

"Her mother is a person of very strong character; her husband is absorbed in business, and defers to her in everything."

"It isn't an uncommon American situation," said Colville, relieving his tension by this excursion.

Mrs. Bowen ignored it. "I don't know how she may look at the affair. She may give her assent at once, or she may decide that nothing has taken place till—she sees you."

"I could hardly blame her for that," he answered, submissively.

"It isn't a question of that," said Mrs. Bowen. "It's a question of—others. Mr. Morton was here before you came, and I know he was interested in Imogene—I am certain of it. He has come back, and he sees no reason why he should not renew his attentions."

"No—o—o," faltered Colville.

"I wish you to realize the fact."

"But what would you—"

"I told you," said Mrs. Bowen, with a full return of that severity whose recent absence Colville had found so comfortable, "that I can't advise or suggest anything at all."

He was long and miserably silent. At last, "Did you ever think," he asked, "did you ever suppose—that is to say, did you ever suspect that—she—that Imogene was—at all interested in him?"

"I think she was—at one time," said Mrs. Bowen, promptly.

Colville sighed, with a wandering disposition to whistle.

"But that is nothing," she went on. "People have many passing fancies. The question is, what are you going to do now? I want to know, as Mr. Morton's friend."

"Ah, I wish you wanted to know as *my* friend, Mrs. Bowen!" A sudden thought flashed upon him. "Why shouldn't I go away from Florence till Imogene hears from her mother? That seemed to me right in the first place. There is no tie that binds her to me. I hold her to nothing. If she finds in my absence that she likes this young man better—" An expression of Mrs. Bowen's face stopped him. He perceived that he had said something very shocking to her; he perceived that the thing was shocking in itself; but it was not that which he cared for. "I don't mean that I won't hold myself true to her as long as she will. I recognize my responsibility fully. I know that I am answerable for all this, and that no one else is; and I am ready to bear any penalty. But what I can't bear is that you should misunderstand me, that you should— I have been so wretched ever since you first began to blame me for my part in this, and so happy this past fortnight, that I can't—I *won't*—go back to that state of things. No; you have no right to relent toward me, and then fling me off as you have tried to do to-night! I have some feeling too—some rights. You shall receive me as a friend, or not at all! How can I live if you—"

She had been making little efforts as if to rise; now she forced herself to her feet, and ran from the room.

The young people looked up from their music; some wave of the sensation had spread to them, but seeing Colville remain seated, they went on with their playing till he rose. Then Imogene called out, "Isn't Mrs. Bowen coming back?"

"I don't know; I think not," answered Colville, stupidly, standing where he had risen.

She hastened questioningly toward him. "What is the matter? Isn't she well?"

Mr. Morton's face expressed a polite share in her anxiety.

"Oh yes; quite, I believe," Colville replied.

"She heard Effie call, I suppose," suggested the girl.

"Yes, yes; I think so; that is—yes. I must be going. Good-night."

He took her hand and went away, leaving the clergyman still there; but he lingered only for a report from Mrs. Bowen, which Imogene hurried to get. She sent word that she would join them presently. But Mr. Morton said that it was late already, and he would beg Miss Graham to say good-night for him. When Mrs. Bowen returned, Imogene was alone.

She did not seem surprised or concerned at that. "Imogene, I have been talking to Mr. Colville about you and Mr. Morton."

The girl started and turned pale.

"It is almost time to hear from your mother, and she may consent to your engagement. Then you must be prepared to act."

"Act?"

"To make it known. Matters can't go on as they have been going. I told Mr. Colville that Mr. Morton ought to know at once."

"Why ought he to know?" asked Imogene, doubtless with that impulse to temporize which is natural to the human soul in questions of right and interest. She sank into the chair beside which she had been standing.

"If your mother consents, you will feel bound to Mr. Colville?"

"Yes," said the girl.

"And if she refuses?"

"He has my word. I will keep my word to him," replied Imogene, huskily. "Nothing shall make me break it."

"Very well, then!" exclaimed Mrs. Bowen. "We need not wait for your mother's answer. Mr. Morton ought to know, and he ought to know at once. Don't try to blind yourself, Imogene, to what you see as plainly as I do. He is in love with you."

"Oh," moaned the girl.

"Yes; you can't deny it. And it's cruel, it's treacherous, to let him go on thinking that you are free."

"I will never see him again."

"Ah! that isn't enough. He has a claim to know why. I will not let him be treated so."

They were both silent. Then, "What did Mr. Colville say?" asked Imogene.

"He? I don't know that he said anything. He—" Mrs. Bowen stopped.

Imogene rose from her chair.

"I will not let him tell Mr. Morton. It would be too indelicate."

"And shall you let it go on so?"

"No. I will tell him myself."

"How will you tell him?"

"I will tell him if he speaks to me."

"You will let it come to that?"

"There is no other way. I shall suffer more than he."

"But you will deserve to suffer, and your suffering will not help him."

Imogene trembled into her chair again.

"I see," said Mrs. Bowen, bitterly, "how it will be at last. It will be as it has been from the first." She began to walk up and down the room, mechanically putting the chairs in place, and removing the disorder in which the occupancy of several people leaves a room at the end of an evening. She closed the piano, which Imogene had forgot to shut, with a clash that jarred the strings from their silence. "But I will do it, and I wonder—"

"You will speak to him?" faltered the girl.

"Yes!" returned Mrs. Bowen, vehemently, and arresting herself in her rapid movements. "It won't do for you to tell him, and you won't let Mr. Colville."

"No, I can't," said Imogene, slowly shaking her head. "But I will discourage him; I will not see him any more." Mrs. Bowen silently confronted her. "I will not see any one now till I have heard from home."

"And how will that help? He must have some explanation, and I will have to make it. What shall it be?"

Imogene did not answer. She said: "I will not have any one know what is between me and Mr. Colville till I have heard from home. If they try to refuse, then it will be for him to take me against their will. But if he doesn't choose to do that, then he shall be free, and I won't have him humiliated a second time before the world. *This* time *he* shall be the one to reject. And I don't care who suffers. The more I prize the person, the gladder I shall be; and if I could suffer before everybody, I would. If people ever find it out, I will tell them that it was he who broke it off." She rose again from her chair, and stood flushed and thrilling with the notion of her self-sacrifice. Out of the tortuous complexity of the situation she had evolved this brief triumph, in which she rejoiced as if it were enduring success. But she suddenly fell from it in the dust. "Oh, what can I do for him? How can I make him feel more and more that I would give up anything, everything, for him! It's because he asks nothing and wants nothing that it's so hard! If I could see that he was unhappy, as I did once! If I could see that he was at all different since—since— Oh, what I dread is this smooth tranquillity! If our lives could only be stormy and full of cares and anxieties and troubles that I could take on myself, then, then I shouldn't

be afraid of the future! But I'm afraid they won't be so—no, I'm afraid that they will be easy and quiet, and then what shall I do? Oh, Mrs. Bowen, do you think he cares for me?"

Mrs. Bowen turned white; she did not speak.

The girl wrung her hands. "Sometimes it seems as if he didn't—as if I had forced myself on him through a mistake, and he had taken me to save me from the shame of knowing that I had made a mistake. Do you think that is true? If you can only tell me that it isn't— Or, no! If it is true, tell me that! *That* would be real mercy."

The other trembled as if physically beaten upon by this appeal. But she gathered herself together rigidly. "How can I answer you such a thing as that? I mustn't listen to you; you mustn't ask me." She turned and left the girl standing still in her attitude of imploring. But in her own room, where she locked herself in, sobs mingled with the laughter which broke crazily from her lips as she removed this ribbon and that jewel, and pulled the bracelets from her wrists. A man would have plunged from the house and walked the night away; a woman must wear it out in her bed.

XXI.

In the morning Mrs. Bowen received a note from her banker covering a dispatch by cable from America. It was from Imogene's mother; it acknowledged the letters they had written, and announced that she sailed that day for Liverpool. It was dated at New York, and it was to be inferred that after perhaps writing in answer to their letters, she had suddenly made up her mind to come out.

"Yes, that is it," said Imogene, to whom Mrs. Bowen hastened with the dispatch. "Why should she have telegraphed to *you*?" she asked, coldly, but with a latent fire of resentment in her tone.

"You must ask her when she comes," returned Mrs. Bowen, with all her gentleness. "It won't be long now."

They looked as if they had neither of them slept; but the girl's vigil seemed to have made her wild and fierce, like some bird that has beat itself all night against its cage, and still from time to time feebly strikes the bars with its wings. Mrs. Bowen was simply worn to apathy.

"What shall you do about this?" she asked.

"Do about it? Oh, I will think. I will try not to trouble you."

"Imogene!"

"I shall have to tell Mr. Colville. But I don't know that I shall tell him at once. Give me the dispatch, please." She possessed herself of it greedily, offensively. "I shall ask you not to speak of it."

"I will do whatever you wish."

"Thank you."

Mrs. Bowen left the room, but she turned immediately to re-open the door she had closed behind her.

"We were to have gone to Fiesole to-morrow," she said, inquiringly.

"We can still go if the day is fine," returned the girl. "Nothing is changed. I wish very much to go. Couldn't we go to-day?" she added, with eager defiance.

"It's too late to-day," said Mrs. Bowen, quietly. "I will write to remind the gentlemen."

"Thank you. I wish we could have gone to-day."

"You can have the carriage if you wish to drive anywhere," said Mrs. Bowen.

"I will take Effie to see Mrs. Amsden." But Imogene changed her mind, and went to call upon two Misses Guicciardi, the result of an international marriage, whom Mrs. Bowen did not like very well. Imogene drove with them to the Cascine, where they bowed to a numerous military acquaintance, and they asked her if Mrs. Bowen would let her join them in a theatre party that evening: they were New-Yorkers by birth, and it was to be a theatre party in the New York style; they were to be chaperoned by a young married lady; two young men cousins of theirs, just out from America, had taken the box.

When Imogene returned home she told Mrs. Bowen that she had accepted this invitation. Mrs. Bowen said nothing, but when one of the young men came up to hand Imogene down to the carriage, which was waiting with the others at the gate, she could not have shown a greater toleration of his second-rate New-Yorkiness if she had been a Boston dowager offering him the scrupulous hospitalities of her city.

Imogene came in at midnight; she hummed an air of the opera as she took off her wraps and ornaments in her room, and this in the quiet of the hour had a terrible, almost profane effect: it was as if some other kind of girl had whistled. She showed the same nonchalance at

breakfast, where she was prompt, and answered Mrs. Bowen's inquiries about her pleasure the night before with a liveliness that ignored the polite resolution that prompted them.

Mr. Morton was the first to arrive, and if his discouragement began at once, the first steps masked themselves in a reckless welcome, which seemed to fill him with joy, and Mrs. Bowen with silent perplexity. The girl ran on about her evening at the opera, and about the weather, and the excursion they were going to make; and after an apparently needless ado over the bouquet which he brought her, together with one for Mrs. Bowen, she put it in her belt, and made Colville notice it when he came: he had not thought to bring flowers.

He turned from her hilarity with anxious question to Mrs. Bowen, who did not meet his eye, and who snubbed Effie when the child found occasion to whisper: "*I* think Imogene is acting very strangely, for *her;* don't you, mamma? It seems as if going with those Guicciardi girls just once had spoiled her."

"Don't make remarks about people, Effie," said her mother, sharply. "It isn't nice in little girls, and I don't want you to do it. You talk too much lately."

Effie turned grieving away from this rejection, and her face did not light up even at the whimsical sympathy in Colville's face, who saw that she had met a check of some sort; he had to take her on his knee and coax and kiss her before her wounded feelings were visibly healed. He put her down with a sighing wish that some one could take him up and soothe his troubled sensibilities too, and kept her hand in his while he sat waiting for the last of those last moments in which the hurrying delays of ladies preparing for an excursion seem never to end.

When they were ready to get into the carriage, the usual contest of self-sacrifice arose, which Imogene terminated by mounting to the front seat; Mr. Morton hastened to take the seat beside her, and Colville was left to sit with Effie and her mother. "You old people will be safer back there," said Imogene. It was a little joke which she addressed to the child, but a gleam from her eye as she turned to speak to the young man at her side visited Colville in desperate defiance. He wondered what she was about in that allusion to an idea which she had shrunk from so sensitively hitherto. But he found himself in a situation which he could not penetrate at any point. When he spoke with Mrs. Bowen it was with a dark under-current of conjecture as to how and when she expected him to tell Mr. Morton of his relation to Imogene, or whether she still expected him to do it; when his eyes fell upon the face of the young man, he despaired as to the terms in which he should put the fact: any form in which he tacitly dramatized it remained very embarrassing, for he felt bound to say that while he held himself promised in the matter, he did not allow her to feel herself so.

A sky of American blueness and vastness, a mellow sun, and a delicate breeze did all that these things could for them, as they began the long, devious climb of the hills crowned by the ancient Etruscan city. At first they were all in the constraint of their own and one another's moods, known or imagined, and no talk began till the young clergyman turned to Imogene and asked, after a long look at the smiling landscape, "What sort of weather do you suppose they are having at Buffalo to-day?"

"At Buffalo?" she repeated, as if the place had only a dim existence in her remotest consciousness. "Oh! the ice isn't near out of the lake yet. You can't count on it before the first of May."

"And the first of May comes sooner or later, according to the season," said Colville. "I remember coming on once in the middle of the month, and the river was so full of ice between Niagara Falls and Buffalo that I had to shut the car window that I'd kept open all the way through southern Canada. But we have very little of that local weather at home; our weather is as democratic and continental as our political constitution. Here it's March or May any time from September till June, according as there's snow on the mountains or not."

The young man smiled. "But don't you like," he asked, with deference, "this slow, orderly advance of the Italian spring, where the flowers seem to come out one by one, and every blossom has its appointed time?"

"Oh yes; it's very well in its way; but I prefer the rush of the American spring: no thought of mild weather this morning; a warm, gusty rain to-morrow night; day after to-morrow a burst of blossoms

and flowers and young leaves and birds. I don't know whether we were made for our climate or our climate was made for us, but its impatience and lavishness seem to answer some inner demand of our go-ahead souls. This happens to be the week of the peach blossoms here, and you see their pink everywhere to-day, and you don't see anything else in the blossom line. But imagine the American spring abandoning a whole week of her precious time to the exclusive use of peach blossoms! She wouldn't do it; she's got too many other things on hand."

Effie had stretched out over Colville's lap, and with her elbow sunk deep in his knee, was resting her chin in her hand and taking the facts of the landscape thoroughly in. "Do they have just a week?" she asked.

"Not an hour more or less," said Colville. "If they found an almond blossom hanging round anywhere after their time came, they would make an awful row; and if any lazy little peach-blow hadn't got out by the time their week was up, it would have to stay in till next year; the pear blossoms wouldn't let it come out."

"Wouldn't they?" murmured the child, in dreamy sympathy with this belated peach-blow.

"Well, that's what people say. In America it would be allowed to come out any time. It's a free country."

Mrs. Bowen offered to draw Effie back to a posture of more decorum, but Colville put his arm round the little girl. "Oh, let her stay! It doesn't incommode me, and she must be getting such a novel effect of the landscape."

The mother fell back into her former attitude of jaded passivity. He wondered whether she had changed her mind about having him speak to Mr. Morton; her quiescence might well have been indifference; one could have said, knowing the whole situation, that she had made up her mind to let things take their course, and struggle with them no longer.

He could not believe that she felt content with him; she must feel far otherwise; and he took refuge, as he had the power of doing, from the discomfort of his own thoughts in jesting with the child, and mocking her with this extravagance and that; the discomfort then became merely a dull ache that insisted upon itself at intervals, like a grumbling tooth.

The prospect was full of that mingled wildness and subordination that gives its supreme charm to the Italian landscape; and without elements of great variety, it combined them in infinite picturesqueness. There were olive orchards and vineyards, and again vineyards and olive orchards. Closer to the farm-houses and cottages there were peaches and other fruit trees and kitchen-gardens; broad ribbons of grain waved between the ranks of trees; around the white villas the spires of the cypresses pierced the blue air. Now and then they came to a villa with weather-beaten statues strutting about its parterres. A mild, pleasant heat brooded upon the fields and roofs, and the city, dropping lower and lower as they mounted, softened and blended its towers and monuments in a sombre mass shot with gleams of white.

Colville spoke to Imogene, who withdrew her eyes from it with a sigh, after long brooding upon the scene. "You can do nothing with it, I see."

"With what?"

"The landscape. It's too full of every possible interest. What a history is written all over it, public and private! If you don't take it simply, like any other landscape, it becomes an oppression. It's well that tourists come to Italy so ignorant, and keep so. Otherwise they couldn't live to get home again: the past would crush them."

Imogene scrutinized him as if to extract some personal meaning from his words, and then turned her head away. The clergyman addressed him with what was like a respectful toleration of the drolleries of a gifted but eccentric man, the flavor of whose talk he was beginning to taste.

"You don't really mean that one shouldn't come to Italy as well informed as possible?"

"Well, I did," said Colville; "but I don't."

The young man pondered this, and Imogene started up with an air of rescuing them from each other—as if she would not let Mr. Morton think Colville trivial, or Colville consider the clergyman stupid, but would do what she could to take their minds off the whole question. Perhaps she was not very clear as to how this was to be done; at any rate she did not speak, and Mrs. Bowen came to her support, from whatever motive of her own. It might have been from a sense of the injustice of

letting Mr. Morton suffer from the complications that involved herself and the others. The affair had been going very hitchily ever since they started, with the burden of the conversation left to the two men and that helpless girl; if it were not to be altogether a failure, she must interfere.

"Did you ever hear of Gratiano when you were in Venice?" she asked Mr. Morton.

"Is he one of their new water-colorists?" returned the young man. "I heard they had quite a school there now."

"No," said Mrs. Bowen, ignoring her failure as well as she could; "he was a famous talker; he loved to speak an infinite deal of nothing more than any man in Venice."

"An ancestor of mine, Mr. Morton," said Colville; "a poor, honest man, who did his best to make people forget that the ladies were silent. Thank you, Mrs. Bowen, for mentioning him. I wish he were with us to-day."

The young man laughed. "Oh, in the *Merchant of Venice!*"

"No other," said Colville.

"I confess," said Mrs. Bowen, "that I *am* rather stupid this morning. I suppose it's the softness of the air; it's been harsh and irritating so long. It makes me drowsy."

"Don't mind *us*," returned Colville. "We will call you at important points." They were driving into a village at which people stop sometimes to admire the works of art in its church. "Here, for example, is— What place is this?" he asked of the coachman.

"San Domenico."

"I should know it again by its beggars." Of all ages and sexes they swarmed round the carriage, which the driver had instinctively slowed to oblige them, and thrust forward their hands and hats. Colville gave Effie his small change to distribute among them, at sight of which they streamed down the street from every direction. Those who had received brought forward the halt and blind, and did not scruple to propose being rewarded for this service. At the same time they did not mind his laughing in their faces; they laughed too, and went off content, or as nearly so as beggars ever are. He buttoned up his pocket as they drove on more rapidly. "I am the only person of no principle—except Effie—in the carriage, and yet I am at this moment carrying more blessings out of this village than I shall ever know what to do with. Mrs. Bowen, I know, is regarding me with severe disapproval. She thinks that I ought to have sent the beggars of San Domenico to Florence, where they would all be shut up in the Pia Casa di Ricovero, and taught some useful occupation. It's terrible in Florence. You can walk through Florence now and have no appeal made to your better nature that is not made at the appellant's risk of imprisonment. When I was there before, you had opportunities of giving at every turn."

"You can send a check to the Pia Casa," said Mrs. Bowen.

"Ah, but what good would that do me? When I give I want the pleasure of it; I want to see my beneficiary cringe under my bounty. But I've tried in vain to convince you that the world has gone wrong in other ways. Do you remember the one-armed man whom we used to give to on the Lung' Arno? That persevering sufferer has been repeatedly arrested for mendicancy, and obliged to pay a fine out of his hard earnings to escape being sent to your Pia Casa."

Mrs. Bowen smiled, and said, Was he living yet? in a pensive tone of reminiscence. She was even more than patient of Colville's nonsense. It seemed to him that the light under her eyelids was sometimes a grateful light. Confronting Imogene and the young man whose hopes of her he was to destroy at the first opportunity, the lurid moral atmosphere which he breathed seemed threatening to become a thing apparent to sense, and to be about to blot the landscape. He fought it back as best he could, and kept the hovering cloud from touching the earth by incessant effort. At times he looked over the side of the carriage, and drew secretly a long breath of fatigue. It began to be borne in upon him that these ladies were using him ill in leaving him the burden of their entertainment. He became angry, but his heart softened, and he forgave them again, for he conjectured that he was the cause of the cares that kept them silent. He felt certain that the affair had taken some new turn. He wondered if Mrs. Bowen had told Imogene what she had demanded of him. But he could only conjecture and wonder in the dreary under-current of thought that flowed evenly and darkly on with the talk he kept going. He made

the most he could of the varying views of Florence which the turns and mounting levels of the road gave him. He became affectionately grateful to the young clergyman when he replied promptly and fully, and took an interest in the objects or subjects he brought up.

Neither Mrs. Bowen nor Imogene was altogether silent. The one helped on at times wearily, and the other broke at times from her abstraction. Doubtless the girl had undertaken too much in insisting upon a party of pleasure with her mind full of so many things, and doubtless Mrs. Bowen was sore with a rankling resentment at her insistence, and vexed at herself for having yielded to it. If at her time of life and with all her experience of it she could not rise under this inner load, Imogene must have been crushed by it.

Her starts from the dreamy oppression, if that were what kept her silent, took the form of aggression, when she disagreed with Colville about things he was saying, or attacked him for this or that thing which he had said in times past. It was an unhappy and unamiable self-assertion, which he was not able to compassionate so much when she resisted or defied Mrs. Bowen, as she seemed seeking to do at every point. Perhaps another would not have felt it so; it must have been largely in his consciousness; the young clergyman seemed not to see anything in these bursts but the indulgence of a gay caprice, though his laughing at them did not alleviate the effect to Colville, who, when he turned to Mrs. Bowen for her alliance, was astonished with a prompt snub, unmistakable to himself, however imperceptible to others.

He found what diversion and comfort he could in the party of children who beset them at a point near the town, and followed the carriage, trying to sell them various light and useless trifles made of straw—fans, baskets, parasols, and the like. He bought recklessly of them and gave them to Effie, whom he assured, without the applause of the ladies, and with the grave question of the young clergyman, that the venders were little Etruscan girls, all at least twenty-five hundred years old. "It's very hard to find any Etruscans under that age; most of the grown-up people are three thousand."

The child humored his extravagance with the faith in fable which children are able to command, and said, "Oh, tell me about them!" while she pushed up closer to him, and began to admire her presents, holding them up before her, and dwelling fondly upon them one by one.

"Oh, there's very little to tell," answered Colville. "They're mighty close people, and always keep themselves very much *to* themselves. But wouldn't you like to see a party of Etruscans of all ages, even down to little babies only eleven or twelve hundred years old, come driving into an American town? It would make a great excitement, wouldn't it?"

"It would be splendid."

"Yes; we would give them a collation in the basement of the City Hall, and drive them out to the cemetery. The Americans and Etruscans are very much alike in that—they always show you their tombs."

"Will they in Fiesole?"

"How you always like to burrow into the past!" interrupted Imogene.

"Well, it's rather difficult burrowing into the future," returned Colville, defensively. Accepting the challenge, he added: "Yes, I should really like to meet a few Etruscans in Fiesole this morning. I should feel as if I'd got amongst my contemporaries at last; they would understand me."

The girl's face flushed. "Then no one else can understand you?"

"Apparently not. I am the great American *incompris.*"

"I'm sorry for you," she returned, feebly; and, in fact, sarcasm was not her strong point.

When they entered the town they found the Etruscans preoccupied with other visitors, whom at various points in the quaint little piazza they surrounded in dense groups, to their own disadvantage as guides and beggars and dealers in straw goods. One of the groups reluctantly dispersed to devote itself to the new arrivals, and these then perceived that it was a party of artists, scattered about and sketching, which had absorbed the attention of the population. Colville went to the restaurant to order lunch, leaving the ladies to the care of Mr. Morton. When he came back he found the carriage surrounded by the artists, who had turned out to be the Inglehart boys. They had walked up to Fiesole the afternoon before, and they had been sketching there all the morning. With the artist's indifference

to the conventional objects of interest, they were still ignorant of what ought to be seen in Fiesole by tourists, and they accepted Colville's proposition to be of his party in going the rounds of the Cathedral, the Museum, and the view from that point of the wall called the Belvedere. They found that they had been at the Belvedere before without knowing that it merited particular recognition, and some of them had made sketches from it—of bits of architecture and landscape, and of figure amongst the women with straw fans and baskets to sell, who thronged round the whole party again, and interrupted the prospect. In the church they differed amongst themselves as to the best bits for study, and Colville listened in whimsical despair to the enthusiasm of their likings and dislikings. All that was so far from him now; but in the Museum, which had only a thin interest based upon a small collection of art and archæology, he suffered a real affliction in the presence of a young Italian couple, who were probably plighted lovers. They went before a gray-haired pair, who might have been the girl's father and mother, and they looked at none of the objects, though they regularly stopped before them and waited till their guide had said his say about them. The girl, clinging tight to the young man's arm, knew nothing but him; her mouth and eyes were set in a passionate concentration of her being upon him, and he seemed to walk in a dream of her. From time to time they peered upon each others' faces, and then they paused, rapt, and indifferent to all besides.

The young painters had their jokes about it; even Mr. Morton smiled, and Mrs. Bowen recognized it. But Imogene did not smile; she regarded the lovers with an interest in them scarcely less intense than their interest in each other; and a cold perspiration of question broke out on Colville's forehead. Was that her ideal of what her own engagement should be? Had she expected him to behave in that way to her, and to accept from her a devotion like that girl's? How bitterly he must have disappointed her! It was so impossible to him that the thought of it made him feel that he must break all ties which bound him to anything like it. And yet he reflected that the time was when he could have been equal to that, and even more.

After lunch the painters joined them again, and they all went together to visit the ruins of the Roman theatre and the stretch of Etruscan wall beyond it. The former seems older than the latter, whose huge blocks of stone lie as firmly and evenly in their courses as if placed there a year ago; the turf creeps to the edge at top, and some small trees nod along the crest of the wall, whose ancient face, clean and bare, looks sternly out over a vast prospect, now young and smiling in the first delight of spring. The piety or interest of the community, which guards the entrance to the theatre by a fee of certain centesimi, may be concerned in keeping the wall free from the grass and vines which are stealing the half-excavated arena back to forgetfulness and decay; but whatever agency it was, it weakened the appeal that the wall made to the sympathy of the spectators. They could do nothing with it; the artists did not take their sketch-blocks from their pockets. But in the theatre, where a few broken columns marked the place of the stage, and the stone benches of the auditorium were here and there reached by a flight of uncovered steps, the human interest returned.

"I suspect that there is such a thing as a ruin's being too old," said Colville. "Our Etruscan friends made the mistake of building their wall several thousand years too soon for our purpose."

"Yes," consented the young clergyman. "It seems as if our own race became alienated from us through the mere effect of time—don't you think, sir? I mean, of course, terrestrially."

The artists looked uneasy, as if they had not counted upon anything of this kind, and they began to scatter about for points of view. Effie got her mother's leave to run up and down one of the stairways, if she would not fall. Mrs. Bowen sat down on one of the lower steps, and Mr. Morton took his place respectfully near her.

"I wonder how it looks from the top?" Imogene asked this of Colville, with more meaning than seemed to belong to the question properly.

"There is nothing like going to see," he suggested. He helped her up, giving her his hand from one course of seats to another. When they reached the point which commanded the best view of the whole, she sat down, and he sank at

her feet, but they did not speak of the view.

"Theodore, I want to tell you something," she said, abruptly. "I have heard from home."

"Yes?" he replied, in a tone in which he did his best to express a readiness for any fate.

"Mother has telegraphed. She is coming out. She is on her way now. She will be here very soon."

Colville did not know exactly what to say to these passionately consecutive statements. "Well?" he said at last.

"Well"—she repeated his word—"what do you intend to do?"

"Intend to do in what event?" he asked, lifting his eyes for the first time to the eyes which he felt burning down upon him.

"If she should refuse?"

Again he could not command an instant answer, but when it came it was a fair one. "It isn't for me to say what I shall do," he replied, gravely. "Or, if it is, I can only say that I will do whatever you wish."

"Do *you* wish nothing?"

"Nothing but your happiness."

"Nothing but my happiness!" she retorted. "What is my happiness to me? Have I ever sought it?"

"I can't say," he answered; "but if I did not think you would find it—"

"I shall find it, if ever I find it, in yours," she interrupted. "And what shall you do if my mother will not consent to our engagement?"

The experienced and sophisticated man—for that in no ill way was what Colville was—felt himself on trial for his honor and his manhood by this simple girl, this child. He could not endure to fall short of her ideal of him at that moment, no matter what error or calamity the fulfillment involved. "If you feel sure that you love me, Imogene, it will make no difference to me what your mother says. I would be glad of her consent; I should hate to go counter to her will; but I know that I am good enough man to be true and keep you all my life the first in all my thoughts, and that's enough for me. But if you have any fear, any doubt of yourself, now is the time—"

Imogene rose to her feet as in some turmoil of thought or emotion that would not suffer her to remain quiet.

"Oh, keep still!" "Don't get up yet!" "Hold on a minute, please!" came from the artists in different parts of the theatre, and half a dozen imploring pencils were waved in the air.

"They are sketching you," said Colville, and she sank compliantly into her seat again.

"I have no doubt for myself—no," she said, as if there had been no interruption.

"Then we need have no anxiety in meeting your mother," said Colville, with a light sigh, after a moment's pause. "What makes you think she will be unfavorable?"

"I don't think that; but I thought—I didn't know but—"

"What?"

"Nothing, now." Her lips were quivering; he could see her struggle for self-control, but he could not see it unmoved.

"Poor child!" he said, putting out his hand toward her.

"Don't take my hand; they're all looking," she begged.

He forbore, and they remained silent and motionless a little while, before she had recovered herself sufficiently to speak again.

"Then we are promised to each other, whatever happens," she said.

"Yes."

"And we will never speak of this again. But there is one thing. Did Mrs. Bowen ask you to tell Mr. Morton of our engagement?"

"She said that I ought to do so."

"And did you say you would?"

"I don't know. But I suppose I ought to tell him."

"I don't wish you to!" cried the girl.

"You don't wish me to tell him?"

"No; I will not have it!"

"Oh, very well; it's much easier not. But it seems to me that it's only fair to him."

"Did you think of that yourself?" she demanded, fiercely.

"No," returned Colville, with sad self-recognition. "I'm afraid I'm not apt to think of the comforts and rights of other people. It was Mrs. Bowen who thought of it."

"I knew it!"

"But I must confess that I agreed with her, though I would have preferred to postpone it till we heard from your family." He was thoughtfully silent a mo-

ment; then he said, "But if their decision is to have no weight with us, I think he ought to be told at once."

"Do you think that I am flirting with him?"

"Imogene!" exclaimed Colville, reproachfully.

"That's what you imply; that's what she implies."

"You're very unjust to Mrs. Bowen, Imogene."

"Oh, you always defend her! It isn't the first time you've told me I was unjust to her."

"I don't mean that you are willingly unjust, or could be so, to any living creature, least of all to her. But I—we—owe her so much; she has been so patient."

"What do we owe her? How has she been patient?"

"She has overcome her dislike to me."

"Oh, indeed!"

"And—and I feel under obligation to her for—in a thousand little ways; and I should be glad to feel that we were acting with her approval; I should like to please her."

"You wish to tell Mr. Morton?"

"I think I ought."

"To please Mrs. Bowen! Tell him, then! You always cared more to please her than me. Perhaps you staid in Florence to please her!"

She rose and ran down the broken seats and ruined steps so recklessly and yet so sure-footedly that it seemed more like a flight than a pace, to the place where Mrs. Bowen and Mr. Morton were talking together.

Colville followed as he could, slowly and with a heavy heart. A good thing develops itself in infinite and unexpected shapes of good; a bad thing into manifold and astounding evils. This mistake was whirling away beyond his recall in hopeless mazes of error. He saw this generous young spirit betrayed by it to ignoble and unworthy excess, and he knew that he and not she was to blame.

He was helpless to approach her, to speak with her, to set her right, great as the need of that was, and he could see that she avoided him. But their relations remained outwardly undisturbed. The artists brought their sketches for inspection and comment, and, without speaking to each other, he and Imogene discussed them with the rest.

When they started homeward the painters said they were coming a little way with them for a send-off, and then going back to spend the night in Fiesole. They walked beside the carriage, talking with Mrs. Bowen and Imogene, who had taken their places, with Effie between them, on the back seat; and when they took their leave, Colville and the young clergyman, who had politely walked with them, continued on foot a little farther, till they came to the place where the highway to Florence divided into the new road and the old. At this point it steeply overtops the fields on one side, which is shored up by a wall some ten or twelve feet deep; and here round a sharp turn of the hill on the other side came a peasant driving a herd of the black pigs of the country.

Mrs. Bowen's horses were, perhaps, pampered beyond the habitual resignation of Florentine horses to all manner of natural phenomena; they reared at sight of the sable crew, and backing violently up-hill, set the carriage across the road, with its hind wheels a few feet from the brink of the wall. The coachman sprang from his seat; the ladies and the child remained in theirs as if paralyzed.

Colville ran forward to the side of the carriage. "Jump, Mrs. Bowen! jump, Effie! Imogene—"

The mother and the little one obeyed. He caught them in his arms and set them down. The girl sat still, staring at him with reproachful, with disdainful eyes.

He leaped forward to drag her out; she shrank away, and then he flew to help the coachman, who had the maddened horses by the bit.

"Let go!" he heard the young clergyman calling to him; "she's safe!" He caught a glimpse of Imogene, whom Mr. Morton had pulled from the other side of the carriage. He struggled to free his wrist from the curb-bit chain of the horse, through which he had plunged it in his attempt to seize the bridle. The wheels of the carriage went over the wall; he felt himself whirled into the air, and then swung ruining down into the writhing and crashing heap at the bottom of the wall.

THE MILITIA AND THE ARMY.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.

IT is a universal rule that before the nature and construction of any instrument can be properly determined, the purpose it is to fulfill and the conditions under which it is to be used must be fully known. This rule applies to laws, institutions of all kinds, machines, tools—in fact, to everything used by man, and is peculiarly applicable to all matters pertaining to military affairs, where emergencies are sure to arise suddenly, and success depends upon the proper adaptation of means to the end.

When the moment arrives for the employment of any military instrument, whatever its nature may be, there is no time for alterations or experiments, and it is absolutely necessary that it should be so complete, strong, and simple, so well adjusted to the purpose it is intended to effect, that it will be sure to work promptly, smoothly, and successfully.

This can be accomplished only by careful preparation during the time of peace.

Before entering, then, upon our subject, it is essential to set forth plainly and clearly the object for which the militia can and ought to be employed.

The armed land forces of this country have several purposes for their application: waging offensive war in foreign countries; defending our own soil against attack from without; quelling rebellion at home; putting down riots in our cities, or any other disturbances not sufficiently extensive or formidable to place them in the category of rebellions, but too serious to be disposed of by the ordinary police force of the localities where they occur.

Experience has proved that a well-organized regular army, kept within proper bounds as to numbers, is the cheapest and most effective means for accomplishing these various purposes.

But our experience also proves that it is highly improbable, perhaps impossible, that our permanent establishment will ever be large enough to answer all these needs without prompt and very considerable re-enforcements from other sources, either by filling up existing organizations to the maximum or by adding new organizations thereto.

It is very important that men somewhat trained in discipline and to the use of arms should be available to fill up the regular regiments, and that reasonably effective organizations should exist to supplement and act with them whenever it is desirable, under our form of government, that the regular army should not be used for the suppression of purely local difficulties.

The old theory of the militia system was that all, or practically all, of the able-bodied men of the nation, within certain limits of age, were to be organized in regiments, brigades, and divisions, ready to be called out when an exigency should arise.

Practically the system proved to be an entire failure. Our numbers are so great, our people so completely absorbed in the pursuits of private life, as to render it impossible to introduce anything approaching order and efficiency in so large an organization. But within the militia there have arisen voluntary organizations, generally known as National Guards, which practically form the real and immediately available militia of the nation.

It is the part of wisdom, it is an urgent necessity, to bend our efforts toward increasing the numbers and efficiency of the National Guards until they form a sufficiently numerous and reliable corps to constitute a sufficient reserve for and addition to the regular army, and are competent to replace it entirely for certain purposes within our own borders.

That we may be able to keep pace with the rapid and unceasing improvements of modern military science, and adapt them to our peculiar needs, it is absolutely necessary that we should have a permanent establishment where officers devote themselves entirely to the military profession, while the non-commissioned officers and men remain long enough in the service to acquire thorough discipline and instruction.

In measuring the value of such a permanent establishment it is to be borne in mind that not only can it perform certain duties, such as the control of the Indians, very much more efficiently and economically than any temporary force, but that, if maintained at a sufficiently high numerical standard, it stands ready to bear the first brunt of hostilities until new troops can be organized and instructed, that it affords the means of infusing discipline and instruction among these new troops, and that it furnishes the robust

frames of the various staff corps, whose business it is to direct the movements and supply the needs of both old and new troops. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of these staff corps of the regular army, and it is one of the unavoidable necessities of our position to maintain them on a larger scale than is demanded by the current needs of the army on a peace footing.

Our ability to increase the strength of the army with rapidity, and to improvise new armies, depends chiefly—it might perhaps justly be said entirely—upon our maintaining in time of peace large and thoroughly trained staff corps. Far from having too many, our organization is still deficient in the lack of something corresponding to the magnificent "General Staff Corps" of the German army—a corps composed of the ablest and most highly trained officers of the most perfectly organized army the world has ever seen, and forming the most admirable and efficient military instrument of which history bears record.

It must not for a moment be forgotten that the mere drill in the tactics and the use of arms forms a very small—although a very essential—part of the instruction required to prepare troops for war.

The proper feeding and clothing of the men, the care of their health, the collection of the various supplies required, together with the formation and management of the requisite depots and trains to insure their being on hand at the right time and place, the determination of the most efficient arms and ammunition, the establishment of hospitals and field-hospital trains, the provision of the means for crossing rivers, the use of heavy and light artillery, the conduct of sieges, the attack and defense of posts, the collection of information as to the theatre of war and the supplies it affords, of the movements and intentions of the enemy, guard and outpost duty, reconnaissances, marches, handling troops on the field of battle—in other words, the means required to put troops to the best possible use, or, in fact, to any use whatever—all this requires for its proper execution a combination of theory and practice, of education and experience, that can be acquired only through a regular establishment. Moreover, it must be remembered that never before has technical science played so great a part in war, and never before was thorough scientific knowledge of the art of war, in all its branches, so necessary to insure success.

The question for us to solve is, what portion of the duties of our armed forces can the militia, or National Guard, be fitted to perform, under all the circumstances of the case, and how can they best be so fitted?

There are some of these duties which the National Guard, as such, can not be qualified to perform alone, for want of the requisite time and opportunities.

By attempting too much, nothing will be achieved; while if our efforts are confined to the entirely practicable, much good will be attained.

Before proceeding with our subject it is proper to consider the probabilities and possibilities of the future, so far as they relate to the necessity for armed forces of any kind.

First let us glance hastily at some of the possible and probable sources of difficulty from abroad. This is a nation of more than 50,000,000 of people, proud, self-reliant, enterprising, and courageous. Well within the memories of a large part of our population we possessed a vast mercantile marine, whose flag was seen in every port of the known world. One of our greatest needs is an outlet in foreign markets for the immense products of our soil and of our manufactories. It is certain as fate that under the pressure of necessity, and with wise legislation, our commercial marine will soon revive, and erelong resume its old position before the world.

One effect of this change will be to throw us into still closer relations with the other nations—relations in the main very beneficial to all, but at the same time rendering us more liable to be affected by their difficulties, and necessarily giving rise to causes of friction from which we are now free.

For example, when the western Atlantic is once more crowded with our ships engaged in commerce with all parts of the world, we will begin to ask ourselves by what right a foreign nation holds a cordon of fortified naval stations commanding so many avenues of approach to our shores, and enabling it to cut off our vessels in the event of war. Halifax, the Bermudas, Nassau, and Jamaica are important to England not so much for purpose of self-protection, not so much for her own commerce, as they are for bases of operation against us.

In the late war, if Bermuda and Nassau had been in our possession, the contest would have been shortened some two years, for blockade-running would have been well-nigh impossible.

This is one cause of friction which must inevitably arise with our growth, and one reason why we should be prepared to defend our sea-coast.

Other similar probabilities could be mentioned, as in the event of the question arising of the cession of Cuba by Spain to any other European power.

I do not think that we should desire the acquisition of Cuba—certainly not for a long time to come—but we should and would go to war rather than allow that key of the Gulf to pass into the hands of any other European nation.

There is no reason, apparently, why our relations with the Dominion of Canada should be other than most friendly, but so long as her connection with Great Britain remains unchanged, she would necessarily become involved in any difficulty arising between her mother country and ourselves.

There is no absolute necessity for hostilities with Mexico; but when we consider the wide differences of religion, race, laws, and habits between us, it is possible that trouble may grow out of questions arising from the business relations so rapidly developing, the large investments of American capital in railways and other industrial enterprises, the great number of our people consequently residing in Mexico, and the oft-recurring border difficulties, and the conclusion is inevitable that it would be unwise to assume that no difficulty can occur requiring the employment of troops.

The subject of the construction of canals across the Isthmus is of vast interest to us. Should the Panama Canal ever be completed, and even during its construction, serious questions are likely to arise, requiring us to be prepared to enforce our rights and protect the privileges of our commerce.

When in the near future the inevitable construction of the Nicaragua Canal is undertaken and completed by American capital, under the protection of our government, we must still more be prepared to defend its neutrality and insure its undisturbed use as the best possible water route between our Atlantic and Pacific coasts.

It is unnecessary to multiply examples. My purpose has been accomplished if it has been shown that there is such a probability of strained relations with other countries as to render it incumbent upon us to maintain a certain state of preparation for war. If we remain entirely unprepared, it is quite certain that the emergencies will arise all too promptly, while if we are ready for them, hostilities may well be averted. So much for external, a word now in regard to our internal, sources of trouble.

With respect to the ever-burning Indian question—so often "finally settled," only to break out again almost with the regularity of machinery—it might suffice to bid my readers consult the daily papers, which, as I write, are filled with the sickening details of the horrors committed by Geronimo and his Apaches, and of the terror and apprehension felt upon the borders in consequence of the threatening and uneasy attitude of the Cheyennes, the Arrapahoes, and other tribes.

Until the entire control of Indian affairs is vested in the army, with sufficient means to enforce its decisions; until the younger Indians are imbued with new habits, desires, and ambitions, and the elder disarmed, and, where necessary, overawed by the display of overwhelming force; until the tribal organizations are broken up, and the Indians brought under the operation of the same laws as the white man, alike for his punishment and protection; until the frontiersman can regard the Indian as a fellow-citizen, or at least as a human being, instead of a murderous savage more akin to a wild beast than to a man—it is idle to expect a cessation of these outbreaks so constantly recurring throughout the vast territory dotted by their reservations.

Whether the cow-boy, the trader, the miner, or the Indian be at fault, so long as the present conditions endure there must be a repetition of outbreaks or of the apprehension of them.

Those who are protected from all possible danger by an insuperable barrier can not realize the horrors resulting from the raid of a few Indians, the immense difficulty of apprehending them, and the moral sufferings and material losses resulting from the mere apprehension of an Indian outbreak even on a small scale.

Among the widely scattered and defenseless settlements a party of less than

a score of Indians can with impunity create immense devastation, and the mere possibility of such a thing vastly impedes the material development of the country.

So long as this possibility exists it is the duty of the general government to provide fully against it at any cost. The great difficulty under which our army has always labored is that it has been required to perform onerous and most dangerous work with an entirely insufficient force. It has always done its best to compensate for its paucity of numbers by audacity and celerity; but there is a limit to the possible, which our army has too often been called upon to exceed.

It is safe to say that our losses in Indian wars have been far more than quadrupled by the necessity of attempting the impossible, and too much praise can never be given to the brave men who have unflinchingly made the endeavor, with no other incitement than their innate heroism and pride in their profession.

Apart from the fact that it is cruel and unjust to put brave men to such a test unnecessarily, even the paltry consideration of economy demands a different system, for it is unquestionable that the comparatively slight increase of expenditure caused by increasing the force of the present establishment by the addition of 10,000 privates to the existing regiments of cavalry and infantry would be far more than met by the diminished cost of transportation and the increased prosperity of the country resulting from the secure and rapid development of the resources of the immense region affected by the Indian question. When, with such an increased force, the excellent policy of concentrating the army at a small number of large posts—so justly approved by the Lieutenant-General commanding—can be fully carried out, discipline and efficiency will be very much improved, and all outbreaks will be nipped in the bud, or, to speak more accurately, the Indians will recognize the folly of attempting them.

I do not think it possible to insist too strongly upon the necessity of placing the management of Indian affairs under the War Department, and in the immediate hands of army officers, who should act as Indian agents.

With such suspicious creatures as the Indians it is absolutely necessary that there should be unity of management and control, and no shadow of doubt in their minds as to the prompt and entire fulfillment alike of promises and threats.

The establishment of schools for Indian children is a very important step in the right direction, and their effect is excellent, so far as they go; but from the imperfect knowledge in my possession it seems to me that they should be established on a larger scale, and that thus far a mistake has been made in attempting to spread their advantages over too many tribes at the same time. If a small number of educated young Indians—half a dozen or so—are sent back to their tribe, they are too few to stand alone and keep each other in countenance, and are apt to be lost in the mass of the tribe without producing much, if any, influence upon them; while if, instead of taking half a dozen from each of several tribes, as many as a hundred are taken from one tribe, they would upon their return strengthen each other, and accomplish good results with the others.

During a large part of our existence as a nation many of our people were disposed to doubt the possibility of any internal danger in the form of riots or insurrections, forgetting that such troubles arose from the very beginning of our history.

The Shays rebellion and the whiskey insurrection were episodes of our early youth; the "Native American", the anti-negro, and the draft riots, the war itself, and the regrettable and wide-spread disturbances of 1877 suffice to show that at no time have we been entirely free from elements of disorder requiring the active interposition of armed force.

It is idle to close our eyes to the fact that there now exists in certain localities an element, mostly imported from abroad, fraught with danger to order and well-being unless firmly and wisely controlled.

This is not the place to discuss the question of socialism, atheism, or anarchy: let it suffice to say that even the most extreme of extremists are rarely altogether wrong, or without some shadow of right, or what they believe to be right. They are often right as to many of their facts, but wrong as to their conclusions, and entirely mistaken as to the practicable methods of gaining their ends. It is but just and fair to listen honestly to what they have to say, and if any wrong thing be found, then to right it so far as practicable.

There is no possible objection to free and fair discussion; on the contrary, it is sure to do good.

There is no sound objection to labor unions, for labor has as much right as capital to unite for its own protection and to improve its own condition, and all candid men must acknowledge that the condition of the masses of laboring-men among the Christian nations is not what a sincere Christian would like to have it.

Frankly and fully acknowledging that the much needed amelioration of the condition of the laboring classes is an inevitable and the most important problem of the immediate future, it must at the same time be insisted upon—as much in their own interest as in that of the society of which they form so important a part—that in the prosecution of their ends the labor organizations shall restrict themselves to fair, open, honorable, and legal methods; that they must never resort to violence toward either the persons or property of their employers, or toward those of their comrades who may hold different views; and that they must, still in their own interest, always recognize the fundamental truth that each man's liberty of action is bounded by the equal rights of his fellow-men. To pass beyond this limit is license, not liberty; a crime, not a virtue or a privilege. The individual who perpetrates this crime becomes at once a fit subject for the repressive action of the law. When a mass of men too numerous to be dealt with by the ordinary machinery of the law place themselves in the same category, the safety of the state and the security of their fellow-citizens require that they should be dealt with by the armed force.

The good of the community, the safety of innocent members of society, require that the moment the necessity for this action arises, it should be prompt and efficient. But in all such cases prevention is better than cure, and all concerned should learn that when peaceable discussion is exhausted, there stands ready for instant use a well-disciplined force prepared to act upon the instant to support the majesty of the law.

I do not think that in this country danger is to be apprehended from the organization of legitimate labor, because our working-men are as a rule intelligent and industrious, good citizens and good fathers of families. Knowing and prepared to maintain their own rights, they respect the legitimate rights of others, and realize the fact that the well-being and happiness of their families depend upon the preservation of order and security: not that kind of order which prevents the many from ascending in the scale of happiness and prosperity as the reward of honest industry, nor that kind of security which enables a privileged few to keep the many in a state of subjection and abject poverty, but order and security as we understand them in this free land of ours—an order and security which afford free scope to the legitimate aspirations of all, which give equal political rights and equal personal freedom to all within our limits; under which those favored in this world's goods may retain them if provident, but with the certainty that they or their descendants will find their deserved lower level if wasteful squanderers, while the poorest son of toil, if honest, capable, and industrious, sees open for himself and his children the pathway to honor and well-being.

Our nation is a nation of working-men, whether their labor be intellectual or the no less useful and honorable labor with the hand.

Our danger, if danger there be, will come, not from the true working-men, but from those who do not labor and do not intend to do so, but prefer to gain an easy living by misguiding and deceiving the true working-men, and, emulating the wreckers of by-gone times, seek with their false lights to lure the ship of society upon the rocks of anarchy and atheism, that they may prey upon the remnants of the rich cargo washed to the shore.

The theories of the anarchists, internationalists, and nihilists have only recently found their way among us; they are strictly foreign productions, which our protective tariff has not sufficed to exclude, and it is not probable that they can make any considerable or lasting headway among our own people.

The people of America realize that the institutions under which we live are of our own making; that the majority rule and make the laws; that, under the God whom we worship, our happiness depends upon the security of these institutions; that the ultimate purpose of our government is the happiness and inviolability of our families; and that our dearest aim in life is to secure the well-being of our children.

It is to the highest extent improbable, nay, it is impossible, that free and enlight-

ened Americans can abandon all they cherish far more than life itself in order to court misery and ruin at the call of a few misguided or wicked men, who have brought hither theories which have wrought destruction and no particle of good wherever they have attempted to carry them into practice in the Old World. When the moment for action arrives, there is no question as to the manner in which the masses of Americans will deal with these men and their wild theories.

The ultimate result is not for a moment doubtful. But as these men openly avow their intention of organizing and arming for the purpose of carrying their views into practical effect, it is wise to prepare the means of crushing their efforts at the outset, that no harm may come to the innocent, and that the ruin invoked may fall solely upon the heads of the guilty conspirators.

A few hours' control in our large cities by these madmen might cause almost irreparable damage; the opportunity should not be afforded them; and they will never strike the blow if convinced that proper preparations exist to meet them.

As I write these pages two of our largest and most prosperous Western cities are the scenes of dangerous disorders, arising from the efforts of strikers to gain their ends by violence. Here let it be repeated that our legislators should calmly examine the demands even of extremists, when made without threats of violence, and much more those of the moderate men who honestly desire to attain what they regard as legitimate changes.

If any proper and practical thing is asked, it should be granted promptly and graciously; but if an attempt is made to gain their ends by violence, it is absolutely necessary to meet force promptly with overwhelming force, and crush the outbreak at once and effectually.

As our liability to danger from foreign wars and domestic disturbances is much less than in European countries, our preparations may be on a much smaller scale, but should be effective as far as they go. What is lacking in numbers should be made up in efficiency.

To maintain order among the Indians the regular army should be made strong enough to dispense with aid from the militia, except upon extraordinary occasions, when an outbreak is unusually dangerous, and extends over a wide area; but the organization of reliable militia in the regions nearest the Indian country would afford the means of furnishing very valuable re-enforcements to the never too numerous regulars. The militia could at least hold the posts, leaving the regular force for active operations.

With the exception of some cavalry companies on the frontier, capable of rendering efficient service against Indians, it is not practicable to maintain in time of peace a militia force of cavalry, the expense and the difficulties of instruction being too great. The same objection applies, as a rule, to field artillery. It may, then, be laid down as a principle that the regular army must be relied upon to furnish all the cavalry and artillery needed in the beginning of hostilities, and that its peace organization should be arranged to meet that contingency; that is, it should contain a far greater proportion of these arms than is the case with other armies. We have ten regiments of cavalry, which, with the companies brought up to 75 privates in each, could furnish about 11,000 in all. If sufficient time were allowed to bring the companies up to 100 privates, the total force of cavalry would be some 14,000—a very respectable body if united on any probable field of war.

It should be stated that recent European wars have not caused military authorities to regard the cavalry as of less importance than formerly; on the contrary, the tendency is to increase that arm of the service, and to maintain it nearly on the war footing during peace, so great do they regard the difficulty of forming efficient cavalry in a short time.

A force of 75 privates per company would seem to be the least strength advisable for our cavalry in ordinary times. We have 5 regiments of regular artillery, of 12 batteries each, or 60 batteries in all, 10 of which are maintained as imperfect field batteries.

Our 25 regiments of regular infantry should in peace have a strength of at least 20,000 men, and in war be brought up to an effective of some 35,000.

To provide the proper proportions of field-guns for this maximum force of our present regular regiments of infantry and cavalry would require 25 batteries of 6 guns each. If a force of only 50,000 militia infantry were called out for war, some 25 more regular batteries would be needed for them, making 50 in all, leaving only

10 regular batteries available as heavy artillery. If the militia infantry were to be partially provided with militia batteries, which could only be done if very ample time were allowed for preparation, quite one-third, or about 10 batteries, of the requisite number should be furnished by the regulars, leaving 25 batteries to garrison our great line of harbor defenses, and to act as siege artillery with the field armies.

The regular artillery is not in a satisfactory condition. It is entirely too weak in numbers, is too much scattered, is not afforded the means of proper instruction in the duties of the arm, and should be provided with a Chief of Artillery.

The two light batteries allowed each regiment should be maintained at the full war strength, ready to take the field at a day's notice, with the complement of 6 guns each, and under our peculiar circumstances it is probable that a strength of at least 8 guns per battery would be advisable on the war footing.

So far as practicable, all the field batteries should be kept together at one station, where all proper facilities exist, and where they could receive uniform instruction.

The minimum number of privates in each battery of garrison, or heavy, artillery should be 75, or, still better, 100. They should be concentrated at points affording suitable means of instruction, in bodies of not less than 12 batteries; say one station of 12 batteries on the Pacific coast, one of the same strength on or near the Gulf coast, one of 24 batteries at Fort Monroe, and one of 12 batteries on New York Harbor. These four stations should be selected almost entirely with reference to the facility of instruction during the entire year, for the means of communication are now so ample that the garrisons could be broken up and assigned to their war stations with all desirable rapidity upon the first threatening of danger. The additional strength suggested would bring up the total number of non-commissioned officers and men of the regular artillery to about 5200, with a strength of 75 privates to each battery; and with 100 privates to each battery the total strength would be some 6450.

Remembering that in these days artillerists can not be improvised on the spur of the moment, and that an active army of operations would need artillerists for siege guns, etc., thus making a further draft upon the regulars, it can not be said that the numbers given above are at all beyond the limits prescribed by ordinary prudence, and even with this full strength it would still be necessary to draw largely upon the militia.

But when it is considered that the present strength of the five artillery regiments in enlisted men is only some 2600, so entirely insufficient for the necessities of the case, it needs no argument to prove that some means must be resorted to for the instruction of organizations of the militia as heavy artillery, that they may supplement the totally inadequate force of the regulars.

The little Engineer Battalion should be constantly maintained at the full war strength of 600 men, and ought to be larger.

The total additions proposed for the privates of the regular army would then amount to from 13,000 to 15,000, making the strength from 37,000 to 39,000, which on the breaking out of war could be further increased to some 60,000 without adding to the number of organizations.

In time of peace, if the National Guard is assisted by a small number of thoroughly competent regular artillerists, it is easier to instruct them in the management of heavy guns than to perfect them in field artillery. It is very necessary, then, to provide the means for the instruction of a sufficient number of them to make up for the inevitable numerical deficiency of the regulars in manning the guns covering the approaches to our harbors and cities.

One other duty of the artillerist can be advantageously intrusted to the National Guard, and that is the use of Gatling and other machine guns, as well as ordinary field-guns, for use in cities in the event of riots.

It is perfectly practicable, under a proper system, to form in time of peace National Guard regiments of infantry capable of becoming thoroughly efficient after a short term of field service, and competent to render effectual co-operation with the regulars in war.

There is no reason why the organized militia should not readily be placed in condition to quell all riots and local disturbances, even where they have reached the stage of incipient organized rebellion, and they should be fully able to do this work without any aid whatever from the regular army, which need then be called

upon only to protect the property of the general government.

It is a fact that in this country the mere presence of a handful of regulars has always sufficed to prevent or quell riots without the necessity of firing upon the mob. This has arisen from the fact that it is well known that the regulars are under thorough discipline, and will unhesitatingly obey any order to fire, and that when they fire it will be upon the mob, and not over their heads.

The National Guards will accomplish precisely the same results wherever it is known that their discipline and *esprit de corps* are such as to insure their prompt and effective obedience of any orders received, and to outweigh any personal sympathy of any of their members with individuals in the mob. This is doubtless the case now with many of the regiments throughout the country, and there is no reason why it should not be the case with all, and that all should preserve, at the moment of action, that steady bearing, profound silence, and complete indifference to danger which are so impressive and conclusive when dealing with an angry and excited mob. In brief, I would propose that the mass of the active militia, or National Guard, should be organized and instructed as infantry; that they should be furnished with an adequate supply of machine and field guns, drawn by hand, for use in cities, to be manned by detachments specially detailed; that in the districts near sea-coast defenses a sufficient number of regiments should be designated and instructed as heavy artillerists; and that at suitable points in the remote interior a moderate number of companies of mounted men should be organized to co-operate with the regulars against the Indians in the event of a sudden emergency.

As the existence of a trustworthy force of the National Guard is important to the country at large, as well as to the individual States, it is only just that the general government should assume its fair share of the expense.

This can best be done in the form of arms, ammunition, clothing, camp and garrison equipage, etc.—in order to insure uniformity of equipment and armament—and also probably in the issue of rations, and even of pay under certain circumstances. And this assistance should be apportioned among the States, not in the ratio of population, but according to the numbers of effective militia actually on foot in each State; moreover, the actual number thus to be aided should be apportioned according to the necessities of the case.

For example, the organization of heavy artillery should be confined to the States on and adjacent to the sea-board and lake frontier, within whose limits permanent fortifications exist, or where temporary batteries armed with heavy guns must certainly be erected in the event of foreign war; moreover, the strength of these organizations should be greatest in the States nearest our most extensive and important sea-coast defenses, for instance, the harbor of New York.

On the same principle, the infantry organizations should be relatively the strongest in the States most liable to foreign attack, or where large manufacturing and mining establishments most abound, as these, and not the agricultural regions, are the probable centres of domestic disturbance.

While it is very desirable to organize a certain portion of the National Guard in the agricultural districts, it has never been found easy to do so, on account of the difficulty of bringing the men together, and the lack of proper facilities, but it is probably practicable to lessen these difficulties by granting additional pecuniary aid, at least in the smaller towns where the troublesome elements are not present, or at least in a very small proportion.

But the essential condition at the foundation of the whole matter is the establishment of good discipline and *esprit de corps;* for with the existence of these elements the National Guard can be relied upon to do its duty in the maintenance of law and order, without regard to personal sympathies, and that this can be brought about I do not doubt.

In preparing legislation, whether by the general government or States, to carry out these purposes, it should never be forgotten that those who enter the National Guard necessarily give to the public a great deal of their time, and that with those who form the vast majority of the National Guard time is a matter of the greatest value, and that, having made this most important contribution to the public service, they should be relieved from any direct pecuniary demands. Their arms, equipments, uniforms, armo-

ries, etc., should be furnished free of cost, and when they are called out during working hours, whether for duty or instruction, other than mere parades for their own gratification, they should receive fair compensation, and all necessary expenses for their subsistence and transportation should be paid. An efficient National Guard is not a luxury, but a necessity, and the public can well afford to meet the cost, provided it is kept within just limits, and expended wisely and honestly.

Now as to the strength of the organization.

1. *Heavy Artillery.*—Not possessing accurate data as to the armament of our various coast defenses, I must rely upon general considerations, and can give only approximate results. I assume that the regiments will consist of twelve batteries, of a strength of from 100 to 150 men for each battery. The Pacific coast would probably require at least two, and perhaps three, regiments, the Gulf coast some five regiments, the Atlantic coast some twenty regiments, the lake frontier one regiment —some twenty-eight to thirty regiments in all. There should be a Chief of Artillery of the United States army, who, among his other duties, should be charged with the general direction and supervision of the instruction of these regiments, to be conducted by officers and men of the regular artillery detailed for the purpose. The instruction should include the use of heavy guns, the method of construction of earthen batteries, laying platforms, construction of temporary magazines, cutting embrasures, etc., etc., so that these militia artillerists could direct ordinary workmen to advantage. As these regiments would necessarily be drilled also as infantry, they would be available for all purposes of repressing interior commotions.

2. *Infantry.*—In determining the strength of the infantry of the National Guard it would probably be advisable to arrange the States in groups, which suggest themselves quite naturally when the possible employment of the troops is considered. In the first place, it is as convenient an arrangement as any to allow as many battalions as there are Congressional districts, varying the strength of battalions in the different groups, and sometimes in States of the same group, and not necessarily organizing a battalion in each Congressional district, but for sufficient reasons to omit some districts, and form two or more in others. It would generally be advisable to constitute regiments of two or more battalions. The New England and Middle States, including Maryland and Delaware, naturally group themselves together, all being liable to attack in a war with first-class European powers, and many of them having large manufacturing centres and extensive mining establishments. These States have one hundred and two Congressional districts, giving as many battalions, which, with an average of 800 men per battalion, would give 81,600 infantry for the entire group—an ample force for all probable needs. Thus New York would have thirty-four battalions, which might be formed into seventeen regiments, and with a strength of 800 men per battalion, would give 27,200 infantry for the State—none too many. New Jersey would have seven battalions of 800 each, giving 5600 for the State. A second group would be composed of Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia, which would have thirty-six battalions of a total strength of 700 each, giving 25,200 for the group. A third group would consist of Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, having thirty-four battalions of 700 men each—a total of 23,800. The fourth group would be made up of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, having seventy-four battalions of 600 each—a total of 44,400. Another group would consist of West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, and Minnesota, having sixty battalions of 500 each—a total of 30,000. A sixth group of Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, Utah, New Mexico, Arizona, Dakota, Idaho, and Montana, having seventeen battalions of 500 each, or a total of 8500. The last group would be made up of California, having six battalions of 1000 each, Oregon, one battalion of 1000, Nevada, one battalion of 800, and Washington Territory, one battalion of 1000—a total for the group of 8800, giving a total infantry force of 222,300.

3. *Cavalry.*—It would probably be practicable, and certainly advantageous, to organize companies of cavalry or mounted infantry somewhat as follows: Texas, five companies of 100 each; New Mexico, three companies; Arizona, three companies; Utah, three companies; Washington Territory, one company; Idaho, one compa-

ny; Montana, two companies; Dakota, two companies; California, two companies—some twenty-two companies in all.

Thus the total authorized force would be: Heavy artillery, thirty regiments of some 36,000 men; cavalry, twenty-two companies of 2200 men; infantry, three hundred and thirty-two battalions of 222,300 men—a total of 260,500 men.

Such a force as this would suffice for all probable contingencies for many years to come, except that, as the population increases on the Mexican frontier and the Pacific coast, the number of battalions there should be increased as rapidly as needed.

It is not probable that the whole of this force could be organized immediately, but the appropriation for the purpose should be ample to furnish the necessary supplies and assistance as rapidly as required.

During the first few years the amount of money expended would be considerable, but the organization once effected and supplied, the annual expense would be light in comparison with the results.

It seems to me that the general government should supply, free of cost, all the arms, ammunition, and equipments, service uniforms for officers and men, all necessary camp and garrison equipage, medical stores and ambulances, instruments for bands and field music, the requisite transportation and rations for officers and men when the troops are called out for such instruction in camp and garrison as the general government specifies.

But the individual States should provide the pay of officers and men when called out for instruction, and should also provide armories with the necessary furniture, and the grounds for the camps of instruction.

The officers and men should not be required to pay from their own pockets any of the necessary expenses of the organization; their time should be their only contribution, and even that should be paid for under the circumstances which have already been specified.

After determining the amount of serviceable breech-loading rifles, and of camp and garrison equipage and service uniforms, etc., now in possession of the State, the annual appropriation by Congress should be sufficient to complete the supplies within a period of three or four years.

It should be obligatory—a condition of the aid rendered by the United States—that the infantry and cavalry should pass at least ten days each year in a suitable camp of instruction, and that the artillery should pass at least the same time in permanent works, or at other points where they can receive instruction in handling heavy guns and their other duties. The course of instruction for all arms should be determined by the general government and strictly adhered to. It should not be confined to the ordinary drills, reviews, dress parades, and guard mounting, but should include target practice, guard and outpost duty as practiced in front of the enemy, patrols, reconnaissances, attack and defense of positions, route marches, field manœuvres under fire, etc.

It would be advantageous, wherever practicable, to assign regular troops of the different arms to these camps, not only for the benefit of their example, but to establish good relations between them, and to accustom the National Guard to act with the other arms of service.

When practicable, it would be advantageous to have the camps large enough for a brigade or division. The supply of arms and other accessories of the general government should be in proportion to the number of troops actually enlisted, organized, and efficient.

Whatever objection may be offered to the expenditure required to perfect such an organization of the National Guard can be met by the simple statement of the fact, proved so often in our own history, that our habitual economy in time of peace has always been far more than counterbalanced by the consequent unduly heavy cost of preparing suddenly for war. When we have a National Guard of sufficient strength, well armed and equipped for service, passably disciplined, accustomed to use their weapons and to act together, instructed in the rudiments, at least, of field service—in such a condition, in brief, that a few weeks' service in the camp and field will convert them into respectable soldiers, we shall have a force not only quite capable of crushing out in its beginning any attempt at riot or intestine disturbance, but also of so promptly and efficiently supporting our little regular army that none of our neighbors will be likely to seek a quarrel with us, nor will any more remote power dream for a moment of endeavoring to effect a landing upon our shores.

"UNC' EDINBURG'S DROWNDIN."

A PLANTATION ECHO.

"WELL, suh, dat's a fac—dat's what Marse George al'ays said. 'Tis hard to spile Christmas anyways."

The speaker was "Unc' Edinburg," the driver from Werrowcoke, where I was going to spend Christmas; the time was Christmas Eve, and the place the muddiest road in eastern Virginia—a measure which, I feel sure, will to those who have any experience establish its claim to distinction.

A half-hour before, he had met me at the station, the queerest-looking, raggedest old darky conceivable, brandishing a cedar-staffed whip of enormous proportions in one hand, and clutching a calico letter-bag with a twisted string in the other; and with the exception of a brief interval of temporary suspicion on his part, due to the unfortunate fact that my luggage consisted of only a hand-satchel instead of a trunk, we had been steadily progressing in mutual esteem.

"Dee's a boy standin' by my mules; I got de ker'idge heah for you," had been his first remark on my making myself known to him. "Mistis say as how you might bring a trunk."

I at once saw my danger, and muttered something about "a short visit," but this only made matters worse.

"Dee don' nobody nuver pay short visits dyah," he said, decisively, and I fell to other tactics.

"You couldn' spile Christmas den noways," he repeated, reflectingly, while his little mules trudged knee-deep through the mud. "Twuz Christmas den, sho' 'nough," he added, the fires of memory smouldering, and then, as they blazed into sudden flame, he asserted, positively: "Dese heah free-issue niggers don' know what Christmas is. Hog meat an' pop crackers don' meck Christmas. Hit tecks ole times to meck a sho-'nough, tyahin'-down Christmas. Gord! I's seen 'em! But de wuss Christmas I ever seen tunned out de best in de een," he added, with sudden warmth, "an' dat wuz de Christmas me an' Marse George an' Reveller all got drownded down at Braxton's Creek. You's hearn 'bout dat?"

As he was sitting beside me in solid flesh and blood, and looked as little ethereal in his old hat and patched clothes as an old oak stump would have done, and as Colonel Staunton had made a world-wide reputation when he led his regiment through the Chickahominy thickets against McClellan's intrenchments, I was forced to confess that I had never been so favored, but would like to hear about it now; and with a hitch of the lap blanket under his outside knee, and a supererogatory jerk of the reins, he began:

"Well, you know, Marse George was jes eighteen when he went to college. I went wid him, 'cause me an' him wuz de same age; I was born like on a Sat'day in de Christmas, an' he wuz born in de new year on a Chuesday, an' my mammy nussed us bofe at one breast. Dat's de reason maybe huccome we took so to one nurr. He sutney set a heap o' sto' by me; an' I 'ain' nuver see nobody yit wuz good to me as Marse George."

The old fellow, after a short reverie, went on:

"Well, we growed up togerr, jes as to say two stalks in one hill. We cotch ole hyahs togerr, an' we hunted 'possums togerr, an' 'coons. Lord! he wuz a climber! I 'member a fight he had one night up in de ve'y top of a big poplar-tree wid a 'coon, whar he done gone up after, an' he flung he hat over he head; an' do' de varmint leetle mo' tyah him all to pieces, he fotch him down dat tree 'live; an' me an' him had him at Christmas. 'Coon meat mighty good when dee fat, you know?"

As this was a direct request for my judgment, I did not have the moral courage to raise an issue, although my views on the subject of 'coon meat are well known to my family, so I grunted something which I doubt not he took for assent, and he proceeded:

"Dee warn' nuttin he didn' lead de row in; he wuz de bes' swimmer I ever see, an' he handled a skiff same as a fish handle heself. An' I wuz wid him constant; whar-ever you see Marse George, dyah Edinburg sho, jes like he shadow. So twuz, when he went to de university; 'twarn' nuttin would do but I got to go too. Marster he didn' teck much to de notion, but Marse George wouldn' have it no urr way, an' co'se mistis she teck he side. So I went 'long as he body-servant to teck keer on him an' help meck him a gent'man. An'

he wuz, too. From time he got dyah tell he come 'way he wuz de head man.

"Dee warn' but one man dyah didn' compliment him, an' dat wuz Mr. Darker. But he warn' nuttin! not dat he didn' come o' right good fambly—'cep' dee politics; but he wuz sutney pitted, jes like sometimes you see a weevly runty pig in a right good litter. Well, Mr. Darker he al'ays 'ginst Marse George; he hate me an' him bofe, an' he sutney act mischeevous todes us; 'cause he know he warn' as we all. De Stauntons dee wuz de popularitiest folks in Virginia; an' dee wuz highlarnt besides. So when Marse George run for de medal, an' wuz to meck he gret speech, Mr. Darker he speak 'ginst him. Dat's what Marse George whip him 'bout. 'Ain' nobody nuver told you 'bout dat?"

I again avowed my misfortune; and although it manifestly aroused new doubts, he worked it off on the mules, and once more took up his story:

"Well, you know, dee had been speakin' 'ginst one nurr ev'y Sat'dy night; an' ev'ybody knowed Marse George wuz de bes' speaker, but dee give him one mo' sho', an' dee was bofe gwine spread deeselves, an' dee wuz two urr gent'mens also gwine speak. An' dat night when Mr. Darker got up he meck sich a fine speech ev'ybody wuz s'prised; an' some on 'em say Mr. Darker done beat Marse George. But shuh! I know better'n dat; an' Marse George face look so curious; but, suh, when he riz I knowed der wuz somen gwine happen—I wuz leanin' in de winder. He jes step out in front an' throwed up he head like a horse wid a rank kyurb on him, an' den he begin; an' twuz jes like de river when hit gits out he bank. He swep' ev'ything. When he fust open he mouf I knowed twuz comin'; he face wuz pale, an' he wuds tremble like a fiddlestring, but he eyes wuz blazin', an' in a minute he wuz jes reshin'. He voice soun' like a bell; an' he jes wallered dat turr man, an' wared him out; an' when he set down dee all yelled an' hollered so you couldn' heah you' ears. Gent'mans, twuz royal!

"Den dee tuck de vote, an' Marse George got it munanimous, an' dee all hollered agin, all 'cep' a few o' Mr. Darker friends. An' Mr. Darker he wuz de second. An' den dee broke up. An' jes den Marse George walked thoo de crowd straight up to him, an' lookin' him right in de eyes, says to him, 'You stole dat speech you made to-night.' Well, suh, you ought to 'a hearn 'em; hit soun' like a mill-dam. You couldn' heah nuttin 'cep' roarin', an' you couldn' see nuttin 'cep' shovin'; but, big as he wuz, Marse George beat him; an' when dee pull him off, do' he face wuz mighty pale, he stan' out befo' 'em all, dem whar wuz 'ginst him, an' all, an' as straight as an arrow, an' say: 'Dat speech wuz written an' printed years ago by somebody or nurr in Congress, an' this man stole it; had he beat me only, I should not have said one word; but as he has beaten others, I shall show him up!' Gord, suh, he voice wuz clear as a game rooster. I sutney wuz proud on him.

"He did show him up, too, but Mr. Darker ain' wait to see it; he lef' dat night. An' Marse George he wuz de popularest gent'man at dat university. He could handle dem students dyah same as a man handle a hoe.

"Well, twuz de next Christmas we meet Miss Charlotte an' Nancy. Mr. Braxton invite we all to go down to spen' Christmas wid him at he home. An' sich a time as we had!

"We got dyah Christmas Eve night—dis very night—jes befo' supper, an' jes natchelly froze to death," he pursued, dealing in his wonted hyperbole, "an' we jes had time to git a apple toddy or two when supper was ready, an' wud come dat dee wuz waitin' in de hall. I had done fix Marse George up gorgeousome, I tell you; an' when he walked down dem stairs in dat swaller-tail coat, an' dem paten'-leather pumps on, dee warn nay one dyah could tetch him; he looked like he own 'em all. I jes rest my mind. I seen him when he shake hands wid 'em all roun', an' I say, 'Um-m-m! he got 'em.'

"But he ain' teck noticement o' none much tell Miss Charlotte come. She didn' live dyah, had jes come over de river dat evenin' from her home, 'bout ten miles off, to spen' Christmas like we all, an' she come down de stairs jes as Marse George finish shakin' hands. I seen he eye light on her as she come down de steps smilin', wid her dim blue dress trainin' behind her, an' her little blue foots peepin' out so pretty, an' holdin' a little hankcher, lookin' like a spider-web, in one hand, an' a gret blue fan in turr, spread out like a peacock tail, an' jes her roun' arms an' th'oat white, an' her gret dark eyes lightin' up her face. I say, 'Dyah 'tis!' an' when de ole Cun'l stan' aside an' interduce 'em, an' Marse George

step for'ard an' meck he grand bow, an' she sort o' swing back an' gin her curtchy, wid her dress sort o' dammed up 'ginst her, an' her arms so white, an' her face sort o' sunsetty, I say, 'Yes, Lord! Edinburg, dyah you mistis.' Marse George look like he think she done come down right from de top o' de blue sky an' bring piece on it wid her. He ain' nuver took he eyes from her dat night. Dee glued to her, mun! an' she—well, do' she mighty rosy, an' look mighty unconsarned, she sutney ain' hender him. Hit look like kyarn nobody else tote dat fan an' pick up dat hankcher skuzin o' him; an' after supper, when dee all playin' blindman's-buff in de hall—I don' know how twuz—but do' she jes as nimble as a filly, an' her ankle jes as clean, an' she kin git up her dress an' dodge out de way o' ev'ybody else, somehow or nurr she kyarn help him ketchin' her to save her life; he always got her corndered; an' when dee'd git fur apart, dat ain' nuttin, dee jes as sure to come togerr agin as water is whar you done run you hand thoo. An' do' he kiss ev'ybody else under de mestletow, 'cause dee be sort o' cousins, he ain' nuver kiss her, nor nobody else nurr, 'cep' de ole Cun'l. I wuz standin' down at de een de hall wid de black folks, an' I notice it 'tic'lar, 'cause I done meck de 'quaintance o' Nancy; she wuz Miss Charlotte's maid; a mighty likely young gal she wuz den, an' jes as impident as a fly. She see it too, do' she ain' 'low it. Fust thing I know I seen a mighty likely light-skinned gal standin' dyah by me, wid her hyah mos' straight as white folks, an' a mighty good frock on, an' a clean apron, an' her hand mos' like a lady, only it brown, an' she keep on 'vidin' her eyes twix me an' Miss Charlotte; when I watchin' Miss Charlotte she watchin' me, an' when I steal my eye roun' on her she noticin' Miss Charlotte; an' presney I sort o' sidle 'longside her, an' I say, 'Lady, you mighty sprightly to-night.' An' she say, she 'bleeged to be sprightly, her mistis look so good; an' I ax her which one twuz, an' she tell me, 'Dat queen one over dyah,' an' I tell her dee's a king dyah too, she got her eye set for; an' when I say her mistis tryin' to set her cap for Marse George, she fly up, an' say she an' her mistis don' have to set dee cap for nobody; *dee* got to set dee cap an' all dee clo'es for dem, an' den dee ain' gwine cotch 'em, 'cause dee ain' studyin' 'bout no up-country folks whar dee ain' nobody know nuttin 'bout.

"Well, dat oudaciousness so aggrivate me, I lite into dat nigger right dyah. I tell her she ain' been nowhar 'tall ef she don' know we all; dat we wuz de bes' of quality, de ve'y top de pot; an' den I tell her 'bout how gret we wuz; how de ker'idges wuz al'ays hitched up night an' day, an' niggers jes thick as weeds; an' how Unc' Torm he wared he swaller-tail ev'y day when he wait on de table; an' Marse George he won' wyah a coat mo'n once or twice anyways, to save you life. Oh! I sutney 'stonish dat nigger, 'cause I wuz teckin up for de fambly, an' I meck out like dee use gold up home like urr folks use wood, an' sow silver like urr folks sow wheat; an' when I got thoo dee wuz all on 'em listenin', an' she 'lowed dat Marse George he were ve'y good, sho 'nough, ef twarn for he nigger; but I ain' tarrifyin' myself none 'bout dat, 'cause I know she jes projickin, an' she couldn' help bein' impident ef you wuz to whup de frock off her back.

"Jes den dee struck up de dance. Dee had wheel de pianer out in de hall, an' somebody say Jack Forester had come 'cross de river, an' all on 'em say dee mus' git Jack; an' presney he come in wid he fiddle, grinnin' an' scrapin', 'cause he wuz a notable fiddler, do' I don' think he wuz equal to we all's Tubal, an' I know he couldn' tetch Marse George, 'cause Marse George wuz a natchel fiddler, jes like 'coons is natchel pacers, an' mules is natchel kickers. Howsomever, he sutney jucked a jig sweet, an' when he shake dat bow you couldn' help you foot switchin' a leetle—not ef you wuz a member of de chutch. He wuz a mighty sinful man, Jack wuz, an' dat fiddle had done drawed many souls to torment.

"Well, in a minute dee wuz all flyin', an' Jack he wuz rockin' like boat rockin' on de water, an' he face right shiny, an' he teef look like ear o' corn he got in he mouf, an' he big foot set 'way out keepin' time, an' Marse George he wuz in de lead row dyah too; ev'y chance he git he tunned Miss Charlotte—'petchel motion, right hand across, an' cauliflower, an' coquette—dee coquette plenty o' urrs, but I notice dee ain' nuver fail to tun one nurr, an' ev'y tun he gin she wrappin' de chain roun' him; once when dee wuz 'prominadin-all' down we all's een o' de hall, as he tunned her somebody step on her dress an' to' it. I heah de screech o' de silk, an' Nancy say, 'O Lord!' den she say, 'Nem mine! now I'll git it!' an' dee stop for a minute for

Marse George to pin it up, while turrers went on, an' Marse George wuz down on he knee, an' she look down on him mighty sweet out her eyes, an' say, 'Hit don' meck no difference,' an' he glance up an' cotch her eye, an', jes dout a wud, he tyah a gret piece right out de silk an' slipt it in he bosom, an' when he got up, he say, right low, lookin' in her eyes right deep, 'I gwine wyah dis at my weddin',' an' she jes look sweet as candy; an' ef Nancy ever wyah dat frock I ain' see it.

"Den presney dee wuz talkin' 'bout stoppin'. De ole Cun'l say hit time to have prars, an' dee wuz beggin' him to wait a leetle while; an' Jack Forester lay he fiddle down nigh Marse George, an' he picked 't up an' drawed de bow 'cross it jes to try it, an' den jes projickin' he struck dat chune 'bout 'You'll ermember me.' He hadn' mo'n tetch de string when you could heah a pin drop. Marse George he warn noticin', an' he jes lay he face on de fiddle, wid he eyes sort o' half shet, an' drawed her out like he'd do some nights at home in de moonlight on de gret porch, tell on a sudden he looked up an' cotch Miss Charlotte eye leanin' for'ards so earnest, an' all on 'em list'nin', an' he stopt, an' dee all clapt dee hands, an' he sudney drapt into a jig. Jack Forester ain' had to play no mo' dat night; even de ole Cun'l ketched de fever, an' he stept out in de flo', in he long-tail coat an' high collar, an' knocked 'em off de 'Snow-bud on de Ash-bank,' an' 'Chicken in de Bread-tray,' right natchel. Oh, he could jes plank 'em down!

"Oh, dat wuz a Christmas like you been read 'bout! An' twuz hard to tell which gittin cotch most, Marse George or me, 'cause dat nigger she jes as confusin' as Miss Charlotte. An' she sutney wuz sp'ilt dem days; ev'y nigger on dat place got he eye on her, an' she jes as oudacious an' aggrivatin as jes womens kin be. Dees monsus 'ceivin' critters, womens is, jes as onreliable as de hind-leg of a mule; a man got to watch 'em all de time; you kyarn break 'em like you kin horses. Now dat off mule dyah" (indicating, by a lazy but not light lash of his whip the one selected for his illustration), "dee ain' no countin' on her at all; she go 'long all day, or maybe a week, jes dat easy an' sociable, an' fust thing you know you ain' know nuttin, she done knock you brains out; dee ain' no 'pendence to be placed in 'em 'tall, suh; she jes as sweet as a kiss one minute, an' next time she come out de house she got her head up in de air, an' her ears backed, an' goin' 'long switchin' herself like I ain' good 'nough for her to walk on.

"'Fox-huntin's?' oh, yes, suh, ev'y day mos'; an' when Marse George didn' git de tail, twuz 'cause twuz a bob-tail fox—you heah me! He play de fiddle for he pastime, but he fotched up in de saddle—dat he cradle.

"De fust day dee went out I heah Nancy quoilin 'bout de tail layin' on Miss Charlotte dressin'-table gittin' hyahs over ev'ything.

"One day de ladies went out too, Miss Charlotte 'mongst 'em, on Miss Lucy gray myah Switchity, an' Marse George he rid Mr. Braxton's chestnut Willful. Well, suh, he stick so close to dat gray myah, he leetle mo' los' dat fox; but, Lord! he know what he 'bout—he monsus 'ceivin' 'bout dat!—he know de way de fox gwine jes as well as he know heself; an' all de time he leadin' Miss Charlotte whar she kin heah de music, but he watchin' him too, jes as narrow as a ole hound. So, when de fox tun de head o' de creek, Marse George had Miss Charlotte on de aidge o' de flat, an' he de fust man see de fox tun down on turr side wid de hounds right rank after him. Dat sort o' set him back, 'cause by rights de fox ought to 'a double an' come back dis side; he kyarn git out dat way, an' two or three gent'mens dee had see it too, an' wuz jes layin' de horses to de groun' to git roun' fust, 'cause de creek wuz heap too wide to jump, an' wuz 'way over you head, an' hit cold as Christmas, sho 'nough; well, suh, when dee tunned, Mr. Clarke he wuz in de lead (he wuz ridin' for Miss Charlotte too), an' hit fyah set Marse George on fire; he ain' said but one wud, 'Wait,' an' jes set de chestnut's head straight for de creek, whar de fox comin' wid he tail up on he back, an' de dogs ravlin mos' on him. De ladies screamed, an' some de gent'mens hollered for him to come back, but he ain' mind; he went 'cross dat flat like a wild-duck; an' when he retch de water he horse try to flinch, but dat hand on de bridle, an' dem rowels in he side, an' he 'bleeged to teck it. Lord, suh, sich a screech as dee set up! But he wuz swimmin' for life, an' he wuz up de bank an' in de middle o' de dogs time dee tetched ole Gray Jacket; an' when Mr. Clarke got dyah Marse George wuz stan'in' holdin' up de tail for Miss Charlotte to see, turrer side de creek, an' de hounds wuz wallerin' all over

de body, an' I don' think Mr. Clarke done got up wid 'em yit.

"He cotch de fox, an' he cotch some'n' else besides, in my 'pinion, 'cause when de ladies went upstairs dat night Miss Charlotte had to wait on de steps for a glass o' water, an' couldn' nobody git it but Marse George; an' den when she tell him good-night over de banisters, he couldn' say it good enough; he got to kiss her hand; an' she ain' do nuttin but jes peep upstairs ef anybody dyah lookin'; an' when I come thoo de do' she juck her hand 'way an' ran upstairs jes as farst as she could. Marse George look at me sort o' laughin', an' say: 'Confound you! Nancy couldn' been very good to you.' An' I say, 'She le' me squench my thirst kissin' her hand'; an' he sort o' laugh an' tell me to keep my mouf shet.

"But dat ain' de on'y time I come on 'em. Dee al'ays gittin' corndered; an' de evenin' befo' we come 'way I wuz gwine in thoo de conservity, an' dyah dee wuz sort o' hide 'way. Miss Charlotte she wuz settin' down, an' Marse George he wuz leanin' over her, got her hand to he face, talkin' right low an' lookin' right sweet, an' she ain' say nuttin; an' presney he dropt on one knee by her, an' slip he arm roun' her, an' try to look in her eyes, an' she so 'shamed to look at him she got to hide her face on he shoulder, an' I slipt out.

"We come 'way next mornin'. When marster heah 'bout it he didn' teck to de notion at all, 'cause her pa—dat is, he warn' her own pa, 'cause he had married her ma when she wuz a widder after Miss Charlotte pa died, an' he politics warn' same as ourn. 'Why, you kin never stand him, suh,' he said to Marse George. 'We won't mix any mo'n fire and water; you ought to have found that out at college; dat fellow Darker is his son.'

"Marse George he say he know dat; but he on'y de step-brurr of de young lady, an' ain' got a drap o' her blood in he veins, an' he didn' know it when he meet her, an' anyhow hit wouldn' meck any diffence; an' when de mistis see how sot Marse George is on it she teck he side, an' dat fix it; 'cause when ole mistis warn marster to do a thing, hit jes good as done. I don' keer how much he rar roun' an' say he ain' gwine do it, you jes well go 'long an' put on you hat; you gwine see him presney doin' it jes peaceable as a lamb. She tun him jes like she got bridle on him, an' he ain' nuver know it.

"So she got him jes straight as a string. An' when de time come for Marse George to go, marster he mo' consarned 'bout it 'n Marse George; he ain' say nuttin 'bout it befo', but now he walkin' roun' an' roun' axin mistis mo' questions 'bout he cloes an' he horse an' all; an' dat mornin' he gi' him he two Sunday razors, an' gi' me a pyah o' boots an' a beaver hat, 'cause I wuz gwine wid him to kyar he portmanteau, an' git he shavin' water, sence marster say ef he wuz gwine marry a Locofoco, he at least must go like a gent'man; an' me an' Marse George had done settle it 'twixt us, 'cause we al'ays set bofe we traps on de same hyah parf.

"Well, we got 'em, an' when I ax dat gal out on de wood-pile dat night, she say bein' as her mistis gwine own me, an' we bofe got to be in de same estate, she reckon she ain' nuver gwine to be able to git shet o' me; an' den I clamp her. Oh, she wuz a beauty!"

A gesture and guffaw completed the recital of his conquest.

"Yes, suh, we got 'em sho!" he said, presently. "Dee couldn' persist us; we crowd 'em into de fence an' run 'em off dee foots.

"Den come de 'gagement; an' ev'ything wuz smooth as silk. Marse George an' me wuz ridin' over dyah constant, on'y we nuver did git over bein' skeered when we wuz ridin' up dat turpentine road facin' all dem winders. Hit 'pear like ev'ybody in de wull 'mos' wuz lookin' at us.

"One evenin' Marse George say, 'Edinburg, d'you ever see as many winders p'intin' one way in you' life? When I git a house,' he say, 'I gwine have all de winders lookin' turr way.' But dat evenin', when I see Miss Charlotte come walkin' out de gret parlor wid her hyah sort o' rumpled over her face, an' some yaller roses on her bres, an' her gret eyes so soft an' sweet, an' Marse George walkin' 'long hinst her, so peaceable, like she got chain roun' him, I say, 'Winders ain' nuttin.' Oh, twuz jes like holiday all de time! An' den Miss Charlotte come over to see mistis, an' of co'se she bring her maid wid her, 'cause she 'bleeged to have her maid, you know, an' dat wuz de bes' of all. Dat evenin', 'bout sunset, dee come drivin' up in de big ker'idge, wid dee gret hyah trunk stropped on de seat behind, an' Nancy she settin' by Billy, an' Marse George settin' inside by he rose-bud, 'cause he had done gone down to bring her up; an' marster he done been drest in he blue coat an' yallow west-

ket ever sence dinner, an' walkin' roun', watchin' up de road all de time, an' tellin' de mistis he reckon dee ain' comin', an' ole mistis she try to pacify him, an' she come out presney drest, an' rustlin' in her stiff black silk an' all, an' when de ker'idge come in sight, ev'ybody wuz runnin'; an' when dee draw up to de do', Marse George he help her out an' 'duce her to marster an' ole mistis; an' marster he start to meck her a gret bow, an' she jes put up her mouf like a little gal to be kissed, an' dat got him. An' mistis teck her right in her arms an' kiss her twice, an' de servants dee wuz all peepin' an' grinnin'. Ev'ywhar you tun you see a nigger teef, 'cause dee all warn see de young mistis whar good 'nough for Marse George. Dee ain' gwine be married tell de next fall, 'count o' Miss Charlotte bein' so young; but she jes good as b'longst to we all now; an' ole marster an' mistis dee jes as much in love wid her as Marse George. Hi! dee warn pull de house down an' buil' it over for her! An' ev'y han' on de place he peepin' to try to git a look at he young mistis whar he gwine b'longst to. One evenin' dee all on 'em come roun' de porch an' send for Marse George, an' when he come out, Charley Brown (he al'ays de speaker, 'cause he got so much mouf, kin talk pretty as white folks), he say dee warn interduce to de young mistis, an' pay dee bespects to her; an' presney Marse George lead her out on de porch laughin' at her, wid her face jes rosy as a wine-sap apple, an' she meck 'em a beautiful bow, an' speak to 'em ev'y one, Marse George namin' de names; an' Charley Brown he meck her a pretty speech, an' tell her we mighty proud to own her; an' one o' dem impident gals ax her to gin her dat white frock when she git married; an' when she say, 'Well, what am I goin' weah?' Sally say, 'Lord, honey, Marse George gwine dress you in pure gol'!' an' she look up at him wid sparks flashin' out her eyes, while he look like dat ain' good 'nough for her. An' so twuz, when she went 'way, Sally Marshall got dat frock, an' proud on it I tell you.

"Oh yes; he sutney mindin' her tender. Hi! when she go to ride in evenin' wid him, de ain' no horse-block good 'nough for her! Marse George got to have her step in he hand; an' when dee out walkin' he got de umbreller holdin' 't over her all de time, he so feared de sun 'll kiss her; an' dee walk so slow down dem walks in de shade you got to sight 'em by a tree to tell ef dee movin' 'tall. She use' to look like she used to it too, I tell you, 'cause she wuz quality, one de white-skinned ones; an' she'd set in dem big cheers, wid her little foots on de cricket whar Marse George al'ays set for her, he so feared dee'd tetch de groun', jes like she on her throne; an' ole marster he'd watch her 'mos' edmirin as Marse George; an' when she went 'way hit sutney was lonesome. Hit look like daylight gone wid her. I don' know which I miss mos', Miss Charlotte or Nancy.

"Den Marse George was 'lected to de Legislature, an' ole Jedge Darker run for de Senator, an' Marse George vote gin him an' beat him. An' dat commence de fuss; an' den dat man gi' me de whuppin, an' dat breck 'tup an' breck he heart.

"You see, after Marse George wuz 'lected ('lections wuz 'lections dem days; dee warn' no bait-gode 'lections, wid ev'y sort o' worms squirmin' up 'ginst one nurr, wid piece o' paper d' ain' know what on, drappin' in a chink; didn' nuttin but gent'mens vote den, an' dee took dee dram, an' vote out loud, like gent'mens)—well, arter Marse George wuz 'lected, de parties wuz jes as even balanced as stilyuds, an' wen dee ax Marse George who wuz to be de Senator, he vote for de Whig, 'ginst de ole jedge, an' dat beat him, of co'se. An' dee ain' got sense to know he 'bleeged to vote wid he politics. Dat he sprinciple; he kyarn vote for Locofoco, I don' keer ef he is Miss Charlotte pa, much less her step-pa. Of co'se de ole jedge ain' speak to him arter dat, nur is Marse George ax him to. But who dat gwine s'pose women-folks got to put dee mouf in too? Miss Charlotte she write Marse George a letter dat pester him mightily; he set up all night answerin' dat letter, an' he mighty solemn, I tell you. An' I wuz gittin' right grewsome myself,' cause I studyin' 'bout dat gal down dyah whar I done gi' my wud to, an' when dee ain' no letters come torectly hit hard to tell which one de anxiouser, me or Marse George. Den presney I so 'straughted 'long o' it I ax Aunt Haly 'bouten it: she know all sich things, 'cause she 'mos' a hunderd years ole, an' seed evil sperits, an' got skoripins up her chimney, an' knowed cunjure; an' she ax me what wuz de signication, an' I tell her I ain' able nuther to eat nor to sleep, an' dat gal come foolin' 'long me when I sleep jes like as natchel as ef I see her sho 'nough. An' she say I done con-

jured; dat de gal done tricked me. Oh, Gord! dat skeered me. You white folks, marster, don' b'lieve nuttin like dat; y' all got too much sense, 'cause y' all kin read; but niggers dee ain' know no better, an' I sutney wuz skeered, 'cause Aunt Haly say my coffin done seasoned, de planks up de chimney. Well, I got so bad Marse George ax me 'bout it, an' he sort o' laugh an' sort o' cuss, an' he tell Aunt Haly ef she don' stop dat foolishness skeerin' me he'll sell her an' teah her ole skoripin house down. Well, co'se he jes talkin', an' he ax me next day how'd I like to go an' see my sweetheart. Gord! suh, I got well torectly. So I set off next evenin', feelin' jes big as ole marster, wid my pass in my pocket, which I warn' to show nobody 'douten I 'bleeged to, 'cause Marse George didn' warn nobody to know he le' me go. An' den dat rascallion teck de shut off my back. But ef Marse George didn' pay him de wuth o' it!

"I done git 'long so good, too. When Nancy see me she sutney was 'stonished. She come roun' de cornder in de back yard whar I settin' in Nat's do' (he wuz de gardener) wid her hyah all done untwist, an' breshed out mighty fine, an' a clean ap'on wid fringe on it, meckin' out she so s'prised to see me (whar wuz all a lie, 'cause some on 'em done notify her I dyah), an' she say, 'Hi! what dis black nigger doin' heah?'

"An' I say, 'Who you callin' nigger, you impident kercumber-faced thing you?' Den we shake hands, an' I tell her Marse George done set me free—dat I done buy myself; dat's de lie I done lay off to tell her.

"An' when I tole her dat, she bust out laughin', an' say, well, I better go 'long 'way, den, dat she don' warn no free nigger to be comp'ny for her. Dat sort o' set me back, an' I tell her she kickin' 'fo' she spurred, dat I ain' got her in my mine; I got a nurr gal at home whar grievin' 'bout me dat ve'y minute. An' after I tell her all sich lies as dat, presney she ax me ain' I hongry; an' ef dat nigger didn' git her mammy to gi' me de bes' supter! Umm-m! I kin 'mos' tas'e it now. Wheat bread off de table, an' zerves, an' fat bacon, tell I couldn' 'a put a nurr moufful nowhar sep'n' I'd teck my hat. Dat night I tote Nancy water for her, an' I tell her all 'bout ev'ything, an' she jes sweet as honey. Next mornin', do', she done sort o' tunned some, an' ain' so sweet. You know how milk gits sort o' bonnyclabberish? An' when she see me she 'gin to 'buse me—say I jes tryin' to fool her, an' all de time got nurr wife at home, or gittin' ready to git one, for all she know, an' she ain' know wherr Marse George ain' jes 'ceivin' as I is; an' nem mine, she got plenty warn marry her; an' as to Miss Charlotte, she got de whole wull; Mr. Darker he ain' got nobody in he way now, dat he deah all de time, an' ain' gwine West no mo'. Well, dat aggrivate me so I tell her ef she say dat 'bout Marse George I gwine knock her; an' wid dat she got so oudacious I meck out I gwine 'way, an' lef' her, an' went up todes de barn; an' up dyah, fust thing I know, I come across dat ar man Mr. Darker. Soon as he see me he begin to cuss me, an' he ax me what I doin' on dat land, an' I tell him nuttin. An' he say, well, he gwine to gi' me some'n; he gwine teach me to come prowlin' round gent'men's houses. An' he meck me go in de barn an' teck off my shut, an' he beat me wid he whup tell de blood run out my back. He sutney did beat me scandalous, 'cause he done hate me an' Marse George ever since we wuz at college togurr. An' den he say: 'Now you git right off dis land. Ef either you or you marster ever put you foot on it, you'll git de same thing agin.' An' I tell you, Edinburg he come 'way, 'cause he sutney had worry me. I ain' stop to see Nancy or nobody; I jes come 'long, shakin' de dust, I tell you. An' as I come 'long de road I pass Miss Charlotte walkin' on de lawn by herself, an' she call me: 'Why, hi! ain' dat Edinburg?'

"She look so sweet, an' her voice soun' so cool, I say, 'Yes'm; how you do, missis?' An' she say, she ve'y well, an' how I been, an' whar I gwine? I tell her I ain' feelin' so well, dat I gwine home. 'Hi!' she say, 'is anybody treat you bad?' An' I tell her, 'Yes'm.' An' she say, 'Oh! Nancy don' mean nuttin by dat; dat you mus'n mine what womens say an' do, 'cause dee feel sorry for it next minute; an' sometimes dee kyarn help it, or maybe hit you fault; an', anyhow, you ought to be willin' to overlook it; an' I better go back an' wait till to-morrow—ef—ef I ain' 'bleeged to git home to-day.'

"She got mighty mixed up in de een part o' dat, an' she looked mighty anxious 'bout me an' Nancy; an' I tell her, 'Nor'm, I 'bleeged to git home.'

"Well, when I got home Marse George he warn know all dat gwine on; but I

mighty sick—dat man done beat me so; an' he ax me what de marter, an' I upped an' tell him.

"Gord! I nuver see a man in sich a rage. He call me in de office an' meck me teck off my shut, an' he fyah bust out cryin'. He walked up an' down dat office like a caged lion. Ef he had got he hand on Mr. Darker den, he'd 'a kilt him, sho!

"He wuz most 'stracted. I don' know what he'd been ef I'd tell him what Nancy tell me. He call for Peter to git he horse torectly, an' he tell me to go an' git some'n' from mammy to put on my back, an' to go to bed torectly, an' not to say nuttin to nobody, but to tell he pa he'd be away for two days, maybe; an' den he got on Reveller an' galloped 'way hard as he could wid he jaw set farst, an' he heaviest whip clamped in he hand. Gord! I wuz most hopin' he wouldn' meet dat man, 'cause I feared ef he did he'd kill him; an' he would, sho, ef he had meet him right den; dee say he leetle mo' did when he fine him next day, an' he had done been ridin' den all night; he cotch him at a sto' on de road, an' dee say he leetle mo' cut him all to pieces; he drawed a weepin on him, but Marse George wrench it out he hand an' flung it over de fence; an' when dee got him 'way he had weared he whup out on him; an' he got dem whelps on him now, ef he ain' dead. Yes, suh, he ain' let nobody else do dat he ain' do heself, sho!

"Dat done de business! He sont Marse George a challenge, but Marse George sont him wud he'll cowhide him agin ef he ever heah any mo' from him, an' he 'ain't. Dat perrify him, so he shet he mouf. Den come he ring an' all he pictures an' things back—a gret box on 'em, and not a wud wid 'em. Marse George, I think he know'd dee wuz comin', but dat ain' keep it from huttin him, 'cause he done been 'gaged to Miss Charlotte, an' got he mine riveted to her; an' do' befo' dat dee had stop writin', an' a riff done git 'twixt 'em, he ain' satisfied in he mine dat she ain't gwine 'pologizee—I know by Nancy; but now he got de confirmation dat he done for good, an' dat de gret gulf fixed 'twix him an' Abraham bosom. An', Gord, suh, twuz torment, sho 'nough! He ain' say nuttin 'bout it, but I see de light done pass from him, an' de darkness done wrap him up in it. In a leetle while you wouldn' 'a knowed him. Den ole mistis died. B'lieve me, ole marster he 'most much hut by Miss Charlotte as Marse George. He meck a 'tempt to buy Nancy for me, so I find out arterward, an' write Jedge Darker he'll pay him anything he'll ax for her, but he letter wuz sont back 'dout any answer. He sutney was mad 'bout it—he say he'd horsewhip him as Marse George did dat urr young puppy, but ole mistis wouldn' le' him do nuttin, and den he grieve heself to death. You see he mighty ole, anyways. He nuver got over ole mistis death. She had been failin' a long time, an' he ain' tarry long 'hinst her; hit sort o' like breckin up a holler—de ole 'coon goes 'way soon arter dat; an' marster nuver could pin he own collar or buckle he own stock—mistis she al'ays do dat; an' do' Marse George do de bes' he kin, an' mighty willin', he kyarn handle pin like a woman; he hand tremble like a p'inter dog; an' anyways he ain' ole mistis. So ole marster foller her dat next fall, when dee wuz gittin in de corn, an' Marse George he ain' got nobody in de wull left; he all alone in dat gret house, an' I wonder sometimes he ain' die too, 'cause he sutney wuz fond o' ole marster. When ole mistis wuz dyin' she tell him to be good to ole marster, an' patient wid him, 'cause he ain' got nobody but him now (ole marster he had jes step out de room to cry); an' Marse George he lean over her an' kiss her an' promise her faithful he would. An' he sutney wuz tender wid him as a woman; an' when ole marster die he set by him an' hol' he hand an' kiss him sorf, like he wuz ole mistis. But, Gord! twuz lonesome arter dat, an' Marse George eyes look wistful, like he al'ays lookin' far 'way; an' Aunt Haly say he see harnts whar walk 'bout in de gret house. She say dee walk dyah constant of nights sence ole marster done alterate de rooms from what dee wuz when he gran'pa buil' 'em, an' dat dee huntin' for dee ole chambers an' kyarn git no rest 'cause dee kyarn fine 'em. I don't know how dat wuz. I know Marse George *he* used to walk about heself mightily of nights. All night long, all night long, I'd heah him tell de chickens crowin' dee second crow, an' some mornin's I'd go dyah an' he ain' even rumple de bed. I thought sho he wuz gwine die, but I suppose he done 'arn he days to be long in de land, an' dat save him. But hit sutney wuz lonesome, an' he nuver went off de plantation, an' he got older an' older, tell we all thought he wuz gwine die. An' one day come jes befo' Christmas, 'bout nigh two year after marster

die, Mr. Braxton ride up to de do'. He had done come to teck Marse George home to spen' Christmas wid him. Marse George warn git out it, but Mr. Braxton won' teck no disapp'intment; he say he gwine baptize he boy, an' he done name him after Marse George (he had marry Marse George cousin, Miss Peggy Carter, an' he 'vite Marse George to de weddin', but he wouldn' go, do' I sutney did want him to go, 'cause I heah Miss Charlotte was nominated to marry Mr. Darker, an' I warn know what done 'come o' dat bright-skinned nigger gal whar I used to know down dyah); an' he say Marse George got to come an' stan' for him, an' gi' him a silver cup an' a gol' rattle. So Marse George he finally promise to come an' spend Christmas Day, an' Mr. Braxton went 'way next mornin', an' den hit tun in an' rain so I feared we couldn' go, but hit cler off de day befo' Christmas Eve an' tun cold. Well, suh, we ain' been nowhar for so long I wuz skittish as a young filly; an' den you know twuz de same ole place. We didn' git dyah till supper-time, an' twuz a good one too, 'cause seventy miles dat cold a weather hit whet a man's honger jes like a whetstone. Dee sutney wuz glad to see we all. We rid roun' by de back yard to gi' Billy de horses, an' we see dee wuz havin' gret fixin's; an' den we went to de house, jest as some o' de folks run in an' tell 'em we wuz come. When Marse George stept in de hall dee all clustered roun' him like dee gwine hug him, dee faces fyah dimplin' wid pleasure, an' Miss Peggy she jes retched up an' teck him in her arms an' hug him.

"Dee tell me in de kitchen dat dee wuz been 'spectin' of Miss Charlotte over to spend Christmas too, but de river wuz so high dee s'pose dee couldn' git 'cross. Chile, dat sutney disapp'int me!

"Well, after supper de niggers had a dance. Hit wuz down in de laundry, an' de table wuz set in de carpenter shop jes' by. Oh, hit sutney wuz beautiful! Miss Lucy an' Miss Ailsy dee had superintend' ev'ything wid dee own hands. So dee wuz down dyah wid dee ap'ons up to dee chins, an' dee had de big silver strandeliers out de house, two on each table, an' some o' ole mistiss's best damas' table-clothes, an' ole marster's gret bowl full o' eggnog; hit look big as a mill-pond settin' dyah in de cornder; an' dee had flowers out de greenhouse on de table, an' some o' de chany out de gret house, an' de dinin'-room cheers set roun' de room. Oh! oh! nuttin warn too good for niggers dem times; an' de little niggers wuz runnin' roun' right 'stracted, squealin' an' peepin' an' gittin in de way onder you foots; an' de mens dee wuz totin' in de wood —gret hickory logs, look like stock whar you gwine saw—an' de fire so big hit look like you gwine kill horgs, 'cause hit sutney wuz cold dat night. Dis nigger ain' nuver gwine forgit it! Jack Forester he had come 'cross de river to lead de fiddlers, an' he say he had to put he fiddle onder he coat an' poke he bow in he breeches leg to keep de strings from poppin', an' dat de river would freeze over sho ef twarn so high; but twuz jes snortin', an' he had hard wuck to git over in he skiff, an' Unc' Jeems say he ain' gwine come out he boat-house no mo' dat night—he done tempt Providence often 'nough dat day. Den ev'ything wuz ready, an' de fiddlers got dee dram an' chuned up, an' twuz lively, I tell you! Twuz jes as thick in dyah as blackberries on de blackberry bush, 'cause ev'y gal on de plantation wuz dyah shakin' her foot for some young buck, an' backsteppin' for to go 'long. Dem ole sleepers wuz jes a-rockin', an' Jack Forester he wuz callin' de figgers for to wake 'em up. I warn' dancin', 'cause I done got 'ligion an' longst to de chutch since de trouble done tetch us up so rank; but I tell you my foots wuz pintedly eechchin for a leetle sop on it, an' I had to come out to keep from crossin' 'em onst, anyways. Den, too, I had a tetch o' misery in my back, an' I lay off to git a tas'e o' dat eggnog out dat big bowl wid snow-drift on it from Miss Lucy—she al'ays mighty fond o' Marse George; so I slip into de carpenter shop, an' ax her kyarn I do nuttin for her, an' she laugh an' say, yes, I kin drink her health, an' gi' me a gret gobletful, an' jes den de white folks come in to 'spec' de tables, Marse George in de lead, an' dee all fill up dee glasses an' pledge dee health, an' all de servants', an' a merry Christmas; an' den we went in de laundry to see de dancin', an' maybe to teck a hand deeself, 'cause white folks' 'ligion ain' like niggers', you know; dee got so much larnin dee kin dance an' fool de devil too. An' I stay roun' a little while, an' den went in de kitchen to see how supper gittin on, 'cause I wuz so hongry when I got dyah I ain' able to eat 'nough at one time to 'commodate it, an' de smell o' de tuckeys an' de gret saddlers o' mutton in de two kitchens wuz mos' 'nough by deeself to feed a right

hongry man; an' dyah wuz a whole parcel o' niggers cookin' an' tunnin 'bout for life, an' dee faces jes as shiny as ef dee done bas'e 'em wid gravy; an' dyah, settin' back in a cheer out de way, wid her clean frock up off de flo', wuz dat gal. I sutney did feel curious.

"I say, 'Hi! name o' Gord, whar'd you come from?' She say, 'Oh, Marster! ef heah ain' dat free nigger!' An' ev'ybody laughed. Well, presney we come out, 'cause Nancy warn see de dancin', an' we stop a leetle while 'hind de cornder out de wind while she tell me 'bout ev'ything. An' she say dat's all a lie she tell me dat day 'bout Mr. Darker an' Miss Charlotte; an' he done gone 'way now for good, 'cause he so low-down an' wuthless dee kyarn nobody stand him; an' all he warn marry Miss Charlotte for is to git her niggers. But Nancy say Miss Charlotte nuver could abide him, he so 'sateful, spressly sence she fine out what a lie he told 'bout Marse George. You know, Mr. Darker he done meck 'em think Marse George sont me dyah to fine out ef he done come home, an' den dat he fall on him wid he weepin when he ain' noticin' him, an' sort o' out de way too, an' git two urr mens to hold him while he beat him, all 'cause he in love wid Miss Charlotte. D'you ever, ever heah sich a lie? An' Nancy say, do' Miss Charlotte ain' b'lieve it all togerr, hit look so reasonable she done le' de ole jedge an' her ma, who wuz 'pending on what she heah, 'duce her to send back he things; an' dee ain' know no better not tell after de ole jedge die; den dee fine out 'bout de whuppin me, an' all; an' den Miss Charlotte know huccome I ain' gwine stay dat day; an' she say dee wuz sutney outdone 'bout it, but it too late den, an' Miss Charlotte kyarn do nuttin but cry 'bout it, an' dat she did, pintedly, 'cause she done lost Marse George, an' done 'stroy he life; an' she nuver keer 'bout nobody else sep Marse George, Nancy say. Mr. Clarke he hangin' on, but Miss Charlotte she done tell him pintedly she ain' nuver gwine marry nobody. An' dee jes done come, she say, 'cause dee had to go 'way round by de rope-ferry 'long o' de river bein' so high, an' dee ain' know tell dee done git out de ker'idge an' in de house dat we all wuz heah; an' Nancy say she glad dee ain', 'cause she 'feared ef dee had, Miss Charlotte wouldn' 'a come.

"Den I tell her all 'bout Marse George, 'cause I know she 'bleeged to tell Miss Charlotte. Twuz powerful cold out dyah, but I ain' mine dat, chile. Nancy she done had to wrop her arms up in her ap'on, an' she kyarn meck no zistance 'tall, an' dis nigger ain' keerin nuttin 'bout cold den.

"An' jes den two ladies come out de carpenter shop an' went 'long to de laundry, an' Nancy say, 'Dyah Miss Charlotte now'; an' twuz Miss Lucy an' Miss Charlotte; an' we heah Miss Lucy coaxin' Miss Charlotte to go, tellin' her she kin come right out; an' jes den dee wuz a gret shout, an' we went in hinst 'em. Twuz Marse George had done teck de fiddle, an' ef he warn' natchelly layin' hit down! he wuz up at de urr een o' de room, 'way from we all, 'cause we wuz at de do', nigh Miss Charlotte whar she wuz standin' 'hind some on 'em, wid her eyes on him mighty timid, like she hidin' from him, an' ev'y nigger in de room wuz on dat flo'. Gord! suh, dee wuz grinnin' so dee warn' a toof in dat room you couldn' git you tweezers on; an' you couldn' heah a wud, dee so proud o' Marse George playin' for 'em.

"Well, dee danced tell you couldn' tell which wuz de clappers an' which de back-steppers; de whole house look like it wuz rockin'; an' presney somebody say supper, an' dat stop 'em, an' dee wuz a spell for a minute, an' Marse George standin' dyah wid de fiddle in he hand. He face wuz tunned away, an' he wuz studyin'—studyin' 'bout dat urr Christmas so long ago—an' sudney he face drapt down on de fiddle, an' he drawed he bow 'cross de strings, an' dat chune begin to whisper right sorf. Hit begin so low ev'ybody had to stop talkin' an' hold dee mouf to heah it; an' Marse George he ain' know nuttin 'bout it, he done gone back, an' standin' dyah in de gret hall playin' it for Miss Charlotte whar done come down de steps wid her little blue foots an' gret fan, an' standin' dyah in her dim blue dress an' her fyah arms, an' her gret eyes lookin' in he face so earnest, whar he ain' gwine nuver speak to no mo'. I see it by de way he look—an' de fiddle wuz jes pleadin'. He drawed it out jes as fine as a stran' o' Miss Charlotte's hyah.

"Hit so sweet, Miss Charlotte, mun, she couldn' stan' it; she made to de do'; an' jes while she watchin' Marse George to keep him from seein' her he look dat way, an' he eyes fall right into hern.

"Well, suh, de fiddle drapt down on de flo', an' he face wuz white as a sycamore limb. Dee say twuz a swimmin' in de

head he had; an' Jack say de whole fiddle warn' wuff de five dollars.

"Me an' Nancy followed 'em tell dee went in de house, an' den we come back to de shop whar de supper wuz gwine on, an' got we all supper an' a leetle sop o' dat yaller gravy out dat big bowl, an' den we all rejourned to de laundry agin, an' got onder de big bush o' misseltow whar hangin' from de jice, an' ef you ever see scufflin' dat's de time.

"Well, me an' she had jes done lay off de whole Christmas, when wud come dat Marse George want he horses.

"I went, but it sutney breck me up; an' I wonder whar de name o' Gord Marse George gwine sen' me dat cold night, an' jes as I got to de do' Marse George an' Mr. Braxton come out, an' I know torectly Marse George wuz gwine home. I seen he face by de light o' de lantern, an' twuz set jes rigid as a rock. Mr. Braxton he wuz beggin' him to stay; he tell him he ruinin' he life, dat he sho dee's some mistake, an' 'twill be all right. An' all de answer Marse George meck wuz to swing heself up in de saddle, an' Reveller he look like he gwine fyah 'stracted. He al'ays mighty fool anyways when he git cold, dat horse wuz.

"Well, we come 'long 'way, an' Mr. Braxton an' two mens come down to de river wid lanterns to see us cross, 'cause twuz dark as pitch, sho 'nough. An' jes 'fo' I started I got one o' de mens to hol' my horses, an' I went in de kitchen to git warm, an' dyah Nancy wuz. An' she say Miss Charlotte upsteairs cryin' right now, 'cause she think Marse George gwine cross de river 'count o' her, an' she whimper a little herself when I tell her good-by. But twuz too late den. Well, de river wuz jes natchelly b'ilin', an' hit soun' like a mill-dam roarin' by; an' when we got dyah Marse George tunned to me an' tell me he reckon I better go back. I ax him whar he gwine, an' he say, 'Home.' 'Den I gwine wid you,' I says. I wuz mighty skeered, but me an' Marse George wuz boys togerr; an' he plunged right in, an' I after him.

"Gord! twuz cold as ice; an' we hadn' got in befo' bofe horses wuz swimmin' for life. He holler to me to byah de myah head up de stream; an' I did try, but what's a nigger to dat water! Hit jes pick me up an' dash me down like I ain' no mo'n a chip, an' de fust thing I know I gwine down de stream like a piece of bark, an' water washin' all over me. I knowed den I gone, an' I hollered for Marse George for help. I heah him answer me not to git skeered, but to hold on; but de myah wuz lungin' an' de water wuz all over me like ice, an' den I washed off de myah back, an' got drownded. I 'member comin' up an' hollerin' agin for help, but I know den 'tain' no use, dee ain' no help den, an' I got to pray to Gord, an' den some'n hit me an' I went down agin, an'—de next thing I know, I wuz in de bed, an' I heah 'em talkin' 'bout wherr I dead or not, an' I ain' know myself tell I taste de whiskey dee po'rin' down my jugular. An' den dee tell me 'bout how when I hollered Marse George tun back an' struck out for me for life, an' how jes as I went down de last time he cotch me an' helt on to me tell we wash down to whar de bank curve, an' dyah de current wuz so rapid hit yuck him off Reveller back, but he helt on to de reins tell de horse lunge so he hit him wid he fo'-foot an' breck he collar-bone, an' den he had to let him go, an' jes helt on to me; an' jes den we wash up agin de bank an' cotch in a tree, an' de mens got dyah quick as dee could, an' when dee retched us Marse George wuz holdin' on to me, an' had he arm wropped roun' a limb, an' we wuz lodged in de crotch, an' bofe jes as dead as a nail; an' de myah she got out, but Reveller he wuz drownded, wid his foot cotch in de rein an' de saddle tunned onder he side; an' dee ain' know wherr Marse George ain' dead too, 'cause he not only drownded, but he lef' arm broke up nigh de shoulder. An' dee say Miss Charlotte she 'mos' 'stracted; dat de fust thing anybody know 'bout it wuz when some de servants bust in de hall an' holler, and say Marse George an' me done bofe washed 'way an' drownded, an' dat she drapt down dead on de flo', an' when dee bring her to she 'low to Miss Lucy dat she de 'casion on he death; an' dee say dat when de mens wuz totin' him in de house, an' wuz shufflin' de feets not to meck no noige, an' a little piece o' blue silk drapt out he breast whar somebody picked up an' gin Miss Lucy, Miss Charlotte breck right down agin; an' some on 'em say she sutney did keer for him; an' now when he layin' upsteairs dyah dead, hit too late for him ever to know it.

"Well, suh, I couldn' teck it in dat Marse George and Reveller wuz dead, an' jes den somebody say Marse George done comin' to, an' dee gi' me so much whiskey I went

to sleep. An' next mornin' I got up an' went to Marse George room, an' see him layin' dyah in de bed, wid he face so white an' he eyes so tired-lookin', an' he ain' know me no mo' 'n ef he nuver see me, an' I couldn' stan' it; I jes drap down on de flo' an' bust out cryin'. Gord! suh, I couldn' help it, 'cause Reveller wuz drownded, an' Marse George he wuz mos' gone. An' he came nigher goin' yit, 'cause he had sich a strain, an' been so long in de water, he heart done got numbed, an' he got 'lirium, an' all de time he thought he tryin' to git 'cross de river to see Miss Charlotte, an' hit so high he kyarn git dyah. Hit sutney wuz pitiful to see him layin' dyah tossin' an' pitchin', not knowin' whar he wuz, tell it took all Mr. Braxton an' me could do to keep him in de bed, an' de doctors say he kyarn hol' out much longer.

"An' all dis time Miss Charlotte she wuz gwine 'bout de house wid her face right white, an' Nancy say she don' do nuttin all day long in her room but cry an' say her pra'rs, prayin' for Marse George, whar dyin' upsteairs by 'count o' not knowin' she love him, an' I tell Nancy how he honin' all de time to see her, an' how he constant callin' her name. Well, so twuz, tell he mos' done weah he-self out; an' jes lay dyah wid his face white as de pillow, an' he gret pitiful eyes rollin' 'bout so restless, like he still lookin' for her whar he all de time callin' her name, an' kyarn git 'cross dat river to see; an' one evenin' 'bout sunset he 'peared to be gwine; he weaker'n he been at all, he ain' able to scuffle no mo', an' jes layin' dyah so quiet, an' presney he say, lookin' mighty wistful,

"'Edinburg, I'm goin' to-night; ef I don' git 'cross dis time, I'll gin't up.'

"Mr. Braxton wuz standin' nigh de head o' de bed, an' he say, 'Well, by Gord! he *shall* see her!'—jes so. An' he went out de room, an' to Miss Charlotte do', an' call her, an' tell her she got to come, ef she don't, he'll die dat night; an' fust thing I know, Miss Lucy bring Miss Charlotte in, wid her face right white, but jes as tender as a angel's, an' she come an' stan' by de side de bed, an' lean down over him, an' call he name, 'George!'—jes so.

"An' Marse George he ain' answer; he jes look at her studdy for a minute, an' den he forehead got smooth, an' he tun he eyes to me, an' say, 'Edinburg, I'm 'cross.'"

Editor's Easy Chair.

WHEN the sympathetic listener to the story of the accident by which a poor man's leg was broken exclaimed, "I am very sorry," his companion asked, "How much are you sorry?" "I am sorry five dollars' worth," he answered. The construction of his sentence was faulty, but his meaning was very plain. So if the gentle reader of this Magazine should be disposed to reply to the Easy Chair's wish for a happy new year, "How much do you wish it?" the Easy Chair is quite ready with its answer. The proof of the sincerity of the wish is shown by the provision made by the Magazine to make the reader's new year happy. The greeting is not a mere phrase of compliment, nor an invitation to a Barmecide feast, as perhaps the experience of the gentle reader may assure him. Nor yet is his mind to be vexed with the thought of a monotonous entertainment like the French dinner to which the guest of fine houses sits down evening after evening in the season, where the usual truffle follows the customary *pâté* or familiar *filet*, and only the table service is different, while the feast itself is "another, yet the same." How often may not that guest, as he toys with his apple charlotte or his *Charlotte de Russe*, recall that other Charlotte, of England, of whom her husband is fabled to have said, when he found her in the place of the pretty lady-in-waiting, "Dear! dear! nothing but old Charlotte!"

If the gentle reader will turn the page, he will find that he has opened a door which admits him to the Editor's Study. It is a room which he has not seen before; an apartment designed for his delight, as the Easy Chair is intended for his repose; a retreat in which his wakefulness will be as refreshing as his slumbers in the Chair. It is therefore not such an addition to the structure of the Magazine as the mysterious chamber with which the worthy man who late in life joined the ancient Church enlarged his house, and which his friend, misled by the sound of words, declared to be a dormitory for the Virgin Mary. To introduce the reader into the Study is to prove the sincerity of our wishes for a happy new year. The *genius loci* who welcomes him is not one whom the guest has ignorantly worshipped, but whose fine and penetrating power has at once charmed his fancy and touched his char-

acter and refined his life. The Study, with its interior decoration and its exterior prospects from the enchanted windows, is best described by its gracious occupant. The guest will see that it is of the true modern taste and style, which, as he will correctly gather from his host in the Study, is a happy blending of the best of the old with the best of the new, the Indian and Egyptian, the Greek and Romanesque and mediæval Gothic, felicitously harmonizing with the latest Queen Anne and the decorated simplicity of the Main Street bridge at Des Vaches, Indiana.

In these days, when books issue from the press like the ancient hordes from the steppes of Central Asia, in whose mighty march across the globe renowned nations and famous places are but the names of camps and tents of a night, what individual account of them can be kept? The hero who should undertake to read of that vast issue only the novels, leaving all science, history, poetry, philosophy, and newspapers untouched, would still propose to drink the ocean. All that the conditions of literature now allow to the literary corner of a monthly magazine is some hint of the general character and course of literary production. If, then, a Study had been furnished in which Faraday could have told us every month in pleasant chat something about science, or Edmund Burke, let us say, had talked of politics, or Coleridge of philosophy, would there have been any club or drawing-room in famous London more agreeable?

Now a magazine is something of a club. Its entertainment, perhaps, is almost as good as that of most clubs, except, of course, that one of which the gentle reader is, fortunately for his fellow-members, so bright an ornament. Here the poets sing, and the travellers tell their wonderful tales, and the novelist lays upon us his magic spell, and the naturalist reveals his beautiful secrets, and the mysteries of mechanics are made plain by the inventor, and the world's general progress is noted by the "intelligent gentleman" who hides his name but not his wisdom. They all meet in the spacious common hall, and the murmur of their voices is very musical.

But if you choose to slip quietly away up into the cozy little Study, you will find as warm a welcome and another monologue. For possibly one special advantage of this magazine club over all others is that the speaker can not be interrupted. You may, indeed, cut short his eloquence by running away, but it is your only method of escape—What is that? You are taking the hint and your hat, and are making for the door of the Study? Farewell, then—and so, indeed, you are sure to fare in that retreat. As you listen you will wonder, as we always wonder when a good thing is done for the first time, why it was not done long ago. The new room in the old house always seems to be the best room. Farewell, and the Easy Chair says it with a clear conscience, because it knows that you are about to prove the sincerity of its wish to every reader of the old Magazine for a happy new year.

The second destruction of the monument to André at Tappan is a curious illustration of the lingering hostility to England which was familiar to school-boys forty or fifty years ago, and which was expressed in their hearty dislike of "the redcoats." The "scarlet regimentals" of the British troops made a profound impression upon the colonial mind, and the bitter feeling was fostered and transmitted for many a year, although recently it has generally disappeared. Indeed, of late years the eminent Englishmen who have come among us have been received with the utmost cordiality, and the "redcoat" sentiment has found no expression except in the perfunctory and Pickwickian denunciation of England with the purpose of political effect upon less intelligent citizens.

Such an incident as the repeated demolition of the André monument, however, is a revelation of the feeling to which the political appeal is made. It is not, indeed, clear whether the particular incident is a sign of the old American dislike of England or of the Irish enmity, but whether the one or the other, it is equally hostility to England. The friendly regard for our English kindred, however, is even more significant. No man could be received in a foreign country with more hearty welcome and general good-will than Dean Stanley in the United States, and it was to some expression of his that the André monument owed its erection. No recent visitor has been more warmly greeted than Canon Farrar, yet it was just after his visit to the monument that it was again destroyed. The welcome of both Englishmen was open, general, and generous. The demolition of the monument was clandestine, like a crime, and may have been the work of a half-dozen persons, unsustained by the sentiment of the community, which, indeed, has protested in a public meeting against the destruction of the memorial.

It must be confessed, however, that the choice of an Englishman to be honored by a memorial was singularly made. André was a spy, and however devoted and heroic a spy in war may be, he is always peculiarly detested by the other side. Nathan Hale was also a spy. But his name is honored, because he undertook by a ruse which is always pardonable in war to serve his country by penetrating the camp of the enemy. André was an agent to deal secretly with a soldier to betray his trust. When the plot was discovered he behaved like a man, and met his death bravely. But Washington did not doubt the nature of his act; and while no sinister motive of any kind can be attributed to him, it was not a deed or a man to select for especial commemoration and honor.

Moreover, the memorial, as is understood, was, at least, suggested, not by an American, but by a countryman of André's. Had it been

a spontaneous American impulse, the result might have been respected. But while the story of André is very pathetic, and his fate was tragical, the selection of him especially among Englishmen for this kind of distinction seems to be unnatural. England undoubtedly now honors the memory of Washington; but she will hardly build his monument in Westminster Abbey.

If among Englishmen of the time of the Revolution we are signally to distinguish any one, it should be William Pitt, who rejoiced that Boston had resisted, or—pardoning the bull—the Irishman Edmund Burke, who made the great plea for conciliation, and portrayed with immortal eloquence American energy and character. They were never in America, indeed. That is true, and they are therefore not associated with the Hudson and with the blackest event of the war, like André. No one surely would flout the young man's memory. No soldier who was not a brave man would have undertaken the service which brought him to his death. He undertook it with no sense of dishonor or wrong, and he paid the utmost penalty with a simple heroism which has naturally made his story a romance. So it will be always told, nor will any generous American object.

It is not surprising that the tragedy should have touched the heart of the kindly Dean, and that he should feel that a monument upon the spot would be a memorial not only of personal heroism, but of peace between kindred people, and of a high and unusual sentiment of forgiveness and fraternity. But that is an instinct which makes the suggestion jar upon the sense of fitness. We have forgiven the old King, our most implacable foe, and we acknowledge his purblind sincerity, and his honest and queer superstition about his coronation oath, which seemed to constrain him to every kind of injustice and wrong. None could have felt more deeply than Americans the sublime pathos of Thackeray's concluding words in his lecture upon the third George: History does not show a more tragical, a more mournful figure. We own it willingly, we forgive him freely and fully, but we will not raise a statue to commemorate our forgiveness and our pity.

The André monument is overthrown, not openly and by the will of the community, but stealthily, and in a way which showed a consciousness of crime. It was an outrage and a wrong to the good name of the neighborhood. But it would be better not to rebuild it.

John Bull often laughs at some eccentric use of the language, some uncouth phrase or apparent slang, from his cousin Jonathan, when, after all, it turns out to be a Yorkshire or a Shropshire form of speech, which either has been long latent in the transatlantic branch, and comes out at last like invisible writing before a fire, or is a usage as old as the English settlement, but which has been only recently traced back again to the mother country. American women are thought to be very "queer" in many ways, when tried by the conventional standards of other countries. Nothing could be queerer than Daisy Miller to Mrs. General precisely pouring prunes and prisms from her proper mouth. Nothing, also, would seem to be queerer to the typical respectable British matron than many of the excellent American champions of the rights of their own sex.

But while that matron would look aghast upon one of her own sex making a stump-speech, and would doubtless murmur, "How painfully American!" the Easy Chair recently pointed out that nothing could seem to an American lady more extraordinary than the spectacle of the wife of a candidate for Congress driving with election flags and ribbons from house to house soliciting votes for her husband. Yet this was the "queer" spectacle offered by the wife of Lord Randolph Churchill in the early summer, and the fact that she was an American made no difference. She would certainly not have done the same thing here, and doubtless she shares the feeling of repulsion with which so many American ladies regard the assertion of the right of doing what she did. Lady Churchill was stumping for her husband. It was not "queer" in England, and it shows that the brow of the respectable British matron should not be lifted at the "female champion of her sex" in America, because she is plainly a British survival, like the local phrase or word.

The same interesting fact is illustrated in other ways. John Bull at his London club, like young Bull Calf at his club in New York, is shocked by the vulgarity and "blackguardism" of American politics. It strikes him as very undignified, and he sighs to think "it is so transatlantic." Is it? Is it peculiarly American? Not at all; it is only a survival of the dear mother country. To one who recalls Hogarth, and remembers Grant's *Random Recollections of the House of Commons*, and Disraeli's and Bulwer's and Dickens's stories, and who has dipped a little into English political and party history, nothing is more queer than that John Bull should think vulgarity and blackguardism and worse, in an electoral campaign, to be so American and queer.

The other evening, in an ordinary election campaign, such as that which is just ended in England, poor Lord Lorne, the Queen's son-in-law, was assailed with such uproar, and even with eggs, so furiously, that he escaped from the platform, and ran, dripping, through a heavy rain to the railroad station, and shook the mud of the town from off his feet. Now as the conduct of the wife of Lord Churchill, upon which this Chair passes no judgment, however familiar and acceptable in England, would have been thought superlatively queer in the United States, so the vituperative vigor of English political speaking is unparalleled here, and as proceeding from a realm in which

election vulgarity is thought to be so American, it is undeniably queer.

The appearance of a high dignitary of the Episcopal Church upon the party stump on this side of the water would be an extraordinary and almost an unprecedented event. But that, if he appeared, such an ecclesiastic should speak of an opponent as the Venerable Archdeacon George Anthony Denison, of Taunton, in England, recently spoke of Mr. Gladstone, is incredible. The reverend gentleman said: "I have known Mr. Gladstone forty-five years, but I would not trust him with a 'brass farthing.' The Whigs nightly before sleeping express the hope that something will happen to Mr. Gladstone before morning." Can we figure Bishop Littlejohn, or Bishop or Assistant Bishop Potter, or Bishop Doane, or Bishop Huntington, or Bishop Coxe, all of them New York ecclesiastics, either speaking upon the stump at all, or under any conceivable circumstances talking in that strain of any opponent? It is certainly very queer, and we sigh deeply to think how English it is.

Professor Tyndall also took part in the late Parliamentary campaign, so far as to write a letter declining to stand for a seat. In the letter, referring to events in the Soudan, he too said of Mr. Gladstone: "If there be a day of retribution for the misdeeds of men, I would not willingly accompany to the judgment-seat the unpurged spirits of those who were responsible for the bloodshed in the Soudan. It was a damning and damnable business from beginning to end. Yet the man who is answerable beyond all others for this waste of blood, who sent Gordon to the wilds and there abandoned him to death and mutilation, now dares to talk to the people of Midlothian as if no fleck rested upon his workmanship." That is as bitter as anything that has been said upon the American stump for many a year. Our personality and invective and extravagance at elections are only a survival of queerness. Our fathers brought them in the blood when they left England. They are a common heritage of the race, and not distinctively "so American," after all.

So in the very points upon which we naturally criticise each other is our kinship beyond the sea established. The Eatanswill *Gazette* and the Eatanswill *Independent* are perfectly familiar journals to American experience, just as the reckless personalities of the stump are indigenous to English elections. Instead of sneering and reviling each other, suppose that we both reform ourselves. It is true that if we try it we shall be smitten with another sneer. We shall be sentenced at once as purists and Pharisees. For this also is among the traditions of the English-speaking race—a survival of queerness—that in a company of Munchausens the man who proposes to tell the truth insults all the rest, and is called to account as a sanctimonious impostor.

The average opinion and conduct, in a country where the majority is supreme, naturally hold that they are right, for the very reason that they are the average, while the "other fellow" is wrong, because he is not the majority. The consequent tendency is illustrated by the exhortation of the citizen who, overcome with liquor, was sitting in the middle of the street, and as the crowd of respectable passengers looked at him in the dirt with disgust, he beamed at them blandly and said, persuasively, "Fellow-citizens, let us all sit down!"

A correspondent asks the Easy Chair a very delicate question, namely, whether it is of opinion that a young poet who sends his verses to an older and famous author to read and criticise may implicitly trust the reply that he receives. The Easy Chair has no authority to speak for old and famous authors; but it will venture to reply that if the young poet—for such it naturally supposes its correspondent to be—will scan the reply carefully, he will see that it generally expresses sympathy and good feeling and appreciation of a worthy endeavor, rather than a critical opinion.

The older and more renowned authors in this country are and have generally been a singularly courteous and friendly body, especially to their younger brethren in the craft. Irving and Longfellow were the soul of sweetness to all comers. Their urbanity to bores was marvellous. When one day an admirer of the gentler sex arrived at the Cragie house attended by a piano, upon which she proposed to accompany her singing of some of the poet's songs, his bland benignity did not fail, and she received the welcome that made light and music in her memory forever after.

Those who marked this untiring courtesy of the poet to curious intruders of every kind, which was a beautiful form of charity, often recalled Longfellow's story of his first residence in the house while Mrs. Cragie still occupied it. She was a stately lady of the old school, who lived withdrawn from the world, and cherished her own whims and fancies. One day the young lodger came into her parlor and found her sitting by the open window reading the Bible, while canker-worms from the trees outside were crawling upon her dress and hanging from her white turban. The young man proposed to remove them; but the grave old lady raised her eyes calmly and said to him, "Why, sir, they are our fellow-worms, and have as good a right to live as we." We have heard, and nothing is more probable, that the last guests whom the poet received in his study were two lads from Boston who came to pay their affectionate homage to the man whom they revered. He wrote his name for them, and sent them away with his benediction. If the story is not true, it is entirely characteristic, because he was always doing such acts of grace and tender consideration.

Meanwhile our correspondent is patiently waiting. But perhaps he forecasts the answer to his question. The young poet who asks

the elder's opinion of his verses is one of those lads. His inquiry is a form of expressing respect and gratitude; and the old poet writes his name and lays his hand kindly upon the younger head. Perhaps he does it by saying that the verses show poetic feeling and facility, and that he finds happy lines and a pleasant music, and that his young friend has undoubtedly discovered that writing poetry is its own exceeding great reward. They are words of cordial sympathy and encouragement, and they honestly mean what they say. They do not salute the writer as a great poet, nor in any way do they deceive or mislead him. They express a sincere good-will, and undoubtedly he will find that they do no more.

Now the young poet ought not to make such a letter mean more than it does mean. Because he is not told that he is a mere mocking-bird, that rhyming is poor business, and he had better dig ditches than cultivate the noxious habit, or because he is not stung with sneers or riddled with sarcasms, he ought not to suppose that he is advised to regard himself as a poet, and enter at once upon a literary career. Under this illusion he might inclose a poem to the editor, with the elder poet's letter as his credential. But such letters are, in the language of "the street," "paper" with which the editor is accustomed to deal. He understands it fully. Indeed—who knows?—he may have written such letters himself, and he comprehends their exact value, namely, that they are kind words of sympathy and nothing more.

Besides, an editor knows what he wants and the poet does not. Were the poet an editor, he would decline respectfully the very verses which, as he has truly written to the author, show a very sweet poetic feeling. Again, an editor—such is the mystery of the craft—declines a poem to-day because he accepted a poorer one yesterday. The wine that is poured when the beaker is full may be the very warm south itself, but it necessarily flows away and is lost. When the young poet has dipped his cup in Castaly, and brings the precious liquid to the editor, let him not forget that the vessel which is filled to the brim can not be fuller.

The young poet, indeed, did not ask about the editor, but as he often requests the elder poet's opinion that he may bespeak favor from the terrible Rhadamanthus of a magazine, the answer is not altogether irrelevant to the question. Perhaps, also, it is because he has found that the letter is not an open sesame to the magic grotto that he inquires a little skeptically whether it is sincere. He need not be troubled. There is no sincerer feeling than that with which the veteran greets the young recruit. But the youth must remember that the friendly salute does not commission him major-general even by brevet.

Forty years ago the American traveller in Europe often read upon the hotel register the names of fellow-countrymen who were recorded as coming, not from the United States, but from South Carolina or Alabama or Mississippi. It was somewhat as if the English tourist should enter his name at the Windsor or the Albemarle or the Fifth Avenue as from Kent or Cornwall or Durham. At home, indeed, such a manner of describing his residence would have been natural enough for any American, but in Europe it was resented by the American who instinctively felt that in a foreign country every citizen of the Union should use the generic name by which we are all known.

There was another disagreeable impression arising from this habit. When an American in distant lands described himself as of Georgia or Arkansas there was an apparent willingness to drop the collective and national name, as if he preferred the local and provincial distinction. In the political situation at that time, also, when the sectional lines were deeply drawn, there was an air of defiance in calling yourself a Carolinian or a Floridian instead of an American; and as the local name was, of course, generally unknown in those foreign parts, the record was presumptively made with the purpose of asserting the dogma of State sovereignty against any other fellow-countryman who took another view of the question, and who upon his travels might chance to peruse the page. There was probably a keen pleasure in a bravado which was unintelligible to everybody except those for whom it was especially designed.

These are recollections of a time long past, and of a situation happily vanished forever. But however defiant and belligerent the purpose of the record may have been, it is none the less true that its form expressed one of the most interesting and significant facts in our political system—that each State in the Union is in very truth an *imperium in imperio*. The arbitrary and invisible lines that divide the States, although they are overrun in every direction by railways, and are totally unmarked by custom-houses or by changes of language or costume, and are, in fact, all dissolved in one general and supreme authority, yet all inclose a certain local life, with notable characteristics, and each State community has its peculiar traditions and habits and phrases, and its distinguished men and women. But its traditions and reputations are strictly local. They do not pass the lines, but are permanent within them.

This fact of an actual local distinction, and the sense of it, and the careful and even aggressive cultivation of it for specific political and sectional purposes, made the Mississippian's wish to record the State from which he came something more than an affectation. To be a Mississippian was, indeed, to be an American, but a very different American from the Vermonter. A very pleasant illustration of this separate and individual life of the States is furnished by Mr. Abraham Payne, an

eminent leader of his profession in Rhode Island, who "in the fallow leisure of his life" writes in a colloquial and simple way about the noted Rhode Island lawyers of his time. To read his book is like sitting in his office and listening to the friendly talk of a veteran about his contemporaries, for however keen his tongue may have been thought to be by his opponents at the bar, and however satirical his humor, it is plain when he begins to speak of his comrades and elders at the bar that his memory throws upon them a pensive light of tenderness, and that only the honey of the bee lingers upon his lips.

Mr. Payne tells some excellent stories, for the recollections of every lawyer of experience and a shrewd sense of humor must necessarily teem with them. An epigram of a Rhode Island magistrate, Judge Shearman, goes far to justify the saying of a Massachusetts lawyer, that genius is less gift than industry. A lazy lawyer was ridiculing the restless activity of a younger brother, when the judge dryly remarked, "Well, well, an engine of one-cat-power running all the time will do more work than an engine of forty horse-power standing still." Many names are mentioned which are entirely meaningless outside of the limits of little Rhode Island, but which are full of significance there, and intimately associated with the history and life of the State.

The book, indeed, is a striking illustration of our present text. Despite the feeling with which the fellow-citizen from Virginia or Louisiana recorded that fact upon the innocent hotel register at Interlachen or drowsy Pisa, as if it were a resounding challenge to all caitiff Americans of another mind, it is true that this local vigor makes the collective strength, and that State pride begets national power. But the gentleman from the banks of the Red River, or at the confluence of the Ashley and the Cooper, stood so erect that he leaned backward, and naturally lost his balance.

Yet it is the spirit and the tradition which appeared in that defiant register, and which gives a racy local charm to Mr. Payne's *Reminiscences*, which make an unwise centralization impossible, and explain the profound political truth of our national legend, *E pluribus unum*.

Mr. Parnell is undoubtedly one of the personages of the time. There are not many at any time, and they do not always pass into the Pantheon when they die. Lord Beaconsfield was unquestionably one toward the close of his career, but he will hardly remain, like Chatham and Burke. Mr. Parnell, however, although an active figure in contemporary politics, and therefore, like all such figures, somewhat belittled by imperfect knowledge, has apparently an extraordinary opportunity. The man who brings the long and trying Irish and English question to a satisfactory conclusion will be associated with a great historic event and become a historical figure.

At this moment Mr. Parnell holds an actual power in Ireland which is perhaps essentially greater than that held by Mr. Gladstone in England or by Bismarck in Germany, because it rests upon the virtually undivided confidence of his countrymen. Both Gladstone and Bismarck hold their own against large and organized parties. But while the Ulster Irishmen do not all follow Parnell, the overwhelming drift of Irish sympathy is with him. He has virtually dictated the selection of almost all of the Irish members of Parliament, and they are all pledged to obey him. One correspondent calls him the most powerful Irish leader since the Conquest. It is certain that with little of the eloquence or the personal popular charm which have distinguished the Irish leaders since Flood, he is stronger than any, and the hope which has inspired them all, and which has survived centuries of apparent hopelessness, seems about to be fulfilled by the cool, dry, impassive Parnell.

His skill has been shown by his use of his opportunities. Clearly to perceive the situation, and thoroughly to comprehend your resources and the effective way of applying them, is the secret of leadership in state-craft as elsewhere. Parnell believes that every advantage, or, as he holds, every right, of Ireland has been extorted from England by annoying her. He knew the bitter conflict of parties in England, and he saw that the Irish vote holds the balance of power in Parliament. To make that vote absolutely his own; to cast it solidly for any man or party or policy which should favor his policy in Ireland; to use it with both parties as a threat or a bribe; to master parliamentary law so as to obstruct legislation legally; in a word, to make the success of either party dependent upon him — this has been his aim, and he has apparently accomplished his purpose.

Organized insurrection he has repressed. Boycotting and individual crimes he has not condemned, thinking, probably, that while savagely denounced by the English press they would be interpreted by English intelligence as incidents inseparable from individual wrong and national oppression. Mr. Parnell's has been a deliberate, well-considered course. Persistence in it has carried him steadily forward. There is no rival near the throne. His actual ascendency was strikingly shown at Mayo, where he persuaded a community resolved to support a certain candidate to set him aside, and unanimously and enthusiastically to support Mr. Parnell's choice.

He is indeed an uncrowned king, and should he die, there is no one to take up his sceptre. No fabulous monarch of Tara's Hall, no lord of the round towers, no wild Celtic chieftain, was so powerful a ruler. A short time will show whether his power also, like the harp of Tara, will be unstrung, and his deeds remain buried, resultless, under the stream of time, like those stern round towers of other days.

Editor's Study.

I.

THERE are few words so sympathetically compliant with a varied need as the word used to conceal the real character of this new department of the *New Monthly*. In almost every dwelling of any pretensions to taste there is nowadays a study, charmingly imagined by the architect and prettily equipped by the domestic powers, where the master of the house lounges away his leisure, scanty or abundant, and nobody apparently studies. From a very early time, or at least from the opening of the present genteel period when the whole race began to put on airs of intellectual refinement, the "study" has been known; and even in the *Book of Snobs* we read of Major Ponto's study, where "the library consisted mostly of boots," gardening tools, fishing-rods, whips, spurs, and pots of blacking; and such branches of literary inquiry were discussed as the fate of the calf or the sentence of the pig. This, to be sure, was the study of a country gentleman, and the study of an editor of such a magazine as ours is necessarily somewhat different, though its appointments are equally expressive, we hope, of cultivated pursuits. It is, in any case, not at all the kind of place which the reader, with his mind full of the Grub Street traditions of literature, would fancy—a narrow den at the top of the house, where the occupant, piled about with books and proofs and manuscripts, darkles in a cloud blown from his own cigar. The real editor, before whom contributors tremble, may be something like this in his habitat and environment; but the unreal editor, the airy, elusive abstraction who edits the Study, is quite another character, and is fittingly circumstanced. Heavy rugs silence the foot upon his floor; nothing but the costliest masterpieces gleam from his walls; the best of the old literatures, in a subtly chorded harmony of bindings, make music to the eye from his shelves, and the freshest of the new load his richly carved mahogany table. His vast windows of flawless plate look out upon the confluent waters of the Hudson and the Charles, with expanses, in the middle distance, of the Mississippi, the Great Lakes, and the Golden Gate, and in the background the misty line of the Thames, with reaches of the remoter Seine, and glints of the Tiber's yellow tide. The peaks of the Apennines, dreamily blending with those of the Sierras, form the vanishing-point of the delicious perspective; and we need not say that the edifice in which this study luxuriously lurks commands the very best view of the Washington Monument and the two-pair-front of the national Capitol. As a last secret we will own that the edifice is an American architect's adaptation of a design by the poet Ariosto, who for reasons of economy built himself a very small house in a back street of Ferrara, while he lavished his palaces on the readers of his poetry at no expense to himself; it was originally in the Spanish taste, but the architect has added some touches of the new Renaissance, and has done what he could to impart a colonial flavor to the whole.

In such keeping, the editor of the Study proposes to sit at fine ease, and talk over with the reader—who will always be welcome here—such matters of literary interest as may come up from time to time, whether suggested by the new books of the day or other accidents of the literary life. The reader will, of course, not be allowed to interrupt the editor while he is talking; in return the editor will try to keep his temper, and to be as inconclusive as possible. If the reader disagrees with him upon any point, he will be allowed to write to him for publication, when, if the editor can not expose the reader's folly, he will be apt to suppress his letter. It is meant, in other terms, to make the Study a sort of free parliament, but for the presiding officer only; or, a symposium of one.

The editor comes to his place after a silence of some years in this sort, and has a very pretty store of prejudices to indulge and grudges to satisfy, which he will do with as great decency as possible. Their victims will at once know them for prejudices and grudges, and so no great harm will be done; it is impartiality that is to be feared in these matters, and a man who likes or dislikes can never be impartial—though perhaps a woman might. The editor will not deny that in addition to his prejudices and grudges he has some opinions, honest as opinions go, but cherished possibly because he has had no opportunity to exchange them with others. With a reader reduced to silence, the affair of their expression will be very simple; the reader will accept them or not as he likes, and having no chance to reply, will not be argued into them. While the editor's guest, he is invited to look at the same books and consider the same facts with him, and—tacitly, of course—may disable his judgment as much as he will. If he is not content with this, there will always be a vast body of literature not under discussion, and he may turn for relief to that.

II.

If any one, for example, prefers the *History of England*, which Major Ponto had been reading all the morning when he asked Mr. Snob into his study, there is certainly no reason why he must join the editor in turning over the novels which happen for the most part to cumber his table. If himself a novelist, he will probably not care so much for them as for some solider sorts of literature; he will choose almost any history, or biography, or travels, or volume of *mémoires pour servir*, which will feed

his imagination and afford him material, like so much life; if he is an unsuccessful novelist, he will in this way spare himself the sting of envy, which certain of the books before us might inflict. Yet, if he is not this, if he is a reader who reads novels, and not a reader who writes them, we think he will do himself a pleasure by looking at a few of them with us.

For our own part, these novels strike us in their range and tendency as admirable. We will not say they are all good, or that any of them is wholly good; but we find in nearly every one of them a disposition to regard our life without the literary glasses so long thought desirable, and to see character, not as it is in other fiction, but as it abounds outside of all fiction. This disposition sometimes goes with poor enough performance, but in some of the books it goes with performance that is excellent; and at any rate it is for the present more valuable than evenness of performance. It is what relates American fiction to the only living movement in imaginative literature, and distinguishes by a superior freshness and authenticity this group of American novels from a similarly accidental group of English novels, giving them the same good right to be as the like number of recent Russian novels, French novels, Spanish novels, Italian novels, Norwegian novels. If we take one of the best of these new fictions of ours, like Miss Murfree's *Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain*, we shall hardly find it inferior in method or manner to the best of the new fictions anywhere; it is, in fact, a charming effect of literary skill working simply and naturally, and marred only here and there by the traditions of the bad school we were all brought up in. It is well to call things by their names, even if they are spades, and when Miss Murfree, having arrived at a thrilling, triumphant moment with her lovers, breaks bounds and tells us that the "wild winds whirled around the great Smoky Mountain, and the world was given over to the clouds and night, and the rain and the drops splashed with a dreary sound down from the eaves of the house," we know whom she learned that poor business of—who the great master was, that, having done a fine thing, abandoned himself to hysterical emotionality over it, or what people call "sympathy with his characters," and presently wandered off into a waste of hollow and sounding verbiage. We have some fear, also, that Dickens, with his Victor Hugoish martyr of a Sidney Carton, was not wholly absent when the last end of Miss Murfree's *Prophet* was imagined, though probably enough he was not present to the author's consciousness. It is not in such romantic wise that men really die for men; the real sacrifices, indeed, have been offered for races, not for persons; it is not after this manner that even a saint gives his life to save his enemy's. If Kelsey's substitution of himself for Micajah Green, whom the Cayces meant to kill, was insanely voluntary, it was not interesting, for no act of lunacy is so, except pathologically; if it was voluntary, it was romantic, which is worse than uninteresting; if it was accidental, it was insignificant. But it is really the least important matter of a freshly delightful and artistic book, dealing so strenuously with a strange world that even in our strangeness to it we have the courage to call it faithful. The author has painted us those Tennessee mountaineers of hers before, but never a group so bold and cognizable as the tranquil-conscienced, not unamiably homicidal Cayces, with their brush-whiskey still; the implacably jealous Rick Tyler; the brutally avaricious blacksmith Fletcher; and the whole neighborhood of lank-bodied, religious, unmoral, primitive-passioned people; and that dreamy yet clear-headed, simply generous, and thoroughly sensible beauty, Dorinda. The girl is, in fact, the best figure of the story: when it touches her, it rises and brightens; a note limpid and serene strikes above the mingling of harsh sounds; a light, cool yet tender and lovely, throws its effluence across the rude picture. It does not matter, after one has valued her aright, that the Prophet himself remains misty rather than mystical, and seems to have been scarcely worth the pains taken with him. The art of the book is, for the most part, very good; there is little comment; the people speak for themselves. If we are perhaps called too often to look at the landscape, the landscape is certainly always worth looking at, and the book, wherever it escapes from tradition, both satisfies and piques. After one has finished it, one wants to know what Miss Murfree's next book will be like.

Through such work as hers and Mr. Cable's the South is making itself heard in literature after a fashion likely to keep attention as well as to provoke it. These writers, while they study so carefully the actual speech and manners of the people they write of, still permit themselves a certain romance of motive; but the other day there came to us—or was it the other week or month? the succession of these things is so rapid—another Southern book, very well written too, which concerned itself with some phases of our varied national life, and with characters moved by the natural impulses that we see at play in the people about us. The authoress of *Across the Chasm* overdoes her Northern hero somewhat, and makes him a bit of a prig—a good deal of a prig; but the Southern personages she contrasts him with are obviously true and well done both as to their good and their bad qualities. She has also finely guessed and happily suggested the Northern people, whom she was not so much concerned to make impressive as her hero, and she has used them as a foil to her Southerners, who think themselves ladies and gentlemen because their families and neighborhoods think them so, and who have none of the social anxiety, the wish to be of vogue, which attends the citizens of our wider and richer and more knowing world. They are all brought on the scene at Washington—very good ground for fiction still, if one will

honestly subsoil it — where the Southerners come up with a humorously recognized air of coming back to their own, and are shown poor, provincial, a little bewildered, and rather braggart, but touched with a patriotic tenderness which also shows them wholly free from the snobbishness that mars the good-breeding of the Northerners. Snobbishness is rather a hard word for it, perhaps; it is not really so bad as that. A distinguished and polished Bostonian like General Gaston is flattered at a certain piece of social attention which leaves the imagination of an Alabama brigadier quite unmoved—possibly because the Alabamian has not the perspective for viewing it aright. The hand that can give us actualities like Charley Somers, the local adorer of the heroine in the Southern village where she has lived, and Major King, the shabby, arrogant rebel soldier who comes to call upon her in the evening, at Washington, and stays till eleven o'clock, is destined to better work hereafter, and should not trouble itself with such conventional figures as Louis Gaston, the hero-prig from Boston, and Alan Decourcey, the too fascinatingly wicked and fine-worldly unreality from Baltimore.

Not that we would be exacting with a very clever little book that had given us pleasure. Perhaps two or three thoroughly well represented people are all that one has a right to ask of a novel; though in that case they ought to be the principal people. We should not have asked more from Dr. Weir Mitchell, if he had no more to give us in his novel *In War Time*, than the perfectly divined character of Ezra Wendell, for example. It was a new thing to attempt to paint a cowardly nature like that; and it was no less the affair of a good art than of a humane spirit to do justice to the gentleness that goes with the timidity, the sensibility that accompanies the falseness, the good-will that qualifies the selfishness. It is a very deep and awful tragedy, that poor soul's, and if it does not bring conviction of sin to the reader, in an age too enlightened for that, it can hardly fail to stir him with the wish to be a little truer; and this, young ladies and gentlemen who intend writing novels for the consideration of our successors, is a finer thing for the novel to do than "to be entertaining," which is well enough too. One feels in the portrayal of Wendell a touch, steady and strong, which has equal force in the characterization of his sister Ann. These represent in two extremes the decay of Puritanism; in one the moral nature almost paralyzed, in the other, hysterically active—a conscience divided from reason, working automatically, with a sort of stupefied helplessness. It is not strange if two personages depicted with so much power as these southward-drifted New-Englanders should remain the chief effect of the book in the reader's mind; though it is true that the whole atmosphere of the story is, as some one has acutely said, Philadelphian as distinguished from the Bostonian or Southern or Western atmosphere. This decided localization is most valuable; more valuable still is the artistic quiet of the book, which takes at once a high level, and keeps it without the emotional foolishness of manner or the contorted pseudo-dramaticism of method which cause the compassionate to grieve over so much of our fiction, especially our lady-fiction.

The grip—we might almost say the clutch—of a hand not new in fiction, but here making itself felt with novel power, is laid upon the reader of *A Wheel of Fire*. It is the most intense, the most absorbing, by far, of the stories we have lately read; and we think no one can read it without recognizing in it a distinct and individual quality, which, whatever it is, ought to be hereafter known as Mr. Bates's. He has taken a lurid theme, the dark problem of hereditary insanity, and he studies it with relentless vigor in the story of a young girl who goes mad at last, on her wedding day, through fear of the family taint. He wisely refuses to ask us to be interested in her a moment after her madness comes upon her, but we know all her anguish and despair up to that moment. He has imagined a lovely figure, noble and full of pathos, but as natural and probable as the coquettish cousin who supplies what relief the tragedy has in her flirtations and quarrels with the doctor in charge of Damaris Wainwright's insane brother. These characters are both very well managed—the girl with her heartless teasing and mischievous experiments upon the doctor's temper, and he with his thorough science counterbalanced by a certain native brutality and social inferiority: the reader who is not charmed with them is made very skillfully to feel the charm they have for each other. The motive of the book is almost romantic, but the treatment is not at all romantic; it is scientific, naturalistic; it has its lapses of art, but the lurid theme is kept in the full light of day, and in this sort there is something apparently still to be done with the romantic motive, so apt otherwise to turn allegoric and mechanical on its victim's hands. The scene of the story is largely in Boston, and for the rest at an old country house not far away, and the social *entourage* is perceptibly Bostonian.

III.

In these books and in Mr. Picard's unequally managed novelette of *A Mission Flower* (he managed *A Matter of Taste*, his first book, better upon the whole); in a painfully faithful but not finally unhopeful little study of Yankee village life called *A New England Conscience*, by Miss Belle C. Greene; in Mr. Edgar Fawcett's *Social Silhouettes*, which, in spite of their high coloring and the overdramatization of the patrician quality of Mr. Manhattan, the supposed author, do strongly suggest certain probable phases of New York society—in all these books we find not only that disposition to look at life which we have noted, but a disposition to look at it keenly and closely in the right American

manner, and to question the results with the last fineness for their meaning and their value. There is conscience and purpose in it all, and it is all far from the make-believe "Greek" theory of art for art's sake—as if the Greekest of the Greek art were not for religion's sake, as the Greeks understood it. Moreover, in this American fiction, American life is not only getting looked at, but getting fairly well represented, not in some typical embodiment long dreamed of as the business of a great American novel, but in details of motive and character slowly and honestly assembled by many hands from its vast spaces and varieties. We shall probably never have a great American novel as fancied by the fondness of critics, and for our own part we care no more to have it than to have "a literary centre," which from time to time the injudicious set about fixing in this place or that, but mainly establishing in New York, to the lasting shame and loss of Boston. It is not a question that need be seriously discussed, but we invite the friends of a literary centre to observe that literary centres and artistic centres and scientific centres and religious centres and political centres have hitherto been the creations of monarchies, not to say despotisms, and that they are quite alien to the spirit of the federal nationalities. These nationalities, in Italy and Germany, got on extremely well without such centres, and it is probable that if we once had a literary centre irremovably fixed in New York, we should next have a sceptred Boss sitting in the City Hall, with a poet employed to cover it with verses in his praise. But with a literary centre scattered all over the country, as our political centre now is, there is no danger of this; and instead of having one poor Westminster Abbey on One-thousandth Street, or that neighborhood, we shall be able, when a sufficient number of us die, to fill the whole land with well-stocked Westminster Abbeys. We imagine, in fact, that one reason why so many distinguished gentlemen, when asked the other day to pronounce for or against an American Westminster Abbey, failed to favor it, was not so much because they objected to one another being interred there, or elsewhere, as because they foresaw that if the desire for a literary centre fulfilled itself, the Abbey would have to be built in New York, where the celebrities would be convenient for sepulture in it, and where there are already several extinct celebrities keeping about the streets for want of fitting tombs to lie down in. It is a spirit of jealousy, we admit, and it operates fatally in the case of a National New York Grant Monument. The same spirit, however, kept Italy glorious through all her mediæval life, when not Rome or Naples or Florence or Milan was the intellectual centre, but every rock-built or sea-girt provincial city exulted to be the home of the letters and the arts. That civilization, which ours resembles more than any other in its intense localism, gave certain memorable names to the world, and without prophesying that our resemblance to it will be of as much effect, we are very willing to go without a literary centre for a while yet.

IV.

We have the more patience because we hope that our inherited English may be constantly freshened and revived from the native sources which literary decentralization will help to keep open, and we will own that as we turned over those novels coming from Philadelphia, from New Mexico, from Boston, from Tennessee, from rural New England, from New York, every local flavor of diction gave us courage and pleasure. M. Alphonse Daudet, in a conversation which Mr. Boyesen has set down in a recently recorded interview with him, said, in speaking of Tourguéneff: "What a luxury it must be to have a great big untrodden barbaric language to wade into! We poor fellows who work in the language of an old civilization, we may sit and chisel our little verbal felicities, only to find in the end that it is a borrowed jewel we are polishing. The crown jewels of our French tongue have passed through the hands of so many generations of monarchs that it seems like presumption on the part of any late-born pretender to attempt to wear them."

This grief is, of course, a little whimsical. M. Daudet was expecting Mr. Boyesen to say, as he immediately said, that M. Daudet was himself a living refutation, and so forth, and so forth; yet it has a certain measure of reason in it, and the same regret has been more seriously expressed by the Italian poet Aleardi:

"Muse of an aged people, in the eve
Of fading civilization, I was born.
. . . . . Oh, fortunate,
My sisters, who in the heroic dawn
Of races sung! To them did destiny give
The virgin fire and chaste ingenuousness
Of their land's speech; and, reverenced, their hands
Ran over potent strings."

It will never do to allow that we are at such a desperate pass in English, but something of this divine despair we may feel too in thinking of "the spacious times of great Elizabeth," when the poets were trying the stops of the young language, and thrilling with the surprises of their own music. We may comfort ourselves, however, unless we prefer a luxury of grief, by remembering that no language is ever old on the lips of those who speak it, no matter how decrepit it drops from the pen. We have only to leave our studies, editorial and other, and go into the shops and fields to find the "spacious times" again; and from the beginning Realism, before she had got a name or put on her capital letter, had divined this near-at-hand truth along with the rest. Mr. Lowell, the greatest and finest realist who ever wrought in verse, showed us that Elizabeth was still Queen where he heard Yankee farmers talk; and without asking

that our novelists of the widely scattered centres shall each seek to write in his local dialect, we are glad, as we say, of every tint any of them gets from the parlance he hears; it is much better than the tint he will get from the parlance he reads. One need not invite slang into the company of its betters, though perhaps slang has been dropping its *s* and becoming language ever since the world began, and is certainly sometimes delightful and forcible beyond the reach of the dictionary. We would not have any one go about for new words, but if one of them came aptly, not to reject its help. For our novelists to try to write Americanly, from any motive, would be a dismal error, but being born Americans, we would have them use "Americanisms" whenever these serve their turn; and when their characters speak, we should like to hear them speak true American, with all the varying Tennessecan, Philadelphian, Bostonian, and New York accents. If we bother ourselves to write what the critics imagine to be "English," we shall be priggish and artificial, and still more so if we make our Americans talk "English." There is also this serious disadvantage about "English," that if we wrote the best "English" in the world, probably the English themselves would not know it, or, if they did, certainly would not own it. It has always been supposed by grammarians and purists that a language can be kept as they find it; but languages, while they live, are perpetually changing. God apparently meant them for the common people—whom Lincoln believed God liked because He had made so many of them; and the common people will use them freely as they use other gifts of God. On their lips our continental English will differ more and more from the insular English, and we believe that this is not deplorable, but desirable. Our tongue will always be intelligible enough to our cousins across seas to enable them to enjoy this department of the *New Monthly*, and we should not fear a diminished circulation of the Magazine among them if we became quite faithful in our written English to the spoken English of this continent.

V.

We wish we could find something as national as the novels give us in either the performance or the promise of the illustrated books with which the season loads the editor's table and the bookseller's counter; but except in the American excellence of engraving we shall hardly discover it. The books are so like the books of former holidays that we might imagine ourselves very much younger than we are in turning them over. In what wise do these sumptuous volumes of 1885 differ from the sumptuous volumes of 1875 or 1865? With a single exception, not certainly in novelty of conception or design, though generally the mechanical beauty of their execution has distinctly increased. We think, upon the whole, that Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co. have made the handsomest book of the sort in the illustration of Dr. Holmes's poem of *The Last Leaf* which has yet issued from our press; but, on the other hand, in their volume of Mr. Whittier's *Poems of Nature* they have made almost the ugliest. The interior of that volume, with the text covering the page from top to bottom in large print, is like a child's book; and the pleasure one might get from the faithful landscapes of Mr. Kingsley is quite spoiled by this setting. We should say it was the very ugliest book we had seen, if we had not suffered from the cover of *Favorite Poems* from Miss Ingelow, which Messrs. Roberts Brothers have illustrated: a *chef-d'œuvre* of tastelessness, where a deeply relieved metalized effigy of St. Botolph's Church in old Boston looks like a silver-plated geyser. The pictures within are some good and some bad, after the manner of pictures made to poems; but one remains resenting the cover while looking at them. Mr. Boughton's *Sketching Rambles in Holland*, from the press of Messrs. Harper and Brothers, with his own pictures and Mr. Abbey's in abundance, is in its sort perhaps the most attractive; they draw the meaning as well as the form of things; and in Mr. Howells's *Tuscan Cities* Mr. Pennell has done some of his best work, which is always gay, bright, honest, and expressive of the joy of doing. Of the text it will not do for us to speak, but we may praise that of Mr. Hamerton's *Paris in Old and Present Times*, which Messrs. Roberts Brothers give us with many interesting reproductions of old prints, engravings, and etchings. Messrs. Putnam's Sons publish a luxurious edition of D'Amicis's *Spain and the Spaniards*, exquisite in printing, paper, and binding, and unique in the little Japan-proof wood-engravings with which each chapter is prefaced; but not so good in its other illustrations. Messrs. Ticknor and Co., who publish *Tuscan Cities*, have issued *Childe Harold* in an illustrated volume, which is not of a new fashion; it is, in fact, of the old tradition of illustration, which many people will always like; and so are nearly all the other holiday books that we have seen, except Mr. Howard Pyle's quaint children's book, *Pepper and Salt*. He has gone to the useful Japanese for some hints in his amusing pictures, and in the text with which he has blended them he has employed his own invention and that of legend with equal charm. But we must return to *The Last Leaf*, which has been touched with graphic felicity in every reticulation by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith and Mr. George Wharton Edwards, for the chief impression of originality we are to get from the holiday books. In this an elder and statelier Boston is charmingly reflected in certain visages and vistas, and the light of a colonial time is thrown fancifully over all.

So far as it is colonial it is ours; it is imagined in delightful sympathy with the poem, and delightfully realized; but another year we would gladly see something still more au-

thentic in the association of art with literature —something distinctive in our holiday books, as our illustrated magazines are distinctive and pertinent to our date and life. The multitude and popularity of our holiday books are characteristically American; can they not begin to be American in something else? Of course it is first of all desirable that a thing of that sort should be beautiful, even before it is national; but with us it is so often neither!

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 16th of November.

State elections resulted as follows: October 13, Ohio, Republican; November 3, New York, Virginia, Mississippi, and Maryland, Democratic; Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Iowa, and Nebraska, Republican.

The following appointments were made by President Cleveland: Governor of Idaho, Edward A. Stevenson; Charles D. Jacobs, Minister to the United States of Colombia; Rev. J. L. M. Curry, Minister to Spain; F. H. Winston, Minister to Persia; William E. Smith, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; Alfred P. Edgerton, of Iowa, W. L. Trenholm, of South Carolina, and D. B. Eaton, of New York, Civil Service Commissioners (the last-named a temporary re-appointment); Leverett Saltonstall, Collector, Boston.

Flood Rock, near Hallet's Point, New York, was successfully blown up by General Newton October 10.

The United States debt was decreased $13,276,774 18 during the month of October.

The marriage of Prince Waldemar, third son of King Christian of Denmark, and Princess Marie, daughter of the Duc and Duchesse de Chartres, was celebrated, October 22, at the Château d'Eu, France.

Servia on November 14 declared war against Bulgaria. Servian outposts had repeatedly attacked Bulgarian frontier posts.

The French elections, October 4, resulted in an unexpected Conservative triumph. The new Chamber will comprise 205 Conservatives and 391 Republicans or Radicals.

The Brazilian Congress has passed a bill for the gradual abolition of slavery in that country.

The Prussian elections for members of the Diet, October 29, fixed the strength of the parties in the Lower House as follows: Conservatives, 140; Free Conservatives, 60; Clericals, 99; National Liberals, 70; New German Liberals, 44; Poles, 14; Danes, 2; Guelphs, 3.

The Pope issued an encyclical letter quoting the syllabus of Pius IX. against modern civilization, and approving it. It denounced popular government, and insisted upon the obedience of subjects to their sovereigns, and upon sovereigns' obedience to the Pope. Religion, the Pope said, ought to enter into daily life. He urged Catholics to take part in all municipal political elections.

The last spike in the Canadian Pacific Railway was driven near Eagle Pass, British Columbia, November 7.

The reply of King Theebaw of Burmah to the British ultimatum was deemed hostile and inadequate. In response to the British demand for the control of the Burmese foreign relations, the King said he must first consult France, Germany, and Italy. Following this he declared war. Thereupon Lord Dufferin, Viceroy of India, ordered General Prendergast, commander of the Burmah expeditionary force, to invade Burmah forthwith, and proceed with all haste to capture Mandalay.

DISASTERS.

September 23.—Seventeen persons crushed to death in Stockholm during an ovation to Madame Nilsson.

October 8.—Charterhouse Buildings, London, burned. Loss, $15,000,000.

October 11.—Terrific storm off the coast of Labrador. Seventy fishing vessels wrecked, and more than fifty lives lost.

November 6.—Iron steamer *Algoma*, of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, wrecked, and forty-eight lives lost.

November 13.—Great fire in Galveston, Texas. Over 300 houses burned. Loss, $2,500,000.

OBITUARY.

September 22.—In Hamilton, Virginia, Commodore A. A. Semmes, U.S.N.

September 23.—In New York, George Wilkes, journalist, aged sixty-eight years.

September 24.—In London, Anthony Ashley-Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, aged eighty-four years.

October 1.—In Tottenville, New York, William Page, artist, aged seventy-four years.—In London, Sir John Hawley Glover, formerly Governor of Newfoundland, aged fifty-six years.

October 10.—In New York, John McCloskey, the first American cardinal, aged seventy-five years.

October 14.—In Monterey, California, Henry W. Shaw, better known as "Josh Billings," humorist, aged sixty-seven years.

October 16.—In London, Field-Marshal the Right Hon. Hugh Henry Rose, Baron Strathnairn, aged eighty-two years.

October 17.—In London, Thomas Davidson, scientist, aged sixty-eight years.

October 29.—At St. Cloud, Orange Mountain,

New Jersey, General George B. McClellan, in his fifty-ninth year.

October 31.—In Dublin, the Duke of Abercorn, formerly Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, aged seventy-five years.

November 4.—In London, Robert Thorburn, miniature painter, aged sixty-seven years.

November 8.—In New York, ex-Judge Albert Cardozo, aged fifty-seven years.—In Philadelphia, John McCullough, tragedian, aged fifty-three years.

November 10.—In London, Dr. William Benjamin Carpenter, aged seventy-two years.

November 13.—In San Francisco, California, ex-United States Senator William Sharon, in his sixty-fifth year.

Editor's Drawer.

THE Drawer desires to put in a plea for the so-called—but not so called by it—Fluctuating Female. Modern fiction seems to like to dwell more and more upon the uncertain, unpredictable, illogical action of the female mind, as if it were a fault or a reproach. There is usually a touch of satire in the kindly writer when he appears to dwell admiringly upon the changing moods, whims, impulses, of a lovely woman. By pointing these out and dwelling upon them he gets a reputation of understanding woman, of having surprised her secret. He sometimes has the air of expecting to improve her, or at least to change her, by holding up to view her inconsequent, fluctuating conduct. He seems to be searching, furthermore, for some law of her being that will apply to all women, so that when he has studied one he will know all. And always, in one way or another, it is impressed upon the public mind that this non-uniformity of action according to some plain law is somehow a reproach to the sex. All literature, in fact, is full of this notion that what with insufferable insolence is called the inconstancy of woman is a most unfortunate element in human life, that because you can not predict from what a woman did yesterday what she will do to-morrow, or because no two women can be expected to act alike under similar circumstances, therefore our social life is all a muddle. Now it were easy to prove that a chief charm of woman is in her infinite variety and unexpectedness, but the Fluctuating Female needs to rest her defense upon no such superficial argument. This, her fluctuating quality, is the necessary basis of society and of polite letters. Probably it is the only thing that will save us from the cast-iron uniformity of the results of social science.

Take the novel. The interest of the novel —the real story, not the social science tract— is in love-making. And the interest in the love-making in the novel lies in the uncertainty and individuality of the female mind; that is to say, every case is positively a new one. Not only is it impossible to lay down a rule of action for this mind, a rule evolved from the study of innumerable cases in fiction and in real life, but it is next to impossible to predict what will be its action from a study of its own tendency. Hence the inexhaustible interest of the comedy or tragedy, as it may be, and the infinite resources of the student of love-making and the adjustment of the relation of man to woman, which is the great business of life. The interest in the novel, if it is a story of love, is inexhaustible not only because every woman is different from every other, but because every real woman has infinite variety of impulse and action in herself. If the lover in the novel were sure to find his beloved every day just the same, the public would not care to read about more than one interview. Fiction would perish of monotony. If the female mind had a law of uniformity, and the novelist were to discover it, he would simply kill the goose that lays the golden eggs of literature. He would dissipate all the mystery and charm of his art. But there is no danger. The novel in this is a reflection of real life. The great interest of the world lies in the uncertainty attending love-making, and in the variety, the incalculable mood and action, of woman in all circumstances. Take an appeal to experience. It is true that there are women who are comparatively stolid, reduced to rule and uniformity. But they are uninteresting. Who is it that forever excites, charms, attracts, and makes life lively and varied and worth living? It is the Fluctuating Female, the woman who does and says the unexpected, who—to make the case extreme—has tears one minute and smiles the next, who can pass easily from gay to grave, and keep expectation on tiptoe for her delightful variations. Life would be intolerably stupid if she were otherwise.

Doubtless she somehow obeys a law of her being, a higher law that can not be measured and reduced to rule. And it is this quality of fluctuation that is the hope and safety of society. We have a conceit in these days that if we can get together a sufficient number of facts on any subject, we can evolve a certain general rule. We hope by-and-by to make a science of political economy out of our observations. We do, in fact, set up a machinery of this sort based upon facts, and are surprised that it does not work, forgetting that we have left out of the calculation such imponderables as imagination, need of sympathy, and other elusive mental and moral conditions. Now woman, with her divinely ordered variableness

and obedience to the higher law of being which we conceitedly call illogical, stands fortunately in the way of a cast-iron sociology, or science of it, by which we are all expected to become parts of a piece of machinery moving with clock-like precision. Man does not know what is good for him. He thinks he likes regularity and uniformity, and he works away at his formula to produce them. If he could realize his idea he would die of monotony. If he were able to predict from his experience what any given woman would do next—that is, any real woman whose individuality is not crushed out of her—he would find that the world had lost all its salt and relish. Changeable? Let us hope so. If the wind did not blow and shift, and give us now a zephyr and now a hurricane, the atmosphere would stagnate, and life on the globe become insupportable. It is perfectly well known that man, left to himself, is likely to fall into ruts and habits, and grow uninteresting. We sometimes say that he is uncertain. And so he is in a most disagreeable way; but he is a plodding, uniform subject compared with the other sex, whose incalculable mood or humor is in human life what the weather is in nature—sunshine, clouds, rain, animation. To know the future would be a very doubtful boon. But to know woman, to know one woman, or for a woman to know herself, would take the zest out of life. What we are pleased in our conceit to call in her sex the Fluctuating Female is the delightful, saving, indispensable element in the higher economy of life.

Confusion necessarily obscures expression. A gentleman recently crossing the St. George's Channel from Holyhead to Dublin, being somewhat fatigued, fell asleep, leaving his ticket with a friend. He had slept but a short time, however, when he was rudely awakened by a clerk collecting tickets. He indignantly reproved him, adding that his friend had his ticket, whereupon the clerk replied: "Ah, sure enough, I have it. But I am very sorry, and if you had only told me that, I wouldn't have waked you up."

The late Josh Billings was once on a passenger train bound for his old home at Lanesborough, Massachusetts. On the train were several commercial travellers, who, to while away the time, proposed a game of whist. A fourth man was wanted, and a gentleman sitting near was requested to take a hand.

"No; I do not play. But there is an old fellow who is a capital player; try him"—pointing to the "old fellow," who sat demurely on the seat in front.

"Good player, is he?" said the commercial man. "Then we'll have some fun with old Hayseed;" and accosting the quiet, farmer-like passenger, the young man, whose cheek was his fortune, blandly said: "My venerable friend, we would like to have you take a hand in a game of cards with us, just to while away the time. Will you oblige us?"

Looking the young man in the face a moment, "old Hayseed" answered, "Ya-as, we'll be there in abaout three hours."

"You don't understand, my friend; we want you to take a hand—"

"Ya-as, the stand o' corn is very good—oncommon handsome."

The commercial man was annoyed. "Speak a little louder," suggested the gentleman in the seat behind; "he is somewhat hard of hearing."

"My friend!" shouted the young fellow, "will—you—take—a—hand—in—a—game?"

"Ya-as, game is oncommon plenty; all you want is—"

"Oh, go to the devil! You're as deaf as a post!" and the man of cheek subsided, amid the laughter of his companions.

When Lanesborough was reached, "old Hayseed" arose to depart, when he quietly handed his card to the commercial man, who sat glum in his seat, and in a particularly comical way remarked: "Young man, when you travel on your cheek, don't get hay-seed in your eye. *See?*"

The young fellow glanced at the card. The superscription was—"Josh Billings."

Josh got off the train, and the man of cheek had to find a seat in another car to escape the "run" on him by his companions.

The trader in Greenport, Long Island, had a feeling for the unities when, some time ago, he hung a shingle sign in front of his grocery which read, "*Groceries, Sweet Cider, and Undertaker.*"

HUMORS OF THE BAR.

There is a lawyer in Boston who is in the habit at times of addressing individual jurymen when inattentive or restless, and sometimes his *argumentum ad hominem* is effective. Some time ago he was trying a case against a street railway company, and there was an old sailor on the jury who seemed to give no heed to what either counsel said. The lawyer made his most eloquent appeals, but all in vain. Finally he stopped in front of the sailor and said: "Mr. Juryman, I will tell you just how this happened. The plaintiff was in command of the outward-bound open car, and stood in her starboard channels. Along came the inward-bound close car, and just as their bows met she jumped the track, sheered to port, and knocked the plaintiff off and ran over him." The sailor was all attention after this version of the affair, and joined in a $5000 verdict for the injured man.

Another time he was trying a case against the city of Lawrence for a stout woman of rather unprepossessing appearance. Right behind the foreman sat a colored juryman who would weigh nearly three hundred

pounds. The defect in the street was very slight, and the colored man evidently took no stock in the claim. Argument, persuasion, and pathos were alike lost on him. Then the lawyer, who is rather a small-sized man, said: "Mr. Foreman, the defect was very slight, but the streets of a city should be safe for all classes of people, the rich and the poor, the old and the young, the slight and the stout. You are slender, and if you had been there you would not have fallen, but you see that the gentleman behind you and I *are just about of a build.* Now we and this poor woman have just as good a right in the street as you have." The negro's face brightened up, and when the jury retired he persistently voted for a million dollars damages, until at last he was induced to agree with the others on a moderate verdict.

Many years ago there was a judge in Boston who was more noted for his sound judgment and great knowledge of law than for his courtesy to counsel or suitor. One day at the opening of a term of his court a large number of gentlemen drawn as jurors begged to be excused from serving. As one after another gave his reasons, a frown began to grow on the judge's face. Another man asked to be let off.

"What for?"

"I can not hear readily, and am afraid I may not get all the evidence."

"How long have you been deaf?" asked the judge, in a low tone.

"About ten years."

"Can you hear ordinary conversation?—can you hear me now?" said the judge, dropping his voice almost to a whisper.

"Oh yes, sir, I can hear you."

The judge looked sternly at him a full minute. Then he said: "Mr. Clerk, excuse this man. If he is deaf we don't want him, and if he is a liar we don't want him."

No more excuses were made that day.

At another time an eminent lawyer was arguing a case before the judge, who grew impatient, and said,

"Your point is perfectly understood by the Court; please make your argument as short as possible."

"I am making it as short as possible," said the lawyer as he proceeded.

After a few minutes the judge interrupted him again, saying, "You are taking too much time; we have many cases to hear; and I want you to understand that I am sitting here for the dispatch of business."

"I beg your pardon," said the old lawyer, bowing low. "*I thought your honor was sitting here to administer justice.*"

He was suffered to proceed.

It is said, writes a Han-Kow correspondent, that when a certain reverend gentleman was acting as chaplain to the leader of the last Chinese rebellion, who was at the time holding his court at Nanking, he was at times the recipient of articles of dress or adornment which to other than the native eye were more striking than elegant. On one occasion he received a crown or tiara of gilt pasteboard, which the usurping emperor desired him to wear when he officiated before the army. This gaudy but worse than worthless present was accompanied by a very heavy and valuable ring, made, in the manner of the Chinese, from pure (or unalloyed) gold. The reverend gentleman sat down and wrote to the emperor that on consulting his Bible he found the apostle Paul expressly forbade the acceptance of a corruptible crown, and in consequence he begged to return it, but that as the apostle was silent about rings, he would be able to retain the one sent him without doing violence to his conscience.

---

*

BEYOND THE GATE.

Two dimpled hands the bars of iron grasped;
Two blue and wondering eyes the space looked through.
This massive gate a boundary had been set,
Nor was she ever known to be but true.

Strange were the sights she saw across the way—
A little child had died some days before—
And as she watched, amid the silence hushed,
Some carried flowers, some a casket bore.

The little watcher at the garden gate
Grew tearful, hers such thoughts and wonderings were,
Till said the nurse: "Come here, dear child. Weep not.
We all must go. 'Tis God has sent for her."

"If He should send for me"—thus spoke the child—
"I'll have to tell the angel: 'Do not wait.
Though God has sent for me, I can not come;
I never go beyond the garden gate.'"

KATHARINE MCDOWELL RICE.

ANECDOTES OF TAYLER LEWIS.

There are thousands of graduates of Union College who remember with pleasure Dr. Tayler Lewis, Professor of Greek in that institution for nearly if not quite half a century. He was a great admirer of "the good old Anglo-Saxon," as he was pleased to term it, and frequently criticised the introduction of foreign words into our language. The student who could get the most Anglo-Saxon words into his translations was a favorite with him. A waggish student in the class of the writer (1859) was translating in class from one of the Greek authors, and came to a passage which probably any other member of the class would have rendered, "They were creating a commotion among the divinities," but which the student having the floor read, "They were kicking up a muss among the gods."

"How is that?" asked the Doctor, excitedly; "give us that again." And on its being repeated, smacked his lips, as he frequently did when pleased, and exclaimed: "Good! good!

Remember that. It is the best translation I ever heard of that passage. *Good old Anglo-Saxon.*"

On another occasion the same class were translating from Medea, and came to the passage where she cries out in agony, "Thrice would I rather bear the spear in battle than to bring forth one child." The Doctor's eyes snapped as he exclaimed: "True! true! You cost more than you are worth, every mother's son of you." N. C. G.

A MODERN BAS BLEU.

Miss Alma McVittie's as graceful and witty
A poetess *à la mode*
As e'er turned a sonnet into a bonnet
Or sandaled her feet with an ode.

Her very first poem's a high-backed comb,
Which she wears with a fanciful twist;
Her next as a bangle doth tunefully jangle
With each turn of her round white wrist.

She has *velours* and *satin* and *costumes de matin*
All woven of jingles and chimes,
And her jewels bright are just crystallized light
That once flashed in her sparkling rhymes.

In these days of scrutation about transmutation
Of heat into force much is writ,
And now here's a girl who from shoe-tie to curl
Is vestured in transmuted wit.

ADA STURGES.

He had been courting his Sarah Ann for many a year. The blushing maid had become a mature woman, with a hint of crow's-feet and faded hair. Azariah, as he was about to leave her one evening, sympathetically remarked, "Sarah Ann, I bought a lot in the grave-yard to-day, that we may lay our bones alongside of each other at last."

Sarah Ann insinuatingly rejoined, "Azariah, can't we lay our bones alongside of each other while we live?"

THAT SAUSAGE,

A clergyman in a Southern State was on his way to preach a funeral sermon. As he was passing the house of a widow lady, a member of his congregation, she ran out and stopped him, saying, as they had just slaughtered their hogs, she had put up a few pounds of sausage as a present, adding that, as she had put it in double paper pockets, she thought it would not soil his clothes. He thanked her earnestly for her kindness, and rode on, having put the parcel in his pocket.

All the time he was officiating at the grave a large, half-starved hound kept snuffing around him, sometimes approaching alarmingly near, attracted by the scent of the fresh meat. As the deceased was a man of some prominence, there was a considerable crowd collected, and great mourning and lamentation came from the family group; so no one paid any attention to the movements of the animal, but all noticed with concern—for he was beloved by his congregation—the great pallor of the clergyman, and the beads of perspiration standing upon his brow, and they began to whisper to each other that Mr. H—— must be ill.

After the interment they all proceeded to the church, where the funeral sermon was to be preached. Just before entering, Mr. H—— turned around to ascertain the whereabouts of his tormentor, when lo! there he was, not far from him, but the crowd prevented him from approaching too closely. Just at this moment some one gave the poor creature a cruel kick, which sent him off howling. When the minister reached his pulpit—one of those old-fashioned affairs ascended by a short, steep flight of steps—he breathed more freely. He was just about to commence his duties when the sexton, a good old man, came noiselessly up the steps with a slip of paper in his hand, which he wished to give to the minister, but who was unnoticed by that gentleman, though seen by all the congregation. He gently twitched his coat to attract his attention. A thrill of horror passed over the unhappy preacher at the dreadful thought that the dog had entered unseen in the crowd, and was now about to take forcible possession of the sausage before the whole assembly; so, hoping to drive him away, he kicked back cautiously but vigorously, and struck the old man in the breast, who rolled down the steps.

Seeing the look of surprise and alarm on the faces of the audience, he stammered out, with crimson face: "I must explain to you, my brethren, what must seem my intemperate conduct. A friend came out to me, as I was passing her house, with a small package of sausage for me to carry home in my pocket; but ever since I dismounted from my horse this old dog"—pointing behind to the prostrate sexton, but without looking round—"has been following me, and at length came into the pulpit, and has been tugging at my coat, determined to get the sausage from my pocket."

At this moment the sexton, a little stunned and a little hurt, arose from the floor, and the minister at a glance took it all in, stared wildly at him, took a drink of water, turned very pale, and sat down, overwhelmed with consternation.

When the ——th United States Infantry was ordered to New Mexico the change caused some uneasiness amongst those who had spent so many years of comfort in civilization. The general sentiment was one of disgust for frontier service. A little son of Lieutenant D—— seemed very much impressed, and evidently dreaded the change of station, for on the last Sunday to be spent at Fort —— he was heard to say, "Now, mother, let us go to church for the last time, and say good-by to God."

The mathematical solution of the "Sirdar's chess-board" puzzle which we published in our November Drawer should have been credited to Mr. S. Decatur Smith.

LITERARY NOTES.

FOR several years past the Rev. Dr. Thomson has been engaged in the preparation of a new and enlarged edition of his sterling and popular work, *The Land and the Book*—a task which has involved the substantial reconstruction of the two original volumes, and the introduction of a large body of new material, embodying the results of recent research, and essentially adding to their beauty and value. The first and second volumes of the new and enlarged edition were published respectively in 1880 and 1882; and the learned author has now made his great work rounded and complete by the preparation of an entirely new volume, embracing those portions of the Holy Land which did not fall within the plan of the previous volumes, and which is just published under the title of *The Land and the Book: Lebanon, Damascus, and Beyond Jordan.*[1] In the preceding volumes the author's attention was mainly directed to the southern and central portions of the Promised Land, *west* of the Jordan. The new volume carries us farther northward and eastward to the districts of Lebanon, Cœle-Syria, Anti-Lebanon, Damascus, Bashan, Gilead, and the regions beyond Jordan, which were not originally included in the Land of Promise, although, as the scene of the lives of the early patriarchs, and of the beginnings of Hebrew history long prior to the time of Moses, they are intimately associated with it. Therefore, as we accompany Dr. Thomson through these districts, we are still in the land of the Bible, surrounded by its historic places and memories, and discovering in its scenes and scenery, and in the manners and customs of its people to-day, striking vestiges confirmatory of what is recorded in the Sacred Text concerning the scenes and manners and customs of more than three thousand years ago. The greater part of this large and beautiful volume is the result of the author's long residence in the East, and of his extensive tours and excursions to the places he describes. Nevertheless, he has not failed to avail himself of, and to incorporate in his narrative, the fruits of all the more recent researches of other scholars and travellers that throw additional light upon the Bible record. The work is rich in incidents of travel and in archæological and antiquarian revelations, and it abounds in graphic and glowing descriptions. Especially vivid are its descriptions of Damascus and Beirût, of Tyre and Sidon, of snowy Lebanon and majestic Hermon, and of the stupendous ruins of Jerash, Bosrah, and Baalbek. The volume is copiously illustrated, and is equipped with excellent maps.

[1] *The Land and the Book; or, Biblical Illustrations Drawn from the Manners and Customs, the Scenes and Scenery, of the Holy Land.* I. Southern Palestine and Jerusalem. One hundred and forty Illustrations and Maps. Royal 8vo, pp. 612. II. Central Palestine and Phœnicia. One hundred and fifty Illustrations and Maps. Royal 8vo, pp. 714. III. Lebanon, Damascus, and Beyond Jordan. One hundred and forty-seven Illustrations and Maps. Royal 8vo, pp. 746. By WILLIAM M. THOMSON, D.D. Price per Volume, Cloth, $6; Sheep, $7; Half Morocco, $8 50; Full Morocco, $10. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Harper's Young People[2] may be appropriately likened to an evergreen. Throughout the year, as it has budded and put out new leaves from week to week, it has delighted the heart, educated the mind, sweetened and purified the tastes, and lent wings to the fancy of the children in thousands of homes; and now at the close of the year it is presented as a perfect and full-grown tree, luxuriant in its greenness and rich with aromatic fragrance, and with its branches bending under a thousand gifts of song and story, picture and parable, history and biography, fable and apologue, travel and adventure, allegory and romance, and the social and useful arts wherewith to charm, to amuse, to instruct, and to heighten the happiness of other children in still other thousands of homes. It is the great merit of this periodical that while it is child-like it is never childish. Its literary wares are excellent in quality, and from the best hands. Whatever subject it touches upon is treated thoroughly and conscientiously; and whether it aims to amuse or to instruct, it does so in the most engaging and most attractive manner. It is a whole library in a single volume, from which its young readers, of all tastes and dispositions, may draw innocent and profitable entertainment.

The history of the Crusades, and especially that of the Fourth, the most disastrous of them all in its immediate effects, and the most far-reaching in its evil consequences to civilization, has been written by various writers from various stand-points, as apologists or eulogists or critics, so that it has been almost impossible to gather the real facts uncolored by partisanship on the one side or on the other, or unobscured by the cloud of brilliant and specious but misleading reasoning which some illustrious but not always trustworthy writers have raised. The severe research and investigation, and the patient and intelligent scrutiny of original material, which have characterized the present century, combined with the greater impartiality that has come to be expected of historical writers, are at length having the effect of clearing away much in this field, as in many others, that was apochryphal or partisan or merely rhetorical, and the genuine facts are becoming apparent. One of the excellent results of this improved modern method of historical investigation and preparation is a profoundly interesting and unusually able volume by Edwin Pears, LL.B., entitled *The Fall of Constantinople, Being the Story of the Fourth*

[2] *Harper's Young People* for 1885. Volume VI. Royal 4to, Ornamental Cloth, pp. 840, and about 700 Illustrations, $3 50. Volumes II., III., IV., and V., $3 50 each. Volume I. out of print. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Crusade,[3] in which he tells the true history of that expedition from its inception to its close, skillfully unravelling the tangled skein of treachery, of self-aggrandizement, of personal ambition, of religious, national, and individual rivalry, and of higher and more single-hearted motives that were involved in it; impartially awarding censure or praise where each is due; and relating its stirring or stormy episodes and its eventful incidents with dignity, but yet with highly picturesque effects. As relates to one of the most interesting of the controverted questions which have occupied the attention and divided the opinion of scholars in connection with the Fourth Crusade, that of the part which Venice played in it, Mr. Pears adopts the view that the treason of the merchant republic to the Crusaders was premeditated, and was fostered, and perhaps suggested, by its ambitious doge, Dandolo, whose hatred of the New Rome was intense, and who aimed at the destruction of Constantinople by forcing the Crusaders to march overland to the Holy Land, through the dominions of the Eastern Empire, in place of carrying them by sea to Egypt on their way thither as he had solemnly stipulated. The various other controverted questions, as to the original design and the conduct of the Crusaders, the destination which they desired their forces should have, the alleged understanding between Philip of Swabia, Boniface of Montferrat, and Dandolo to divert the expedition from the purposes of a Crusade into an expedition against the Christian city of Constantinople, the further alleged cognizance of the designs of Philip and the others by Pope Innocent III., and the existence of a treaty between Venice and the Sultan Malek Adel intended to thwart the original designs of the Crusaders, are all thoroughly sifted, and are discussed temperately and judicially in the light of the evidence that modern research has exhumed. Deeply interesting, however, as is Mr. Pears's relation of the story of the Fourth Crusade, its details are of secondary magnitude, and are important only so far as they contributed to the fall of Constantinople and the destruction of the Eastern Empire. The larger portion of his work is devoted first to an admirable historical sketch of the Empire of the East, from the selection of Byzantium as his capital by Constantine the Great down to A.D. 1057, exhibiting its tranquillity and solidity during this long series of years, together with the security it afforded to life and property, and the perfection of its system of jurisprudence; and second, to a further historical study of the various causes that combined to weaken the Empire, in the form of attacks from the Turks, attacks from northern Europe, internal dynastic troubles, the demoralization caused by the Crusades, and attacks from the West, all of which finally culminated in the assault, capture, and sack of Christian Constantinople by Western Christians in April, A.D. 1204. The substantial purpose of this able historical recital is to fix attention upon the political aspects of the Latin conquest of Constantinople, and its consequences to Europe and to civilization. The historian shows that the empire had, alone and single-handed, successfully defended Christendom against the hordes of Asia for more centuries than any government has since endured in Europe, and that it was only when it was struck in the rear by Christian Europe that it was unable to defend itself; that the capture of Constantinople by the Crusaders was the final blow which brought about the fall of the Eastern Empire, and admitted the Turks into Europe; and that the crime of the Fourth Crusade handed over Constantinople and the Balkan Peninsula to more than six centuries of barbarism, and was the direct source of all the woes from which Europe now suffers and will continue to suffer for an indefinite period in connection with the "Eastern Question."

[3] *The Fall of Constantinople: Being the Story of the Fourth Crusade.* By EDWIN PEARS, LL.B., Barrister-at-Law, late President of the European Bar at Constantinople, etc. 8vo, Cloth, pp. 438, $2 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Mr. William Black has never been more successful as a novelist than in his latest story, *White Heather*.[4] Its scene is laid and its drama is enacted for the most part in the little hamlet of Inver-Mudal, a petty and remote rural settlement, nestled amid the lake and moorland and mountain wilds of the northern Scottish Highlands, whose unsophisticated atmosphere is invaded by airs from the outside world only at those times in each year, during the brief hunting and fishing season, when sport-loving visitors are attracted thither by the bracing climate and the wealth of game that abounds in its adjacent lochs and on its moors and mountains. In this out-of-the-way nook and its sparse and primitive society, however, Mr. Black finds all the potencies of passion and emotion, all the alternations of light and shadow, and all the variety of life and manners and character and social condition that are requisite to furnish the essential incidents for one of the most captivating stories of love and constancy, and of the wealth and the redeeming and refining influence of womanly affection, that has been told this many a day. The story is fruitful of episodes both grave and gay, pathetic and humorous, in which conspicuously figure two specimen Americans, father and daughter, whose exaggerated peculiarities are more than compensated for by their sterling qualities of mind and heart. It is also rich in animated and picturesque descriptions and situations, not the least pleasing of which are those where an arch and beautiful maiden makes her repeated first essays in the art and mystery of salmon fishing under the tutelage

[4] *White Heather.* A Novel. By WILLIAM BLACK. 12mo, Cloth (uniform with "Harper's Library Edition" of Black's Novels), pp. 498, $1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

of a stalwart and handsome Highland laddie. Interspersed throughout the story at seasonable intervals are a number of love lyrics, many of which are keyed in a tone of great tenderness and beauty, and are replete with finely poetic imagery drawn from the free life and the beauteous scenery of the neighboring lochs and mountains. The tale is one to linger over as one does over a rare feast of many courses.

In his new volume, *The Boy Travellers in South America*,[5] Mr. Thomas W. Knox proposes to carry his large army of young readers along with him in an imaginary journey nearer home than any they have hitherto taken in his companionship, or rather in that of those pleasant coinages of his fancy, Frank Bassett, Fred Bronson, and good Dr. Bronson. As was the case in the former volumes of the "Boy Traveller" series, although the journey is an imaginary one, and its characters and incidents generally fictitious, the facts and descriptions are substantially in consonance with the reality. Many of these are drawn from Mr. Knox's own experiences, and others from the observations of a multitude of travellers, from Humboldt down, one or other of whom had penetrated every portion of South America; so that when he relates the travels and adventures of his boy travellers he is really giving his readers the substance of all that is to be found in the best and most recent works, re-enforced by his own personal notes and recollections. Although the book is designed primarily for youth, it would be difficult for readers of mature years to find another volume which compresses within so limited a space so large an amount of attractive and valuable matter concerning the sister continent.

The incidents and events of the early and more heroic period of our national life are always highly attractive to the young and ardent among us, and when justly celebrated in prose or verse are peculiarly adapted to keep the embers of patriotism alive in their bosoms. Dr. Thomas Dunn English has made a happy choice of some of the more stirring of these historic incidents for reproduction in the ringing ballad verse so dear to youth, in the hope that he might thus arouse their *amor patriæ* and keep it brightly burning; and they have been garnered by him in a handsome illustrated volume, to which he has given the title of *The Boy's Book of Battle Lyrics*.[6] As the title intimates, the incidents that are celebrated are almost entirely those which are of a martial character, and they relate to events which have a special significance, either for the individual heroism that was displayed in them or for the important influence they exerted upon the fortunes and destinies of our country. Among the incidents that Dr. English has here "chanted in song" for the delectation of "Young America" are the Burning of Jamestown, the Sack of Deerfield, in the colonial times, the Fight at Lexington, the Bombardment of Fort Sullivan, the Fight at Oriskany, and the Battles of Bennington, Trenton, Monmouth, King's Mountain, and the Cowpens in the Revolutionary war, and the Battle of New Orleans, in the war of 1812.

Mr. Howard Pyle's new book for young people, *Pepper and Salt, or Seasoning for Young Folk*,[7] has the genuine flavor of the old-fashioned books of fable, apologue, and fairy lore which have maintained a hold upon the fancy of children for generations, and have remained their prime favorites in spite of the attempts that have been made to dislodge them by authors who would fain have old heads grow on young shoulders, and to this end toil painfully to array useful knowledge in the garb of the nursery. Evidently Mr. Pyle is of the opinion that the days of childhood's free and happy abandon are few and brief enough, and that it is a false philanthropy to shorten them. And in this new volume dedicated to the entertainment of children he has made both his pen and his pencil contribute of their treasures to heighten the natural buoyancy and to quicken and amuse the spontaneous fancy of childhood, while at the same time he ever subtly introduces some kindly teaching or obvious moral that shall teach the heart and influence the conduct. The stories, fables, apologues, and fairy tales in prose and verse with which Mr. Pyle has freighted this beautiful volume are a happy blending of the real and the ideal, the matter-of-fact and the fanciful, and they are copiously illustrated with quaint outline drawings, whose spirited antique forms will be a perpetual provocation to the curiosity of his young readers and a rich field for their amusement.

The Principles of Expression in Piano-forte Playing[8] is an elaborate treatise addressed to the needs of those who aspire to excellence as pianists, either as teachers or amateurs, as

[5] *The Boy Travellers in South America.* Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey through Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Brazil, Paraguay, Argentine Republic, and Chili. With Descriptions of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, and Voyages upon the Amazon and La Plata Rivers. By Thomas W. Knox. With Colored Frontispiece, Profuse Illustrations, and Maps. 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, pp. 514, $3 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[6] *The Boy's Book of Battle Lyrics.* A Collection of Verses illustrating some Notable Events in the History of the United States of America, from the Colonial Period to the Outbreak of the Civil War. By Thomas Dunn English, M.D., LL.D. With Historical Notes, and Numerous Engravings of Persons, Scenes, and Places. 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, pp. 180, $2 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[7] *Pepper and Salt; or, Seasoning for Young Folk.* Prepared by Howard Pyle. Royal 4to, Illuminated Cloth, pp. 122, $2 00. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[8] *The Principles of Expression in Piano-forte Playing.* By Adolph F. Christiani. 8vo, Cloth, pp. 304, $3 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

professional artists or as lovers of the art for its own sake. For their benefit its author, Mr. Adolph Christiani, has prepared a thoroughly systematic exposition and manual of the leading principles of pianistic expression, covering the ground of the *motors* of expression, the office and nature of *accents*, the force of musical sounds, or *melody*, and the office and nature of *tact* and *time* in music. Large attention is given to practice and technique, and numerous examples are chosen from the most eminent musical composers and artists to illustrate the principles that are advanced and the directions that are given for their practical application. The treatise is excellently adapted to assist beginners in mastering the elementary principles of the art, while, as it proceeds to the more advanced and difficult stages, it abounds in valuable suggestions for those who have long since passed their novitiate.

The method which Mr. Higginson has employed in the preparation of his *Larger History of the United States*[9] is an exceedingly attractive one. Instead of giving an account in laborious detail of all the events that occurred day by day or year by year in the course of our history, and thus rendering the reading of it distasteful to the young and impossible to many of mature years, he has adopted the plan of breaking up the story of our national life into a succession of distinct scenes, each illustrating some important stage in its progress and development, and of grouping under each the most striking and picturesque features that have distinguished it. In this way the reader is enabled to see at a glance the political, social, religious, and intellectual condition of the people at every stage, to note their life and manners, and to catch the spirit and temper of the times. Each chapter represents a scene or act in the drama of the national life; and while each is complete in itself, they are all held together, like the links of a chain, at the points of contact. Mr. Higginson's style is of a kind to make a strong and wholesome impression upon youthful readers. Never indulging in mere rhetoric, he yet writes with an eloquence and a fervor that are very captivating, while his treatment of topics and his groupings of men and events win the reader to look beneath the surface of things, and to reflect upon their operative causes, their spirit and tendencies. The stages, or scenes, in the life of our country upon which Mr. Higginson concentrates his attention, and under which he presents graphic views of men and manners, and of the growth of the colonies, and the development of the national idea among them, are the following: The First Americans, The Visit of the Vikings, The Spanish Discoveries, The Old English Seamen, The French Voyageurs, An English Nation, The Hundred Years' War, The Second Generation of Englishmen in America, The British Yoke, The Dawning of Independence, The Great Declaration, The Birth of a Nation, etc. Among the many excellent illustrations of the volume is included perhaps the finest collection of portraits of our patriots and statesmen that has yet appeared in an American book.

Mr. Allen Dodworth's graceful and genial manual on *Dancing, and Its Relations to Education and Social Life*[10] deserves to become, as it doubtless will become when its meritorious qualities are adequately known, an indispensable volume to every cultivated social circle. Unlike the insipid books of etiquette, which usually undertake to teach society what it already knows infinitely better than they can tell, Mr. Dodworth has something to say that is worth knowing, and of which he can speak more intelligently than the most accomplished member of the most exclusive social circle. His treatise covers the entire field of dancing—as a wholesome and graceful exercise, as an innocent and delightsome recreation, and as one of the most elegant of social accomplishments. It shows how dancing may be taught and conducted so as to combine all this, from the "first position" to the poetry of motion which is its culminating charm; and it comprises minute directions and instructions for all kinds of dances, from the simplest to the most complex.

Mrs. Washington's *Unrivalled Cook Book and Housekeeper's Guide*[11] carries off the palm from all similar collections, not only because its receipts are practical and inexpensive, but also because it contains a larger proportion than can be found elsewhere of those savory and delicious dishes, for which the gentlewomen of the South are so deservedly famous. Besides some two hundred creole receipts, each of which makes one's mouth water, there are a number of Virginia and Maryland receipts, both old and new, and of old-fashioned English and Scotch receipts of approved excellence, together with others that have been tried in the balance and not found wanting, derived from French, German, Italian, and Russian sources, and from New England and the Middle States. For general and popular use, and for use by all those who would combine elegance of table style with excellence of table provender, this unrivalled symposium of creature comforts can not be too enthusiastically commended.

[9] *A Larger History of the United States of America, to the Close of President Jackson's Administration.* By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Illustrated by Maps, Plans, Portraits, and other Engravings. 8vo, Cloth, pp. 482, $3 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[10] *Dancing, and Its Relations to Education and Social Life.* With a New Method of Instruction, including a Complete Guide to the Cotillion (German), with 250 Figures. By Allen Dodworth. Illustrated. 12mo, Ornamental Covers, pp. 284, $1 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[11] *The Unrivalled Cook Book and Housekeeper's Guide.* By Mrs. Washington. 12mo, Water-proof Cloth, pp. 648, $2 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.



THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR, OCTOBER 21, 1805.—From a drawing by J. O. Davidson.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXII. FEBRUARY, 1886. No. CCCCXXIX.

THE BRITISH NAVY.

BY SIR EDWARD REED.

WHEN timber gave place to iron and steel in the construction of war ships, the naval possibilities of Great Britain became practically illimitable. Prior to that great change, the British Admiralty, after exhausting its home supplies of oak, had to seek in the forests of Italy and of remote countries those hard, curved, twisted, and stalwart trees which alone sufficed for the massive frame-work of its line-of-battle ships. How recently it has escaped from this necessity may be inferred from the fact that the present writer, on taking office at the Admiralty in 1863, found her Majesty's dock-yards largely stored with recent deliveries of Italian and other oak timber of this description.

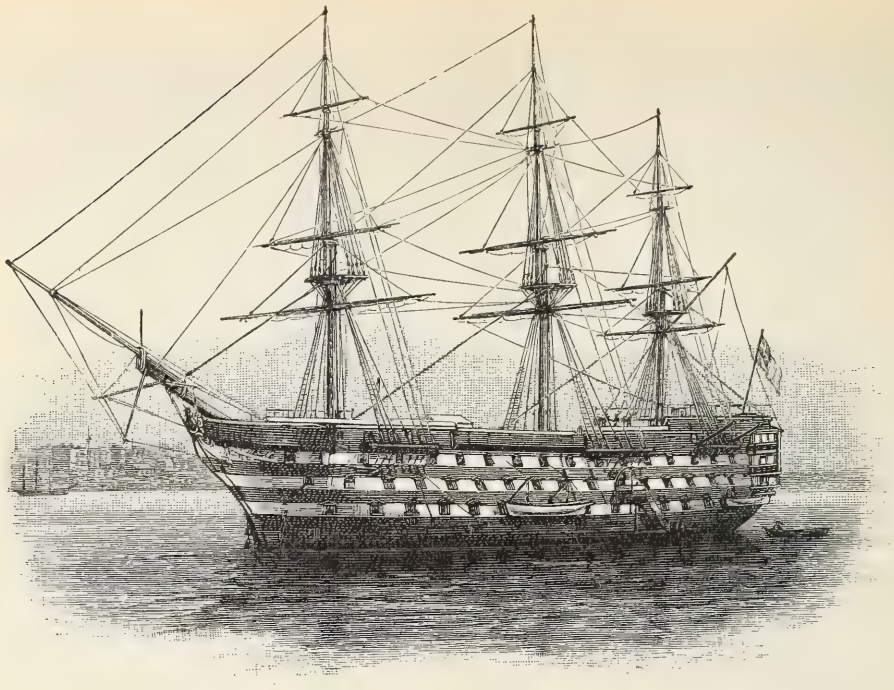
And here it may not be inappropriate for one whose earliest professional studies were devoted to the construction of wooden ships, but whose personal labors have been most largely devoted to the iron era, to pay a passing tribute of respect to the constructive genius of those great builders in wood who designed the stanch and towering battle ships of the good old times. Skillful indeed was the art, sound indeed was the science, which enabled them to shape, assemble, and combine thousands of timbers and planks into the *Grace de Dieu* of Great Harry's day (1514), the *Sovraigne of the Seas* of Charles's reign (1637), the *Royal William* of half a century later (1682–92), the *Victory*, immortalized by Nelson, and in our own early day such superb ships as the *Queen*, the *Howe*, and scores of others. Only those who have made a study of the history of sea architecture can realize the difficulties which the designers of such structures had to overcome.

With the introduction of iron and steel for ship-building purposes the necessity for ransacking the forests of the world for timber suitable for the frames and beam-knees of ships passed away, and Great Britain, which early became, and thus far remains, first and greatest in the production of iron and steel, was thus invited to such a development of naval power as the world has never seen. The mercantile marine of England at the present time furnishes a splendid demonstration of the readiness with which the commercial classes have appreciated this great opportunity; but the Royal Navy, by almost universal assent, supplies a melancholy counter-demonstration, and shows that neither the capabilities of a race nor the leadings of Providence suffice to keep a nation in its true position when it falls into the hands of feeble and visionary administrators. Any one who will contrast the British navy of to-day with the British navy as it might and would have been under the administration, say, of such a First Lord of the Admiralty as the present Duke of Somerset proved himself in every department of the naval service five-and-twenty years ago, will understand the recent outcry in England for a safer and more powerful fleet.

It is impossible, as will presently appear, to describe the existing British navy without making reference to those administrative causes which have so largely and so unhappily influenced it; but the primary object of this article is, nevertheless, to describe and explain it, and only such references will be made to other circumstances as are indispensable to the fulfillment of that object.

It is fitting, and to the present writer it is agreeable, in these columns of *Harper*, which circulates so widely on both sides of the Atlantic, to take early note of a matter which has perhaps never before been fully acknowledged, viz., the indebtedness of Great Britain and of Europe to the United

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1886, by Harper and Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington. *All rights reserved.*



THE "VICTORY."
From a photograph by Symonds and Co., Portsmouth.

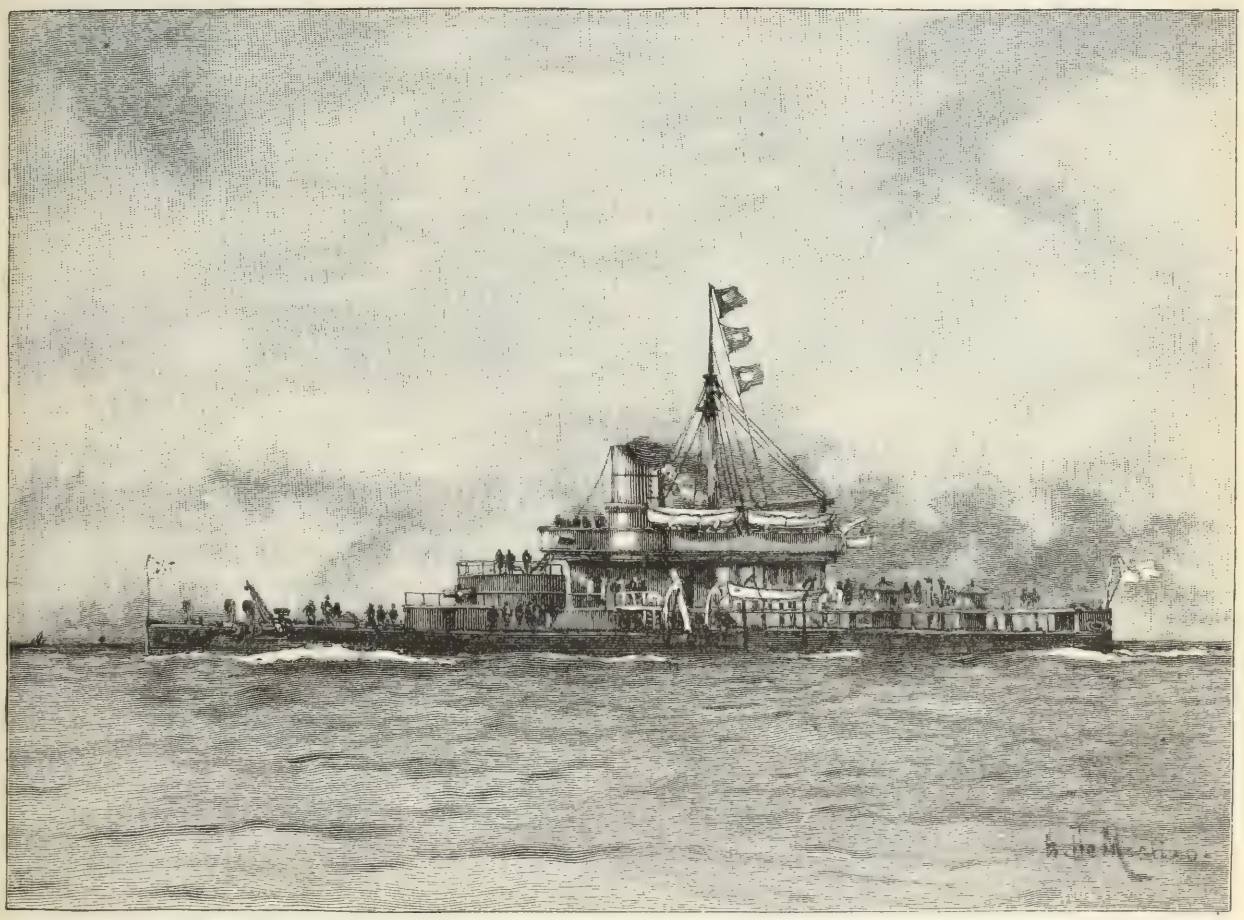
States for some invaluable lessons in naval construction and naval warfare which were derived from the heroic efforts of their great civil war. The writer is in a position to speak with full knowledge on this point, as his service at the Admiralty, in charge of its naval construction, commenced during the American conflict, and continued for some years after its fortunate conclusion. There can be no doubt whatever that from the *Monitor* and her successors European constructors and naval officers derived some extremely valuable suggestions. The Monitor system itself, pure and simple, was never viewed with favor, and could never be adopted by England, except under the severest restrictions, because the work of England has mainly to be done upon the high seas and in distant parts of the world, and the extremely small freeboard of the *Monitor*, or, in other words, the normal submersion of so very much of the entire ship, is highly inconvenient and not a little dangerous on sea service, as the fate of the *Monitor* itself demonstrated. But for the work the *Monitor* was designed to do in inland waters she was admirably conceived, and her appearance in the field of naval warfare startled seamen and naval constructors everywhere, and gave their thoughts a wholly novel direction. In saying this I am not unmindful that seven years previously England had constructed steam-propelled "floating batteries," as they were called, sheathed with iron, and sent them to operate against the defenses of Russia. But useful as these vessels were in many respects, their construction presented no striking novelty of design, and their employment was unattended by any dramatic incidents to powerfully impress the naval mind. The *Monitor* was both more novel and more fortunate, and opened her career (after a severe struggle for life at sea) with so notable a display of her offensive and defensive qualities that all eyes turned to the scene of her exploits, and scanned her with a degree of interest unknown to the then existing generation of sailors and ship-builders. Her form and character were in most respects singular, her low deck and erect revolving tower being altogether unexampled in steam-ship construction. He must have been a dull and conservative naval architect indeed whose thoughts Ericsson's wonderful little fighting ship did not stimulate into unwonted activity. But the service rendered to Europe was not confined to the construction and exploits of the *Monitor* itself. The coasting passages, and, later on, the sea-voyages, of other vessels of the Monitor type, but of larger size, were watched with intense interest, and gave to the naval world instructive experiences which could in no other way have been acquired. Some

of these experiences were purchased at the cost of the lives of gallant men, and that fact enhanced their value.

It is not possible to dwell at length upon the means by which the Monitor influence took effect in the navies of Europe, but it may be doubted whether ships like the *Thunderer*, *Devastation*, and *Dreadnought*, which naval officers declare to be

turret and the hatchways over the machinery and boilers were protected by an armored breastwork standing high above this low deck, whereas in the American Monitors the turret rests upon the deck, which is near to the smooth sea's surface.

We have here, in the features just contrasted, the expression of a fundamental difference of view between the American



THE "GLATTON."

to-day the most formidable of all British war ships, would have found their way so readily into existence if the Monitors of America had not encouraged such large departures from old world ideas. In this sense the *Times* correctly stated some years ago that the "American Monitors were certainly the progenitors of our *Devastation* type." The one ship in the British navy which comes nearest to the American Monitor, in respect of the nearness of her deck to the water, is the *Glatton*, a very exceptional vessel, and designed under a very peculiar stress of circumstances. But even in her case, as in that of every other armored turret ship of the present writer's design, the base of the

system, as applied to sea-going turret ships, and the European system of sea-going ships introduced by the writer. It has never been possible, in our judgment on the British side of the Atlantic, to regard even such Monitors as the *Puritan* and *Dictator* were designed to be, as sufficiently proof to sea perils. At the time when these lines are being penned, the following paragraph is appearing in English newspapers: "The Cunard steamer *Servia* arrived at New York yesterday, being three days overdue. During a heavy sea the boats, the bridge, and the funnel were carried away, and the saloon was flooded." Any one who has seen the *Servia*, and observed the great height above

the smooth sea's surface at which her boats, bridge, and funnel are carried, will be at no loss to infer why it is that we object to ships with upper decks within two or three feet only of that surface. In short, it can be demonstrated that ships of the latter type are liable, in certain possible seas, to be completely engulfed even to the very tops of their funnels. In the case of the *Glatton*, which had to be produced in conformity to ideas some of which were not those of the designer, one or two devices were resorted to expressly in order to secure, in an indirect manner, some increase of the assigned buoyancy, and thus to raise the upper deck above its prescribed height. The officers who served in her, however, judiciously regarded her, on account of her low deck, as fit only for harbor service or restricted coast defense.

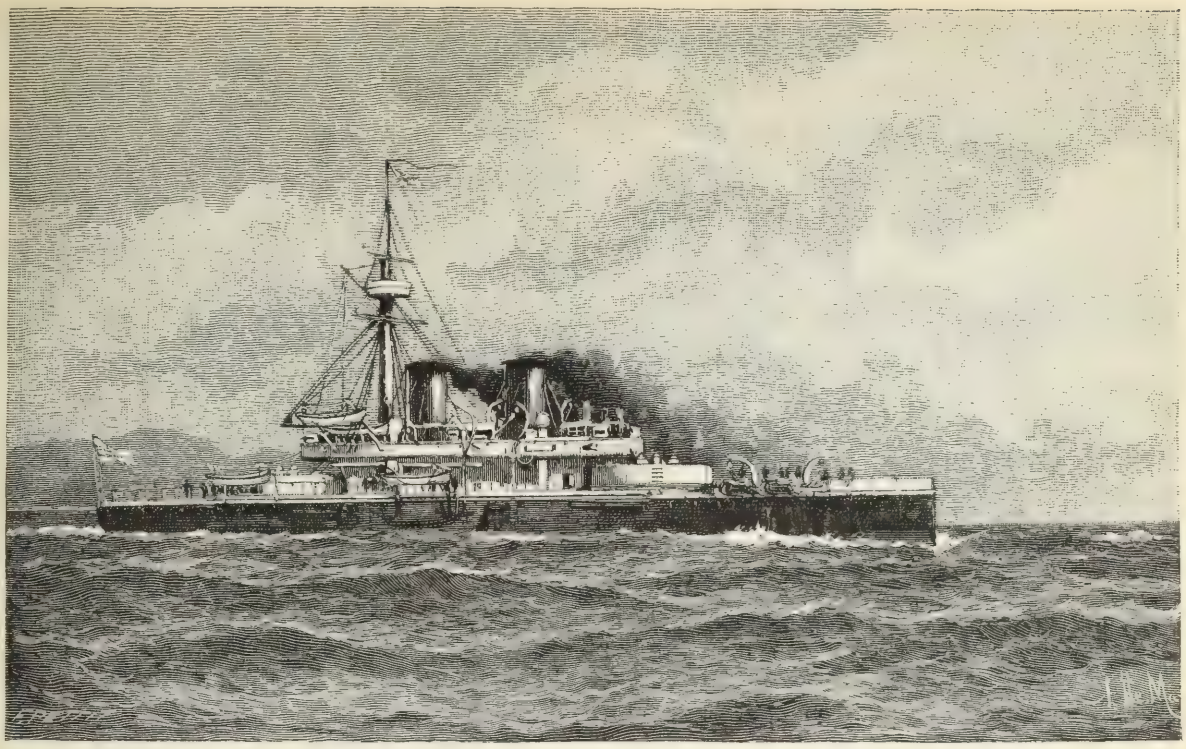
A very dangerous combination, as the writer regards it, was once proposed for his adoption by the representative of a colonial government, but was successfully resisted. This was the association of a "Coles" or English turret (which penetrates and passes bodily through the weather deck) with a low American Monitor deck. This was opposed on the ground that with such an arrangement there must of necessity be great danger at sea of serious leakage around the base of the turret as the waves swept over the lower deck. It would be extremely difficult to give to the long circular aperture around the turret any protection which would be certain, while allowing the turret to revolve freely, both to withstand the fire of the guns and to resist the attack of the sea.

It will now be understood that while the Monitor system was from the first highly appreciated in Europe, and more especially in England, it never was adopted in its American form in the British navy. Russia, Holland, and some other powers did adopt it, and the Dutch government had to pay the penalty in the total disappearance of a ship and crew during a short passage in the North Sea from one home port to another. In a largely altered form, and with many modifications and additions due to English ideas of sea service, it was, however, substantially adopted in the three powerful ships already named, of which one, the *Dreadnought*, now bears the flag of the British admiral who commands the Mediterranean fleet.* If the opinion of officers who have served in these ships may be accepted as sufficiently conclusive, it was a great misfortune for the British navy when the ruling features of this type of ship were largely departed from in its first-class ships, and made to give place to a whole series of so-called first-class ironclads, of which only about one-third of the length has been protected by armor, and which are consequently quite unfit to take a place in any European line of battle.

The characteristic differences between the American type and the English type of sea-going Monitors (if we may apply that designation to the *Devastation* type) have already been stated, but may be restated here in a single sentence, viz., the elevation in the English ship of the turret breastwork deck to a height of eleven or twelve feet above the sea's surface, and the raising of the upper deck generally, or of a considerable part of it, to at least that height, by means of lightly built superstructures. Over these again, and many feet above them, are built bridges and hurricane decks, from which the ships may be commanded in all weathers. Lofty as these ships are by comparison with American Monitors, it is only gradually that they have acquired the confidence of the naval service, so freely do the waves sweep over their weather decks when driven, even in moderate weather, against head seas.

The British navy, having very diversified services to perform during both peace and war, requires ships of various kinds and sizes. Its first and greatest requirement of all is that of line-of-battle ships in sufficient numbers to enable England to stand up successfully against any European naval force or forces that may threaten her or her empire. If any one should be disposed to ask why this requirement—which is obviously an extreme one, and an impossible one for more than a single power—is more necessary for England than for any other country, the answer must be, *Circumspice!* To look round over England's empire is to see why her failure on the sea would be her failure altogether. France, Germany, Italy, and even Holland, might each get along fairly well, losing nothing that is absolutely

* The engraving of the *Dreadnought* is from a drawing presented to the writer by the Chevalier De Martino, a marine artist of distinction.



THE "DREADNOUGHT."

essential to their existence, even if every port belonging to them were sealed by an enemy's squadron. But were Great Britain to be cut off from her colonies and dependencies, were her ships to be swept from the seas and her ports closed by hostile squadrons, she would either be deprived of the very elements of life itself, or would have to seek from the compassion of her foes the bare means of existence. It is this consideration, and the strong parental care which she feels for her colonies, that make her sons indignant at any hazardous reduction of her naval strength. There are even in England itself men who can not or will not see this danger, and who impute to those who strive to avert it ambitious, selfish, and even sordid motives. But it is to no unworthy cause that England's naval anxieties are due. We have no desire for war; we do not hunger for further naval fame; we cherish no mean rivalry of other powers who seek to colonize or to otherwise improve their trade; we do not want the mastery of the seas for any commercial objects that are exclusively our own. What we desire to do is to keep the seas open thoroughfares to our vast possessions and dependencies, and free to that commercial communication which has become indispensable to our existence as an empire. To accomplish that object we must, at any cost, be strong, supremely strong, in European waters; and it is for this reason that England's line-of-battle ships ought to be always above suspicion both in number and in quality.

It is not a pleasant assertion for an Englishman to make when he has to say that this is very far from being the case at present. A few months ago this statement, from whomsoever it emanated, would have been received with distrust by the general public, for the truth was only known to the navy itself and to comparatively few outsiders. But the official communications made to both Houses of Parliament early in December last have prepared the world for the truth, the First Lord of the Admiralty in the Chamber of Peers and Sir Thomas Brassey in the House of Commons having then proposed to Parliament a programme of additional ship-building which provided for a considerable increase in the number of its first-class ships and cruisers, and which also provided, on the demand of the present writer, that the cruisers should be protected with belts of armor—an element of safety previously denied to them. It need hardly be repeated, after this wholesale admission of weakness by the Admiralty, that Great Britain is at present in far from a satisfactory condition as regards both the number and the character of its ships. Were that not so, no public

agitation could have moved the government to reverse in several respects a policy by which it had for so long abided.

It will be interesting to broadly but briefly review the causes of the present deplorable condition of the British navy. In the first place, in so far as it is a financial question, it has resulted mainly from the sustained attempt of successive governments to keep the naval expenditure within or near to a fixed annual amount, notwithstanding the palpable fact that every branch of the naval service, like most other services, is unavoidably increasing in cost, while the necessities of the empire are likewise unavoidably increasing. The consequence is that, as officers and men of every description must be paid, and all the charges connected therewith must in any event be fully met, the ship-building votes of various kinds are those upon which the main stress of financial pressure must fall. From this follows a strong desire, to which all Boards of Admiralty too readily yield, to keep down the size and cost of their first-class ships, to the sacrifice of their necessary qualities. This may be strikingly illustrated by the fact that, although the iron *Dreadnought*, a first-class ship, designed fifteen or sixteen years ago, had a displacement of 10,820 tons, and was powerful in proportion, the Admiralty have launched but a single ship (the *Inflexible*) since that period of which the displacement has reached 10,000 tons. In fact, every large iron-clad ship for the British navy since launched has fallen from 1200 to 2400 tons short of the *Dreadnought's* displacement, and has been proportionally feeble.

If this cutting down in the size of the principal ships of Great Britain had been attended by a corresponding reduction in the sizes of the ships of other powers, or even by some advantages of design which largely tended to make up for the defect of size, there might be something to say for it. But the French ships have shown no such falling off in size, and have benefited as fully as the English ships by the use of steel and by the improved power and economy of the marine steam-engine.

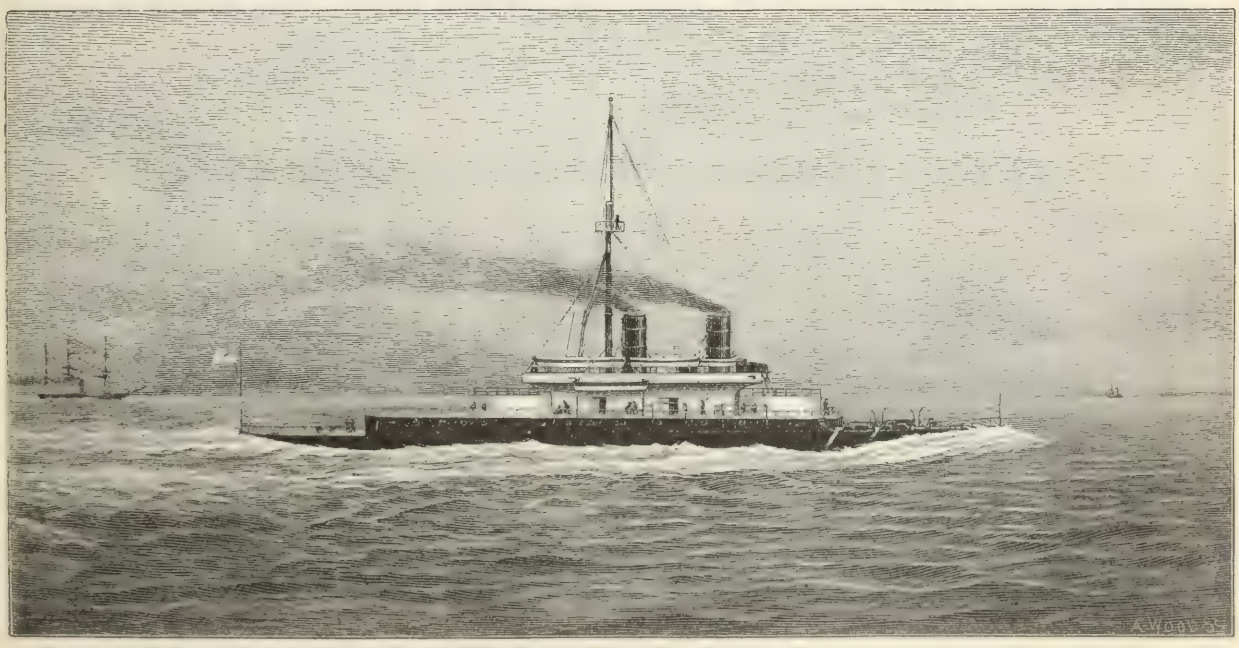
Simultaneously with the reduction in the size of the English ships there has been brought about—voluntarily, and not as a consequence of reduced size, for it was first applied in the largest of all British men-of-war, the *Inflexible*—a system of stripping the so-called armored ships of the English navy of a large part of their armor, and reducing its extent to so deplorable a degree that, as has already been said, they are quite unfit to take part, with any reasonable hope of success, in any general engagement. Here, again, there might have been something to say for a large reduction in the armored surface of ships if it had been attended by some great compensation, such as that which an immense increase in the thickness of the armor applied might have provided, although no such increase could ever have compensated for such a reduction of the armored part of the ship as would have exposed the whole ship to destruction by the mere bursting in of the unarmored ends, which is what has been done. But although in the case of the large *Inflexible* the citadel armor was of excessive thickness, that is not true of the more recent ships of England, the armor of which sometimes falls short of that of the French ships, in two or three instances by as much as four inches, the French ships having 22-inch armor, and the English 18-inch. But by the combined effect of injudicious economy and of erroneous design, therefore—both furthered by a sort of frenzied desire on the part of the British Admiralty to strip the ships of armor, keep down their speed, delay their completion, and otherwise paralyze the naval service, apparently without understanding what they were about—the British navy has been brought into a condition which none but the possible enemies of the country can regard without more or less dismay.

In order to illustrate the extent to which side armor has been denied to the British ships, as compared with the French, we refer the reader to the diagrams (see page 340) of the *Amiral Duperré* (French) and of the *Inflexible* and *Collingwood* (both English). The black portions represent the side armor in each case. It is scarcely possible for any one friendly to Great Britain to look at these diagrams, and realize what they signify, without profoundly regretting that a sufficient force of public opinion has not yet been exerted to compel the Admiralty to a much more liberal use of armor in the new first-class ships the intended construction of which was announced to Parliament in December last. In these new ships, while the length of the partial belt

has been slightly increased, no addition to its height above water has been made (as compared with the *Collingwood* or "Admiral" class), so that the slightest "list" toward either side puts all the armor below water. To describe such ships as "armored ships" is to convey a totally false impression of their true character. A side view of one of these new ships (see page 356) shows that the two principal guns are carried high up forward in an armored turret, which sweeps from right ahead, round the bow on each side, and well toward the stern, while several smaller guns are carried abaft with very thin armor protection to complete the offensive powers of the ship. The arrangement of the two principal guns in a turret forward resembles that of the *Conqueror*, but in her the armor rises high above the water, and a belt extends to the bow and nearly to the stern. It is a matter of inexpressible regret that the armored surface of these new ships is so excessively contracted as to be wholly insufficient to preserve the ship from that terrible danger to which so many of their predecessors have been exposed, viz., that of capsizing from loss of stability when the unarmored parts alone have been injured.

There is a sense in which all the British ships to which reference has thus far been made may be roughly regarded as developments of, or at least as starting from, the *Devastation*, or British Monitor type of ship, for in all of them masts and sails have been done away with, and steam propulsion relied upon, a single military mast alone remaining.* We have now to notice another and more numerous class of ships, which may be regarded as the lingering representatives of those sailing ships which have come down to us through the long centuries, but which are now rapidly disappearing, yielding to the all-prevalent power of steam. Some of these ships were built for the line of battle, in their respective periods, but as they range in size from about 1000 tons of displacement up to nearly 11,000 tons, it is obvious that many of them were built for various other employments. In dealing with the full-rigged ships, we are taking account of types of war ships which, for all but secondary purposes, are passing away. It fell to the lot of the present writer (under the rule of Mr. Childers, then First Lord of the Admiralty, and of Admiral Sir Robert Spencer Robinson, then Controller of the Navy) to introduce the mastless war ship, and thus to virtually terminate what had certainly been for England a glorious period, viz., that of the taunt-masted, full-rigged, and ever-beautiful wooden line-of-battle ship. It is now, alas! but too apparent (from what has gone before) that in virtually terminating that period, and opening the era of

* This is not strictly true of quite all the ships named, but it probably will be true erelong, as none of them have more than a light auxiliary rig, and that will probably be abandoned.



THE "DEVASTATION."

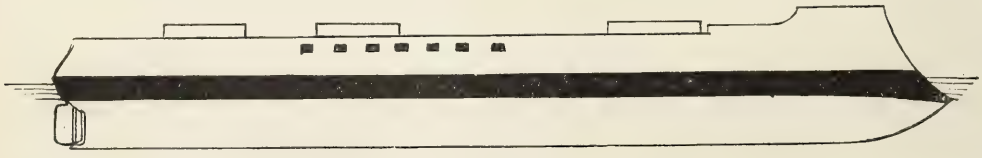
the steam and steel fighting engine, we were also introducing an era in which fantastic and feeble people might but too easily convert what ought to have been the latest and greatest glory of England into her direct peril, and possibly even her early overthrow.

The first British iron-clad (neglecting the "floating batteries" of 1854) was the *Warrior*, a handsome ship 380 feet long, furnished with steam-power, and provided with masts, spars, and a large spread of canvas. Her ends were unprotected by armor, and her steering gear consequently much exposed. She was succeeded by a long series of full-rigged iron-clads, all of them supplied with steam-power likewise, the series continuing down to the present time. The little dependence which is now placed in the British navy upon the use of sail-power in armored ships will be seen, however, when it is stated that of all the ships protected by side armor which are now under construction in the royal dock-yards, but two are to be given any sail-power at all, and these are to be rigged on two masts only, although the ships are of large size, and intended for cruising in distant seas.

It is unnecessary in a popular article of this description to dwell upon, or even to state, the minor differences which exist between the different types of rigged iron-clads. There are, however, some points of interest in connection with their armor and armament to be mentioned. In the design of the first group (speaking chronologically) were commenced those changes in the disposition of the armor which continue down to the present time, the British Admiralty being so mixed and so virtually irresponsible a body that it is not obliged to have a mind of its own for any great length of time, even when many of the same men continue in office.

The *Warrior*, as we saw, and the sister ship *Black Prince*, had a central armored battery only; the same is true of those reduced *Warriors*, the *Defence* and the *Resistance*. But the next succeeding ships of the *Warrior's* size, the *Minotaur* and *Agincourt*, were fully armored from end to end; and the somewhat smaller ship the *Achilles* was furnished with a complete belt at the water-line. The *Hector* and *Valiant* (improved *Defences*) had complete armor above the water, but oddly enough had part of the water-line at each end left unarmored. A third ship of the *Minotaur* class, the *Northumberland*, was modified by the present writer at the bow and stern on his entering the Admiralty, the armor above water being there reduced, and an armored bow breastwork constructed. Within this armored breastwork were placed two heavy guns firing right ahead. With this exception, all these early ships, nine in number, were without any other protected guns than those of the broadside.

These ships were followed by a series of rigged ships of the writer's design, viz., the *Bellerophon*, *Hercules*, *Sultan*, *Penelope*, *Invincible*, *Iron Duke*, *Vanguard*, *Swiftsure*, and *Triumph*, all with hulls of iron, or of iron and steel combined, together with a series of rigged ships constructed of wood, converted from unarmored hulls or frames,



SECTION OF THE "AMIRAL DUPERRÉ."

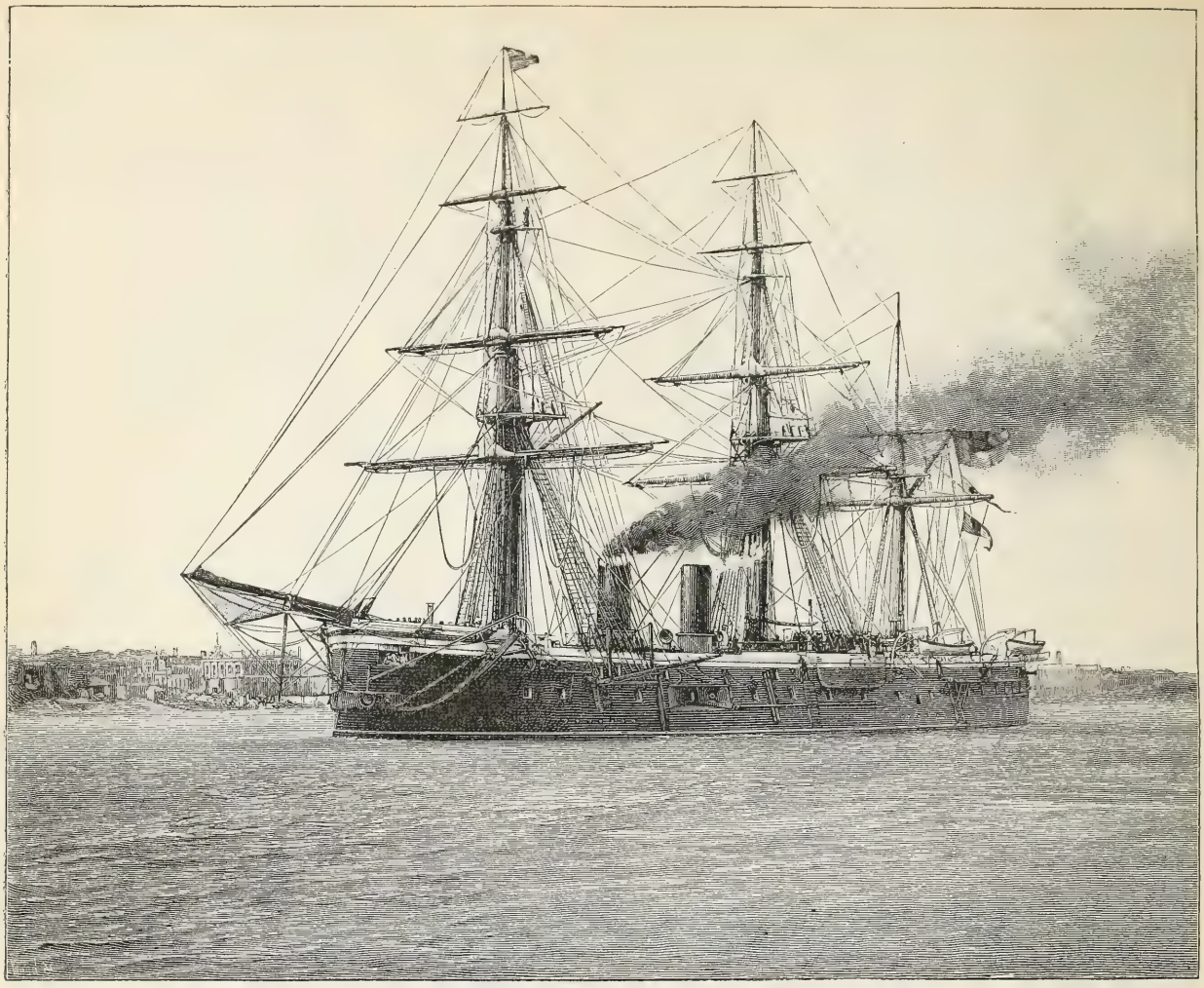


SECTION OF THE "INFLEXIBLE."



SECTION OF THE "COLLINGWOOD."

THE "INFLEXIBLE."



THE "SULTAN."

viz., *Enterprise*, *Research*, *Favorite*, *Pallas*, *Lord Warden*, *Lord Clyde*, and *Repulse*. Every one of these ships was protected by armor throughout the entire length of the vessel in the region of the water-line, and in some cases the armor rose up to the upper deck. Most of them, however, had the armor above the belt limited to a central battery. The chief interest in these vessels now lies in the illustrations they furnish of the evolution, so to speak, of bow and stern fire. In several of them a fire approximately ahead and astern (reaching to those directions within about twenty degrees) was obtained by means of ports cut near to the ship's side, through the transverse armored bulk-heads. In others these bulk-heads were turned inward toward the battery near the sides of the ship in order to facilitate the working of the guns when firing as nearly ahead and astern as was practicable. In the *Sultan* an upper-deck armored battery was adopted for the double purpose of forming a redoubt from which the ship could be manœuvred and fought in action, and of providing a direct stern fire from protected guns. In the five ships of the *Invincible* class a direct head and stern fire was obtained from a somewhat similar upper-deck battery, which projected a few feet beyond the side of the ship.

The rigged ships of later design than the writer's present a still greater variety in the disposition of their armor and armaments. This variety may be in part illustrated by four examples, which for convenience are principally taken from Sir Thomas Brassey's book.* The scales of these small drawings, as given by Sir Thomas, are not all the same. These examples are the *Alexandra*, the *Téméraire*, the *Nelson*, and the *Shannon*. The *Alexandra* (of which a separate view, in sea-going condition, is given), which is probably the best of the rigged iron-clads of the British navy, may be regarded as a natural, but not the less meritorious, development of the combined broadside and bow and stern fire of

* *The British Navy.*

the central battery ships which preceded her. In her were provided a broadside battery on the main-deck, a direct bow fire, also on that deck, and both a direct bow and a direct stern fire on the upper deck from within armor, as in the *Invincible* class. The guns employed for bow and stern fire were all available for broadside fire. The upper-deck battery did not project beyond the main-deck as in the *Invincible* class, the forward and after parts of the ship above the main-deck being greatly contracted in breadth in order to allow the guns to fire clear both forward and aft. The *Téméraire* is a smaller ship than the *Alexandra*, and has a battery similar to hers on the main-deck, but with one gun less on each side, the danger of a raking fire entering through the foremost battery port being met by a transverse armored bulk-head, as shown in the plan of the ship. She is provided with an additional bow gun and a stern-chaser, carried high up in barbette towers, but worked on Colonel Moncrieff's disappearing principle.

The *Téméraire* fires three 25-ton guns right ahead, against two 25-ton and two 18-ton guns in the *Alexandra;* on either bow, two 25-ton against one 25-ton and one 18-ton; right aft, one 25-ton against two 18-ton; on either quarter, one 25-ton against one 18-ton; on either beam, if engaged on one side at a time, two 25-ton and two 18-ton, with a third 25-ton available through only half the usual arc, against three 18-ton guns, with two of the same weight and one of 25-tons, each available with the limitation just described.*

* From *Engineering.*

The *Alexandra* is a ship of 9500 tons displacement, the *Téméraire* is of 8500 tons; after them came the *Nelson* (to which the *Northampton* is a sister ship), of 7320 tons displacement. This vessel can not be regarded as an armored ship at all, in the usual sense of the word, having but a partial belt of armor, and none of her guns being inclosed within armor protection, although two guns for firing ahead and two for firing astern are partially sheltered by armor. Even less protection than this is afforded to the guns of the *Shannon*, which also has but a partial belt of armor, and protection for two bow guns only. The comparatively small size of the *Shannon* (5400 tons displacement) relieves her in some degree from the reproach of being so little protected; but it is difficult (to the present writer) to find a justification for building ships of 7320 tons, like the *Nelson* and *Northampton*, and placing them in the category of armor-plated ships, seeing that their entire batteries are open to the free entrance of shell fire from all guns, small as well as large. Where a ship has a battery of guns protected against fire in one or more directions, but freely exposed to fire coming in other directions, to assume that the enemy will be most likely to attack the armor, and avoid firing into the open battery, appears to be a reversal of the safe and well-accepted principle of warfare, viz., that your enemy will at least endeavor to attack your vulnerable part. No doubt, when the size or cost of a particular ship is limited, the de-



THE "ALEXANDRA."

signer has to make a choice of evils, but where people are as free as is the British Board of Admiralty to build safe and efficient ships, the devotion of so much armor as the *Nelson* and *Northampton* carry to so limited a measure of protection is a very singular proceeding, and illustrates once more with how little wisdom the world is governed.

Before passing from the armored ships of the navy—or rather, as we must now say in view of some of the ships just described and illustrated, before passing from the ships which have some armor—it is desirable to take note of a few exceptional vessels which can not be classed either with the pretentious and so-called line-of-battle ships or with the rigged iron-clads generally. Among these will be found two comparatively small ships, designed by the writer many years ago, to serve primarily as rams, but to carry also some guns. These were the *Hotspur* and *Rupert*. The water-line of the *Hotspur* was protected with very thick armor for her day (11-inch), extending from stem to stern, dipping down forward to greatly strengthen the projecting ram. She carried (besides a few smaller guns) the largest gun of the period, one of twenty-five tons, mounted on a turn-table, but protected by a fixed tower pierced with four ports.* This fixed tower was years afterward replaced by a revolving turret, similar to that which the writer gave in the first instance to the *Rupert*, designed soon after the *Hotspur*. Both the armor and the armament of the second vessel were heavier than those of the first, but the ram, as before, was the chief feature of the ship.

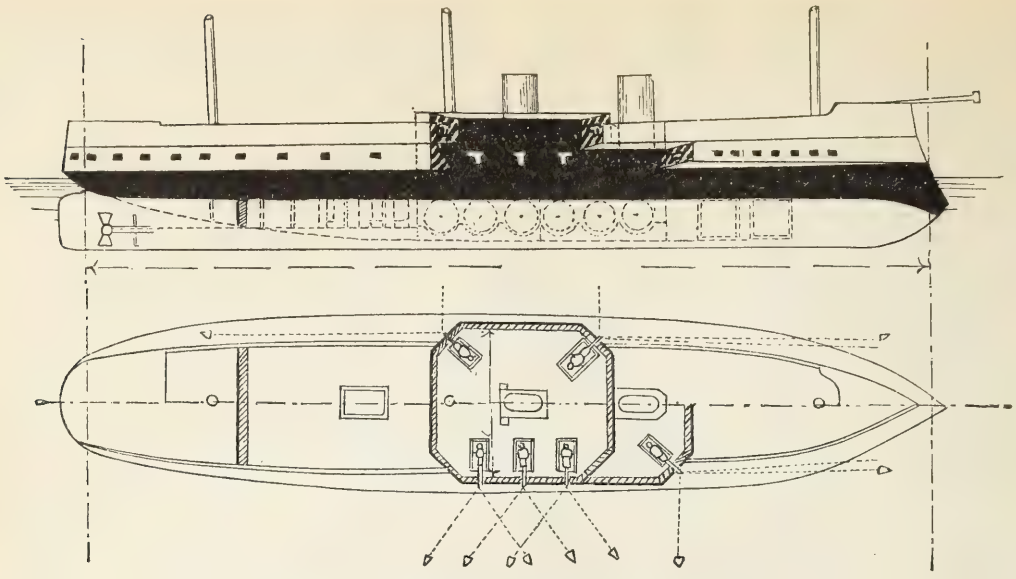
It is needless here to describe some of the very early turret ships, such as the *Prince Albert*, *Scorpion*, *Wyvern*, and *Royal Sovereign*, all of which embodied the early (though not by any means the earliest) views of that able, energetic, and lamented officer the late Captain Cowper Coles, R.N., who was lost at sea by the capsizing of his own ship, the *Captain*, her low sides failing to furnish the necessary stability for enabling her to resist when under her canvas the force of a moderate gale of wind. Had he been able to foresee the coming abandonment of sail-power in rigged ships, and had he been placed, as the writer advised, in charge of the revolving turrets of the navy, leaving ship-designing to those who understood it, he might have been alive to this day, to witness the very general adoption in the British navy of that turret system to which he for some years devoted and eventually sacrificed his life.

The first real sea-going and successful ship designed and built to carry the revolving turret of Coles was, by universal consent, the *Monarch*, whose sea-going qualities secured for her the distinction of transporting to the shores of America—as a mark of England's good-will to the people of the United States, and of her admiration of a great and good citizen—the body of the late Mr. George Peabody. "The performances of the *Monarch* at sea," says Brassey's *British Navy*, "were in the highest degree satisfactory;" and nothing could exceed the frank and liberal praises bestowed upon her for her performances during the voyage to New York by the officers of the United States man-of-war which accompanied her as a complimentary escort.

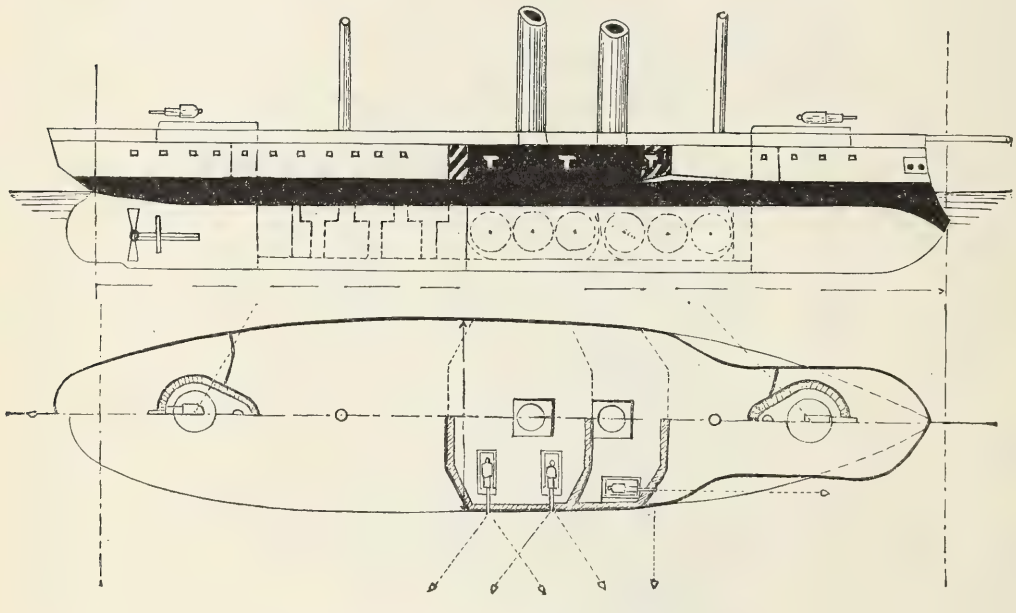
A great deal has been written and said at different times about four other turret ships of the British navy, viz., the *Cyclops*, *Gorgon*, *Hecate*, and *Hydra*—far less terrible vessels than these formidable names would seem to import. Whether these four comparatively small turret ships possess the necessary sea-going qualities for coast defense (as distinguished from harbor service) is a question which has been much discussed, and is not yet settled. The truth is that the defense of the coasts of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland is a service in which the sea-going qualities of vessels may be called into requisition as largely as in any service in the world. There are some (this writer among them) who much prefer the mid-Atlantic in a heavy gale of wind to many parts of these coasts, more especially if there be any doubt about the perfect obedience of the ship to her steam-power and her helm. The worst weather the writer has ever experienced at sea was met with in the English Channel, and the only merchant ship which he ever even in part possessed was mastered by a Channel storm, had to

* Some persons regarded the existence of these four small port-holes as converting the tower into a nest for projectiles, although a single enemy could not possibly have attacked more than two of these ports at once, situated as they were. What would such persons think of the batteries of the *Nelson*, *Northampton*, and *Shannon*, each open for more than one hundred feet in length, on each side of the ship, in so far as armor is concerned?

THE "TÉMÉRAIRE."



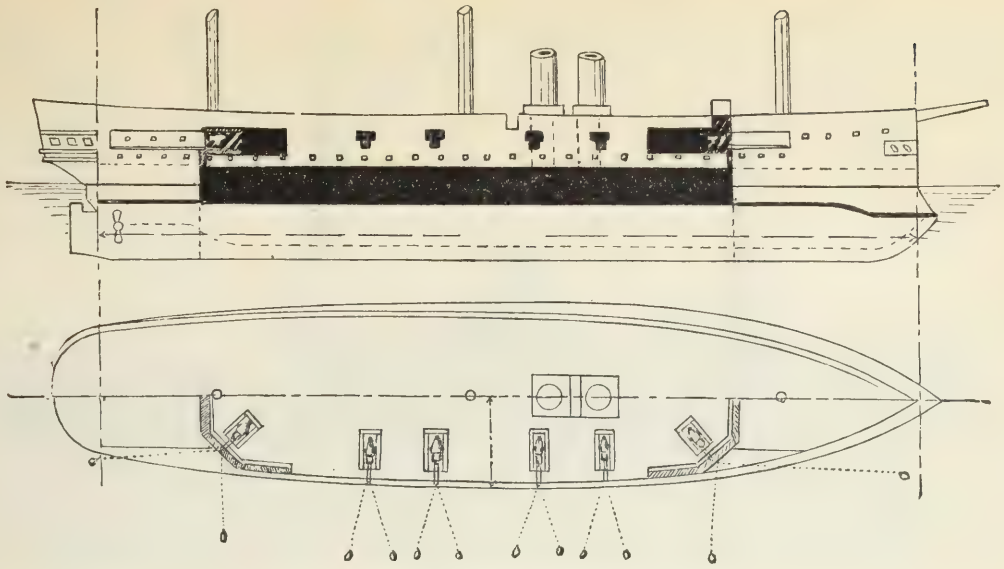
SECTION AND PLAN OF THE "ALEXANDRA."



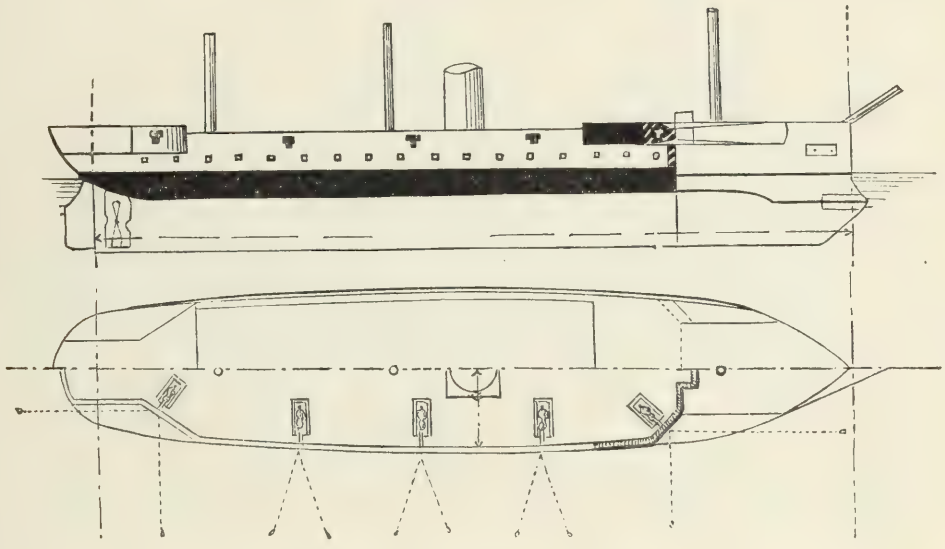
SECTION AND PLAN OF THE "TÉMÉRAIRE."

cast anchor outside of Plymouth Breakwater, was blown clean over it, and sank inside of it, with her cables stretched across that fine engineering work. It is therefore difficult, and has always been difficult, not to say impossible, for him to regard a "coast-defense ship," which certainly ought to be able to defend the coast, and to proceed from one part of it to another, as a vessel which may be made less seaworthy than other vessels. Only in one respect, viz., that of coal supply, may such a ship be safely made inferior to sea-going ships.

But whether the four vessels under notice be fit for coast defense or not, it ought to be known that they were not designed for it. They were hastily ordered in 1870, when the Franco-German war was breaking out, under the impression that Great Britain might get involved in that war. The British Admiralty knew then (as it knows now, and as it has known for years past) that the navy had not been maintained in sufficient strength, and they consequently seized the first design for a small and cheap ship that they could lay hands on, and ordered the construction, with all dispatch, of four such vessels. The design which they happened to take, or which seemed to them most suitable, was that of the *Cerberus*—a breastwork Monitor designed by the writer for special service in inland colonial waters, and made as powerful as was then possible on 3300 tons of displacement, both offen-



SECTION AND PLAN OF THE "NELSON."



SECTION AND PLAN OF THE "SHANNON."

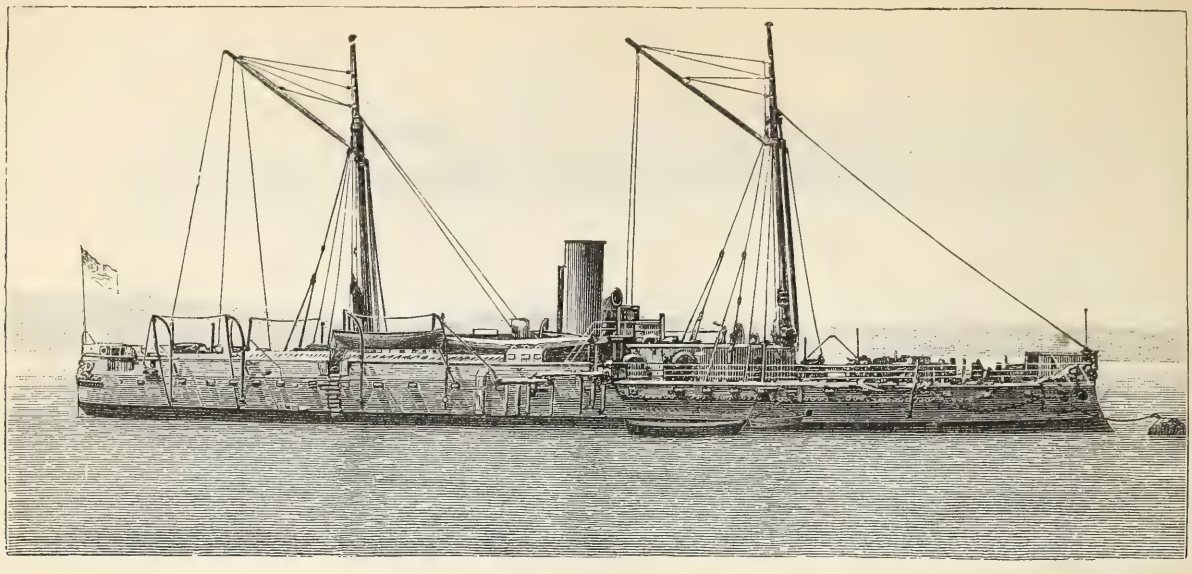
sively and defensively, but with no necessity for, and no pretensions whatever to, sea-going qualities. It is scarcely to be supposed that four vessels having such an origin could be expected to take their place as sea-going ships of the British navy; nor could they, either, for reasons already suggested, be expected to possess any high qualities as vessels for the defense of

> "That land round whose resounding coasts
> The rough sea circles."

The Admiralty which ordered their construction may possibly be able to state why they built them, but even that is not at all certain. One of the evil results of mean economies in national enterprises in ordinary times is extravagant and aimless expenditure in times of necessity.

A later example of this kind of expenditure under very similar circumstances was furnished during Lord Beaconsfield's administration, when war with Russia seemed likely to occur. Again the insufficiency of the navy was strongly felt, and again public money, to the extent of two millions sterling or more, was expended upon the acquisition of such ships as could be most readily acquired, regardless of cost. At this time the *Neptune* (of 9170 tons displacement), the *Superb* (of 9100 tons), and the *Belleisle* and *Orion* (each of 4830 tons) were purchased into the service, and having been built for other navies, and under very peculiar circumstances in some cases, required large dockyard expenditure to convert them to their new uses in the British navy.

It only remains, in so far as existing

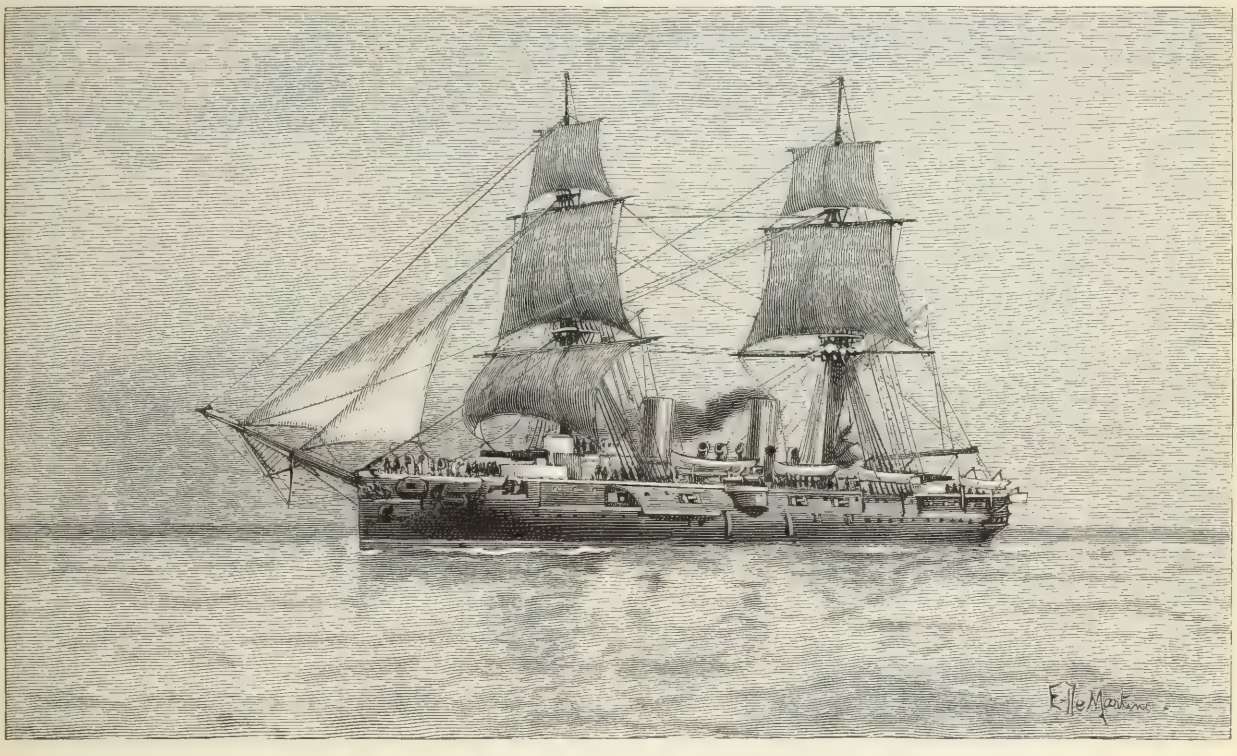


THE "HOTSPUR."
From a photograph by Symonds and Co., Portsmouth.

armored, or rather "partly armored," ships are concerned, to advert to the *Impérieuse* and *Warspite*, two cruisers building for distant service. These ships are 315 feet long, and to them has been allowed, by the extraordinary generosity of the Admiralty, as much as 140 feet of length of armored belt. If this had been extended by only 20 feet, these British cruisers, which Sir Thomas Brassey—whether grandiloquently or satirically it is hard to say—calls "armored cruisers," would have actually had one-half of their length protected by armor-plating at the water-line. In what spirit and with what object is not known, but Sir Thomas, in his outline sketch of these ships, writes the word "coals" in conspicuous letters before and abaft the belt. Can it be possible that he, undoubtedly a sensible man of business, and one who laboriously endeavors to bring up the knowledge and sense of his fellow-countrymen to a level with his own, and who is now Secretary to the British Admiralty—can it be possible that he considers coal a trustworthy substitute for armor, either before or after it has been consumed as fuel?

It is very distressing to have to write in these terms and put these questions about Admiralty representatives and Admiralty ships. But what is to be done? Here are two ships which are together to cost nearly half a million of money, which are expressly built to chase and capture our enemies in distant seas, which are vauntingly described as "armored cruisers," which can not be expected always by their mere appearance to frighten the enemy into submission, like painted Chinese forts, which must be presumed sometimes to encounter a fighting foe, or at least to be fired at a few times by the stern guns of a vessel that is running away, and yet some eighty or ninety feet of the bows of these ships and as much of their sterns are deliberately deprived of the protection of armor, so that any shell from any gun may pierce them, let in the sea, and reduce their speed indefinitely; and in apparent justification of this perfectly ridiculous arrangement—perfectly ridiculous in a ship which is primarily bound to sustain her speed when chasing—the Secretary to the Admiralty tells us that she is to carry in the unprotected bow some coals! May the pages of so responsible a magazine as *Harper's* be made available for giving to the British Admiralty a piece of information of which only they can be possibly ignorant, viz., that even while coal is unconsumed it differs largely from steel armor plates in the measure of resistance which it offers to shot and shell; and further, that coal is put on board war ships that it may be consumed in the generation of steam? It is very desirable that this information should somehow be conveyed to Whitehall in an impressive manner, and possibly, if the combined intelligence of the two great nations to whom *Harper's* chiefly appeals be invoked in its favor, it may at length come to be understood and attended to even by the Admiralty, and one may hear no more of the protection of her Majesty's ships by means of their "coal."

Passing now from the so-called iron-clads of the British navy, we come to a class of vessels which have their boilers, etc., protected from above by iron decks sweeping over them from side to side. The section of the *Mersey* (see page 350)—one of the most important British ships of this type—will illustrate the system of construction. Various attempts have been made to impose numerous ships of this kind upon a sometimes too credulous pub-



THE "WARSPITE."

lic as armored vessels, and Sir Thomas Brassey, while publishing descriptions and drawings which demonstrated beyond all question that the buoyancy and stability of these ships are not at all protected by armor, nevertheless deliberately includes some of them in his list of "armored ships."* Now the thick iron deck certainly protects (in some degree, according to its thickness) all that is below it against the fire of guns, and armor itself is sometimes employed to protect the gun machinery; but the existence of a thickish deck under the water, or mainly under the water, occasionally associated with patches of armor above water here and there to protect individual parts, does not constitute the ship itself an armored ship in any such sense of the term as is ordinarily accepted and understood. How can that be properly called an "armored ship" which can be utterly destroyed by guns without any shot or shell ever touching such armor as it possesses? The British Admiralty, in the "Navy Estimates" for 1883–4, under some unknown influence, put forward two ships of this description as armored vessels, and were afterward forced to remove them from that category, but only removed them to place them in another not less false, not less misleading, not less deceptive and dangerous, viz., that of "protected ships." And this most improper description is still applied to various ships of which the special characteristic is that they themselves are *not* protected. If the ship's own coal and stores may be regarded as her protection, or if the existence of a certain number of exposed and extremely thin internal plates can be so regarded, then may these vessels be deemed partly, but only partly, "protected"; but if "protected ship" means, as every honest-minded person must take it to mean, that the ship herself is protected by armor against shot and shell, then the designation "protected ship," as employed by the British Admiralty, is nothing less than an imposition. These ships are not protected. Neither their power to float, nor their power to keep upright, nor their power to exist at

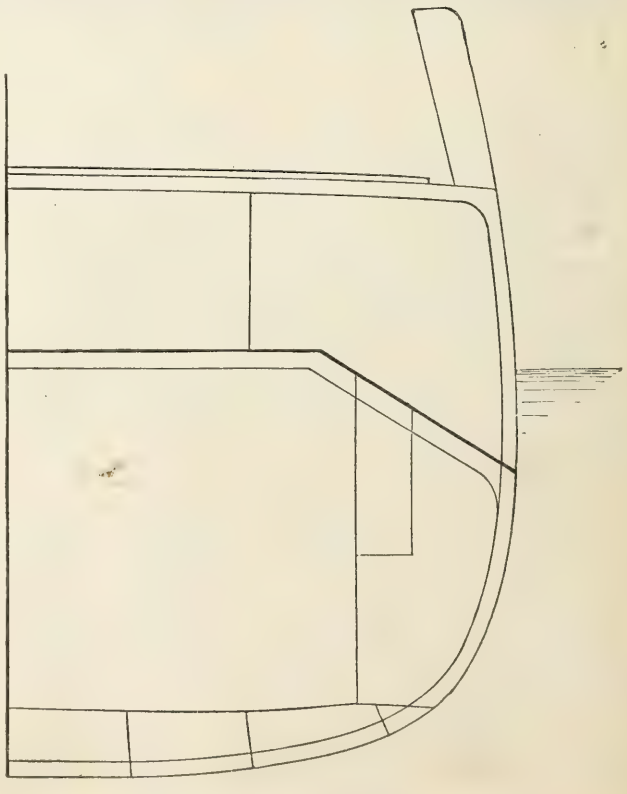
* The *Italia* and *Lepanto*, for example.

all, after a few such injuries as even the smallest guns afloat can inflict, is "protected," as any war whatever is likely to demonstrate.

Those who employ such language ignore the essential characteristic of a ship of war, and some of the gravest dangers which menace her. It is conceivable that in the old days, when men wore armor, the protection of the head with an "armet," and of the breast by a breastplate, might have justified the description of the man so defended as an "armored man," although it is difficult to see why, since he might have been put *hors de combat* by a single stroke. But protect the boilers and magazines of a ship how you will, if you do not protect the ship itself sufficiently in the region of the water-line to prevent such an invasion of the sea as will sink or capsize her, she remains herself essentially unprotected, liable to speedy and complete destruction, and can not truly be called a "protected ship."

It must not for a moment be supposed that this is a mere question of words or designations. On the contrary, it is one of the most vital importance to all navies, and most of all to the navy of Great Britain. What the Admiralty say, the rest of the government, and beyond them the country, are likely to believe and to rely upon, and when the stress of naval warfare comes, the nation which has confidingly understood the Admiralty to mean "armored ships" and "protected ships" when they have employed these phrases, and suddenly finds out, by defeat following defeat and catastrophe catastrophe, that they meant nothing of the kind, may have to pay for its credulity, allowable and pardonable as it may be, the penalty of betrayal, and of something worse even than national humility.

On the other hand, it is not to be inferred from the objections thus offered to the employment of deceptive designations that objection is also offered to the construction of some ships with limited or partial protection, falling short of the protection of the buoyancy and the stability, and therefore of the life, of the ship itself. It is quite impossible that all the ships of a navy like that of Great Britain, or of the navies of many other powers, can be made invulnerable, even in the region of the water-line, to all shot or shell. Indeed, there are services upon which it is necessary to employ armed ships but which do not demand the use of armored or protected vessels. Unarmored vessels, with some of their more vital contents protected, suffice for such services. Moreover, even where it would be very desirable indeed to have the hull protected by armor to a sufficient extent to preserve the ship's buoyancy and stability from ready destruction by gun fire, it is often impracticable to give the ship that protection. This is true, for example, of all small corvettes, sloops, and gun vessels, which are too small to float the necessary armor plates, in addition to all the indispensable weights of hull, steam machinery, fuel, armament, ammunition, crew, and stores. It would be both idle and unreasonable, therefore, to complain of the construction of some ships with the protecting armor limited, or even, in certain cases, with no protecting armor at all. Such ships must be built, and in considerable number, for the British navy. But this necessity should neither blind us to the exposure and destructibility of all such vessels, nor induce us to endeavor to keep that exposure and destructibility out of our own sight. Still less should it encourage us to sanction, even for a moment, such an abuse of terms as to hold up as "armored" and "protected" ships those which, whether unavoidably or avoida-



TRANSVERSE SECTION OF THE "MERSEY."



THE "INCONSTANT."

bly, have been deprived of the necessary amount of armor to keep them afloat under the fire of small or even of moderately powerful guns.

We are now in a position to review the British navy, and to see of what ships it really consists. In this review it will not be necessary to pass before the eyes of the reader that large number of vessels of which even the boilers and magazines are without any armor or thick-plate protection whatever. It will help, nevertheless, to make the nature and extent of the navy understood, if these are grouped and summarized in a few sentences. Neglecting altogether all large vessels with timber frames (which may be regarded as out of date, seeing that all the war vessels of considerable size now built for the navy have iron or steel frames), it may be first said that there are but three ships of the large or frigate class in the British navy which carry no thick protecting plate at all, viz., the *Inconstant*, the *Shah*, and the *Raleigh*. Of much less size than these, and equally devoid of protection, are the two very fast vessels, the *Iris* and *Mercury*, built as special dispatch vessels, steaming at their best at about eighteen knots. Among the unarmored corvettes are the *Active*, *Bacchante*, *Boadicea*, *Euryalus*, *Rover*, and *Volage*, all exceeding fourteen knots in speed, and all more than 3000 tons displacement. Then follow thirty-six smaller and less swift corvettes, nearly one-half the number being built wholly of wood, most of which exceed, however, thirteen knots in speed; and below these about an equal number of sloops of less speed and tonnage. The smaller gun vessels and gun-boats need not be summarized.

Passing on to vessels which, although themselves unarmored, have thick-plate decks to give some protection to the machinery, we observe first that there are eight ships of 3500 to 3700 tons, built and under construction, viz., the *Amphion*, *Arethusa*, *Leander*, *Phaeton*, *Mersey*, *Severn*, *Forth*, and *Thames*. Sir Thomas Brassey very properly classes such of these vessels as he mentions in his lists as "unarmored ships," although, as before mentioned, when two of them—the *Mersey* and *Severn*—were designed, with a deck two inches thick, the Admiralty at first ventured to put them forward as "armored ships."

Ascending in the scale of protection, and dealing for the present with sea-going

vessels only, we come to a long series of ships which are undeserving of the designation of armored ships, because they are liable to destruction by guns without the limited amount of armor which they carry being attacked at all. These ships are the *Impérieuse* and *Warspite*, previously discussed, and also the *Ajax*, *Agamemnon*, *Colossus*, *Edinburgh*, and the six large ships of the "Admiral" class. Any one who has intelligently perused the report of the committee on the *Inflexible* would justify the inclusion of that ship in this category; but she is omitted here out of deference to the strenuous exertions which were made to invent or devise some little stability for her, even when her bow and stern are supposed to be badly injured, and out of compassion upon those officers of the Admiralty who have long ago repented those trying compromises with conscience by aid of which they expressed some slight confidence in her ability to float upright with her unarmored ends badly damaged. She is omitted also out of gratitude to Sir Thomas Brassey for a sentence in which, while saving her from being placed in so dreadful a category, he honestly places some of the other ships in it without qualification or circumlocution. He says: "In one important particular the *Ajax* and *Agamemnon* are inferior to the *Inflexible*. The central armored citadel is not, as it is in the case of the *Inflexible*, of sufficient displacement to secure the stability of the ship should the unarmored ends be destroyed."* In another place the present Secretary to the Admiralty, referring to the report of the *Inflexible* committee (which was nominated by the Admiralty, and under heavy obligations to support them), says: "It is doubtless very desirable that our armored ships should possess a more ample margin of stability than is provided in the armored citadel of the *Inflexible*. The ideas of the committee and of Sir Edward Reed on this point were in entire accord."†

It has recently been acknowledged that, as Sir Thomas Brassey states, the *Ajax* and *Agamemnon* are so constructed that they are dependent for their ability to float, the right side uppermost, upon their unarmored ends. To call such ships "armored ships" is, as we have seen, to mislead the public. But some pains have been taken of late to show that the "Admiral" class is better off in this respect, and certainly the known opinions of the present writer have been so far respected in these ships that their armored citadels, so called, have been made somewhat longer and of greater proportionate area. The following figures have been given:

	Percentage of water-line area covered by armor.
Inflexible	42.
Agamemnon	45.4
Collingwood	54.15
Camperdown	56.35

But any one who understands this question knows perfectly well that "percentage of water-line area covered by armor" in no way represents the relative stabilities of these ships. Indeed, that is obvious upon the face of the matter, because we have seen the *Ajax* and *Agamemnon* pronounced devoid of the necessary stability when injured, while the *Inflexible* is said to possess it, although the former vessel has 45½ per cent. of the water-line area covered, while the latter has but 42 per cent. But this is not the consideration which has led to the condemnation of the whole "Admiral" class of so-called iron-clads as not possessing the essential characteristic of an armored ship, viz., the power to float, and to float with needful buoyancy and stability, all the time the armor is unpierced. The ground of that condemnation is to be found in the introduction into the "Admirals" of a dangerous combination from which the *Inflexible* and *Agamemnon* and other like ships are exempt—the combination of long unarmored ends comprising about 45 per cent. of the water-line area with so shallow a belt of armor that, when the unarmored ends are injured and filled by the sea (as they would be in action), there would remain so little armor left above water that a very slight inclination of the ship would put it all below water. In the *Agamemnon* class, small as the initial stability may be (and with the unarmored ends torn open it would be nothing), the armor is carried up to a reasonable height above water. But in the "Admiral" class all the advantage arising from a slightly lengthened citadel is more than destroyed by this lowering of the armor. So great is the consequent danger of these ships' cap-

* *The British Navy*, Vol. I., p. 438.

† *Ibid.*, p. 427. The writer trusts he may be excused from again quoting these very important sentences from the work of the Secretary to the Admiralty, notwithstanding that he recently had occasion to quote them elsewhere.

THE "COLOSSUS."

sizing, if ever called upon to engage in a serious battle at close quarters, that the writer can not conscientiously regard them as "armored ships," but must in common fairness to the officers and men who are to serve in them, and to the nation which might otherwise put its trust in them, relegate them to the category of ships with only parts protected.

It will be observed that nothing has yet been said about thickness of armor, although that is, of course, a very important element of a ship's safety or danger. But important as it is, it has to be kept scrupulously separated from the question just discussed—the limitation of the armor's extent—because no misrepresentation and no misconception can well arise concerning the relative power or trustworthiness of ships armored variously as to thickness, while much misrepresentation has actually taken place and much consequent misconception has actually arisen on the other matter, more than one European government having deliberately placed in the category of "armored ships" ships which in no true sense of the word can be so classed.

The following classifications will conform to the foregoing views, describing as "armored ships" only those which have sufficient side armor to protect them from being sunk or capsized by the fire of guns all the time the armor remains unpierced.

BRITISH SHIPS OF WAR, BUILT AND BUILDING.

Armored Ships with Thick Armor.

	Tons Displacement.	Indicated Horse-power.	Speed, in Knots.	Maximum Thickness of Armor, in Inches.	Largest Guns, in Tons.
Alexandra	9,490	8610	15	12	25
Belleisle	4,830	3200	12¼	12	25
Conqueror	5,200	4500	15	12	43
Devastation	9,330	6650	13¾	12	35
Dreadnought	10,820	8200	14½	14	38
Hero	6,200	4500	15	12	43
Inflexible*	11,400	8000	14	24	80
Neptune	9,170	9000	14½	12	38
Orion	4,830	3900	13	12	25
Rupert	5,440	4630	13½	12	18
Superb	9,100	7430	14	12	18
Thunderer	9,330	6270	13½	12	38
Glatton†	4,910	2870	12	12	25

Armored Ships with Medium Armor.

	Tons Displacement.	Indicated Horse-power.	Speed, in Knots.	Maximum Thickness of Armor, in Inches.	Largest Guns, in Tons.
Hercules	8680	8530	14¾	9	18
Hotspur	4010	3500	12¾	11	25
Sultan	9290	8630	14	9	18
Téméraire	8540	7700	14½	11	25

* The reasons for placing this ship in the list of armored ships, against the writer's own judgment, have been stated previously.

† Harbor-defense vessel.

Armored Ships with Thin Armor.*

	Tons Displacement.	Indicated Horse-power.	Speed, in Knots.	Maximum Thickness of Armor, in Inches.	Largest Guns, in Tons.
Achilles	9,820	5720	14½	4½	12
Agincourt	10,690	6870	15	5½	12
Audacious	6,910	4020	13	8	12
Bellerophon	7,550	6520	14¼	6	12
Black Prince	9,210	5770	13¾	4½	9
Gorgon†	3,480	1650	11	9	18
Hecate†	3,480	1750	11	9	18
Hector†	6,710	3260	12½	4½	9
Hydra†	3,480	1470	11¼	8	18
Invincible	6,010	4830	14	8	12
Iron Duke	6,010	4270	13¾	8	12
Minotaur	10,690	6700	14½	5½	12
Monarch	8,320	7840	15	7	25
Northumberland	10,580	6560	14	5½	12
Penelope	4,470	4700	12¾	6	9
Prince Albert	3,880	2130	11¾	4½	12
Swiftsure	6,640	4910	15¾	8	12
Triumph	6,640	4890	14	8	12
Valiant	6,710	3560	12¾	4½	9
Warrior	9,210	5470	9¼	4½	9

Ships Armored in Places.

The ships in this list, although having some armor upon their sides, being liable to capsize at sea from injuries inflicted upon their unarmored parts, can not be classed with the armored ships.

	Tons Displacement.	Indicated Horse-power.	Speed, in Knots.	Maximum Thickness of Armor, in Inches.	Largest Guns, in Tons.
Ajax	8,490	6000	13	18	38
Agamemnon	8,490	6000	13	18	38
Anson	10,000	7500	14	18	63
Benbow	10,000	7500	14	18	110
Camperdown	10,000	7500	14	18	63
Collingwood	9,150	7000	14	18	43
Colossus	9,150	6000	14	18	43
Edinburgh	9,150	6000	14	18	43
Howe	9,600	7500	16	18	63
Rodney	9,600	7500	14	18	63
Impérieuse‡	7,390	8000	16	10	18
Warspite‡	7,390	8000	16	10	18

To this list may now be added two ships of 10,400 tons displacement, with 18-inch armor, and five cruisers of 5000 tons displacement, with 10-inch armor, recently ordered by the Admiralty to be built by contract.

Unarmored Ships with Under-water Steel Decks.§

	Tons Displacement.	Indicated Horse-power.	Speed, in Knots.	Thickness of Deck, in Inches.	Largest Guns, in Inches.
Amphion	3750	5000	16¾	1½	6
Arethusa	3750	5000	16¾	1½	6
Leander	3750	5000	16¾	1½	6
Phaeton	3750	5000	16¾	1½	6
Mersey	3550	6000	17	2	6
Severn	3550	6000	17	2	6
Thames	3550	6000	17	2	6
Forth	3550	6000	17	2	6

* Three turret vessels, nearly resembling the *Gorgon*, which belong to the Indian and colonial governments, are not included in this list, nor are several unimportant small vessels, viz., *Scorpion*, *Wyvern*, *Viper*, *Waterwitch*, and *Vixen*. The very few remaining thinly armored wood-built ships are also excluded.

† Ships for local defense of ports.

‡ Cruisers for distant service.

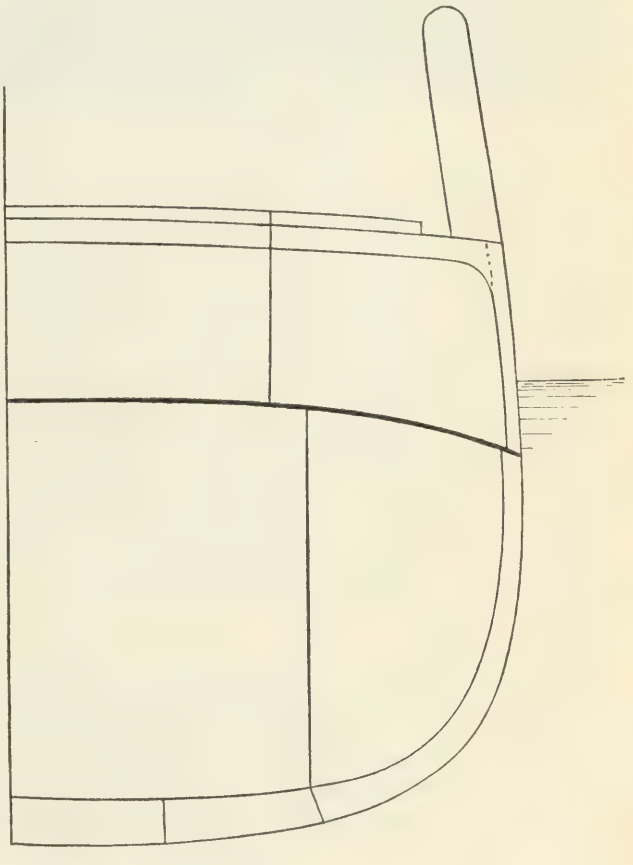
§ The thicknesses of decks given are those of the horizontal, or nearly horizontal, parts of the deck. Where the decks slope down at the sides the thickness is sometimes increased a little, as will have been seen in the section of the *Mersey*.

Armored ships with 12-inch armor and upward are called ships with thick armor; those with armor less than twelve inches but more than eight inches thick are designated as ships with medium armor; and those with 8-inch armor or less as ships with thin armor.

A few vessels known as the "Scout" class are now under construction for the Admiralty upon the Clyde. There is a disposition in certain quarters to include these among the ships of the class recorded in the last table. We give a transverse section of the newest "Scout," from which it will be seen that the so-called protective deck is but three-eighths of an inch in thickness, and can therefore be pierced by any gun afloat, from the largest down to the very smallest. It would be quite absurd to speak of this class of vessels as being in any way "protected" against gun fire.

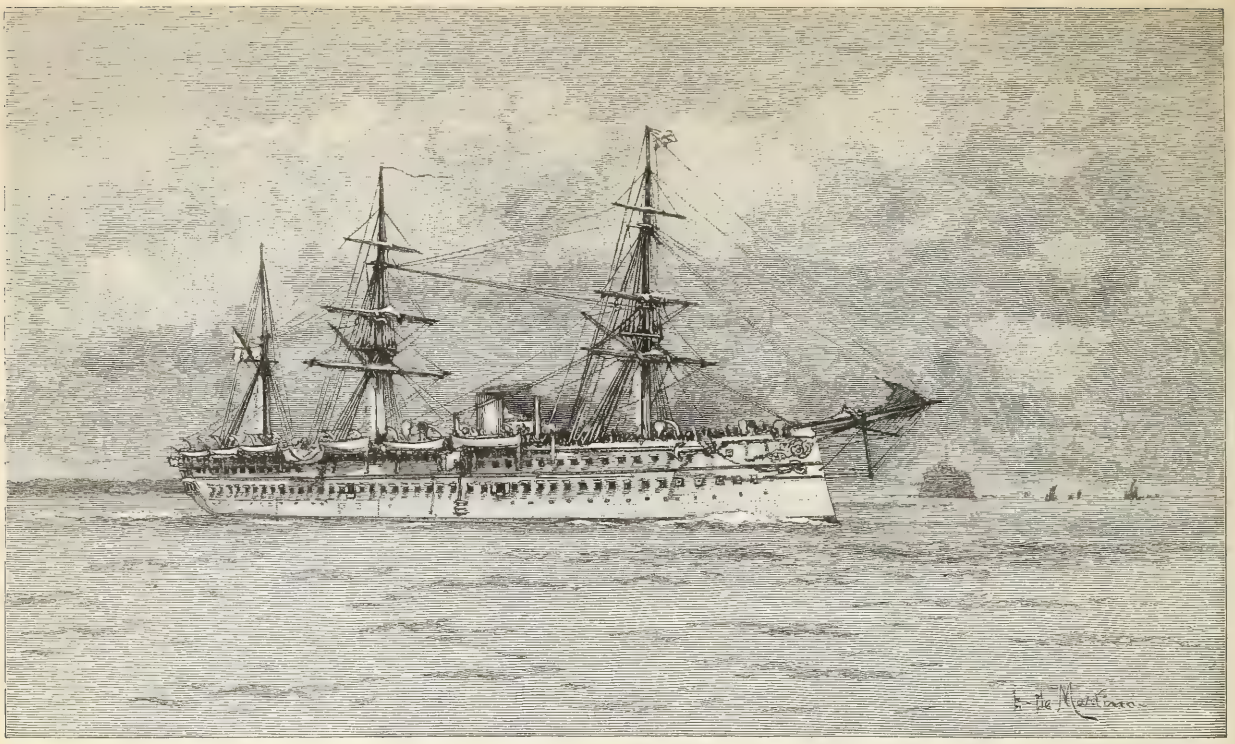
The first-class ships so called and the armored cruisers referred to in the former part of this article as having been promised to Parliament by the Admiralty representatives have now been ordered, and work upon them has been commenced in the yards of those firms to whom their building has been intrusted. The former are two in number, and their principal dimensions and particulars are as follows: length, 340 feet; breadth, 70 feet; draught of water, 26 feet; displacement, 10,400 tons; indicated horse-power, 10,000; estimated speed, 16 knots; thickness of armor, 18 inches; largest guns, 110 tons. The armor belt in these ships is a little more than 160 feet long, or about half their length, but rises to a height of only two feet six inches above the water. Before and abaft the belt under-water armored decks extend to the stem and stern respectively, as in the "Admiral" class. Besides the two 110-ton guns, which, as has been said, are placed in a turret forward and fire over the upper deck, there are twelve 6-inch guns ranged round the after-part of the ship on the upper deck. A certain amount of protection has been given to these guns by means of armor plating, but as this is only three inches thick, it can be said to do little more than protect the gun crews from the fire of rifles and of the smallest machine-guns.

Of the armored cruisers, five have been contracted for. Their principal dimensions and particulars are: length, 300 feet; breadth, 56 feet; draught of water, 21 feet; displacement, 5000 tons; indicated horse-power, 8500; estimated speed, 18 knots; thickness of armor, 10 inches; largest guns, 18 tons. These vessels are protected by an armor belt nearly 200 feet long, which extends to a height of one foot six inches above the water and to a depth of four feet below it, and they also have under-water decks before and abaft the belt. They carry two 18-ton guns, one well forward, ranging right round the bow, and the other well aft, ranging right round the stern, as well as five 6-inch guns on each broadside, the foremost and aftermost of which are placed on projecting sponsons, by which they are enabled to fire right ahead and right astern respectively. None of these guns are protected except by the thin shields usually fitted to keep off rifle fire from those actually working the guns.



TRANSVERSE SECTION OF ONE OF THE NEW "SCOUTS."

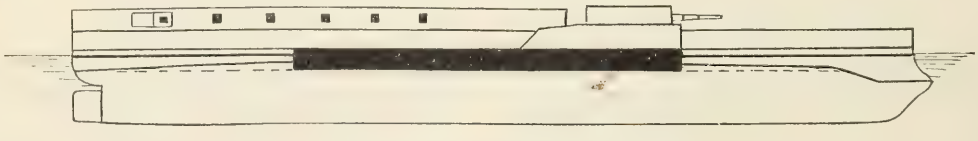
No mention has yet been made of the troop or transport ships of the British navy. There are in all about a dozen of these, but by far the most conspicuous and important of them are the five Indian transports which were built about twenty years ago, conjointly by the Admiralty and the government of India, and ever since worked by those departments of the state with gen-



THE "JUMNA."

eral satisfaction. One of these, the *Jumna*, is illustrated in the annexed figure. So satisfied was the late Director of Transports, Sir William R. Mends, K.C.B., with the services of these ships that, before retiring from his office, he informed the writer that if he had to assist in the construction of a new fleet of such transports he would desire but a single improvement in them, as working ships, and that was the raising of the lower deck one foot, in order to increase to that extent the stowage of the holds.

In the early part of this article the writer made reference to the influence exerted upon European ship-building by the incidents of the American civil war. He will conclude by a reference to an influence exerted upon his own mind and judgment by the most distinguished naval hero of that war, the late Admiral Farragut. On the occasion of that gallant officer's visit to England the Board of Admiralty invited him, as a wholly exceptional compliment, to accompany them on their annual official visit of inspection to her Majesty's dockyards. On the way from Chatham to Sheerness in the Admiralty yacht, the writer had a most instructive conversation with the Admiral as to the results of his practical experience of naval warfare at the brilliant capture of New Orleans, and elsewhere, and one of those results was this: "Never allow your men to be deceived as to the ships in which you expect them to fight. They will fight in anything, and fight to the death, if they know beforehand what they are going about, and what is expected of them. But if you deceive them, and expose them to dangers of which they know nothing, and they find this out in battle, they are very apt to become bewildered, to lose heart all at once, and to fail you just when you most require their utmost exertions." The writer has not forgotten this, and will not forget it. The British Admiralty is, unhappily, altogether unmindful of it.



NEW ADMIRALTY SHIP.

YOUR COMING.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

I KNOW not, love, how first you found me,
What instinct led you here;
I know the world has changed around me
Since once you came so near.
I yield a thousand claims to nourish this,
At last the dearest hope, the nearest tie;
And looking but to you for happiness,
Happy am I.

How lightly passed the maiden leisure
That youth and freedom chose,
The careless days of peace and pleasure,
The nights of pure repose!
So swift a touch could set the tune amiss!
So brief a shadow blot the morning sky!
Yet if the heart be made for happiness,
Happy am I.

O love, your coming taught me trouble;
Your parting taught me pain.
My breath grew quick; my blood ran double—
It leaped in every vein.
Yet, ah! has Time outdone the lover's kiss,
The look—the burning look—the low reply?
If these be all he holds of happiness,
Happy am I.

You lend to earth a vague emotion;
My self a stranger seems;
Your glance is mixed with sky and ocean;
Your voice is heard in dreams.
The good I choose is weighed with that I miss,
My idlest laughter mated with a sigh,
And moving only in your happiness,
Happy am I.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER;

OR, THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.—A COMEDY.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

ACT THIRD.—(*Continued.*)

Enter Miss Hardcastle *and* Maid.

Miss Hard. What an unaccountable creature is that brother of mine, to send them to the house as an inn, ha! ha! I don't wonder at his impudence.

Maid. But what is more, madam, the young gentleman, as you passed by in your present dress, asked me if you were the bar-maid. He mistook you for the bar-maid, madam.

Miss Hard. Did he? Then as I live I am resolv'd to keep up the delusion. Tell me, Pimple, how do you like my present dress? Don't you think I look something like Cherry in the *Beaux' Stratagem?*

Maid. It's the dress, madam, that every lady wears in the country, but when she visits or receives company.

Miss Hard. And are you sure he does not remember my face or person?

Maid. Certain of it.

Miss Hard. I vow I thought so; for though we spoke for some time together, yet his fears were such that he never once looked up during the interview. Indeed, if he had, my bonnet would have kept him from seeing me.

Maid. But what do you hope from keeping him in his mistake?



Miss Hard. In the first place, I shall be seen, and that is no small advantage to a girl who brings her face to market. Then I shall perhaps make an acquaintance, and that's no small victory gained over one who never addresses any but the wildest of her sex. But my chief aim is to take my gentleman off his guard, and, like an invisible champion of romance, examine the giant's force before I offer to combat.

Maid. But you are sure you can act your part, and disguise your voice so that he may mistake that, as he has already mistaken your person?

Miss Hard. Never fear me. I think I have got the true bar cant—Did your honor call?—Attend the Lion there.—Pipes and tobacco for the Angel. The Lamb has been outrageous this half-hour.

Maid. It will do, madam. But he's here. [*Exit* Maid.

Enter Marlow.

Marl. What a bawling in every part of the house! I have scarce a moment's repose. If I go to the best room, there I find my host and his story; if I fly to the gallery, there we have my hostess with her courtesy down to the ground. I have at last got a moment to myself, and now for recollection. (*Walks and muses.*)



Miss Hard. Did you call, sir? Did your honor call?

Marl. (*Musing.*) As for Miss Hardcastle, she's too grave and sentimental for me.

Miss Hard. Did your honor call? (*She still places herself before him, he turning away.*)

Marl. No, child (*musing*). Besides, from the glimpse I had of her, I think she squints.

Miss Hard. I'm sure, sir, I heard the bell ring.

Marl. No, no (*musing*). I have pleased my father, however, by coming down, and I'll to-morrow please myself by returning. (*Taking out his tablets and perusing.*)

Miss Hard. Perhaps the other gentleman called, sir?

Marl. I tell you, no.

Miss Hard. I should be glad to know, sir. We have such a parcel of servants!

Marl. No, no, I tell you (*looks full in her face*). Yes, child, I think I did call. I wanted—I wanted— I vow, child, you are vastly handsome.

Miss Hard. Oh la, sir, you'll make one ashamed.

Marl. Never saw a more sprightly, malicious eye. Yes, yes, my dear, I did call. Have you got any of your—a—what d'ye call it in the house?

MISS HARD. No, sir; we have been out of that these ten days.

MARL. One may call in this house, I find, to very little purpose. Suppose I should call for a taste, just by way of trial, of the nectar of your lips; perhaps I might be disappointed in that too.

MISS HARD. Nectar! nectar! That's a liquor there's no call for in these parts. French, I suppose. We keep no French wines here, sir.

MARL. Of true English growth, I assure you.

MISS HARD. Then it's odd I should not know it. We brew all sorts of wines in this house, and I have lived here these eighteen years.

MARL. Eighteen years! Why, one would think, child, you kept the bar before you were born. How old are you?

MISS HARD. Oh! sir, I must not tell my age. They say women and music should never be dated.

MARL. To guess at this distance, you can't be much above forty (*approaching*). Yet nearer I don't think so much (*approaching*). By coming close to some women, they look younger still; but when we come very close indeed— (*attempting to kiss her.*)

MISS HARD. Pray, sir, keep your distance. One would think you wanted to know one's age as they do horses', by mark of mouth.

MARL. I protest, child, you use me extremely ill. If you keep me at this distance, how is it possible you and I can be ever acquainted?

MISS HARD. And who wants to be acquainted with you? I want no such acquaintance, not I. I'm sure you did not treat Miss Hardcastle, that was here awhile ago, in this obstropalous manner. I'll warrant me, before her you looked dashed, and kept bowing to the ground, and talked, for all the world, as if you was before a justice of peace.

MARL. (*Aside.*) Egad, she has hit it, sure enough! (*To her.*) In awe of her, child? Ha! ha! ha! A mere awkward squinting thing; no, no. I find you don't know me. I laughed and rallied her a little; but I was unwilling to be too severe. No, I could not be too severe, curse me!

MISS HARD. Oh, then, sir, you are a favorite, I find, among the ladies?

MARL. Yes, my dear, a great favorite. And yet, hang me, I don't see what they find in me to follow. At the Ladies' Club in town I'm called their agreeable Rattle. Rattle, child, is not my real name, but one I'm known by. My name is Solomons; Mr. Solomons, my dear, at your service. (*Offering to salute her.*)

MISS HARD. Hold, sir, you are introducing me to your club, not to yourself. And you're so great a favorite there, you say?

MARL. Yes, my dear. There's Mrs. Mantrap, Lady Betty Blackleg, the Countess of Sligo, Mrs. Langhorns, old Miss Biddy Buckskin, and your humble servant, keep up the spirit of the place.

MISS HARD. Then it is a very merry place, I suppose?

MARL. Yes, as merry as cards, supper, wine, and old women can make us.

MISS HARD. And their agreeable Rattle, ha! ha! ha!

MARL. (*Aside.*) Egad! I don't quite like this chit. She looks knowing, methinks. (*To her.*) You laugh, child?

MISS HARD. I can't but laugh, to think what time they all have for minding their work or their family.

MARL. (*Aside.*) All's well; she don't laugh at me. (*To her.*) Do you ever work, child?

MISS HARD. Ay, sure. There's not a screen or a quilt in the whole house but what can bear witness to that.

MARL. Odso! then you must show me your embroidery. I embroider and draw patterns myself a little. If you want a judge of your work, you must apply to me. (*Seizing her hand.*)



"AND WHY NOT NOW, MY ANGEL?"

Miss Hard. Ay, but the colors do not look well by candle-light. You shall see all in the morning. (*Struggling.*)

Marl. And why not now, my angel? Such beauty fires beyond the power of resistance.—Pshaw! the father here! My old luck: I never nicked seven that I did not throw ames-ace three times following. [*Exit* Marlow.

Enter Hardcastle, *who stands in surprise.*

Hard. So, madam. So I find this is your modest lover. This is your humble admirer, that kept his eyes fixed on the ground, and only adored at humble distance. Kate, Kate, art thou not ashamed to deceive your father so?

Miss Hard. Never trust me, dear papa, but he's still the modest man I first took him for; you'll be convinced of it as well as I.

Hard. By the hand of my body, I believe his impudence is infectious! Didn't I see him seize your hand? Didn't I see him haul you about like a milkmaid? And now you talk of his respect and his modesty, forsooth!

Miss Hard. But if I shortly convince you of his modesty, that he has only the faults that will pass off with time, and the virtues that will improve with age, I hope you'll forgive him.

Hard. The girl would actually make one run mad! I tell you I'll not be convinced. I am convinced. He has scarcely been three hours in the house, and he has already encroached on all my prerogatives. You may like his impudence, and call it modesty; but my son-in-law, madam, must have very different qualifications.

Miss Hard. Sir, I ask but this night to convince you.

Hard. You shall not have half the time, for I have thoughts of turning him out this very hour.

Miss Hard. Give me that hour, then, and I hope to satisfy you.

Hard. Well, an hour let it be, then. But I'll have no trifling with your father. All fair and open. Do you mind me?

Miss Hard. I hope, sir, you have ever found that I considered your commands as my pride; for your kindness is such that my duty as yet has been inclination. [*Exeunt.*

SONG.*

AH me! when shall I marry me?
Lovers are plenty, but fail to relieve me.
He, fond youth, that could carry me,
Offers to love, but means to deceive me.
But I will rally, and combat the ruiner:
Not a look nor a smile shall my passion discover.
She that gives all to the false one pursuing her
Makes but a penitent, and loses a lover.

* "To the Editor of the *London Magazine:*

"Sir,—I send you a small production of the late Dr. Goldsmith which has never been published, and which might, perhaps, have been totally lost had I not secured it. He intended it as a song in the character of Miss Hardcastle in his admirable comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer;* but it was left out, as Mrs. Bulkley, who played the part, did not sing. He sang it himself in private companies, very agreeably. The tune is a pretty Irish air called 'The Humors of Ballamagairy,' to which, he told me, he found it very difficult to adapt words; but he has succeeded very happily in these few lines. As I could sing the tune, and was fond of them, he was so good as to give me them, about a year ago, just as I was leaving London, and bidding him adieu for that season, little apprehending that it was a last farewell. I preserve this little relic, in his own handwriting, with an affectionate care.

"I am, sir, your humble servant, James Boswell."



"AH ME! WHEN SHALL I MARRY ME?"



THE BLUE-GRASS REGION OF KENTUCKY.

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN.

I.—BLUE-GRASS.

ONE might well name it Saxon grass, so much is it at home in favorable localities of Saxon England, so like the loveliest landscapes of green Saxon England has it made other landscapes on which dwell a kindred race in America, and so near is itself to the type of nature that is peculiarly Saxon: being a hardy, kindly, beautiful, nourishing stock; loving rich lands, and apt to find out where they lie; uprooting inferior aborigines, but stoutly defending its new domain against all fresh invaders; paying taxes promptly and well, with some profits to boot; thriving best in temperate latitudes and checkered sunshine; benevolent to flocks and herds; and allying itself closely to the history of any people whose content lies in simple plenty and habitual peace—the perfect squire-and-yeoman type of all grasses.

In the earliest spring nothing is sooner afield to contest possession of the land than the blue-grass. Its little green spear points are first to pierce through the soft rich earth, and array themselves in countless companies over the rolling landscapes, while its creeping roots reach out in every direction for securer foot-hold. So early

does this take place, that a late hoar-frost will now and then mow all these bristling spear points down. Sometimes a slow-falling sleet will incase each emerald blade in glittering silver; but the sun by-and-by dissolves it away, leaving the temper of the blade unhurt. Or a light snow-fall will cover tufts of it over, making pavilions and colonnades with white roofs resting on green pillars. The roofs vanish anon, and the columns go on silently rising. But usually the final rigors of the season prove harmless to the blue-grass. One sees it most beautiful in the spring, just before the seed stalks have shot upward from the flowing tufts, and while the thin, smooth, polished blades, having risen to their greatest height, are beginning to bend over, or break and fall over, on themselves and their nether fellows, from sheer luxuriance. The least observant eye is now constrained to note that blue-grass is the great characteristic element of the Kentucky turf—the first element of beauty in the Kentucky landscape. Over all the stretches of woodland pastures, over the meadows and the lawns, by the road-side edges of turnpike and lane, in the fence corners—wherever its seed has been allowed to flourish — it spreads a verdure so soft in fold and fine in texture, so entrancing by its freshness and fertility, that it looks like a deep-lying, thick-matted emerald moss. One thinks of it, not as some heavy green velvet-like carpet spread over the earth, but as some great, light, seamless veil that has fallen delicately around it, and that might be rolled off and blown away by a passing breeze.

After this you will not see the blue-grass so beautiful. The seed ripens in June. Already the slender seed stalks have sprung up above the uniform green level, bearing on their summits the fuzzy, plumy, purplish seed-vessels, and save the soft, feathery undulations of these as the wind sweeps over and sways them, the beauty of the blue-grass is gone. Moreover, certain robust and persistent weeds and grasses have been growing apace, roughening and diversifying the sward, so that the vista is less charming. During July and August the blue-grass lies comparatively inactive, resting from the effort of fructification, and missing, as well, frequent showers to temper the summer sunshine. In seasons of severe drought it even dies quite away, leaving the surface of the earth as bare and brown as a winter landscape or an arid plain. Where it has been closely grazed, one may, in walking over it at such times, stir such a dust as one would raise on a highway; and the upturned, half-exposed rootlets seem entirely dead. But the moderated heats and the gentle rains that usually come with the passing of summer bring on a second vigorous growth, and in the course of several weeks the landscape is covered with a verdure rivalling the luxuriance of spring.

There is something seemingly incongruous in this marvellous autumnal rejuvenescence of the blue-grass. All nature appears content and resting. The grapes on the sunward vineyard slopes have received their final colorings of purple and gold; the heavy mast is beginning to drop in the forest, followed by the silent lapse of the russet and crimson leaves; the knee-deep aftermath has paled its green in the waiting autumn fields; the plump children are stretching out their nut-stained hands toward the first happy fire-glow on chill dark evenings; and the cricket has left the sere dead garden for a winter home at the cheery hearth. Then, lo! as if by some freakish return of the vanished spring to the very edge of winter, the pastures are suddenly as fresh and green as those of May. The effect on one who has the true landscape passion is transporting and bewildering. Such contrasts of color it is given one to study nowhere but in blue-grass lands. It is as if the seasons were met to do some great piece of brocading. One sees a new meaning in Poe's melancholy thought — the leaves of the many-colored grass.

All winter the blue-grass continues green—it is always *green*, of course, never *blue*—and it even grows a little then, except when the ground is frozen. Thus, year after year, drawing all needful nourishment from the constantly disintegrating limestone below, flourishes here as nowhere else in the world this wonderful grass.

But what of all this, in view of its economic value? Even while shivering in the bleak winds of March, the young lambs frolicked away from the distent teats of the ewes, with growing relish for its hardy succulence, and by-and-by they were taken into market the sooner and the fatter for its superior developing qualities. During the long summer, foaming



SWEET-POTATO FIELD.

pails of milk and bowls of golden butter —retaining its pure flavor—have testified to the Kentucky housewife with what delight the cows have ruminated on the capacious stores gathered each plentiful day. The Kentucky farmer knows, too, that the distant metropolitan beef-eater will in time have good reason to thank him for yonder winding herd of sleek young steers that are softly brushing their rounded sides with their long white silky tails, while they plunge their puffing noses into its depths and tear away huge mouthfuls of its inexhaustible richness. Thorough-bred sire and dam and foal, also, in paddocks or deeper pastures, have drawn from it their unequalled form and quality and organization: hardness and solidity of bone, strength of tendon, firmness and elasticity of muscle, power of nerve, and capacity of lung. Even the Falstaff porkers, their little eyes gleaming with gluttonous enjoyment, have looked to it for the shaping of their posthumous hams and the padding of their long backbones in depths of snowy lard. In winter, mules and sheep and horses paw away the snow to get at the green shoots that lie covered over beneath the full, rank growth of autumn, or they find it attractive provender in their ricks as hay. Still, for all that live upon it, here it is perennial and abundant, beautiful and beneficent—one of the direct causes of the superiority of Kentucky live stock, the first great natural factor in the prosperity of the Kentucky people. What wonder if the Kentuckian, like the Greek of old, should wish to have even his paradise well set in grass, or that, with a knowing humor peculiarly his own, he should smile at David's expense for saying, "He maketh his grass to grow upon the mountains," inasmuch as the only grass really worth speaking of grows on a certain well-known plain!

II.—THE BLUE-GRASS LANDSCAPE.

But if grass is the first element in the lovely Kentucky landscape, as it must be in every other one, by no means should it be thought sole or chief. In Dante, as Ruskin points out, whenever the country is to be beautiful, we come into open air and open meadows. Homer, too, places the sirens in a meadow when they are to sing. Over the blue-grass, therefore, one walks into the open air and open meadows of the blue-grass land.

This has long had some reputation for being one of the very beautiful spots on the face of the earth, and it is worth while, therefore, to consider for a moment those elements of natural scenery wherein alone the beauty could consist. Or perhaps it would be wise to ask whether

this reputation be not a mere local prejudice—one of those local illusions of landscape which involve the transference of the beholder's own tender feelings to the objects of the natural world. The answer will best be given by beginning to describe this country without reference to human presence or interference.

One might well say, first of all, that the landscape possesses what is so very rare even in beautiful landscapes—the quality of gracefulness. Nowhere does one encounter vertical lines or violent slopes, nor, on the other hand, are there perfectly level stretches like those that make the green fields monotonous in the Dutch lowlands. The dark, finely sifted soil lies deep over all the limestone hills, filling out their chasms to evenness, and rounding their jagged or precipitous edges, very much as a heavy snow at night will leave the morning landscape with mitigated ruggedness and softer curves. The long slow action of water has further moulded everything into symmetry, so that the low ancient hills descend to the valleys in exquisite folds and uninterrupted slopes. The whole great plain undulates away league after league toward the distant horizon in an endless succession of gentle convex surfaces—like the easy swing of the sea—presenting a panorama of subdued swells and retiring surges. Everything in the blue-grass country is billowy and afloat. The spirit of it is intermediate between that of violent energy and complete repose; and the effect of this mild activity is kept from becoming monotonous by the accidental perspective of position, creating fresh vistas with an infinite variety of charming details.

One traces this quality of gracefulness elsewhere—in the labyrinthine courses of the restful streams, in the disposition of forest mosses, in the free, unstudied succession of meadow, field, and lawn. Surely it is just this order of low hill scenery, just these buoyant undulations, that should be covered with the blue-grass. Had Hawthorne ever looked on this landscape when most beautiful, he could never have said of England that "no other country will ever have this charm of lovely verdure."

The most characteristically beautiful spots on the blue-grass landscape are the woodland pastures. A Kentucky wheat field, a Kentucky meadow, a Kentucky lawn, may be found elsewhere; but a Kentucky sylvan slope has a loveliness unique and local. Rightly do all poets make pre-eminently beautiful countries abound in trees. John Burroughs, writing with enthusiasm of English woods, has said that "in midsummer the hair of our trees seems to stand on end; the woods have a frightened look, or as if they were just recovering from a debauch." This is not true of the Kentucky woods, unless it be in some season of protracted drought. The foliage of the Kentucky trees is not thin nor dishevelled, the leaves crowd thick to the very ends of the boughs, and spread themselves full to the sky, making, where they are close together, under-spaces of green-lighted gloom scarcely shot through by some shafted sunbeam. Indeed, one often finds here the perfection of tree forms. I mean that exceedingly rare development which enables the extremities of the boughs to be carried out to the very limit of the curve that nature intends the tree to define as the peculiar shape of its species. Any but the most favorable conditions, of course, leaves the outline jagged, faulty, and untrue. Here and there over the blue-grass landscape one's eye rests on a cone-shaped, or dome-shaped, or inverted pear-shaped, or fan-shaped tree. Nor are fullness of leafage and perfection of form alone to be noted; pendency of boughs is another distinguishing feature. One who loves and closely studies trees will note here the comparative absence of woody stiffness. It is expected that the willow and the elm should droop their branches. Here the same characteristic strikes you in the wild cherry, the maple, and the sycamore—even in great walnuts and ashes and oaks; and I have occasionally discovered exceeding grace of form in hackberries (which usually look paralytic and as if waiting to hobble away on crutches), in locusts, and in the harsh hickories—loved by Thoreau.

But to return from these details to the woodland pastures as wholes. They are the last vestiges of that unbroken primeval forest that, together with cane-brakes and pea vines, covered the face of the country when it was first beheld by the pioneers. No blue-grass then. In these woods the timber has been so largely cut out that the remaining trees often stand out clearly revealed in their entire form on the landscape, their far-reaching boughs perhaps not even touching those of their



A BLUE-GRASS PASTURE.



A SPRING-HOUSE.

nearest neighbor, or else interlacing them with ineffectual fondness. There is something pathetic in the sight, and in the thought of those innumerable stricken ones that in years agone were dismembered for cord-wood and kitchen stoves and the vast fire-places of old-time negro cabins. In the truly blue-grass pasture all undergrowth and weeds are annually cut down, so that the massive trunks are revealed from a distance; all the better because the branches seldom are lower than from ten to twenty feet above the earth. Thus in its daily course the sun strikes every point beneath the broad branches, and nourishes the blue-grass up to the very roots. All savagery, all wildness, is taken out of them; they are full of tenderness and repose—of the utmost delicacy and elegance. Beneath, over all the graceful earth, spreads the flowing green, uniform and universal. Above this stand the full, swelling trunks—warm browns and pale grays—often lichen-flecked or moss-enamelled. Over these expand the vast domes and canopies of impenetrable leafage. And falling down upon these comes the placid sunshine through a sky of cerulean blueness, and past the snowy zones of gleaming cloud. The very individuality of the tree comes out as it never can in denser places. Always the most truly human object in still, voiceless nature, it here throws out its arms to you with gestures of imploring tenderness, with what Wordsworth called "the soft eye-music of slow-waving boughs." One can not travel far, no matter where he be in the blue-grass country, without coming upon one of these woodland strips.

Of the artistic service rendered the landscape of this region by other elements of scenery—atmosphere and cloud and sky—much might, but little may be said. The atmosphere is sometimes crystalline, sometimes full of that intense repose of dazzling light which one, without ever having seen them, knows to be on canvases of Turner. Then, again, it is amber-hued, or tinged with soft blue, graduated to purple shadows on the horizon. During the greater part of the year the cloud sky is one of strongly outlined forms; the great white cumuli drift over, with every majesty of design and grace of grouping; but there come, in milder seasons, many days when one may see three cloud belts in the heavens at the same time, the lowest far, far away, and the highest brushing softly, as it were, past the very dome of the inviolable blue. You turn your eye then downward to see the light wandering wistfully among the low distant hills, and the sweet tremulous shadows crossing the summer meadows with timid cadences. It *is* a beautiful country; the Kentucky skies are not the cold, hard, brilliant, hideous things that so many writers on nature among us broadly style American skies (usually meaning New England skies,



KENTUCKY RIVER, FROM HIGH BRIDGE.

however), as contrasted with skies European. They are at times ineffably warm in tone and tender in hue, giving aerial distances magical and fathomless above, and throwing down upon the varied soft harmonious greens of the landscape below, upon its rich browns and weathered grays and whole scheme of terrene colors, a flood of radiance as

bountiful and transfiguring as it is chastened and benign.

But why make a description of the blue-grass region of Kentucky? What one sees may be only what he feels—may be only intricate affinities between nature and self that were developed long ago, and have become too deep to be viewed as relations or illusions. What two human beings find the same things in the face of a third, or in nature's? Descriptions of scenery are notoriously disappointing to those whose taste in landscape is different, or who have little or no sentiment for pure landscape beauty at all. So one coming hither might be sorely disappointed. No mountains; no strips of distant blue gleaming water nor lawny cascades; no grandeur; no majesty; no wild picturesqueness. The chords of landscape harmony are very simple; nothing but softness and amenity, grace and repose, delicacy and elegance. One might fail at seasons to find even these. This is a beautiful country, but no paradise; there come days when the climate shows as ugly a temper as is possible in even a perfectly civilized human being. No little of the finest timber has been lost to it by storms. The sky is sometimes for days one great blank face of grewsome gray. In winter you laugh with chattering teeth at those who call this "the South," the thermometer in your hand perhaps registering from twelve to fifteen degrees below zero. In summer it occurs to you that the name was no mistake, but only a half-truth. It is only by visiting this region during some lovely season, or by dwelling here from year to year, and seeing it in all the humors of storm and sunshine, that one can fall in love with it.

III.—BLUE-GRASS FERTILITY.

But the ideal landscape of daily life must not be merely beautiful, it should be also useful. With what may not the fertility of this region be truthfully compared? With the valleys of the Schuylkill, the Shenandoah, and the Genesee; with the richest lands of Lombardy and Belgium; with the most fertile districts of England. The evidences of this fertility are everywhere apparent. Nature, even in those places where she has been forced for nearly a hundred years to bear so much at the hands of a not always judicious agriculture, unceasingly struggles to cover herself with bushes of all sorts and nameless annual weeds and grasses. Even the blue-grass contends in vain for complete possession of its freehold. One is forced, living here year after year, to note, even though without the least sentiment, the rich pageant of transitory wild bloom that *will* force a passage for itself over the landscape: firmaments of golden dandelions in the lawns; vast beds of violets, gray and blue, in dimmer bosky glades; patches of flaunting sunflowers along the road-sides; purple thistles, and, of deeper purple still, and far denser growth, beautiful iron-weed in the woods; with many clumps of alder bloom, and fast-extending patches of perennial blackberry, and groups of delicate May-apples, and whole fields of dog-fennel and golden-rod. And why mention coarser things—indomitable dock and gigantic poke, burrs and plenteous nightshade, and mullein and plantain, with dusty gray-green ragweed and thrifty fox-tail?—an innumerable throng!

Maize and pumpkins and beans grow together in a field—a triple crop. Nature perfects them all, yet must do more. Scarcely have the ploughs left the long furrows before there springs up a varied wild growth, and a fourth crop, morning-glories, festoon the tall tassels of the Indian corn ere the knife can be laid against the stalk. Harvest fields usually have their stubble well hidden by a rich, deep aftermath. Garden patches, for all that persistent hoe and rake can do, commonly look at last like spots given over to weeds and grasses. Sidewalks quickly lose their borders. Pavements would soon disappear from sight; the winding of a distant stream through the fields can be readily followed by the line of communistic vegetation that rushes there to fight for life, from the minutest creeping vines to forest trees. Every neglected fence corner becomes an area for a fresh colony. Leave one of these sweet, humanized woodland pastures alone for a short period of years, it runs wild with a dense young natural forest; vines shoot up to the tops of the tallest trees, and then tumble over in green sprays on the heads of others.

A kind, true, patient, self-helpful soil if ever there was one! Some of these lands after being cultivated, not always scientifically, but always without artificial fertilizers, for more than three-quarters of a century, are now, if properly treated, equal in productiveness to the best farm-

SHEEP PASTURE.

ing lands of England. The farmer from one of these old fields will take two different crops in a season. He gets two cuttings of clover from a meadow, and has rich grazing left. A few of these counties have at a time produced three-fourths of the entire hemp product of the United States. The State itself has at different times stood first in wheat and hemp and Indian corn and wool and tobacco and flax, and this although half its territory is covered with virgin forests. When lands under improper treatment have become impoverished, their productiveness has been restored, not by artificial fertilizers, but by simple rotation of crops, with nature's own help. The soil rests on decomposable limestone, which annually gives up to it in solution all the essential mineral plant food that a judicious system of agriculture should ever remove.

The transition from material conditions to the forms of life that they insure is here natural. Soil and air and climate, the entire aggregate of influences happily co-operative, make this region beyond question the finest grazing district in the world. The Kentucky horse has carried the reputation of the country into regions where even the people could, perhaps, have never made it so well known. Your expert in the breeding of thorough-breds will tell you that the muscular fibre of the blue-grass animal is to that of the Pennsylvania-bred horses as silk to cotton, and the texture of his bone, when compared with the latter's, much as ivory beside pumice-stone. If taken to the Eastern States, in twelve generations he is no longer the same breed of horse. His blood fertilizes American stock the continent over. Jersey cattle brought here increase in size. Sires come to Kentucky to make themselves and their offspring famous. The people themselves are a fecund race. Out of this State have gone more to enrich the citizenship of the nation than all the other States together have been able to send into it. So at least your loyal-hearted Kentuckian looks at the rather delicate subject of inter-State migration. Let all the forces of nature receive their due share of credit, likewise. By actual measurement the Kentucky volunteers during the civil war were found to surpass all others (except Tennesseeans) in height and weight, whether coming from the United States or various countries of Europe. But for the great-headed Scandinavians, they would have been first, also, in circumference around the forehead and occiput. Still it is conceded that Kentucky has little or no literature.

One element that should be conspicuous in all very fertile countries does not strike the observer here—much beautiful water; no other State has a frontage on navigable rivers equal to that of Kentucky. But in the blue-grass region there are few limpid, lovely, smaller streams. Wonderful springs there are in places, and vast stores of water there must be in the cavernous earth below; but the landscape lacks the charm of this element—clear, rushing, musical, abundant. The water-courses, ever winding and graceful, are apt to be either swollen and turbid or insignificant; of late years the beds seem less full also—a change consequent, perhaps, upon the denudation of forest lands. In a dry season the historic Elkhorn seems little more than a ganglion of precarious pools.

IV.—AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC ASPECTS OF RURAL LIFE.

The best artists who have painted cultivated ground have always been very careful to limit the area of the crops. Undoubtedly the substitution of a more scientific agriculture for the loose and easy ways of primitive husbandry has changed the key-note of rural existence from a tender Virgilian sentiment to a coarser strain, and as life becomes more unsophisticated it grows less picturesque. When the old work of the reaper is done by a fat man with a flaming face, sitting on a cast-iron machine, and smoking a cob pipe, your artist will leave the fields as soon as possible. Figures have a terrible power to destroy sentiment in pure landscape; so have houses. When one leaves nature, pure and simple, in the blue-grass country, he must accordingly pick his way circumspectly or go amiss in his search for the beautiful. If his taste lead him to desire in landscapes the finest evidences of human labor, the high artificial finish of a minutely careful civilization, he will here find great disappointment awaiting him. On the other hand, if he delight in those exquisite rural spots of the Old World with picturesque bits of homestead architecture and the perfection of horticultural and unobtrusive botanical details, he will be no less aggrieved. What he sees here is



NEGRO CABINS.

neither the most scientific farming, simply economic and utilitarian—raw and rude—nor that cultivated desire for the elements in nature to be so moulded by the hand of man that they will fuse harmoniously and inextricably with his habitations and his work.

The whole face of the country is taken up by a succession of farms. Each of these, except, of course, the very small ones, presents to the eye the variation of meadow, field, and woodland pasture, together with the homestead and the surrounding grounds of orchard, garden, and lawn. The entire landscape is thus caught in a vast net-work of fences. The Kentuckian retains his English ancestors' love of inclosures; but the uncertain tenure of estates beyond a single generation does not encourage him to make them the most durable. One does, indeed, notice here and there throughout the country stone walls of blue limestone, that give an aspect of substantial repose and comfortable firmness to the scenery by their solid masonry. But the farmer dreads their costliness, even though his own hillsides furnish him an abundant quarry. He knows that unless the foundations are laid like those of a house, the thawing earth will unsettle them, that water, freezing as it trickles through the crevices, will force the stones out of their places, and that breaches will be made in them by boys on a hunt whenever and wherever it shall be necessary in order to get at a lurking or a sorely pressed rabbit that has crept within. It is ludicrously true that the most terrible destroyer of stone walls in this country is the small boy hunting a hare, with an appetite for game that knows no geological impediment. Therefore one hears of fewer limestone fences being built of late years, even of some being torn down and superseded by plank fences or post-and-rail fences, or by the newer barbed-wire fence—an economic device that will probably become as popular in regions where stone and timber were never to be had as in others, like this, where timber has been ignorantly, wantonly sacrificed. It is a genuine pleasure to know that one of the most expensive, and certainly the most hideous, fences ever in vogue here is falling into disuse. I mean the worm-fence—called worm because it

wriggled over the landscape like a long brown caterpillar, the stakes being the bristles along its back, and because it now and then ate up a noble walnut-tree close by, or a kingly oak, or frightened, trembling ash—a worm that decided the destiny of forests. A pleasure it is, too, to come occasionally upon an Osage orange hedge-row, which is a green eternal fence. But you will not find many of these. It is generally too much to ask of an American, even though he be a Kentuckian, to wait for a hedge to grow and make him a fence. When he takes a notion to have a fence, he wants it put up before Saturday night.

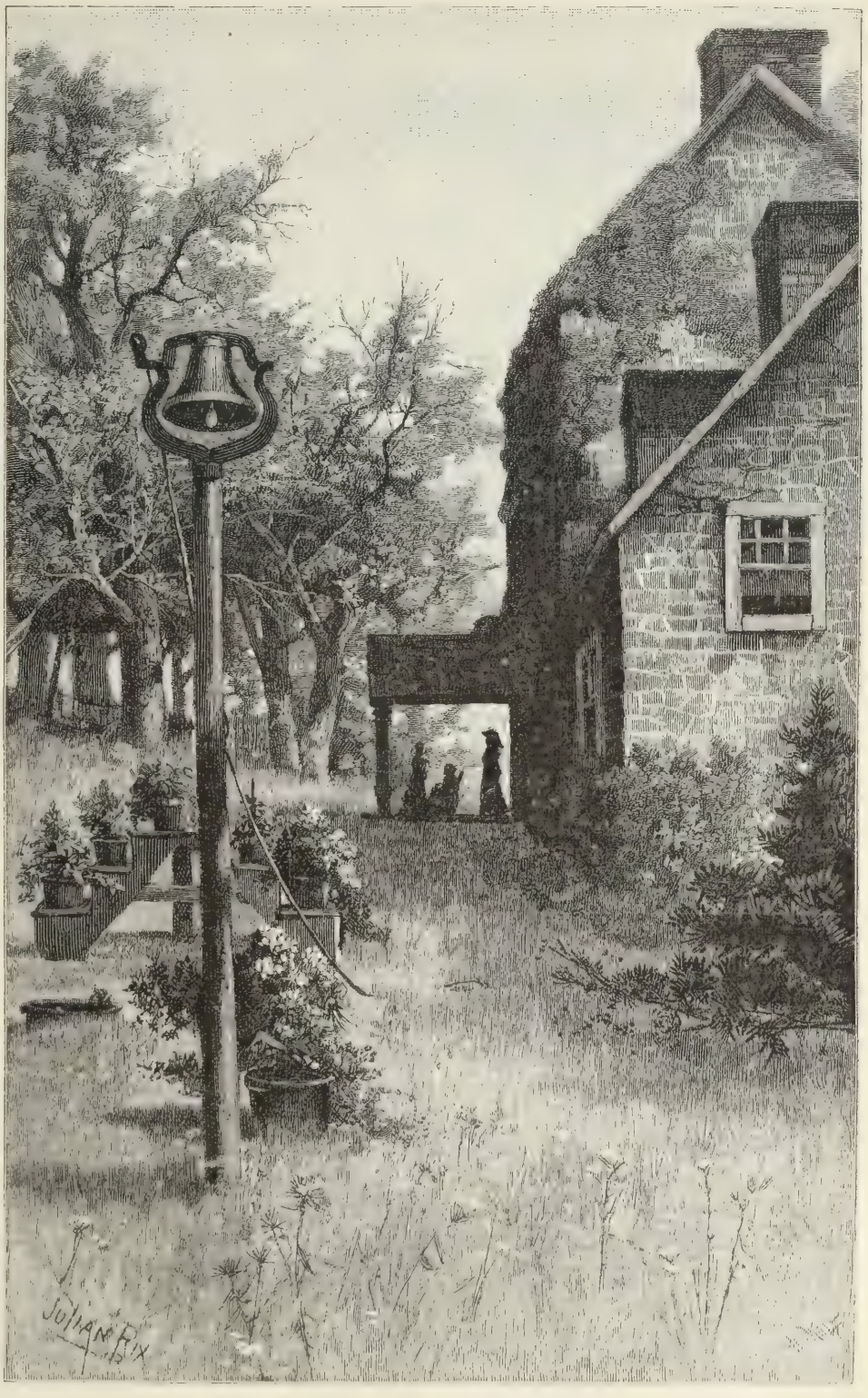
If the Kentuckian, like the Englishman, is fond of walling himself around, though with but a worm-fence, like the Frenchman, he loves long, straight roads. You will not find elsewhere in America such highways as the Kentuckian has constructed all over his country—broad, smooth, level, white, glistening turnpikes of the macadamized limestone. It is a luxury to drive upon them, and also an expense, as one will discover before he has passed through many toll-gates. He could travel more cheaply on the finest railway on the continent, though of course it will not be himself, but his horses and vehicle, that are paid for. What Richard Grant White thought it worth while to record as a rare and interesting sight—a man on an English highway breaking stones—is no uncommon occurrence here. All limestone for all these hundreds of miles of roads, having been quarried here and there, almost anywhere, near each of them, and then having been carted and strewn along the road-side, is broken by a hammer in the hand of a man. By the highway he sits—usually an Irishman—pecking away at a long rugged pile as though he were good to live for a thousand years. Somehow, in patience, he always gets to the other end of his hard row. But if, some bright Easter morn, you sit for a moment beside him, and speak to him sympathetically of labor and of life, his tears will sprinkle his dusty hands, showing his heart is elsewhere.

One can not sojourn long here without coming to conceive an interest in this limestone, and loving to meet its rich warm hues on the landscape. It has made a deal of history: limestone blue-grass, limestone water, limestone roads, limestone fences, limestone bridges and arches, limestone engineering architecture, limestone water-mills, limestone spring-houses and homesteads—limestone Kentuckians! Outside of Scripture no people was ever so like to be founded on a rock. It might be well to note, likewise, that the soil of this region is what scientists call sedentary—called so because it sits quietly on the rocks, not because the people sit quietly on it.

Undoubtedly the most picturesque bits in the blue-grass country, architecturally, are those old stone water-mills and old stone homesteads—landmarks each for separate trains of ideas that run to poetry and to history. The latter, built some of them by descendants of pioneers nearly a hundred years ago, stand gray with years, but good for nameless years to come: great low chimneys, deep little windows, thick walls, mighty fire-places; situated usually with keen discretion on an elevation near a spring, just as a Saxon forefather would have placed them centuries ago. Happily one will see the water of this spring issuing still from a recess in a hill-side, with an overhanging ledge of rock—the entrance to this cavern being walled across and closed with a gate, thus making, according to ancient fashion, a simple natural spring-house and dairy.

Something like a feeling of exasperation is apt to come over one when he turns from these to the typical modern houses. Nowhere, certainly, in rural America, are there, within the same area, more substantial, comfortable homesteads than here. They are nothing if not spacious and healthful, frame or brick, two stories, shingle roofs. But they lack characteristic physiognomy; they have no harmony with the landscape, nor with each other, nor often with themselves. They are not beautiful when new, and can never be beautiful when old, for the beauty of newness and the beauty of oldness alike depend on beauty of form and color, which here is lacking. One longs for the sight of a rural Gothic cottage, which would harmonize so well with the order of the scenery, or for a light, elegant villa that should overlook these light and elegant undulations of a beautiful and varied landscape. It must be understood that there are notable exceptions to these statements even in the outlying districts of the blue-grass country, and that they do not at all apply to the environs of the towns, nor to the towns themselves.

Nowhere does one see masses of merely beautiful things in the country. The slumbering art of interior decoration is usually spent upon the parlor, which constitutes the usual ceremonial dessert of American entertainment. The grounds around the houses are not kept in the best order. The typical rural Kentucky housewife does not seem to have any compelling, controlling sense of the beautiful. She invariably concedes something to beauty, but not enough. You will find a show of flowers at the poorest houses, though but geranium slips in miscellaneous tins and pottery. But, on the other hand, you do not generally see around more prosper-



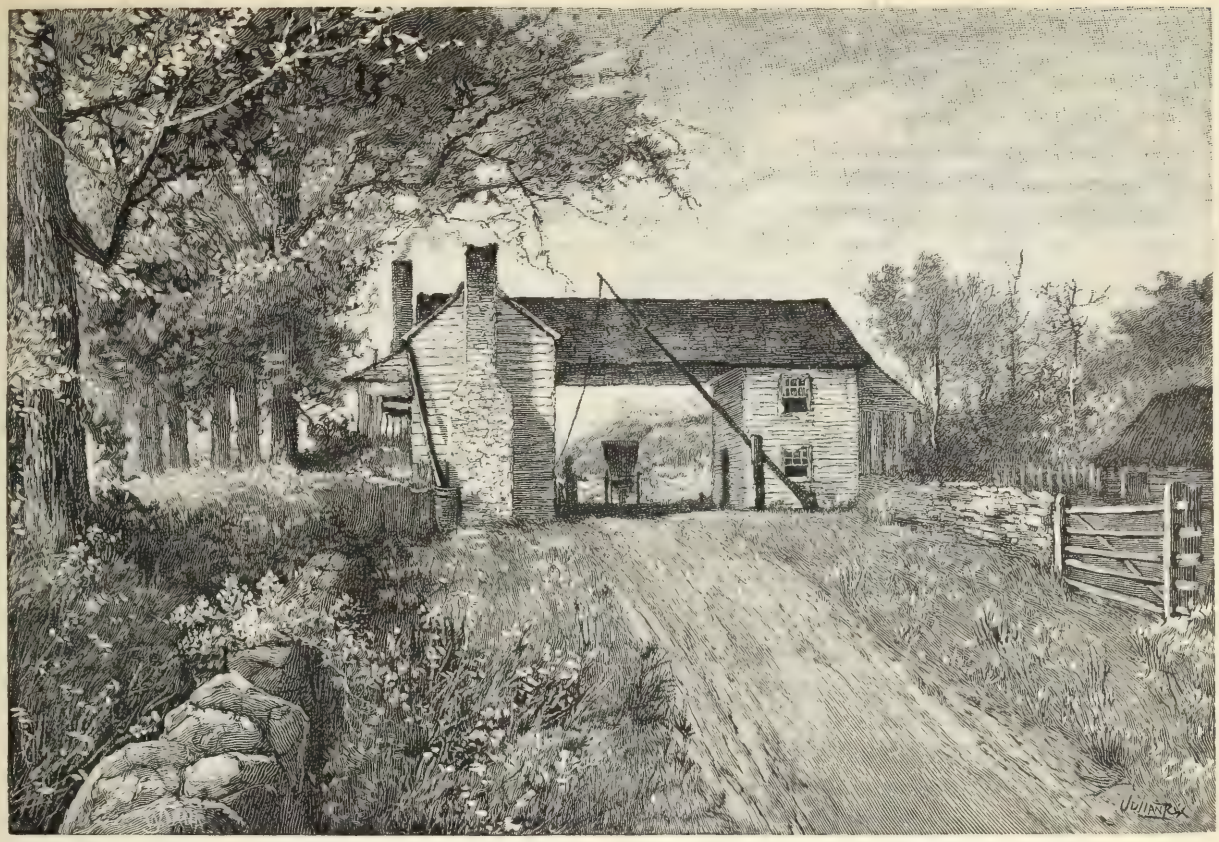
OLD FARM-HOUSE.

ous homes any such parterres or beds as there is money enough to spend on, and time enough to tend, and grounds to justify.

A like spirit is shown by the ordinary blue-grass farmer. His management strikes you as not the pink of tidiness, not the model of systematic thrift. Exceptions exist—many exceptions—but they care for themselves; the rule holds good. One can not travel here in summer or autumn without observing that weeds flourish where they can possibly do nothing but harm and create ugliness; fences often go long unrepaired; gates may be found swinging on one hinge. He misuses his long-cultivated fields; he cuts down his scant, precious trees. His energy is not tireless, his watchfulness not sleepless. Why should they be? Human life here is not massed and swarming. The occupation of the soil is not close and niggard. The landscape is not even compact, much less crowded. There is room for more, plenty for more to eat. No man here, like the ancient Roman prætor, ever decided how often one might, without trespass, gather the acorns that fall from his neighbors' trees. No woman ever went through a blue-grass harvest field gleaning. Ruth's vocation is gone. By nature the Kentuckian is no rigid economist. By birth, education, tradition, and inherited tendencies he is not a country clout, but a rural gentleman. His ideal of life is neither vast wealth nor personal distinction, but solid comfort in material conditions, and the material conditions are easy: fertility of soil, annual excess of production over consumption, comparative thinness of population. So he does not brace himself for the tense struggle of life as it goes on in centres of fierce territorial shoulder-pushing. He can afford to indulge his slackness of endeavor. He is neither an alert aggressive agriculturist, nor a landscape gardener, nor a purveyor of commodities to the green-grocer. If the world wants vegetables, let it raise them. He'll not work himself to death for other people, though they pay him for it. His wife is a lady, not a domestic laborer; and it is her privilege, in household affairs, placidly to surround herself with an abundance which the straining life-long female economists of other regions not necessary to name would regard with conscientious and furious indignation.

In truth, there is much evidence to show that this park-like country, intersected by many beautiful railroads, turnpikes, and shaded picturesque lanes, will become less and less an agricultural district, more and more a region of unequalled pasturage, and hence a thousand times more park-like still. One great interest abides here, of course—the manufacture of old Bourbon whiskey. Another interest has only within the last few years been developed—the cultivation of tobacco, for which it was formerly thought that the blue-grass soils were not adapted. But as years go by, the stock interests invite more capital, demand more attention, give more pleasure—in a word, strike the full chord of modern interest by furnishing an unparalleled means of speculative profit.

Forty years ago the most distinguished citizens of the State were engaged in writing essays and prize papers on scientific agriculture. A regular trotting track was not to be found in the whole country. Nothing was thought of the breeding and training of horses with reference to development of greater speed. Pacing horses were fashionable; and two great rivals in this seductive gait having been brought together for a trial of speed, in lieu of a track, paced a mighty race over a river-bottom flat! We have changed all that. The gentlemen no longer write their essays. The trotting horse will soon, undoubtedly, be admitted to manhood suffrage here, much as beef once won the spurs of knighthood. He has already, even without the right of voting, been styled the first citizen. The great agricultural fairs of the State have modified their exhibits with reference to him alone, and fifteen or twenty thousand people give afternoon after afternoon to the contemplation of his beauty and his speed. His one rival is the thorough-bred, who goes on running faster and faster. By-and-by time will be no more. One of the brief code of nine laws for the government of the young Kentucky commonwealth that were passed in the first legislative assembly ever held west of the Alleghanies dealt with the preservation of the breed of horses. Nothing was said of education. The Kentuckian loves the memory of Thomas Jefferson, not forgetting that he once ran race-horses. These great interests, not overlooking the cattle interest, the manufacture of whiskey, and the raising of tobacco, will no doubt constitute the future determining factors in



HARRODSBURG PIKE.

the history of this country. It should not be forgotten, however, that the Northern and Eastern palate at once becomes kindly disposed at the bare mention of the many thousands of turkeys that annually fatten on these plains. But it is now well that we should for a moment come face to face with these blue-grass Kentuckians.

V.—THE BLUE-GRASS KENTUCKIANS.

"In Kentucky," writes Professor Shaler, in his recent history, "we shall find nearly pure English blood. It is, moreover, the largest body of pure English folk that has, speaking generally, been separated from the mother country for two hundred years." They, the blue-grass Kentuckians, are the descendants of those hardy, high-spirited, picked Englishmen, largely of the squire and yeoman class, whose absorbing passion was not religious disputation, nor the intellectual purpose of founding a State, but the ownership of land and all the pursuits and pleasures of rural life, close to the rich soil, and full of its strength and sunlight. They have to this day, in a degree perhaps equalled by no others living, the race qualities of their English ancestry and the tastes and habitudes of their forefathers. If one knows well the Saxon nature, on the one hand, and has, on the other, been a close student of Kentucky life and character, stripped bare of the accidental circumstances of local environment, he may amuse himself endlessly with laying the two side by side and comparing the points of essential likeness. It is a question whether he is not more like an English ancestor than a New England contemporary. This is an old country, as things go in the West. The rock formation, a geologist will tell you, is very old; the soil is old; the race qualities here apparent are old. Is not the last true? In the Sagas, in the Edda, a man must be overbrave. "Let all who are not cowards follow me!" cried McGary, putting an end to all prudent counsel on the eve of the dreadful battle of the Blue Licks. The Kentuckian winced under the implication then, and has done it in a thousand instances since. Overbravery! The idea runs through all the anachronistic pages of Kentucky history, drawing them back into the past centuries of his race. It is this quality of temper and conception of manhood that has operated to build up in the mind of the world the ridiculous figure of the typical Kentuck-

ian. Hawthorne conversed with an old man in England who told him that the Kentuckians flayed Tecumseh where he fell, and converted his skin into razor-strops. Collins, the Kentucky Froissart, speaking of Kentucky pioneers, relates of the father of one of them that he knocked Washington down in a quarrel, and received an apology from the Father of his Country on the following day—a little man, too. His son was the second Pepin of the house coming to this State, and here faithfully nourishing his family and his temper so long as he lived—the representative of many. I have been quick to mention this typical Hotspur figure, and to cast upon it the sulphurous side light of historic reminiscence, because I knew it would come foremost into the mind of the reader whenever one began to speak with candor of Kentucky life and character. Better have it up and be done with it. It was never a faithfully true face: satire bit always into burlesque along lines of coarseness and exaggeration. Much less is it true now, except in so far as it describes a kind of human being found the world over.

But I was saying that old race qualities are apparent here, because this is a people of English blood with hereditary agricultural tastes, and because it has remained to this day largely uncommingled with foreign strains. Here, for instance, is the old race conservatism that expends itself reverentially on established ways and familiar customs. The building of the first great turnpike in this country was opposed on the ground that it would shut up way-side taverns, throw wagons and teams out of employment, and destroy the market for chickens and oats. Prior to that, immigration was discouraged because it would make the already high prices of necessary articles so exorbitant that the permanent prosperity of the State would receive a fatal check. True, however, this opposition was not without a certain philosophy of Attic savor; for in those days people went to some distant lick for their salt, bought it warm from the kettle at seven or eight cents a pound, and packed it home on horseback, so that a fourth dropped away in bitter water. Coming back to the present, the huge yellowish-red stage-coach rolls to-day over the marbled roads of the blue-grass country. Families may be found living exactly where their pioneer ancestors effected a heroic settlement—a landed aristocracy, if there be such in America. Family names come down from generation to generation, just as a glance at the British peerage will show that they were long ago being transmitted in kindred families over the sea. One great honored name will do nearly as much here as there to keep a family in peculiar respect, after the reason for it has ceased. Here is that old invincible race ideal of personal liberty, and that old, unreckoning, truculent, animal rage at whatever infringes on it. They were among the very earliest to grant manhood suffrage. Nowhere in this country are the rights of property more inviolable, the violations of these more surely punished: neither counsel nor judge nor any power whatsoever can acquit a man who has taken fourpence of his neighbor's goods. Here is the old land-loving, land-holding,



HEMP FIELD.

home-staying, home-defending disposition. This is not the lunching, tourist race that, to Mr. Ruskin's horror, leaves its crumbs and chicken bones on the glaciers. The simple rural key-note of life is still the sweetest. Now, after the lapse of more than a century, the most populous town they have built contains less than twenty thousand white souls. Along with the love of land has gone comparative content with the fair annual increase of flock and field. No man among them has ever got immense wealth. Here is the old sense of personal privacy and reserve which has for centuries intrenched the Englishman in the heart of his estate, and forced him to regard with inexpugnable discomfort his nearest neighbor's boundaries. This would have been a densely peopled region, the farms would have been minutely subdivided, had sons asked and received permission to settle on parts of the ancestral estate. This filling in and too close personal contact would have satisfied neither father nor child, so that the one has generally kept his acres intact, and the other, impelled by the same land hunger that brought his pioneer forefather thither, has gone hence into the younger West, where lie broader tracts and vaster spaces. Here is the old idea, somewhat current still in England, that the highest mark of the civilized gentleman is not cultivation of the mind, not intellect, not knowledge, but elegant living. Here is the old hereditary devotion to the idea of the State. Write the biographies of the men who have been engaged in national or in local politics, and you have largely the history of the State of Kentucky. Write the lives of all its scientists, artists, musicians, actors, poets, novelists, and you find many weary mile-stones between the chapters.

Enter the blue-grass region from what point you choose—and you may do this, so well traversed is it by railways—and you become sensitive to its influence. If you come from the North or the East, you say: "This is not in a broad sense typical modern America. Here is something local and unique. For one item, nothing goes fast here." By-and-by you see a blue-grass race-horse, and note an exception. But you do not also except the rider or the driver. The speed is not his, remember. He is a mere bunch of mistletoe to the horse. Detach him, and he is not worth timing. Indeed, with all the tracks in this country, there is not a general race-course for the human race. Speed for the most part lies fallow. Every man starts for the goal at his own natural gait, and if he sees that it is too far off for him to reach it in a lifetime, he does not run the faster, but has the goal moved nearer him. I do not mean that the Kentuckians are provincial. As Thoreau said, no people can long remain provincial in character who have a propensity for politics, whittling, and rapid travelling. I do not mean that they are inaccessible to modern ideas, for they are not. I mean that the shock of modern ideas has not electrified them. They have walled themselves around with old race instincts and habitudes, and when the stream of tendency rushes against this wall, it recoils upon itself instead of sweeping away the barrier. Undoubtedly great breaches are here and there effected, and much constantly percolates through. I do not mean that civilization has ever suffered an arrest here, but that the old race momentum has carried its development along peculiar lines, and to the working out of characteristic effects.

One will not suppose, however, that there is here that modern American plague—Anglomania. The typical Kentuckian regards himself an American of the Americans, and thinks as little of being like the English as he would of imitating the Jutes. In nothing is he more like his transatlantic ancestry than in strong self-content. He sits on his farm as though it were the pole of the heavens—a manly man with a heart in him. Usually of the blonde type, robust, well formed, with clear, fair complexion, that grows ruddier with age and stomachic development, full neck, and an open, kind, untroubled countenance. He is frank, but not familiar; talkative, but not garrulous; full of the genial humor of local hits and allusions, but without a subtle nimbleness of wit; indulgent toward all purely masculine vices, but intolerant of petty crimes; no reader of books nor master in religious debate, faith coming to him as naturally as his appetite, and growing with what it is fed upon; loving roast pig, but not caring particularly for Lamb's eulogy; loving his grass like a Greek, not because it is beautiful, but because it is fresh and green; a peaceful man with strong passions, and so to be heartily loved and respected or heartily hated and respected, but never despised or trifled with. An occasional barbecue in the woods,

where the saddles of South-Down mutton are roasted on spits over the coals of the mighty trench, and the steaming kettles of burgoo lend their savor to the nose of the hungry political orator, so that he becomes all the more impetuous in his invectives; the great agricultural fairs; the race-courses; the monthly county court day, when he meets his neighbors on the public square of the nearest town; the quiet Sunday mornings, when he meets them again for rather more clandestine talks at the front door of the neighborhood church—these and his own fireside are his characteristic and ample pleasures. You will never be under his roof without being deeply touched by the mellowest of all the virtues of his race—simple, unsparing human kindness and hospitality.

The women of Kentucky have long had a reputation for beauty. An average type is a refinement on the English blonde—greater delicacy of form, feature, and color. A beautiful Kentucky woman is apt to be exceedingly beautiful. Her voice is almost uniformly low and soft; her hands and feet delicately formed; her skin quite pure and beautiful in tint and shading; her eyes blue or brown, and hair nut brown or golden brown; to all which is added a certain unapproachable refinement. It must not for a moment be supposed, however, that there are not many genuinely ugly women here, as elsewhere.

EAST ANGELS.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THEY had been in the Monnlungs half an hour. Margaret acted as pilot. Half kneeling, half sitting at the bow, one hand on the canoe's edge, her face turned forward, she gave her directions slowly, all her powers concentrated—so it appeared—upon recalling correctly and keeping unmixed from present impressions her memory of the channel.

The present impressions were indeed so vivid that a strong exertion of will was necessary to prevent the mind from becoming fascinated by them, from forgetting in this series of magic pictures unrolled before it the different aspect of these same vistas by day. Even by day the vistas were alluring. By night, lighted up by the flare of the approaching torches, at first vaguely, then brilliantly, then vanishing into darkness again behind, they became unearthly, exceeding in contrasts of color—dusky reds, yellows, white, and rose, all of them edged sharply with the profoundest gloom—the most striking effects of the painters who have devoted their lives to reproducing light and shade, excelling in strange forms the dreams of those two or three great artists in design who have been called mad.

Lanse had explored a part of the Monnlungs. He had not explored it all; no human eye had as yet beheld some of its mazes; but the part he had explored he knew well, he had even made a map of it. Margaret had not studied this map, but she thought she should know the veritable creeks which Lanse called "the Lanes" from those, often in appearance equally genuine, which he called "the Cheats." Her idea on entering had been to follow the main stream to the first of these lanes, there turn off, and explore the lane to its end. Then, returning to the main channel, to go on to the second lane, and so through the swamp. They had now explored two of the lanes, and were entering the third.

She had taken off her hat and thrown it down upon the cloak beside her. "It's so oppressively warm 'way in here," she said, in explanation. And they did, indeed, seem "'way in," as if they had entered some unknown country in the bowels of the earth.

It was not oppressively warm—not warmer than a June night at the North. But the air was perfectly still; if sweet, it was renovating. "To me it's delicious," Winthrop had answered.

"To me it's hateful. I thought you disliked perfumes?" She spoke with some vehemence.

"The spell of the swamp is upon me. You shouldn't have brought me in here!"

She had not turned toward him—she was still scanning the channel; she took off her gloves with the same impatient movement, as if even that small additional freedom would give her some relief.

The forest grew denser along this third

lane as they advanced. The trees stood nearer together, and silver moss now began to hang down in long, filmy veils, thicker and thicker, from all the branches. Mixed with the moss, vines showed themselves in strange convolutions; they went up out of sight, coiling and taking long springs; then they came down in a hurry, straight as a rope with a weight at its end, and coiling again, took another lofty leap. In girth they were as large as small trees. They appeared to have not a leaf, but to be dry, strong, naked, chocolate-brown growths, twisting themselves about hither and thither for their own senseless entertainment.

This was the appearance below. But above, there was another story to tell; for here were interminable flat beds of broad green leaves, spread out over the outside of the roof of foliage—leaves that belonged to these same naked coiling growths below. The vines had found themselves obliged to climb to the very tops of the trees in order to get a ray of sunshine for their greenery.

For there was no sky for anybody in the Monnlungs; the roof of deep interlocked branches, many feet thick, stretched miles long, miles wide, like a close tight cover, over the entire place. The general light of day came filtering through, dyed with much green, quenched into blackness at the ends of the vistas; but actual sunbeams never came, never gleamed, year in, year out, across the clear darkness of the broad water-floor.

The water on this floor was always pellucid; whether it was the deep current of the main channel, or the shallower tide that stood motionless over all the rest of the expanse, nowhere was there the least appearance of mud; the lake and the streams, red-brown or amber in hue, were as clear as so much fine wine. The tree trunks rose cleanly from this transparent tide; their huge roots could be seen coiling on the bottom much as the great vines coiled in the air above. The gray-white bald-cypresses had a monumental aspect, like the columns of a Gothic cathedral, as they rose, erect and branchless, disappearing above in the mist of the moss, which presently began to take on an additional witchery by becoming decked with flowers. Up to a certain height these flowers had their roots in the earth. But above these were other blossoms—air-plants, some vividly tinted, flaring, and gaping, others so small, so flat on the moss, and delicate that they were like the embroidered flowers on lace, only they were done in colors.

It was not necessary now for Margaret to give directions—there was but the one channel visible; the moss concealed all the rest. "I detest this moss," she said at last; "I feel suffocated in it—strangled like a fly in a spider's web."

"But it's beautiful; don't you see the colors it takes on? White, then silver, then almost pink as we pass; then silver and ghostly again; it's like—I don't know what it's like! Like the misty garments of the great water spirits in Undine, if you please."

"I don't please anything; I think it's all horrible. I had no idea you could rhapsodize! The misty garments of your spirits would have to be made of hot water, here." And then she called her husband's name again. She had called it in this way at intervals—the note was a sweet one—ever since they entered the swamp.

"The light we carry penetrates much further than your voice," Winthrop remarked.

"I want him to know who it is."

"Oh, he'll know—such a devoted wife! Who else could it be?"

After a while the lane made a bend, and led them away from the moss; the canoe, turning to the right, left behind it the veiled forest, white and motionless. Margaret drew a long breath, she shook herself slightly, like a person who has escaped, emerged.

"You have on your jewels again, I see," he said, as the movement caused the torch-light to draw a gleam from something in her hair.

She put up her hand as if she had forgotten what was there. "Jewels? Only a gold arrow." She adjusted it mechanically.

"Jewels enough on your hands, then. You didn't honor *us* with a sight of them—while you were at East Angels, I mean."

"I don't care for them; I put them on this morning before I started, because Lanse likes them."

"So do I; unwillingly, you also please me. Of course I never dreamed that I should have so much time to admire them—parading by torch-light in this way through a great swamp."

She did not answer.

"They bring you out, you know, in spite of yourself—drag you out, if you like

better. They show what you might be, if you would ever—let yourself go."

"Let myself go? You use absurd expressions."

"A man isn't responsible for what he says in here."

"You say that a second time. You know there was no other way; the only hope of getting Lanse home before the storm was to start at once."

"The storm—to be sure. I don't believe it ever storms in here."

She turned toward him. "You *know* I had to come."

"I know you thought so; you thought we should find Lanse sitting encamped on two cypress knees, with the wreck of his canoe for a seat. We should dawn upon him like comets. And he would say, 'How long you've been! It's precious damp in here.'"

She turned impatiently toward the channel again.

"Don't demand too much," he went on. "Jesting's safe, at any rate. Sympathy I haven't got—sympathy for this expedition of yours into this jungle at this time of night."

She had now recovered her composure. "So long as you paddle the boat, sympathy isn't necessary."

"Oh, I'll paddle! But I shall have to paddle forever. We shall never get out. We've come to an antediluvian forest—don't you see? a survival from the Past. But *we* sha'n't survive; we shall enter the Past. And then they'll write our biographies! I was wondering the other day if there was any other kind of literature so completely composed of falsehoods, owing to half being kept back, as biographies; I decided that there was only one other kind—autobiographies."

On both sides of them now the trees were in girth enormous. The trunks rose to a great height before they put out branches. There was no underbrush, only the great trunks and the water, and they could look down broad aisles where the red light, gleaming out fitfully, did not seem to belong to them or to their torches, but to be an independent glow, coming from no one knew where.

"If we had the grace to have any imagination left in this bicycle century of ours," remarked Winthrop, "we should certainly be expecting to see some mammoth water creature, a hundred feet long, lifting a flabby head here. For my own part, I'm afraid my imagination is destroyed, the bicycles have crushed it; the most I can do is to think of the innumerable snakes there must be, squirming about under all this water—not prehistoric at all, nor mammoths, but just nice natural little moccasins about seven feet long."

Margaret shivered; her face contracted in spite of herself.

"Do let me take you home," he urged, in another voice. "You are tired out, overwrought; give this up."

"I am not tired."

"You have been tired to the verge of death for months!"

"You know nothing about that," she said, coldly.

"Yes, I do. I have seen your face, and I know its expressions now; I didn't at first, but now I do. There's no use in your trying to deceive me; remember, Lanse told me everything."

"That was long ago."

"What do you mean?" He leaned forward and grasped her arm as though he would make her turn round.

For a moment she did not reply. Then, "A great deal may have happened since," she said.

"I don't believe you!" He dropped her arm. "You say that to stop me, keep me back; you are afraid of me." He took up his paddle again.

"Yes, I am afraid!" Then, putting a little note of contempt into her voice: "And wasn't I right to be afraid?" she added. She drew the arm he had touched forward, and held it close to her waist with the other hand.

"No!" answered Winthrop, loudly and angrily. "You were completely wrong." He sent the canoe forward with rapid strokes.

Neither of them spoke again.

They went to the end of the lane; then returned to the main channel, still in silence. But here it became necessary again for Margaret to give directions.

"Go forward as far as that pool of knees," she began; "then turn to the right."

"You are determined to keep on?"

"I must. That is, I must if you will take me."

He still sat without moving.

"If anything should happen to Lanse that I might have prevented by keeping on now, how could I ever—"

"Oh, keep on, keep on; bring him safe-

ly out and take every care of him—he has done so much to deserve these efforts on your part!"

They went on.

And now the stream was bringing them toward the place Margaret had thought of upon entering—a bower in the heart of the Monnlungs, or rather a long defile like a chink between two high cliffs, the cliffs being a dense mass of flowering shrubs.

Winthrop made no comment as they entered this blossoming pass; he appeared to have got beyond making comments. Margaret did not speak. The air was loaded with sweetness, she put her hands on the edge of the canoe as if to steady herself. After a while she looked up, as if she were seeking for fresher air, or trying to see how high the flowers ascended. But there was no fresher air. And the flowers went up out of sight.

The defile grew narrower, and the atmosphere became so heavy with perfume that they could taste it in their mouths as they breathed. Margaret drew a long breath—she had apparently been trying to breathe as little as possible. "I don't think I can—I am afraid I—" Her voice died, she swayed, then sank softly backward: she had fainted.

He caught her in his arms, and laid her down on the canoe's bottom, her head on the cloak, which he dragged forward. He looked at the water, but the thought of the dark tide's touching that fair face was repugnant to him. He bent down and spoke to her, and smoothed her hair. But that was advancing nothing, and he began to chafe her hands.

Then suddenly he rose, and, taking the paddle, sent the canoe flying along between the high bushes. The air was visibly thick in the red light of the torches, a miasma of scent; it was delicious; but it was almost paralyzing to effort. A branch of small blossoms with the perfume of heliotrope softly brushed against his cheek. He struck it aside with unnecessary violence. Exerting all his strength, he at last got the canoe free from the beautiful baleful place.

When Margaret opened her eyes she was lying peacefully on the cloak, and he was still paddling vehemently.

"I am ashamed," she said, as she raised herself with his aid from her impromptu couch; "I suppose I must have fainted? Perfumes always have a great effect upon me. I know that place well; I thought of it before we entered the swamp; I thought it would make me dizzy, but I had no idea that it would make me faint away; it has never done so before. The scents must be stronger at night."

She still seemed a little weak; she put her hand to her head and closed her eyes. Then a thought seemed to come to her, she sat up and looked about, scanning the trees anxiously. "I hope you haven't gone wrong? How far are we from the narrow place—the place where I fainted?"

"I don't know how far. But I should say we hadn't been out of it more than five or six minutes, and this is certainly the channel."

"Nothing is 'certainly' in the Monnlungs! And five minutes is quite enough time to get lost in. I don't recognize anything here—we ought to be in sight of a tree that has a profile like a face."

"Perhaps you wouldn't know it at night."

"It's unmistakable. No; I am sure we are wrong. Please go back—go back at once to the narrow place."

"Where is 'back'?" murmured Winthrop to himself, after he had surveyed the water behind him.

And the question was a necessary one. What he had thought was "certainly the channel" seemed to exist only in front; there was no channel behind; there were only broad tree-filled water spaces, vague and dark. They could see nothing of the thicker foliage of the "narrow place."

Margaret clasped her hands. "We're lost! and all through my obstinacy."

"I suppose you fainted from obstinacy? No, we're not lost; at least we were not seven minutes ago. It won't take long to go over all the water that is seven minutes from here." He took out one of the torches and inserted it among the roots of a cypress, so that it could hold itself upright. "That's our guide; we can always come back to that, and start again."

Margaret no longer tried to direct; she sat with her face turned toward him, leaving the guidance to him.

He started back in what he thought was the course they had just traversed. But they did not come to the defile of flowers; and suddenly they lost sight of their beacon.

"We shall see it again in a moment," he said.

But they did not see it. They floated in and out among the great cypresses; he plunged his paddle down over the side, and struck bottom; they were out of the channel and in the shallows—the great Monnlungs Lake.

"We don't see it yet," she said. Then she gave a cry, and shrank toward him. They had floated close to one of the trees, and there on its trunk, not three feet from her, was a creature of the lizard family, large, gray-white in hue like the bark, flat, and yet fat. It moved its short legs slowly in the light of their torches. No doubt it was experiencing a sensation of astonishment; there had never been in its memory a bright light in the Monnlungs before.

Winthrop laughed. It did him good to see Margaret Harold cowering and shuddering over such a slight cause as that. The boat had floated where it listed for a moment or two while he laughed. And now he caught sight of their beacon again.

"That laugh was lucky," he said as he paddled rapidly back toward the small light-house. "Now I shall go in exactly the wrong direction—I mean what seems such to me."

"Oh, must we go again?"

"I don't suppose you wish to remain permanently floating at the foot of this tree?" He looked at her. "You think we're lost? You're frightened. We're not lost at all, and I know exactly what to do. Trust yourself to me; I will bring you safely out."

"You don't know this swamp; it's not so easy. I'm thinking of myself."

"I know you are not. But *I* think of nothing else." He said this impetuously enough. Then immediately he began to jest again. "This time I shall bring you to a giant snail, who will waggle his head at you, instead of his paws."

They started on their second search. And at the end of five minutes they had again lost sight of their beacon. He paddled to the right and back again; then off to the left and back; he went forward a little way, then in the opposite direction. But they did not see the gleam of their guide, nor did they find the defile of flowers.

Suddenly there rose, close to them, a cry. It was not loud, but it was thrilling; it conveyed an impression of agonized fear.

"What was that?" said Margaret. She did not speak the words aloud, but syllabled them with her lips. Involuntarily she drew nearer to him.

"I don't know what it was myself, exactly," he answered; "some bird or other small creature, probably, caught by a snake or alligator. It only sounded strange because it is so still here; our nerves are affected, I presume."

"You mean that mine are. I know they are; I will try to be more sensible."

He pursued his tentative course. But the watery vistas seemed only to grow wilder. With all their luxuriant vegetation they never had a desolate appearance, but the contrary. Yet there was something indescribably remote from the busy American life of to-day as these two persons knew it, in this hidden, still lake, with its great trees, its heavily scented air, its ghostly white moss, and riotous vines and blossoms. At length something dark that was not a tree trunk, nor a group of tree trunks, loomed up on their right. Their torches outlined it more plainly: it was square and low.

"It's a *house*," Margaret said, in the same repressed whisper. "Oh, don't go any nearer!"

"Why, it's deserted—can't you see that? There's no living thing there, unless you count ghosts—there may be the ghost of a fugitive slave. The door, I suppose, is on the other side." And he paddled toward it.

The cabin—it was no more than a cabin—had been built upon the great roots of four cypresses, which had happened to stand in a convenient position for such a purpose; the planks of the floor had been nailed down across these, and the sides formed of rough boards fitted together, and braced by small beams, which stretched back to the tree trunks. The roof was a net-work of the large vines of the swamp, thickly thatched with the gray moss, now black with age and decay. The door was gone. Winthrop brought the boat up sidewise toward the dark entrance; the sill was but an inch or two above the water.

They looked within; the light from their torches illuminated the central portion, and at the same instant Winthrop's paddle made a slight sound on the cabin's side, as he put it there to keep the canoe in place.

And then as they gazed they saw a movement, a slight waving motion on the

floor. Were the planks oscillating a little, or was it dark water flowing over the place?

At first they could not distinguish; then in another instant they could. It was not water that was moving; it was a mass of snakes.

Winthrop had given the canoe a quick swerve. But before they could have counted two, the creatures, soundlessly, had all disappeared.

"Men are queer animals, of course," said Winthrop. "I should have liked one more good peep; but I won't go back."

"Yes—go."

"You mean that you are prepared to humor me in everything, as one humors a man who is a little out of his head. Well, it won't take an instant." They were but ten feet away; he gave a stroke with his paddle and brought the canoe up to the entrance again.

Within there was now nothing; their torch-light shone on the bare glistening boards of the floor. But stay—yes, there was; something white in one corner. He took one of the torches, and held it within for a moment. Margaret gave a cry; the light was shining on bones—a white breast-bone with the ribs attached, and larger bones near.

He threw the torch into the water, where it went out with a hiss, and sent the canoe rapidly away. This time he did not stop.

Margaret had hidden her face in her hands. "Well," he said, after a while, still urging the light boat along, "who would have supposed you such a vegetarian? The last hunter or runaway slave who occupied that cabin was not as tidy in his habits as he might have been; he left the remains of the last bear he had had for dinner behind him."

"Are you sure?" she asked, without looking up, still shuddering.

"Perfectly."

Winthrop held that in some cases a lie was right.

He paddled on for a few minutes more.

"Here's your reward for humoring me. Isn't this the 'narrow place'?"

And it was.

"Now that we've found it, hadn't we better try to go back?"

"I will do as you think best." Her hand was still over her eyes.

"You're thoroughly cowed, aren't you? By a white lizard and the skeleton of a bear."

"I think I am tired," she answered, simply.

"Think? You mean you know you are." The mask of jesting had dropped again. "How much more of this horrible place is there—I mean beyond here?"

"We are a good deal more than halfway through; three-quarters, I think."

"Can we get out at the other end? Is there an outlet?"

"Yes—a creek. It takes you, I believe—I have never been so far as that—to Eustis Landing, a pier on the St. John's beyond ours."

"If we try to go back we shall have to run the gauntlet of this damnable aisle of miasma again."

"Perhaps I should not faint this time," she said, humbly.

"You don't know whether you would or not. I can't take any risks."

He spoke with a good deal of bluntness. She sat looking at him. Her eyes had a pathetic expression; her womanish fears and her fatigue had relaxed her usual guard.

"You think I am rough. Let me be rough while I can, Margaret."

A startled look came into her eyes. She turned quickly away, and began to scan the trees.

He sent the boat forward toward the outlet, not back through the aisle of flowers.

"There's the profile tree," she said. Then, after a moment: "I am very glad to go on. There is still this last part of the channel to explore. We may find Lanse there."

"Not he."

"You do not think he has been here at all. But where, then, can he be?"

"How should I know? Where he was for seven years, perhaps," he answered, illtemperedly. He had never pretended to have much amiability (amiable men were half women), and such as he had was not likely to be improved by constant references to Lansing Harold.

They passed under the profile tree. He had a long arm which seemed to menace them. He was a solemn old fellow. They could go on now more rapidly. There was something of a bank on each side, and the channel was distinct.

"There's only one more thick place," she said.

Presently they came to it. It was a species of cane-brake, very dense and

high. There was no green, only the yellow canes. The channel wound tortuously through the rattling mass, for the slight motion of the water made by the canoe caused the canes to rattle.

"Keep watch, please," said Winthrop; "it's not so wet here. It wouldn't be amusing to set such a straw-stack on fire."

While they were making their way through this yellow labyrinth there came a crash of thunder.

"The storm at last," he said, "and we haven't heard the least sound of the tornado that came before it. That shows what a place this is. We might as well be in the heart of a mountain. Well, even if we *do* suffocate, at least we're safe from falling trees. If the lightning has struck one, it can't come down, wedged in as it is in that great choked roof overhead."

There came another crash of thunder. "I believe it grows hotter and hotter," he said, throwing down his hat. Then he added: "I am beginning to feel a little queer myself. I have to tell you, you know, in order that you may be able to act with—with discrimination, as Dr. Kirby would say."

She had turned quickly. "Do you feel faint?"

"Faint," he answered, scoffingly. "Never in the world. I leave that to you. I feel perfectly well, and strong as an ox, only I see double."

"Yes, that is the air of the swamps. It doesn't affect me in that way; only perfumes affect me. But I know that it sometimes attacks others so."

She took off the black lace scarf she was wearing, dipped it into the stream, and told him to bind it round his forehead above the eyes.

"Nonsense!" he said, impatiently.

But she moved toward him, and kneeling on the canoe's bottom, bound the lace tightly round his forehead herself, fastening it with her little gold pin.

"I must look like a Turk," he exclaimed when she released him.

But the wet bandage cleared his vision; he could see plainly again.

After another five minutes, however, back came the blur. "Shall we ever get out of this accursed hole?" he cried, pressing his hands on his eyes for a moment.

"I can paddle a little. Do let me take the oar."

But he dashed more water on his head, and pushed her hands away. "Women never know. It's much better for me to keep on. But you must direct me. Say 'one stroke on the right,' 'two on the left,' and so on."

"Oh, why did I ever bring you in here?" she moaned, giving no directions at all, but looking at his contracted eyes with the tears welling in her own.

"See here, Margaret, have you never heard of people's lying down in the snow to sleep, haunted by beautiful dreams, before they are frozen to death? That is what will happen to me, or something quite as bad, if I stop work now and let you pity me."

Her tears were arrested as though a harsh wind had suddenly dried them. She looked frightened, but he could not see that.

"Three strokes on the left," she said, quickly.

Thus they went on their course again, he putting his oar into the water with a peculiar deliberation, as though he were taking great care not to disturb its smoothness; but this was because he was guiding himself by sense of touch. It was not that all was dark before him, that he saw nothing, it would have been much easier if there had been nothing to see. But whether his eyes were open or closed he looked constantly and in spite of himself into a broad circular space of vivid scarlet, in the centre of which a smaller and revolving disk of colors like those of peacocks' feathers, continually dilating and contracting, wearied and bewildered him.

In spite of this visual confusion he kept on. Margaret constantly directed him, and as constantly watched him also; she knew he could not see her; her face was drawn with anxiety.

Their progress was very slow. "I think I'll stop for a moment," he said, after a quarter of an hour had passed. They were still among the rattling canes. His voice had a drowsy tone.

"Oh, don't stop now; we're nearly out."

But he had already stopped.

"I had no idea you would tire so soon. Of course if I *must* take the oar—and blister my hands—"

"Keep back in your place," he said, sullenly, as she made a movement as though she were coming to take the paddle from him.

She went on with the giving of her di-

rections rapidly; she could scarcely keep the tremor from her voice, but she did keep it. When she looked at his closed eyes, and saw the effort he was making —every time he lifted his arms it was like lifting a gigantic weight, his fancy made it so—she longed to take the oar from him and let him rest. But she did not dare to: he must not sleep. She put out her hand and touched an edge of his coat furtively, where he would not perceive it. The gentle little touch seemed to give her courage to say, in a tone of sarcastic compassion, "If, after all, you *are* going to faint, though you assured me—"

"Faint!" said Winthrop; "what are you talking about? I never fainted in my life, and I'm not going to begin now." He threw back his head and straightened himself. "Rainbows have gone mad in my eyes—that's all."

"I don't call that much."

"Oh! don't you? Try it."

Her taunt had answered its purpose, it made him angry, and in the anger the bewildering dilating disks were partly forgotten.

Another anxious ten minutes, and then, "We're out," she said, as she saw wide water in front. "Now it will be cooler." The channel broadened, they left the yellow rattling canes behind.

At first it was not much cooler. Water was coming slowly down the trees as they passed, not in drops but in dark streaks; this was rain that had made its way through the roof of foliage, a scanty fringe of the immense torrent now falling from low clouds upon the drenched ground outside.

"I shall go through to that place you spoke of—Eustis Landing, wasn't it?" said Winthrop.

"Oh, you *are* better!"

Her relief showed itself in these words. But much more in her face; its strained tension gave way; her tears fell. She dried them in silence.

"Because I can speak of something outside of this infernal bog? Yes, I shall get you safely through now. And myself also. But—it hasn't been easy."

"Oh, I know that."

"I beg your pardon; no, you don't; not the half."

In a moment or two more he announced that he was beginning to see "something besides fire-works." She still continued, however, to direct him.

The swamp had been growing more open. At length the channel brought them to a spectral lake, with a few dead trees in it here and there hung with white moss. "I remember this place perfectly; the creek opens out just opposite. *At last* it's over!"

"And at last I can see. That is—a little. But I must take this thing off; it strangles me." And he unloosed and threw off her lace scarf.

They found the creek and entered. "It seems strange to see solid ground again, doesn't it?" he said.

"Then you *can* see it?"

"As well as ever."

The creek brought them to a waste that was open to the sky.

"Now we can breathe," he said. "I feel as though I should never want to be under a tree branch again."

It was not very dark; there was a moon somewhere behind the gray clouds that closely covered the sky. The great storm had gone westward, carrying with it the tornado; and now a cool, moderate, New-England-feeling wind was beginning to blow from another quarter, as if to dry the soaked ground a little, set the drenched leaves straight again, and generally convince this dismayed, half-drowned Florida that the world was still alive outside, in spite of atmospheric influences (engendered in uncivilized climates) which a cool New England wind could by no means approve.

Winthrop glanced back. The great trees of the Monnlungs loomed up in a long dark line against the sky; from the low level of the boat in the flat waste they looked like a line of mountains.

"All the same, you know," he said, contradictorily, "it was very beautiful in there."

The creek was deep and wide; he went on rapidly. He was quite himself again. "You look fearfully worn," he said, after a while.

"I am well. But must we have all those torches now?" She spoke with irritation; she could not get away from their light.

"Not if you object to them." He extinguished all but one. "Now put on some of those wraps; it's really cold."

"I do not need them."

"Don't be childish." (There was no doubt but that he was himself again.) "Here, let me help you on with this cloak."

She submitted.

"This landing that we are going to," he went on, "do the St. John's steamers stop there?"

"Not those that touch at our pier."

"There are houses, I suppose?"

"I believe there are two or three."

"Probably, then, I can get somebody to row us down home. But first you must have some rest."

It took them three-quarters of an hour to reach the landing.

"This is it, I presume," he said, as he saw the dim outlines of two white houses at a little distance on the low shore. "I will knock them up, and get some sort of a place where you can lie down."

"If there is any one to row, I should much rather go directly home."

"Always unreasonable. Give me your hands." He leaned forward and took them. "Cold as ice. I thought so. You must come up to the house and go to bed."

"I could not sleep; what is the use? Let me go home, Evert. It is the only place for me."

He still held her hands. "Very well," he said.

"Perhaps they have found Lanse," she went on.

"Old Dinah and Rose? Very likely." He made the boat fast. "You are coming with me, of course?"

"I am tired; I would rather stay here."

"Five minutes' walk. And I could help you."

"I would rather stay."

"I shall put out that light, then." He took out the solitary torch and threw it into the creek. "If anybody should come along here, what would you do?"

"I presume I should rush up the bank after you as fast as I could go," she answered, with a faint laugh.

"Of course you would. I remember the lizard."

Before ten minutes had elapsed he returned, and presently he was followed by two negroes, one of whom carried a lantern. They got out their own boat. Winthrop helped Margaret into it, and took his place beside her; their canoe was taken in tow. With strong regular strokes the men rowed down the creek, and out on the broad St. John's.

Margaret did not speak during the voyage home. Winthrop talked a little with the oarsmen. The negroes, instinctively well-bred, expressed no wonder upon the appearance there in the middle of the night of a lady and gentleman in a canoe; they did not even ask where they had found shelter during the great storm. Winthrop said merely that they had "lost their way." The negroes accepted this sympathetically. They did this quite of their own accord; they had no suspicion then of the Golconda of a fee that was awaiting them from this stranger's rich purse.

When they came in sight of the house on the point it was gleaming with light; Margaret gave an exclamation when she saw the glittering front. There was a ray from every window.

Dismissing the men, Winthrop went up the path after her. "I am sure he has come," she said, hurrying on.

"Who? Lanse? Oh no; it's those old goblins of yours who have illuminated in this ridiculous way; it's their idea of keeping watch for you."

The doors had been left unfastened. They entered. Inside, everything was as brilliant as though the house had been made ready for a ball. But there was not a sound; no one stirred. They went through to the kitchen. And there, each on her knees before a wooden chair, with her head resting upon it on her folded arms, appeared the little Africans, sound asleep. The soles of their shoes, turned up behind them, seemed almost as long as they were.

Winthrop roused them from their repose. "Here," he said; "we're back. Make some coffee for your mistress as quickly as you can; and you, Rose, light a fire in the sitting-room."

The queer little old women ran about like frightened hens. They tumbled over each other, and let everything drop. Winthrop stood over them sternly. He took the pitch-pine from the distracted Rose and lighted the fire himself. "Now go and put out all those lights," he said, "and bring in the coffee the moment it's ready."

He had made Margaret sit down in a low easy-chair, still wrapped in her cloak, and had placed a footstool for her feet; the fire danced and sparkled; she sat with her head thrown back against the cushions of the chair, her eyes closed.

"Are you warmer?" he asked. "You were chilled through all the way down the river; every now and then I could feel you quiver."

"It was more fatigue than cold." His voice had roused her; she sat up. "Oh, I ought not to be here; I ought to be doing something—trying—"

"You can do no more now; you must have some coffee, and then you must go to bed. But, in the mean while, I will do everything possible."

"But you don't believe—I don't know *what* you believe!" She rose.

He put her back in her chair. "I will believe nothing if you will go and rest—I mean my beliefs shall not interfere with my actions; I will simply do everything I can—all I should do if I were sure, as you are, that he was lost somewhere about here."

She remained where he had placed her. After a while she said, "I was so certain he was in the swamp." Her tired eyes, beginning to glisten a little with tears, had a child-like look as she raised them to his.

Old Rose now came hurrying in with the coffee: its fragrant aroma filled the room. Winthrop poured it out himself, and made Margaret swallow it, spoonful by spoonful, until the cup was empty.

"You have a little color now," he said.

She put the cup down, and rose.

"You're going? Yes, go; go to bed, and sleep as long as you can; it must be near dawn. I will meet you here for a late breakfast at eleven."

She still stood there. "But will you—will you really—"

"Haven't I given you my word?" he said, sternly. "Are you afraid if I find him that I shall not be tender enough to him? Don't you see that no matter what I may think of him, his being your husband protects him perfectly, because, as long as you insist upon continuing so subservient, he could visit anything else upon you?"

She went out without making reply.

He sank into the chair she had left vacant to rest for a moment or two; he was desperately tired.

When he came back to the room at eleven, she was already there. It was a dark day, with the same New-England-feeling wind blowing over river and land; there had been spurts of rain, and he was wet. "Why have you no fire?" he asked.

"It did not seem cold enough."

"It's not cold, but it's dreary; it might be a Massachusetts May-day. I don't believe you have slept at all?" he continued, looking at her. Opening the door, he called Rose, and told her to light the fire. When the old woman had finished her task—it was but a touch, and again the magic wood, heaped on the hearth, was filling the room with its gay light and faint sweet odor of the pine—he repeated his question, "I don't believe you have slept at all?"

"How could I sleep?"

He sat down before the fire. "You are wet. And you must be very tired," she went on.

"I am glad you have thought of it—I like sympathy. Yes, I am tired; but the room is cheery now. Why not have breakfast in here?"

"You have found no trace?" Her repressed nervousness showed itself in her tone.

"No."

She went to the door, and gave Rose an order. Then she closed it, and walked first to one window, then to another.

"Do come and sit down. You wander about like a ghost."

"I will step softly." She began to walk up and down the room with her light, rather long-paced step. "*You* are not afraid," she said at last.

"No, I am not afraid. If he were wrecked in mid-ocean, he would make the whales cook his dinner for him, and see to it, too, that it was a good one."

"Oh, don't speak in that tone; don't jest about him when we can not tell—Here we are safe at home, safe and comfortable, when perhaps he—" she stopped.

"You are haunted by the most useless terrors. 'Safe,' are we? How 'safe' were we last night, for his sake too, in that deadly swamp?—how safe were *you?* And 'comfortable'—I sitting here wet and exhausted, and you walking up and down, white as a sheet, eating your heart out with anxiety! 'Home,' did you say? I like that! Pretty place it was to bring you to—a hideous barrack miles from every living thing. Of course you've made it better; you would make a cave better. He knew you would do it when he brought you here—knew that in some way or other you would re-arrange things so that the rooms should be pleasant—should be as he liked."

He changed his bitter tone into a laugh, which, if not bitter, was not cynical. "Instead of abusing him, I ought rather to admire him—admire him for his perfect

success in a world rather celebrated for unsuccess—he has always done so entirely as he pleased! If one wishes to be virtuous or heroic, I don't know that it is the best way. But if one wishes simply to be comfortable, it most certainly is." "You can't philosophize?" he went on, turning his head to look at her as she continued her walk.

"No, no."

In the absence of Primus, who had not yet returned, Rose and Dinah were now obliged to serve the breakfast themselves, a process complicated, too, by the necessity of serving it in the "settin'-room," and in the immediate presence of "Mis' Horrel" and her guest. The two old women had never acted as waitresses; creatures of routine, they had no idea what to do. But, like all negroes, they could take refuge in a double amount of ceremony; they decided that the most respectful way would be to appear together, with a courtesy at the door, each carrying but one article at a time. Rose therefore brought a fork on a salver, and Dinah the butter-knife. In this manner, by slow degrees, the table was at last arranged, with what they considered the due amount of deference. Later, they brought in the hot dishes in the same piecemeal fashion, Dinah appearing with the coffee, and Rose with the biscuit. Then, leaving the door open, both returned to the kitchen on a full run, in order to hasten the coming of the venison steak and potatoes. Then more courtesies, and another clattering scamper.

When at length the door was definitely closed, Winthrop having declined their services further, Margaret came to the table. But she could eat little, and soon rose.

"You leave me to finish my breakfast alone," Winthrop said, discontentedly.

"I can not sit there any longer. Would you mind telling me what you have done?"

"I have three parties out; one has gone up the shore, and one down; the third is across the river."

"You are very good; for I know you don't believe he is here."

"No, I don't."

"But where, then, can he be?"

"You have asked me that before. This time I will answer that he is probably where he intended to be when he left here early yesterday morning—after ridding himself of Eliot and Dodd."

"You think he planned it. But why should he have been so secret about it? No one could have prevented him from taking a journey if he wished to take one."

"You would have prevented it; you wouldn't have thought him strong enough."

"That would not have deterred him."

"You're right: it wouldn't. Probably he didn't care even to explain that he did not intend to be deterred; Lanse was never fond of explanations."

"I am not at all convinced."

"I didn't expect to convince you. You asked me, and I had to say something. But it's quite too much to hope that my answers should please."

He soon rose. "I've sent for a little steamer—a tug; it is to take me to all the landings within twenty miles of here; I shall not be back until late; please don't sit up." He left the room.

Fifteen minutes later, he appeared again.

"I was waiting for the steamer down by the water, when I saw the boy who brings the mail going away. You have had a letter?"

She did not answer. Her hands were empty.

"You heard me coming and concealed it."

"I have nothing to conceal." She rose. "Yes, I have had a letter; Lanse is on his way to New York. He is taking a journey for a change."

"You will let me see the letter?"

"Impossible." Her hands were shaking a little, but she faced him inflexibly.

"Margaret, I beg you to let me see it. Show me that you trust me; you seem never to do that—yet I deserve— Tell me, then, of your own accord, what he says. If he has left you again, who should help you, care for you, if not I?"

"You last of all!" She walked away. "He is coming back before long," she said, without turning. Then she repeated it more clearly, "He is coming back before long. Of course now that I know, I am no longer anxious. I was foolish to be so anxious. And I have given you so much trouble, too. We are very much obliged to you for all you have done."

"Very well, if you take that tone, if you still refuse to trust me, and are determined to keep me off even now, let me tell you that I too have had a letter—Primus has just brought it from East Angels—it was sent there."

PUBLIC LIB
WEISER, IDA

She glanced at him over her shoulder with eyes that looked dark and full of fear —a fear which he did not stop to think of then.

"It is possible that Lanse has written to me even more plainly than he has to you," he went on. "At any rate, he tells me that he is going to Italy—it is the old affair revived—and that he has no present intention of returning. What he has said in his letter to you, of course I don't know, but it can hardly be the whole, because he asks me to 'break' it to you. 'Break' it! he has chosen his messenger well."

"O my God," said Margaret Harold.

Her words were a prayer. She sank down on her knees beside the sofa, and buried her face in her clasped arms.

CHAPTER XXV.

EVERT WINTHROP had felt that her words were a prayer, that she was praying still.

Against what especial danger she was thus invoking aid, he did not know. Before he could speak, old Rose had opened the door, and Margaret, springing up, was hurriedly going forward to meet the Reverend Mr. Moore, who with his usual equable expression entered, hat in hand, to pay Mrs. Harold a short visit. He had been obliged to come over to the river that morning on business, and had thought that he would take the occasion for a little indulgence in social pleasure as well.

Margaret put out her hands eagerly; her voice had in it appeal. "It's wonderful—your coming now. You will stay with me, won't you? I am in great trouble."

Mr. Moore took her hand. All the goodness of his nature came into his long narrow face with its little eyes, making it lovely in its sympathy as he heard her appeal. She was clinging to him now—she had put her other hand on his arm. "You will stay?" she repeated.

"If I can be of any use to you, most certainly I will stay."

Upon hearing this, she made an effort to recover herself, to speak more coherently. "I shall need your advice—there are so many things I must decide about. Mr. Winthrop will tell you. But why should I leave it to him? I will tell you myself. My husband has gone north; he is going abroad again. You will understand—it was so sudden. I did not know—" She made another effort to steady her voice. "If you will stay with me for a day or two, I will send over to Gracias for anything you may need."

"I will stay gladly, Mrs. Harold."

"Oh, you are good! But I always knew you were. And now for a few minutes may I go and rest? I am so tired. I will come back a little later—in half an hour." And with swift step she hurried from the room.

Mr. Moore, his face full of sympathy, turned to Winthrop.

But Evert Winthrop's expression showed nothing but anger. He walked off, with his back turned, and at first made no reply.

"Is it true, then? Her husband has left her?" said Mr. Moore, infinite regret in his mild tones.

Winthrop was standing at the window. He bit his lips with impatience. He was in no mood for what he would have called "the usual platitudes," and especially platitudes about Lansing Harold.

It could not be denied that Mr. Moore's conversation often contained sentences that were very usual.

"Perhaps he will return," pursued the clergyman, hopefully. "Influences might be brought to bear. We may be able to reach him?" And again he looked at Winthrop inquiringly.

But Winthrop had now forgotten his presence; at this very moment he was leaving the room. He was determined to see Margaret and speak to her, if but for a second. He found Rose, and sent her with a message. He himself followed the old woman up the stairs; he stood waiting in the upper hall as she knocked at Margaret's closed door.

But the door did not open. In answer to Rose's message delivered shrilly outside the door, Margaret replied from within, "I can see no one at present."

Rose came back. "She can't see nobody nohow jess *dis* minute, marse," she answered, in an apologetic tone. Then, imaginatively, "Spec she's tired."

"Go back and tell her that I'm waiting here—in the hall, and that I will keep her but a moment. There is something important I must say."

Rose returned to the door. But the answer was the same. "She done got *mighty* tired, marse, sho," said the old

servant, again trying to clothe the refusal in polite terms, though she was unable to think of a new apology.

"Her door is locked, I suppose?" Winthrop asked. Then he felt that this was going too far. He turned and went down the stairs, but with a momentary revival in his breast all the same of the old despotic feeling, the masculine feeling, that a woman should not be allowed to dictate unreasonably to any man what he should say or not say, do or not do. In refusing to see him even for one moment, Margaret was dictating.

He walked down the lower hall, and then back again. Happening to glance up, he saw that old Rose was still standing at the top of the stairs, a queer little figure in a turban. She dropped one of her straight courtesies as he looked up—a quick ducking down of her narrow skirt over her great shoes. She was still much disturbed by the direct refusal which she had had to give.

"I can't stay tramping up and down here, if they are going to watch me," he thought, impatiently. He turned and reentered the sitting-room.

Mr. Moore was kneeling on the rug, putting more wood on the fire. There were very few material things, material occupations, which could give pleasure to Middleton Moore. He had no ear for music (though he always listened attentively to Penelope's songs). He could not shoot; and Penelope thought fishing "so damp." His diet had for a long time been restricted to an unexciting round of oat-meal, rice pudding, boiled meats, stewed prunes, soft custard, and Graham bread. He never touched wine; he never smoked. He could not read much or study, because his eyes were not strong. Though a preacher by profession, he took no pleasure in oratory; he did his best with his sermons, but he was not assisted by a glow. He never lounged—he did not know how. He had small sense of beauty, either of form or of color. His hands, and even the tip of his long slender nose (though it was never red), were almost always a little cold.

Possibly it was this inherited chilliness of body which made him capable (by way of balance) of feeling one positive pleasure; he would not have acknowledged it, probably he was not mentally conscious of the fact, but it remained a fact nevertheless, that he had enjoyed, that he still continued to enjoy, some of the fullest and richest physical sensations of his life when he was engaged in piling up and re-arranging, and, later, sitting in front of, a liberal glowing hearth fire. Oh! the cheer of the leaping blaze, the hidden excitement of the engineering feats which the proper disposition of the wood and hot coals abounded in! and then the long quiet basking satisfaction of the steady heat directly upon one's knees, and one's (somewhat thin) legs extended before it! After Margaret's departure the clergyman had thought of her with the truest sympathy; and this had lasted also after Winthrop's hasty exit. But the fire certainly needed replenishing; it would do no one any good to come back to a cold room, Mrs. Harold least of all. Winthrop therefore found him on his knees, tongs in hand, and busy.

Mr. Moore went on with the arrangement of the coals. He cherished not the slightest resentment because Winthrop had left him so suddenly. But he thought that such exits were sometimes—he had made several observations of the fact—an indication of an irritated temper. In such cases there was nothing better than an unnoticing, and, if possible, also an occupied, silence. He therefore went on with his fire.

"It's the greatest pity in the world that there is nobody here who has any real authority over her," Winthrop began, still smarting under her refusal. Margaret had chosen the clergyman as her counsellor; it would be as well, therefore, to indicate to that gentleman what course should be pursued.

"You have, then, some plan to recommend to her?" said Mr. Moore, putting the tongs away and seating himself. He held out his long, delicately finished hands as if to warm them a little by the flame, and looked at Winthrop inquiringly.

"No, I don't know that I have. But she is sure to be obstinate in any case." He too sat down, and stared moodily at the flame.

"You think it will be a great grief to her," observed the clergyman, after a while. "No doubt—no doubt."

"No grief at all, as far as that goes. Lanse has always treated her abominably." He paused. Then went on, as if there were now good reasons for telling the whole tale. "Before he had been married a year, he left her: she did not leave him, as my aunt supposes: he went

to Italy, and did not come back. There had never been the least fault on her side; there hasn't been up to this day."

"I can not understand it; such fickleness—such fairly *immoral* tendencies toward change," said Mr. Moore, in rebuking wonder.

"As far as regards change, I ought to say, perhaps, that there hasn't been much of that," Winthrop answered. "What is taking him abroad now is an old interest—something he had felt long before his marriage, and felt strongly. He has never changed in that respect."

"Do you allude—is it possible that you are alluding to an interest in a *person*?" asked Mr. Moore, in a lowered tone.

"It certainly wasn't a thing; I hardly think you would call a beautiful French woman of rank that, would you?"

Mr. Moore looked at him with a stricken face. "A beautiful French woman of rank!" he murmured.

"That's what is taking him abroad now. She threw him over once, but she has evidently called him back; in fact, he admits it in his letter to me."

"Oh, sin! sin!" said Middleton Moore, with the deepest sadness in his voice. He leaned his head upon his hand and covered his eyes.

"I suppose so," answered Winthrop. "All the same, she is the only person Lanse has ever cared for; for her and her alone he could be, and would be if he had the chance, perhaps, unselfish. I almost think he could be heroic. But, you see, he won't have the chance, because there's the husband in the bush."

"Do you mean to say that this wretched creature is a *married* woman?" demanded the clergyman, aghast.

"Oh yes; it was her marriage, her leaving him in the lurch, that made Lanse himself marry—marry Margaret Cruger."

"This is most horrible. This man, then, this Lansing Harold, is an incarnation of evil?"

"I don't know whether he is or not," Winthrop answered, irritably. "Yes, he is, I suppose; we all are. Not you, of course," he added, glancing at his companion, and realizing as he did so that here was a man who was an incarnation of good. Then the opposing feeling swept over him again, namely, that this man was good simply because he could not be evil; it was not that he had resisted temptation so much as that he had no capacity for being tempted; nothing tempted him. "An old woman," he thought.

He himself was very different from that; he knew well what temptation meant. A flush crossed his face. "Perhaps Lanse can't help loving her," he said, flinging it out obstinately.

"A man can always help a shameful feeling of that sort," the clergyman answered, with sternness. He drew up his tall figure; his face took on dignity. "We are not the beasts that perish."

"We may not be altogether beasts, and yet we may not be able to help it," Winthrop answered, getting up and walking across the room. Margaret's little work-table stood there, gay with ribbons and fringes; mechanically he fingered the spools and bright wools it held.

"At least we can control its manifestations," replied Middleton Moore, still with a deep severity of voice and eyes.

"You would like to have all sinners of that disposition (which doesn't happen to be yours) consumed immediately, wouldn't you? for fear of their influencing others," said Winthrop, leaving the work-table and walking about the room. "In the days of the burnings, now, when it was for strictly wicked persons of that tendency, I suspect you would have brought a few fagots—wouldn't you?—even if you hadn't taken a turn at the bellows."

Mr. Moore turned and surveyed him in unfeigned astonishment.

"I beg your pardon—I beg your pardon most humbly," Winthrop went on, in answer to this glance. "The truth is I am so much—irritated—that I don't know what I am saying. I will go off for a while by myself, if you will excuse me; I will come back later, when Mrs. Harold returns."

An hour later, when he re-entered the room, he found Margaret there: she was talking with Mr. Moore.

"Ah! you have had a walk? The air is probably pleasant," said the clergyman, welcoming him kindly. He wished to show that he had forgotten the bellows. "I was on the point of saying to Mrs. Harold, as you came in, that in case she should be thinking of leaving this house, I will hope most warmly that she will find it consistent with her plans to return to us at Gracias."

"I should much rather stay here," responded Margaret. "I could have Dinah's son Abram to sleep in the house, if necessary."

"You could never stay here alone; you ought not to think of it," said Winthrop. "We know better than you do about that; it wouldn't be safe." He had seated himself at some distance from her. Mr. Moore still kept his place before the fire, and Margaret was beside him; she held a little fan-shaped screen in her hand to shade her face from the glow; he could see her profile, the soft waves of hair over the forehead, the little ear, and the thick, close braids behind.

"I am sure Mr. Moore will say that it is safe," she answered.

"I included him; I said 'we,'" said Winthrop, challengingly.

Mr. Moore extended his long legs with a slightly uneasy movement. "I regret to say that I fear Mr. Winthrop is right; it would not be safe at present, even with Abram in the house. The river is no longer what it was" (he refrained from saying "your Northern steamers have made the change"); "the people who live in the neighborhood are respectable, but the increased facilities for traffic have brought us dangerous characters."

"Of course you will go back to East Angels—" Winthrop began.

"I think not. If I can not stay here, I shall go north."

"North? Where?"

"There are plenty of places. There is my grandmother's old house in the country, where I lived when I was a child. It is closed now, but I could open it. I should like to see the old rooms once more." She spoke quietly; her manner was that she was taking it for granted that the clergyman knew everything, that Winthrop had told him all. She was a deserted wife; there was no need for any of them to go through the form of covering that up.

"That would be a perfectly crazy idea," began Winthrop. Then he stopped himself. "Aunt Katrina would miss you greatly," he resumed. (He felt the feebleness of this.)

"She has you. And she has Mrs. Carew, Dr. Kirby, Mr. Moore—all these kind friends here. And she has Celestine. I have been away from her, except for an occasional short visit, for months; I don't think she would miss me."

"Yes, she would." (He was going on, in spite of himself, with the feebleness.)

"We should be exceedingly sorry to lose you, Mrs. Harold—Penelope would be exceedingly sorry," said Mr. Moore, in his amiable voice. "But I can understand that it would afford you much pleasure to revisit your childhood's home. I think it is so with all of us; I should like to revisit mine. But I hope that you will give the matter a careful consideration before you decide. You have mentioned to me that you have no near relatives, and though you, no doubt, have many friends, I can not think that they esteem you more highly than we do, for indeed it would be impossible. And East Angels, too—after so long a stay there, may we not hope that it presents to you at least some of the aspects of a home?"

"I prefer to go north," Margaret answered.

Mr. Moore did not combat this decision; he did not, in truth, know quite what to advise just at present; it required thought. Here was a woman who had been cruelly outraged by the scandalous, by the incredibly abandoned conduct of the worst of husbands. She had no mother to go to (the clergyman felt this to be an unspeakable misfortune); but she was not a child; they could not dictate to her; she was a free agent. But women—women of refinement—were generally timid (he glanced at Margaret, and decided that she was timid also). She might talk a little about her home at the north, but probably it would end in her returning to East Angels.

"If I find that I don't care for the country house, the life there, I can go abroad," Margaret continued. She rose and went out to give some directions about lunch.

This was not much like returning to East Angels!

"Is she thinking, do you suppose, of going to him?" asked the clergyman, in a cautious voice, when the door was closed.

"I don't know what she is thinking of. She is capable of every mistaken idea!" Winthrop answered.

"She is possessed of a wonderful sense of duty—wonderful, if she does go. I mean, in case she is acquainted with the cause of his departure?"

"She is acquainted with everything."

Margaret came back and sat down again. "You decidedly think, then, that I can not stay here?" she said to the clergyman. There was a note almost of longing in her tone.

"Do you wish to stay so very much?" he asked, kindly.

"Yes, I should much rather stay, much rather make no change; this is my home."

"How can you talk in that way?" said Winthrop. He had risen again, and begun to walk up and down the room; as he spoke, he stopped his walk and stood before her. "You came here against your will; you disliked the place intensely; you said so of your own accord; I heard you."

"I know I have said so. Many times. Still, I should like to stay now."

"You can not. Even Mr. Moore tells you that."

"Yes," said the clergyman, conscientiously, "I must say it, though I do not wish to; the place is unusually lonely; it stands quite by itself; it would be unwise to remain."

"I must give it up, I see," Margaret answered. "I am sorry."

And then, in answer to old Rose's bobbing courtesy at the door, they went across the hall to the dining-room for lunch.

When the meal was over and they had returned to the parlor, Mr. Moore at first did not sit down. He stood on the hearth-rug with his back to the fire, rubbing his hands in the slight moderate way that was peculiar to him; he seemed disposed to introduce, if possible, a little conversation of a general nature.

There was opportunity, apparently, for introducing anything, neither Winthrop nor Margaret spoke.

"Oh-er—yes—er-r-r—I am told," began Mr. Moore, addressing Winthrop, "that abroad—I allude to foreign countries on the continent of Europe—one seldom finds those simple and convenient articles we term handles attached to chests of drawers or bureaux; one is expected to pull the drawers open awkwardly (if not painfully) by means of the key?"

Winthrop did not reply. Mr. Moore mildly repeated the question.

"Key? I am sure I don't know," Winthrop answered.

Foiled in this direction, Mr. Moore, after another moment or two of the silence, forgivingly sent (into this troubled atmosphere) a second remark, which he hoped would act as a temporary diversion of thought, a change. "It has been mentioned to me," he observed, "that in the city of Boston, Massachusetts, the conversation is so exceptionally accurate that when a stranger there makes use, by chance, of the word 'why' merely as an exclamation (a somewhat slovenly use, I admit), he is answered as though it had been a question. As, for instance, if I should say, simply in surprise, 'Why!—was he going there?' they would respond, 'I do not know why; but perhaps'—and so on."

But Winthrop was gazing at the fire, and Margaret did not speak. That question fell flat also.

To cover its fall a little, not because he was concerned on his own account—he had no conception of conversational successes—but because he thought it might come to Margaret later that she had left a remark of his suspended in mid-air, Mr. Moore now answered his own question, summing up the matter cheerfully and dismissing it: "Probably the word 'why,' in any shape, rouses a greater interest in the city of Boston, Massachusetts—a community, I am told, devoted to the quest for information—than it is capable of doing in places of less mental activity. I should much like to visit Boston. And also the village of Con-cord, in its immediate vicinity." Mr. Moore's "Con-cord" was carefully pronounced, the last syllable was like cord in "a cord of wood."

The clergyman's idea in these efforts had been to divert from Margaret's mind a too heavy strain. He had failed, because Winthrop had not aided him; he now tried a second method—a more direct one. "My dear friend," he said, addressing Margaret, "let me advise you. You will be much the better for a little repose." Mr. Moore's "my dear friend" was used only on solemn occasions; but, in spite of its rather formal tone, it was not a mannerism: people really were more dear to his pitying, tender soul when they were in trouble, he was more their friend, than in times of cheerful ease.

As he spoke, Margaret looked up. For the moment she had forgotten that he was there, but as soon as her mind came back to him she took refuge afresh in his faithful kindness. "I could not sleep," she answered; "I should only be thinking—making plans. It is better for me to plan aloud—if you will help me."

"Anything I can do—of course. But, if you will permit me to speak of it, Mrs. Moore has often mentioned to me—Penelope has mentioned—that a short period of recumbence after lunch was wonderfully conducive to a refreshed clearness of mind later."

"My mind is clear now. It is easier

for me to decide at once about my plans. I shall go north; but I should like to retain this house, and keep it open just as it is; I could leave the servants here."

Winthrop turned and looked at her, a quick surprised suspicion in his glance.

"I could do that perfectly, couldn't I?" she repeated, addressing Mr. Moore.

Again the clergyman looked uncomfortable. He sat down, crossed his legs, and extending the pendent foot a little in its long, narrow, thin-soled boot; he looked at it, and moved it to and fro slightly, as if he had been called upon to give an exact opinion upon the leather. "I fear," he said, as the result of this meditation, "that it might not be altogether prudent. The negroes have much hospitality; with a large house at their command, and nobody very near, I fear they might be tempted to invite some of their friends to visit them."

"The place would swarm with them," said Winthrop.

"At any rate, I shall keep the house, even if I close it," said Margaret. "It must be ready for occupancy at any time."

"Then you are thinking of coming back?" Winthrop asked. His face still showed an angry mistrust.

"I may come back. At present, however, I shall go north. And as I prefer to go immediately, I shall set about arranging the house here so that I can leave it. It will not take long, two days, or three at most. And it would be a very great kindness, Mr. Moore, if you would stay with me until I leave—by next Saturday's steamer, probably."

"I hardly think you will be able to accomplish so much in so short a time," answered the clergyman, rather bewildered by this display of energy. To Mr. Moore's idea, a woman who had been deserted by her husband, even though that husband had been proved to be abnormally vicious, could not well be in the mood for the necessary counting of chairs, nor for the proper distribution of gum-camphor among curtains, also so important.

Then, reading again the deep trouble in Margaret's face, under all the calmness of her manner, he dismissed his objections, and said, heartily, "In any case, I will stay with you as long as you wish."

"I am afraid that one of your difficulties has been that I am here," said Winthrop to Margaret. "You can not expect me to leave you entirely as long as you are still in this house; I am, after all, your nearest relative. But of course I could stay at the hotel." He spoke with extreme coldness.

Margaret, however, did not try to dissipate it by asking him to remain.

He showed that he felt this, for he said, "Perhaps I had better go up at once and see to getting quarters there."

She did not answer. He walked about aimlessly for a moment or two, and then left the room.

"Will you go over the house with me now, Mr. Moore—I mean this afternoon—and tell me what I can leave in place, in this climate, and what must be packed?"

"Certainly; it would be better, I think, to make a list," Mr. Moore answered, in an interested voice. Mr. Moore enjoyed lists; to him an index was one of the most interesting parts of any book, and in devising catalogues or new alphabetical arrangements he had sometimes felt a sense of pleasure that was almost dissipation.

"You will have three enemies to encounter," he began, with seriousness. "They are, first, the Mildew; second, the Damp; third, the Moth; I should *not* advise pepper against the latter. The Mouse, so destructive in other climates, will trouble you little in this."

Then he rose and examined the paper which Margaret had taken from a writing-desk. "You have the right ideas," he said, appreciatively; "for a *list*, the paper is much better when ruled."

A week later, Margaret was still there; she had not been able to complete as rapidly as she had hoped the arrangements necessary for leaving the house in proper order behind her. This was not owing to any lingering on her own part or to any hesitation of purpose; it was owing simply to the constitutional inability of anybody in that latitude, black or white, to work steadily, to be in the least hurried. The poorest negro engaged to shake carpets could not bring himself, though with the offer of double wages before him, to the point of going without a long "res'" under the trees after each (short) "stent." Mr. Moore, with his list, made no haste—Mr. Moore had never been in a hurry in his life.

But now at last all was completed; the house was to be closed on the morrow. No one but the clergyman was to sleep there on this last night. The negroes, generously paid and rejoicing in their

riches, were going to their own homes. In the morning one of them was to return to dismantle Mr. Moore's room, and then the clergyman himself was to bar the windows, lock the doors, and carry the keys to the hotel, where they were to be kept, in accordance with Margaret's order. She herself was to sleep at the hotel, in order to be in readiness to take the sea-going steamer, which would touch at that pier at an early hour the next day.

Evert Winthrop had returned to East Angels. Five days he had staid at the hotel, coming down every morning on horseback to the house on the point. Not once had he been able to see Margaret alone; Mr. Moore was always with her, or if by rare chance he happened to be absent, she was surrounded by the chattering blacks, who with much confusion and the jolliest good-humor, with endless procrastinations and aimless wandering errands to and fro, were carrying out, or pretending to, the orders of "Mis' Horrel."

Winthrop chafed against this constant presence of others. But he would not allow himself to speak of it; pride prevented him. Why should he be kept at a distance, and a comparative stranger like Mr. Moore placed at the head of the house, consulted about everything? Mr. Moore! He looked on with impatience while the clergyman gave explanations of Penelope's excellent method of vanquishing the Mildew, the Damp, the Moth. With impatience grown to contempt he heard him read aloud to Margaret and check off carefully the various items of his long lists. Mr. Moore had even made a list of the inhabitants of the poultry-yard, though Margaret intended to present them all in a body to Dinah and Rose.

"One brown hen, somewhat spotted with white," he read from his list; "one yellow hen, spotted with brown; a black hen; a chicken; a duck."

He had never seemed to Winthrop so narrow, so given up to petty details, as now.

On the fourth day Winthrop (perhaps having found pride, in spite of the dignity it carried with it, rather unfruitful) suddenly resolved to overpower this dumb opposition, make himself master of this ridiculous situation—"ridiculous" was his own term for it. Margaret was evidently determined not to see him alone. After their long acquaintance, and their relationship (he insisted a good deal upon this rather uncertain tie), she should not be allowed to treat him in this way; *he* would not allow it. Of what, then, was she afraid?

It came across him strongly that he should like to ask her that question face to face.

He rode down to the house on the point. He found her in the sitting-room, the blacks coming and going as usual.

"Go away, all of you," he said, authoritatively. "Find some work to do in another room for half an hour. I wish to speak to your mistress."

Margaret looked up as she heard this imperative command. She did not contradict it; she could not come to an open conflict of will with him before her own servants. He knew this.

Closing the door after the negroes, who, in obedience to the thorough master's voice which had fallen upon their ears, had shuffled out hurriedly in a body, Winthrop came over to the writing-table where she was seated. She had kept on with her work.

"You don't care any more about that list, about any of these trifling things, than I do," he began. "Why do you pretend to care? And why do you make it so impossible for me to speak to you? What are you afraid of?"

She did not answer. And he did not get the satisfaction he had anticipated from his question, because her face was still bent over her paper.

"Why are you going north?" he went on, abruptly.

"I need a change."

"You can not live alone in New York. You ought not to think of it."

"I shall not be in New York. And I could easily have a companion."

"Your best companion is Aunt Katrina. I admit that she is selfish, that she makes a purely selfish use of you; but she is growing old, and she is ill; there is no one she really wishes for as she wishes for you. Who, after all, is nearer to you?"

"No one is nearer. I have always been alone."

"That is cynical—and it is not true." He paused. "Every one likes you."

"Well they may! When have *I* been —permitted myself to be—disagreeable? When have *I* ever failed to be kind? I was not so by nature; I made myself so.

I have always repressed myself. What is the result? I have been at everybody's beck and call. I have been expected to bear everything in silence; to listen, always to listen, and never to reply." She spoke with bitterness, keeping on with her writing meanwhile.

"It is perfectly true, what you say, and I think you have done too much of it. Are you getting tired of the *rôle?*"

"I am tired at least of East Angels; I can not go back there."

"You think Aunt Katrina will talk about Lanse in her usual style—about this second going away of his? I myself will tell her the whole story—it is time she knew it. She will talk about him no more."

"It isn't that." She threw down her pen and rose. "I need a complete change. I must have it; but I shall arrange it myself. The only thing *you* can do for me is to leave me free. I should like it if you would go back to East Angels—if you would go to-day. You only trouble me by staying here, and you trouble me greatly."

"Margaret, it's outrageous the way you treat me. What have I done that I should be thrust off in this way? It's insulting. And it's a very sudden change, too; you were not so that night in the swamp."

"It's kind to bring that up. I was tired—nervous; I wasn't myself—"

"You're yourself now, never fear," he interpolated, angrily.

"And you were not yourself either."

"Yes, I was. Interpret your own changes as you please, but pray don't attempt to interpret me."

"Will you do what I wish?"

"You really want me to go?" His voice softened. "You don't wish me to see you off? It's very little to do—see you off."

"I should be grateful if you would go now."

"You are throwing us all overboard together, I see—all Lanse's relatives; you think we are all alike," he commented, in a savage tone. "And you, well rid of us all, free, and determined to do quite as you please, are going north alone—you do not even say where!"

"There will be no secret about that; I will write to Aunt Katrina. You talk about freedom," she said, breaking off suddenly; "what do *you* know of slavery? That is what I have been for years and years—a slave. Oh, to be somewhere, to go somewhere!"—and she threw up her arms with an eloquent gesture of longing; *somewhere* where I can breathe and move and think as I please—as I really am! Do you want me to die without ever having been myself—my real self—even for one short day? I have come to the end of my strength; I can endure no longer."

Winthrop had been thrilled through by this almost violent cry and gesture. Coming from Margaret, they gave him a great surprise. "Yes, I know," he began; "it has been a hard life." Then he stopped, for he felt that he had not known, he had not comprehended, he did not fully comprehend even now. "I am only harsh on account of the way you treat me," he said; "it galls me to be so completely set aside."

"You can help me only by leaving me; I have told you that."

"But where is the sense—"

"I can not argue. There may be no sense, but your presence oppresses me."

"You shall not be troubled with it long." He went toward the door. But he came back. "Give me *one* reason."

"I have no reason; it is instinct."

He still stood there.

She waited a moment, looking at him. He did not speak. Then she came toward him, her face pale, but her eyes meeting his, their usually quiet blue having now a splendid brilliancy. "This I know, unless you leave me, as I have begged, I will never willingly see you again. You are the best judge of whether you believe what I say."

"Women *are* fools," exclaimed Evert Winthrop; "vows, renunciations, eternal partings—nothing less contents them. Oh, I believe you! You would keep a vow or die for it, no matter how utterly senseless it might be. Of course I want to see you again, so I will go now—that is, for a while. I will even go back to East Angels."

He took her hand, though she did not extend it. "You have been extremely unreasonable," he said. Though he obeyed, she should feel that he had the mastery still; he obeyed only because she was unreasonable.

He left her, and rode back to the hotel. Mr. Moore learned by chance, a few hours later, that he had returned to East Angels.

This had happened three days before. It was now late in the afternoon of the

third day, and the house was prepared for "Mis' Horrel's" departure. Mr. Moore, standing on the low bank, waved his hand in farewell as the boat, rowed by two old negroes, carried her down the river.

The five miles seemed short. When the men turned in toward the hotel, twilight had fallen; the river had a veil of mist. Margaret's eyes rested vaguely on the shore. Suddenly, in a low voice, she said, "Stop!"

The men obeyed. She strained her eyes to see more clearly a figure under the trees near the landing. It was a man, dressed in gray clothes; he was walking up and down. They could see him as he moved to and fro, but he could not see their low boat, pausing out there in the fog.

Margaret seemed to have satisfied herself. "Row out now into the stream," she said, briefly.

And in a few minutes the shore, left behind them, was but a dark line.

"I have changed my mind; I shall not sleep at the hotel, after all. You can take me back home—to the house on the point, I mean; then, to-morrow morning, you can be there again at dawn, and bring me up here in time for the steamer; it will do quite as well."

The old men, without comment either of mind or tongue, patiently rowed her back down the river. They had a profound respect for "Mis' Horrel," but they had long ago decided that all the Northern people at Izard's (the old Florida name of the house on the point) were "cuse folks"; they had ways of their own for doing everything, ways that were always "mighty quare."

It was true that Lanse had had a good many ways.

When they reached the point, Margaret, after charging her oarsmen to be there again promptly at dawn, dismissed them, and walked up the path alone toward the house. No lights were visible anywhere. There was a young moon, and she looked at her watch; it was not yet nine o'clock. Mr. Moore had apparently gone to bed at a very early hour.

The truth was that during all this visit of his on the river Mr. Moore had kept much later hours than he was in the habit of keeping at home. As he always woke at dawn, Penelope had long ago persuaded him of the wisdom of "piecing out" his night at the earlier end. Mr. Moore, therefore, "pieced" it; he went to bed before ten. As he seldom fell asleep until after midnight, he had a good deal of time for meditation during the preceding interval. Not for him any more were those delightful last half-hours when the wood fire, if it was winter, always seemed at its brightest, or, if it was summer, the moon. Penelope said, "Now, Middleton," and Middleton, as Dr. Kirby once expressed it, "now'd."

On the present occasion, after partaking of the supper which Dinah had prepared for him, he sent the old woman to her home; then, remembering that he had a week of arrears to make up, he went to his room, though there was still a gleam of sunset in the west.

Margaret understood what had happened; she determined that she would not disturb him. Probably it would not be difficult to find a way into the house; no Southern house was closed at night with the thoroughness of Northern care. As she had expected, among all the numerous windows on the ground-floor, she found one which she could raise; light and lithe, she easily effected an entrance, and stole on tiptoe to a room upstairs in the south wing, where she knew there was a lounge whose pillows had been left in place. She had her travelling bag with her (her trunks had been sent to the hotel early in the day), but she did not intend to undress; she would take what sleep she could on the lounge until dawn, covered by her travelling shawl. But she was more weary than she knew, and nature was kind that night; very soon she fell asleep.

The figure she had seen was, as she had thought, that of Evert Winthrop. He had come back.

It might have been that he did not consider a return to the river prohibited, so long as he did not go down to the house on the point: there was no law, certainly, against a man's travelling where he pleased. He had not been down to the house on the point. He had staid at the hotel all day. He had seen her trunks when they arrived, and he knew from their being there that she must be expecting to take the next morning's steamer, northward bound. Was she coming herself to the hotel to sleep? After a while he made the inquiry; his tone was careless; he asked at what hour they expected her.

"I will be surprised if she is not here by supper-time," was the answer he received.

At sunset he went down to the shore and strolled to and fro there. As usual, when alone, he had his hands well down in the pockets of his closely buttoned morning coat; now and then he took them out to light a fresh cigarette. But though he thus kept watch, he did not see the boat that stole up in the fog, floated off-shore for a moment, and then disappeared again.

That night, at three o'clock, Middleton Moore woke with the feeling that he had been attacked by asthma, and that Penelope was trying to relieve him with long smoking wisps of thick brown paper (her accustomed remedy), which she lighted at the candle and then blew out; there were thousands of these smoking wisps.

Then consciousness became clearer, and he perceived that there was no Penelope and no candle, but that there was smoke. He sprang up and opened the door; there was smoke in the hall also. "The house is on fire," was his thought. "How fortunate that there is no one here!" He threw on his clothes, drew on his boots, and seizing his coat and hat, ran down the hall. His room was on the ground-floor. He looked into the other rooms as he passed; there was smoke, but no flame. Yet he could distinctly perceive the unmistakable odor of burning wood. "It must be upstairs," he said to himself. He unlocked the house door, and ran across the lawn in order to see the upper story.

Yes, there were the flames. At present only little tongues, small and blue; but they would grow. They were creeping along under the cornice, licking it furtively, craftily, and constantly they grew a little more yellow. This told him that the fire had a strong hold within, since it had made its way outward through the main wall. It would be useless for him to attempt to fight it, with the water at a distance and no one to assist. The old mansion was three stories high. "It will go like tinder," he thought.

His next idea was to save for Margaret all he could. Jamming his clerical hat tightly down on his forehead, he began to carry out articles hurriedly from the lower rooms, and pile them together at the end of the lawn. True book-lover, he said to himself, "How lucky that the books are gone!" The books were to accompany Margaret on her journey northward. He worked very hard; he ran, he carried, he piled up; then he ran again. He lifted and dragged ponderous weights. The perspiration stood in drops on his face. But even then he made a mental list of the articles he was saving: "Six parlor chairs; one centre table, of mahogany; a work-table, with fringe; a secretary, with inlaid top; a sofa." In the lower rooms the smoke was blinding now. Outside, the tongues of flame had grown into a broad yellow band.

Suddenly the fire burst through the roof in half a dozen places, and, freed, rose with a leap high in the air. Heretofore there had been but little noise; now there was the sharp sound of crackling and burning, and the roar of flames under unchecked headway was beginning to make itself heard. The sky was tinged with the red glow; the garden took on a festal air, with all its vines and flowers lighted up rosily in the middle of the night.

Mr. Moore did not stop to look at all this, nor to call the flames "grand." In the first place, he did not think them grand, eating up as they were a good house and a large quantity of most excellent furniture. In the second, he had not time for adjectives. He was bent upon saving, if possible, a certain low book-case he remembered, which stood in the upper hall near the stairs. He had always admired that book-case (which was part of the ample supply of furniture which had been sent down from New York by Margaret's order); he had never seen a book-case before that was unconnected with associations of more or less insecure step-ladders, or an equally insecure stepping upon chairs, for the upper shelves. It was heavy; but, being empty now, he hoped he should be able to save it.

He jammed his hat hard down upon his forehead again (he should certainly be obliged to have a new one; he was treating this, his best, as a fireman does his helmet), and ran back into the house. But the flames had now reached the lower hall; they had burned down as well as up, and he was obliged to content himself with a hat-stand near the door. As he was dragging this out he heard shouts, and recognized the voices as those of negro women. When he had reached the lawn with his prize, clear of the smoke, there they were, Dinah and Rose

and four other women; they had seen the light, and had come running from their cabins, which were half a mile to the north, down the shore. They were greatly excited. One stout young girl, Polly by name, black as coal, jumped up and down, bounding high like a ball each time. She was unconscious of what she was doing; her eyes were on the roaring flames; every now and then she gave a tremendous yell. Old Rose and Dinah wept and bewailed aloud.

"Dar goes de settin'-room winders—oh! —*ow!*"

"Dar goes de upsteers chimbly—oh! *ow!*"

Another of the women, a thin old creature, clapped her hands incessantly on her legs, and shouted, "De glory's a-comin' in de *maw*-nin!"

Mr. Moore deposited his hat-stand under a tree, and, standing still for a moment, wiped his hot forehead. He did not attempt to stop their shouting; he knew that it would be useless. He thought with regret of that book-case.

And now there came a shout louder, or at least more agonized, than any of the others, and round the corner of the house appeared the boy Primus. He ran toward them, shouting still; with each step he almost fell. "She's *dar*—Mis' Horrel!" The words had a whistling sound, as if his breath came through a parched throat. And it was parched—parched with fear.

He too had seen the light, and approaching the place from the south, the direction of his mother's cabin, he had passed, in running toward the front, the narrow high south wing. And here at a window he had seen a face—the face of Margaret Harold.

Mr. Moore was gone at the boy's first cry. The others followed.

The south wing was not visible from the front. Its third story was in flames, and the back and sides of the ground-floor had caught; but at a second-story window (which she had opened) they all saw a face—that of Margaret Harold; the glare of the main building showed her features perfectly. They could not have heard her, even if she had been able to call to them, the roar of the fire was now so loud.

"She can not throw herself out; it's too high; and we have no blanket. There's a door below, isn't there? And stairs?" It was Mr. Moore's voice that asked.

"Yes, passon, yes. But it's all *a-buhnin!*"

Mr. Moore clasped his hands, holding them to his breast, and bowing his head; it did not take longer than a breath. Then he started toward the wing.

"Oh, passon, passon, yer dassent! It's *mur—der!*"

"Oh, passon, yer can't help her now, de sweet lady; it's too late. Pray for her *yere*, passon; she'll go right straight up; she's wunner der Lawd's *own* chillun, de dove!"

"Oh, passon! yer mussunt! De Lawd ain't willin' fer *two* ter die."

The negro women clung about him. But he shook them off. Going hastily forward, he broke in the smouldering door and disappeared. His moment's prayer had been for his wife, in the case—which he knew was probable—that he should not come from that door alive.

The gap he had made revealed the red fire within. Behind the stairs the whole back of the wing was like a glowing furnace.

The negroes now all knelt down; they had no hope. With tears and clasped hands they began to sing their funeral hymn.

The fire had reached the second story; Margaret's face had disappeared.

A bravery which does not reason will sometimes conquer in the teeth of reason. Any one would have said that no man could pass through that den of fire alive, much less bring forth from there another life besides his own. One chance existed; it was one amid a dozen close, much closer, probabilities of a horrible death. It lay in swiftness, and in the courage to walk, without heeding burned feet, directly across floors already in a glow.

Middleton Moore crossed such floors; he went unshrinkingly up the scorching stairs. He found Margaret by sense of touch in the smoke-filled room above, and, tearing off his coat, he lifted her as she lay unconscious, wrapped her head and shoulders in it, and bore her swiftly down the burning steps, and through the fiery hall, and so out to the open air. His eyebrows, eyelashes, and hair were singed; his face was blistered. Brands and sparks had fallen like hail upon his shoulders and arms, and scorched through to the skin. His boots were burned off, the curled leather was dropping from his burned feet. His breath was almost gone.

He gave Margaret to the women, and sank down himself upon the grass; he could not see; he felt very weak; something was tightening in his throat.

The boy Primus with great sobs ran like a deer to the well for water, and, bringing it back, held a cupful to the lips of the blinded man.

Mr. Moore drank. "Thank you, Primus," he said.

Margaret, though still unconscious, appeared to be unhurt; the skirt of her dress was burned in several places. The women chafed her hands, and bathed her face with the fresh water. Once she opened her eyes, but immediately unconsciousness came over her again.

With a crash the northern wing fell in.

"De front 'll go nex'," said Primus. "We mus' git 'em 'way from dish yer."

The women lifted Margaret tenderly, and bore her to the end of the lawn. Mr. Moore rose on his burned feet, and, leaning on the boy's shoulder, slowly made his way thither also. Their forlorn little group, assembled near the piled-up furniture, was brightly illuminated by the flame.

Presently the front fell in. And now, as the roar was less fierce, they could hear the gallop of a horse; in another minute Evert Winthrop was among them. He saw only Margaret. He knelt by her side and called her name.

And as though it was a voice calling from a far distance across a broad sea, she heard him and opened her eyes.

"De *passon* done it," said Primus, as Winthrop raised her—"de passon. He jess walk right straight inter de buhnin, *roarin'* flameses! En he brung her out."

Mr. Moore had not seen Winthrop, he could see nothing now. He seemed, besides, a little bewildered, a little confused. As Winthrop took his hand and spoke to him, he lifted his face with its scorched cheeks and closed eyes, and answered: "There was some furniture saved, I think. I think I saved a little. Six parlor chairs—if I am not mistaken; yes, and a centre table—of mahogany. And a sofa. I was sorry about that book-case."

"Hear de lamb!" said one of the negro women, bursting into fresh tears.

MANUAL TRAINING.

BY CHARLES H. HAM.

IT is the bane of this time, as of all previous ages, that education is regarded as a polite accomplishment merely, having very little to do with the real business of life. This superficial view is an inheritance from the Greeks and Romans, the curriculum of whose schools consisted mainly of exercises in rhetoric and logic. The revival of learning, four hundred years ago, was the *renaissance* of classicism. In the schools, proficiency in the languages of peoples whose institutions had long since perished was made the test of scholarship. The sciences were neglected, and the useful arts treated with Platonic scorn. Bacon, Locke, and Rousseau made war upon the scholasticism of the universities, showing its poverty as an educational force, and Comenius, Pestalozzi, and Froebel struggled to supplant abstract methods of instruction by the introduction of object teaching. Progress was, however, very slow, for the school-masters resisted stubbornly. And the speculative spirit not only then controlled, but still controls, the schools of the civilized world. In 1840, Mr. Horace Mann encountered the extreme of violent opposition at the hands of the Boston school-masters in his efforts to inaugurate certain educational reforms in Massachusetts, the citadel of the American common-school system. Only twenty-five years ago Mr. Herbert Spencer said of the schools of England: "The vital knowledge—that by which we have grown as a nation to what we are, and which now underlies our whole existence, is a knowledge that has got itself taught in nooks and corners, while the ordained agencies for teaching have been mumbling little better than dead formulas." The now famous Walton report was prepared and issued in 1869. It shows conclusively that Mr. Mann's proposed reforms were effectually resisted. In presenting that report to the public, the committee say: "There has been a slavish adherence to text-books, and no room given for freedom and originality of thought. Rules have been memorized, and the children taught to recite from the text-book, while they

have not had the slightest conception of the true meaning of the subject. The memory is cultivated and the reason allowed to slumber."

An educational revolution began in the country of Peter the Great, that bold ruler who, willing to serve that he might learn, cast aside his royal robes, and in the disguise of a workman acquired the art of ship-building, by building ships with his own hands. And this revolution, which is called manual training, is now sweeping rapidly to its culmination in this country. From the dust of three hundred years of neglect, M. Victor Della Vos rescued Bacon's aphorism, "Education is the cultivation of a legitimate familiarity betwixt the mind and things," and, with a rare touch of inspiration, made it the vital principle of art culture in the curriculum of the Imperial Technical School of Moscow.

In 1876, at Philadelphia, Dr. John D. Runkle, then President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, inspecting the exhibits in the mechanic arts department of the Centennial Exposition, paused before a cabinet of models in iron, consisting of three graded series, showing successive steps in the manipulations of chipping and filing, forging, and machine-tool work. He had observed that graduates of the mechanical engineering department of the Institute were obliged to take one or two years of apprenticeship to qualify themselves for positions of trust in charge of important works; and how to remedy this defect in their equipment was a problem he had long pondered. The models solved it. Through them he saw that the mechanic arts could be taught to classes "through a graded series of examples by the usual laboratory methods which are used in teaching the sciences." In a letter to the writer he says: "In an instant the problem I had been seeking to solve was clear to my mind; a plain distinction between a mechanic art and its application in some special trade became apparent." Dr. Runkle was so enthusiastic in regard to the discovery he had made that he lost no time in laying the subject before the trustees of the Institute, who, under the influence of his ardent advocacy, promptly sanctioned his views, and within the year a mechanic arts department was organized, a building with the necessary laboratories erected, a class formed, and the new method of instruction introduced.

It was in this way that manual training as an educational agency made its advent in the schools of the United States. It came labor-stained, but proudly, not humbly, as of old; and, strange to say, knocked first at the door of the universities, knocked in the name of science and the arts, in the name of the age of steel. It made no quarrel with Greek and Latin, not caring even duly to assert its own eldership. It came as if sent by a power above question, and was received, if not graciously, at least respectfully. And it is a curious coincidence that the controversy in regard to the educational value of the classics, while not participated in by the noted champions of the new education, began contemporaneously with the assertion of the high educational value of manual training. But since the appearance of the "College Fetich" of Mr. Adams, and the paper of President Eliot, and of papers by a score of other distinguished educators and laymen, the question is no longer, Is there room in the schools for manual training? but, Is there room for the classics?

Manual training has laid hold upon the imagination of the American people. The register of the Chicago Manual Training School contains the names of visitors from all parts of this country, from Canada, and from England. On last Commencement-day seven hundred persons visited the school, passing through the several laboratories and witnessing the exercises. It is true, many of those visitors were relations and personal friends of students; but relations and personal friends of students of schools of the old *régime* visit them very infrequently. Many of the visitors of manual training schools are women. They are enthusiasts on the subject of the new education. Their comprehension of it is clearer than that of men. This is doubtless because they are possessed of a higher degree of intuition, are more imaginative, more unselfish and less ambitious, and have less aversion to labor. Froebel found women better adapted to the work of teaching than men. The Kindergarten and manual training are identical in principle; but the Kindergarten has struggled long, and as yet unsuccessfully, except in a few instances, for admission to the schools, while manual training, a thing of yesterday in its educational aspect, has conquered all the educational outposts, and now waits only the formal surrender

of the garrison of the citadel. It possesses the fascination of the concrete as opposed to the drowsy effect of abstract speculation. The Manual Training School Building itself powerfully attracts the healthy, active boy. Smoke issues from the tall chimney that rises high above the roof, and the hum of machinery is heard, and the heavy thud of the sledge resounding on the anvil makes music in the ear.

The interior is more attractive still. The rhythmic motion of the polished Corliss engine responds to the now throbbing heart of the expectant lad. The shafting in the wood-turning laboratory speaks of mystery. It is a labyrinth of belts, large and small, of wheels, big and little, of pulleys and lathes. A student moves a lever a few inches, and the breath of life is breathed into the complicated mass of machinery. From the engine far away come the currents of its power. The whir of steam-driven machines salutes the ear, and the class of twenty-four students take their places at the lathes. So in the laboratory of forging the furnace fires give back an answering glow to the glow of the visiting lad's flushed cheeks. All this is in very sharp contrast to the monotony of the recitation-room of the old *régime*. The superiority of the new over the old education consists largely in the fact that it alternates the purely mental with the mental and manual exercise combined.

During the pauses of labor in the laboratories of the Manual Training School the well-equipped instructor delivers a series of brief lectures on subjects growing logically out of the exercises. In the drawing-room he sketches in bold outline the biographies of the great masters of the graphic art. In the laboratory of carpentry he discusses the natural history of certain trees, and considers the qualities of woods, their adaptability and various uses. In the wood-turning laboratory the subject of the history of turnery is found to be not less delightful than inexhaustible, and the manipulations of the iron and steel laboratories are closely allied to all the great events of the world's history. The moulding and casting laboratory is richly suggestive of subjects for discussion.

The most valuable feature of manual training—its mental and moral influence—is very imperfectly understood in this country, and not at all in Europe, except in Russia, if indeed it be there, where the laboratory method of instruction in the mechanic arts which bears the Russian name originated. The trade schools of Germany, France, and England grew out of industrial rivalries. They are the product of a struggle for commercial, mercantile, and manufacturing supremacy. They have their root in the merchant's grim law of necessity—the necessity of underselling his rival. Their purpose, for example, in France, is to make a doll for a cent less than it can be made in Germany, and in Germany to make a penknife for a cent less than it can be made in France; and they have the sanction and support of government, because they increase the tax-paying capacity of the subject in the exact ratio of the increase of his productive power.

The trade school is the vestibule of a factory or shop, and the trade school pupil is an apprentice—an apprentice a hundredfold better trained than the apprentice of the old *régime*, but still an apprentice. He becomes a cog, a wheel, a pinion, a lever, or a shaft in a machine adapted to certain productive processes. And the more efficient he is as part of the machine, the less power he has to determine the share he shall receive of its products, and the less capacity wisely to dispose of the fruits of his labor.

Germany has more trade schools than any country in the world, but her people are thereby neither enriched nor made contented. Every year large numbers of her labor class bid adieu to the father-land and flock to these shores, and the drain of the flower of the labor class of a population is an irreparable loss of national vitality.

The trade school at its best is a special school which does not aim to give a general education. It is hence one-sided. In establishing or aiding it the state places upon its graduates the brand of inferiority, since it reserves for the universities and other institutions of learning its highest honors.

The trade schools of Europe are perpetuating a system of caste in education which it is the chief mission of the civilization of this age to destroy. They graduate carpenters, blacksmiths, and turners, but they fail to equip men for an equal chance in the battle of life. In Holland there is a government commission whose duty it is to procure situations for the graduates of trade schools, and to "watch

over them for several years." The graduates of properly organized and conducted schools will create situations for themselves, and show by the ability and faithfulness with which they discharge the duties thereof that they require no watching.

There is a disposition in this country, in some quarters, to imitate the European system of trade schools. Professor Robert H. Thurston, of Cornell University, recommends (1) drawing and the modification of methods of instruction in the direction of the sciences in existing schools; (2) the institution of special courses of instruction, and the foundation of trade schools, "having for their object the teaching of the principles and the practice of the leading industries in localities in which such action would be justified"; and (3) the creation of one or more technical colleges.

There can, of course, be no objection to the establishment of trade schools for special purposes; but if Professor Thurston's proposition contemplates the limitation of all technical instruction to such special schools, it involves the introduction to the United States of the European special or caste educational system—weaving schools in Massachusetts, ship-building schools in Maine, schools of mechanism in Pennsylvania, and agricultural schools in the valley of the Mississippi. Schools, they should be called, for the promotion of caste, and not merely the caste of modern Europe, but the more rigid caste of ancient Egypt, which "compelled the man to follow the occupation of his father, to marry within his class, to die as he was born," thus making of society an organized injustice.

It is pleasant to turn from the Malthusian theory of the law of life—that brutal theory which necessitates the starvation of hundreds of men that one man be well fed—to the theory of humanity and gentleness—that bright theory which contemplates the salvation and elevation of the race through the development of the best aptitudes of all its members. The Russian-American system of manual training promotes the humane theory of life, because (1) it dignifies labor, (2) it is a powerful intellectual stimulus, and (3) it is the great discoverer of truth, and hence a moral agent of incalculable force. It should therefore be made a part of every system of popular education. For if it is confined to the colleges and universities, few will avail of its advantages, since by the time the student shall have reached that advanced stage of his course he will have contracted a feeling of aversion toward labor, and will have determined to enter one of the so-called learned professions. The small number of students enrolled in the several mechanic art annexes of the colleges and universities of the United States confirms the truth of this observation. There is, I believe, only one exception to this rule—that of the Manual Training School of the Washington University of St. Louis, Missouri, which has an enrollment of 229 students. That school is, however, practically independent of the parent institution, since it was founded and is maintained chiefly through the munificence of private individuals. But when the manual training school is so situated as to attract the attention of the grammar-school boys, its register is promptly filled. It has the same fascination for the boy of twelve to fifteen years of age that the Kindergarten has for the child of four years. It enchains the attention of the student, and it does not weary him; and these two conditions constitute a state of receptivity which is an assurance of such intellectual growth as is not to be gained in any school of the old *régime*.

The progress of manual training in the United States during the last few years has been very great, whether it be considered from the stand-point of the growth of public sentiment on the subject, or from that of its introduction to existing schools, public and private, and the establishment of independent schools. It is in some form in certain of the schools of twenty-five of the States of the Union, and there are at least forty educational institutions in the country where it is made part of the course of instruction. The character of the schools into which manual training has been introduced is varied. The range is from the most noted colleges and universities in the land to the public schools of small cities.

In the public schools of New Haven, Connecticut, a simple form of hand and eye training was adopted two years ago, and the experiment proved so satisfactory that it is to be extended through all the grades, "selecting the kind of work best suited to the age and capacity of each pupil, from the Kindergarten to number twelve." Professor Dutton, superintend-

ent of the New Haven schools, thus defines manual training: "It rests upon the supreme fact that body and mind act and react upon each other; that any act is a thought expressed; that the application of the hand and eye to systematic and artistic pursuits produces a reflex benefit to the mind of the worker; that hand-work awakens spontaneity of feeling, strengthens the will, and insures a maximum of power."

The department of practical mechanics of Purdue University, Indiana, is now six years old. From its inception to the present time it has been in charge of Professor William F. M. Goss, a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He writes: "I believe that a well-devised practice in any of the constructive arts, involving not more than one-third of the student's time, will yield as much mental improvement as will result if the whole time be devoted to study from text-books."

Professor A. M. Bumann, a graduate of the St. Louis Manual Training School, and now in charge of laboratory exercises and drawing in the High School of Omaha, Nebraska, writes that he has sixty pupils, that the St. Louis Manual Training School course has been adopted, that the "boys" are very fond of the work, that it meets with great favor from the citizens, and that the Board of Education designs to place the new methods of instruction within the reach of as many as possible of the public-school pupils.

Professor John M. Ordway, late of the faculty of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, now at the head of the manual training department of the Tulane University of Louisiana, writes from New Orleans: "Manual training is to form a part of every one of the courses in our high-school department. We shall have all that is given in the School of Mechanic Arts, in Boston, and considerably more. We have a prospect of a very large school the coming year, and I believe not a few are attracted by the manual training. The 'boys' were enthusiastic last year."

Dr. Joseph C. Shattuck, Dean of the Denver (Colorado) University, writes that manual training was inaugurated as a department of that institution October 12, 1885, in charge of Professor Charles H. Wright, a graduate of the St. Louis Manual Training School.

In Mrs. Hemenway's vacation school for girls, in Boston, the pupils have this year, as well as last, had instruction in the use of carpenters' tools. A visitor writes: "The work that I saw there in August [1885] was quite as good as any boy's work. The same girls also had instruction in cookery, and in drawing and sewing. They were also doing embroidery from their own designs."

Professor H. H. Dinwiddie writes: "In spite of its name, the conditions of its endowment fund, and its avowed object, the State Agricultural College of Texas was founded on the plan of the old classical and mathematical college, and had no industrial features whatever till the beginning of the year 1880. At that time the public sentiment of the State had condemned so decidedly and repeatedly the misappropriation of the funds and perversions of the energies of the college, under its administration as a literary school, that the directors found it necessary to reorganize it on an industrial basis." He adds: "The college offers two distinct courses of study, the agricultural and the mechanical, and the majority of students choose the mechanical course, and show great interest in its manual instruction."

The University of Minnesota has had a manual training department since 1881, and Professor M. A. Pike writes that they are "breaking ground for a new building for a college of mechanic arts, which will contain fully equipped shops [laboratories] for vise-work, forging, wood-work, pattern-work, and moulding." He adds that there is an agitation in the city school board of Minneapolis on the subject of adopting manual training as part of the course of public instruction.

The Le Moyne Normal Institute, Memphis, Tennessee, is a private school for the education of colored youth of both sexes. In the department of manual training it gives to girls needle-work, a course in choice and preparation of food, with practice in an experimental kitchen, and a course in nursing and care of the sick. As a complement to this training for girls, Professor H. J. Steele writes: "I am about to erect workshops [laboratories] for training our boys in wood-working, iron-working, and moulding. The course is to comprise two years, two hours per day at the benches. We shall also have type-setting and printing as specialties."

Professor Newton M. Anderson writes from Cleveland, Ohio, that a building is in process of erection in that city designed

for manual training exclusively. It is intended to receive pupils from the public high schools, which will close at 2 o'clock, P.M., thus giving them an opportunity for three hours' instruction daily in the laboratories. Courses of evening lectures will be given on physics, mechanics, chemistry, and mathematics, and there will also be evening classes in drawing.

The University of Wisconsin has a department of "Practical Mechanics." Professor Charles I. King, in charge of it, writes that he began in 1877 with two students, and increased the number to thirty-eight in 1884. He adds: "We are now erecting a building with laboratories for carpentry, forging, foundry, and machine-tool work, which will accommodate about one hundred students."

In the public schools of Gloucester, Massachusetts, there is a manual training department, with provision "for the instruction on Saturdays of boys from the two upper classes of the grammar schools in the use of some of the principal tools, and in carpentry"; and in Peru, Illinois, the "Gloucester" plan has been adopted.

In Moline, Illinois, for the last two years the Board of Education has awarded to pupils in the public schools premiums for the best specimens of a variety of industrial work, as for example: Articles of furniture, articles of clothing, articles of food, lace and artistic needle-work, wood-carving, drawings, free-hand and mechanical, etc. These awards have produced such excellent results that the subject of the adoption of manual training as part of the regular public-school course is being agitated. Professor W. S. Mack, Superintendent of the Moline schools, writes: "My object has been to create a sentiment that would favor a workshop as a necessary part of the school system; not a place where boys are taught trades, but a place where they can get that discipline of hand and eye which is absolutely essential to an elementary education."

Instruction in the elements of the mechanic arts has been added to the course of the State Agricultural and Mechanical College of Alabama. It is in charge of Professor George H. Bryant, a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Dr. William Leroy Broun, President of the institution, thus states its purpose: "With us in the South, where the accumulated capital of former generations, the potential energy of a century's civilization, has passed away, the object of education is primarily—call it utilitarian if you please—to increase the productive capacity of the boy, to make him a producer, to give him a wages-earning power. When the boy becomes a man he must do something. His capital is his ability. With young men thus situated, whose capital will be their ability to do, beyond a doubt that education which deals with things, with the concrete, with science, will best fit them to stand on their feet and walk alone."

Four great events in the current history of manual training have occurred within the last two years, in the order stated, namely, the establishment and opening of the Chicago school, the adoption of manual training as part of the public-school system of the city of Baltimore, the founding of the Toledo (Ohio) school, and the incorporation of manual training in the curriculum of the public schools of Philadelphia. The Chicago school owes its existence to the Commercial Club—a social organization consisting of sixty Chicago merchants and business men. At a meeting of the club, held on March 25, 1882, the members thereof guaranteed the sum of $100,000 for the support of the enterprise. A commodious building having been erected, the school was opened February 4, 1884, with a class of seventy-two students. A second class of seventy-two was admitted in the following September, and a third class of the same number in September, 1885. The first class will be graduated in June, 1886. To enter the school the applicant must be fourteen years of age, of good moral character, and able to pass about the same examination as is required for admission to the Chicago public high schools.

The course is three years, and the tuition $240. The curriculum on the mental side is substantially the same as that of the city public high schools, and on the manual side comprises drawing one hour a day, and laboratory exercises two hours a day, in the following order: carpentry, wood-turning, moulding and casting, forging, and machine-tool work. The present enrollment of students is 152.

The object of the Chicago school, as stated in the articles of incorporation, is, "instruction and practice in the use of tools, with such instruction as may be deemed necessary in mathematics, drawing, and the English branches of a high-

school course." But the design of those who inspired its endowment and establishment was to make it the rallying-point of educational reform, the seat of the propaganda of the new education. It was thought that from the vantage-ground of a model school conspicuously placed it would be easy to show the value of manual training as an educational force, and hence to secure its admission to the public schools of the country, into every grade of which it must enter, beginning with the Kindergarten, if it is to become a leading feature of general education.

Dr. Henry H. Belfield, Director of this school, has been twenty-five years an instructor—nine years of which time has been spent in the primary and grammar schools, seven years at the head of one of the high schools of Chicago, and two years in his present position. As to the intellectual and physical results of the new education, as they have fallen under his observation, he makes the following important statement: "My pupils have been neither exceptionally brilliant nor unusually well fitted on entering; yet their academic work compares well in quantity and quality with that of corresponding classes in other high schools, notwithstanding that three hours are daily devoted to laboratory work and drawing. While this work makes a demand on brain as well as on muscle, it is a rest from the old *régime* routine, and seems not to impede progress in purely intellectual exercises. The effect on health of pupils' laboratory exercises was not a subject of observation or inquiry with me until my attention was directed to it by parents, several of whom stated that their sons had never before reached the end of a school year without 'breaking down' and leaving school temporarily. The testimony to improved health has been uniform, with a few exceptions. Two ambitious boys have shown slight effects of overwork; three have been excused wholly or partly from forging, their eyes being unable to endure the light and heat of the fires."

One month after the inauguration of the Chicago school—on March 3, 1884—the Baltimore school "for manual training" was opened. The course was modelled after that of the mechanic arts department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and the institution was made a part of the city public-school system. In his first report Dr. Richard Grady, Director, observes that it is the first instance of the connection of manual training with a city public-school system, and adds: "It represents the last and boldest step that has been taken to relieve public education from the accusation that it is 'unpractical,' and its inception marks an era in the educational history of Baltimore." The report also states that "although it was intended not to have a class of more than forty or fifty pupils at first, so numerous were the applications for admission that the month of March closed with sixty-two students on the roll, April with eighty, June with one hundred, and September with one hundred and fifty." Mr. Henry A. Wise, Superintendent of the schools of Baltimore, speaks of the popularity of the manual training department, and believes not only that it will prove to be an educational success, but that it will lead ultimately to the engrafting of industrial work upon the primary and grammar schools. He adds: "Manual training should not be entirely confined to the boys' schools, and it is recommended that steps be taken to introduce sewing into the schools attended by girls."

The Toledo (Ohio) school was established in 1884, in temporary quarters, with sixty students of the high school, ten of whom were girls, taking its course of training. During the present year a large building has been erected for the use of the school, and its enrollment of students is now over 200, of whom fifty are girls, all students also of the high school, whose entire enrollment is 275. The school owes its existence to a bequest made thirteen years ago by the late Jesup W. Scott for the promotion of industrial education in connection with the public-school system. It supplements the high school, giving the manual, while the high school gives the mental, training. Its course occupies three years, and is substantially the same for boys as the manual side of the course of the schools of St. Louis and Chicago. The course for girls comprises free-hand and mechanical drawing, designing, moulding, wood-carving, cutting, fitting, and making garments, type-writing, and domestic science, including the art of preparing and cooking food, house decoration, and care of the sick. Mr. A. E. Macomber, one of the directors of the Toledo University, which, jointly with the city Board of Education, constitutes the Board

of Management of the Manual Training School, writes: "The brightest and most faithful pupils of the high school have eagerly availed themselves of the opportunity for manual instruction, and the zeal with which the new work is pursued has added a fresh charm to school life."

The public-school authorities and instructors of Toledo are giving the reform movement their hearty support. Professor J. W. Dowd, Superintendent, declares that "the training in the manual school lets in a flood of light upon a thousand things but imperfectly understood before," and adds, "All of the manual exercises are mental exercises." Professor Adams, an instructor, says: "The work of the Manual Training School compels the student, whether bright or dull, to give careful thought to every step he takes. Guess-work or hurried work will not make a perfect joint nor a perfect square, nor will it make the lines of a drawing sustain to one another their proper relations. The effect of this one fact on our pupils' study and class-room work can not be overestimated. Manual training and mental training are mutually recreative. The two courses of work taken together tend to form habits of thoughtfulness, habits of methodical work, and habits of exactness, besides the mutual interest that they afford each other."

The establishment of the Toledo Manual Training School in connection with the public-school system of the city is the third and culminating step in educational progress taken in Ohio, it having been preceded by the adoption in the State University of a course of instruction in the mechanic arts, and by the founding at Cleveland of the Case School of Applied Sciences.

A revolution in educational methods has occurred in the city of Philadelphia. The Spring Garden Institute, established long ago by Mr. Charles G. Leland, showed the practicability of hand-training; Mr. Edward T. Steel, President of the Board of Education, for years advocated manual training in a general way; and Mr. James MacAlister, who went from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in 1883, to accept the superintendency of the schools of the city, writes that he found public opinion fully alive to the importance of manual training being added to the public education, but that nothing had been done to give it organized shape. It is easy to understand how, under his magnetic influence, the movement quickly crystallized. Moved by the persuasive force of his tongue and pen, the "Councils" appropriated money, and the Board of Education organized a manual training school as part of the educational system of the city, as free as any other of the public schools; and it went into operation in September last, with one hundred and thirty pupils—all that could then be accommodated. Its course of instruction is similar to that of the schools of Boston, St. Louis, and Chicago. The school is a high school, with manual exercises constituting a feature of equal importance with the mental exercises. The first observation in regard to this new school made by visitors is that the pupils take more interest in its exercises than is usually taken by pupils in the exercises of schools of that grade. The school meets with the most unqualified approval of the public, and the Board of Education designs to establish three or four more schools of similar character. It is the purpose of the Superintendent and the board to furnish the school with a reference library and a small museum, "illustrating the raw materials and manufactured products of the more important industries of the country, and to some extent drawings and models showing the evolution of the fundamental tools and machines."

Another feature of the reorganized educational system of Philadelphia is the School of Industrial Art, which is open to the grammar-school pupils of both sexes, who are admitted once a week for two hours. The course of instruction comprises drawing and design, modelling, wood-carving, and certain exercises in carpentry and joinery and metal-work.

A third feature is sewing, which is made part of the regular course of instruction in every girls' school above the primary. The work is graded, and forms a system of sequential steps. Thirty-two special sewing instructors are now employed, but it is intended ultimately to have the instruction given by the regular class instructors. A fourth feature is the free Kindergarten, which can not be made part, officially, of the public-school establishment, because the legal school age in Pennsylvania is six years. But an association called the Sub-primary School Society has founded twenty-eight Kindergartens and supports them, with the aid

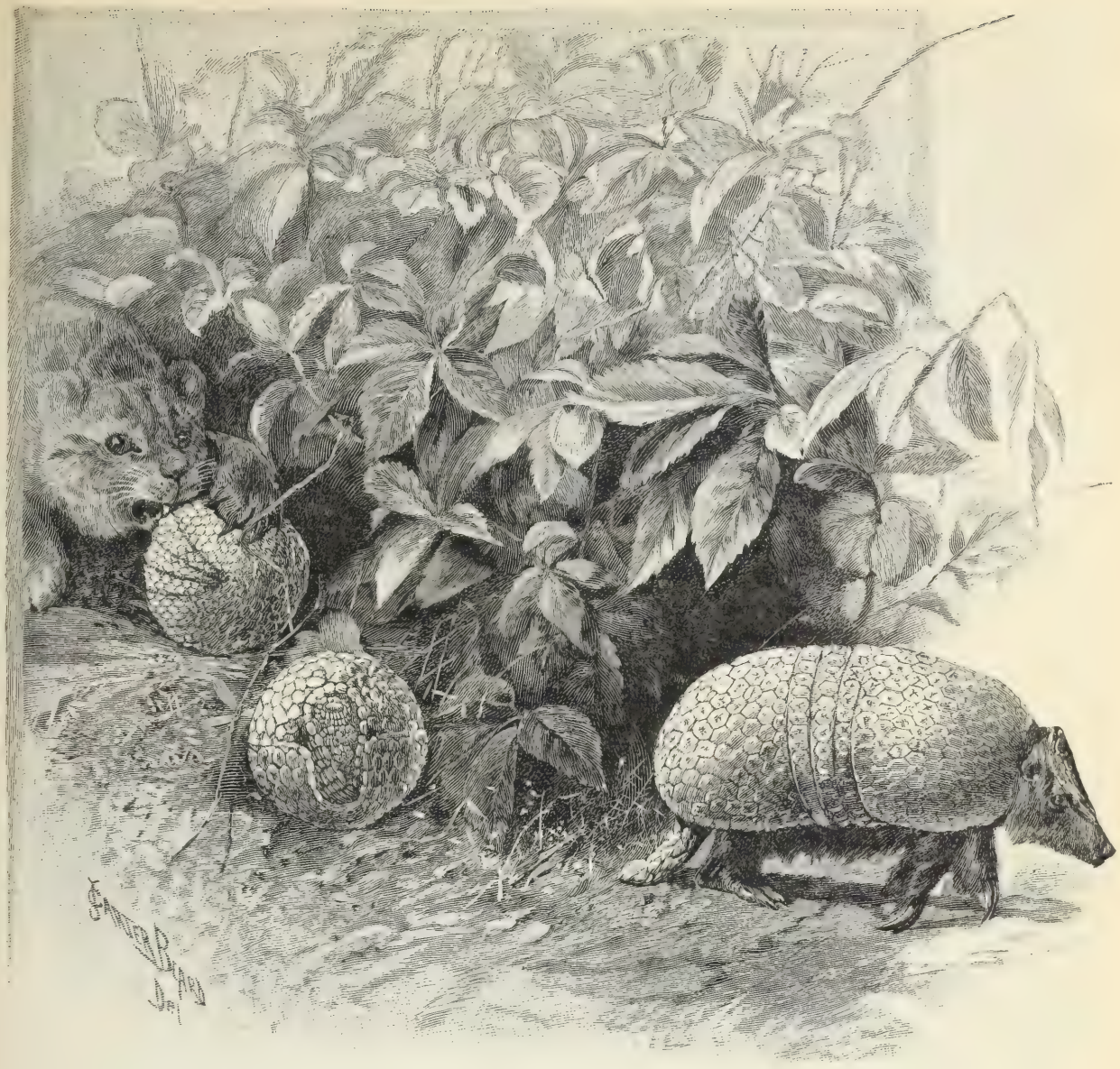
of an appropriation from the School Board, as adjuncts to the regular schools.

Philadelphia has thus the most complete course of manual instruction of any city in the country, consisting of the Kindergarten, the School of Industrial Art for the boys and girls of the grammar schools, and the "Manual Training School" for boys from fourteen to eighteen years of age.

Superintendent MacAlister writes that the conviction obtains among the members of the Board of Education of Philadelphia, and is, in his opinion, growing in the public mind generally, that every child should receive manual training; that a complete education implies the training of the hand in connection with the training of the mind, and that this feature must ultimately be incorporated into the public education. He concludes: "I feel encouraged to go forward with the work. The great principles which underlie the system are with me intense convictions, and they mean nothing less than a revolution in education. The new system is the realization of the dream of every great thinker and reformer in education, from Comenius, Locke, and Rousseau to Pestalozzi, Froebel, and Spencer. My conviction and action in connection with this movement are based upon what, in my judgment, should constitute an education designed to prepare a human being for the social conditions of to-day, and not merely for the industrial demands of our time. And this must be realized in the public schools, or they will fail in accomplishing the ends for which they were instituted and are maintained."

The limit of space forbids consideration of other manual training schools, some of which are, however, well known to the public, as that of St. Louis, Professor Adler's Working-man's School in New York city, and the mechanic arts department of Girard College.

In conclusion, a mere reference must suffice to the most important feature of the new education, namely, its moral effect. Fidelity to truth is the test of honesty, and it is through the hand that we find the truth. A purely mental acquirement is a theorem — something to be proved. Whether the theorem is susceptible of proof is always a question until the doubt is solved by the act of doing, and this is so simply because all theoretical knowledge is incomplete. Exclusively mental training does not produce a symmetrical character, because it merely teaches the student how to think, and the essential complement of thought is action, and the character that is not symmetrical is false. To produce a symmetrical character, the mind and the hand must be in alliance. There is the sharpest possible contrast between the old and the new educational methods. The old are subjective; the new are objective; and it is in things, not in speculation, that we find the truth. It is possible to juggle with words, to make the worse appear the better reason, but a lie in the concrete is always hideous. It was not without strong reason that Anaxagoras characterized man as the wisest of animals because he has hands, for wisdom is the power of discriminating between the true and the false, and this power of discrimination is exerted through the hands. Civilization is what education makes it. If society is false and corrupt, the fault lies in the training of the individuals of whom it is composed. Manual training promotes altruism because it is objective. Its effects flow outward; they relate to the human race. The skilled hand confers benefits upon man, and the act of conferring them has a reflex moral effect upon the mind. On the contrary, the old system of education, consisting of subjective processes, promotes selfishness. Its effects flow inward; they relate wholly to self. All purely mental acquirements become a part of self, and so remain forever unless they are transmuted into acts or things through the agency of the hand. And the last analysis of selfishness is depravity. The ancient civilizations perished because man retained the savage instinct of selfishness. Each individual sought his own interest in scorn of the interests of all others, and in the struggle society was convulsed and wrecked. The educational methods of the ancients were subjective. In the schools of rhetoric and logic the nobles of Greece and Rome were exclusively trained. They became masters of the art of oratory. In the use of words they were adroit; of things they were ignorant. Under this system society retrograded to a state of savagery. Selfishness did its perfect work in resolving society into its original elements.



BOLITA, OR THREE-BANDED ARMADILLO.

LIVING BALLS.

BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

HAPPY is the animal whose anatomy enables him to assume the shape of a sphere. What contentment must be his as he rolls himself into that perfect form, protective alike from the malice of enemies and the impertinent curiosity of friends!

Few animals are able to pack their flesh and bones into this admirable shape, though many attempt it more or less successfully during sleep. Of those which have attained perfection in the art one of the most attractive is a comparatively unknown South American animal, belonging to the shield-bearers, the ball armadillo, or *Dasypus apar* of the naturalist. This little creature, scarcely more than a foot in length, is nearly covered by a horny case curiously divided into hexagonal plates, with three bands around his body, giving him, when walking about, the droll appearance of wearing a decorated blanket held in place by three girdles. Over his broad face, almost hiding his eyes, is a pointed shield of the same material, and the upper side of his short tail is similarly protected.

So perfect is this fellow's mastery of the process of turning himself into a ball that upon the slightest provocation, as the appearance of an enemy, or even the unwelcome touch of a recognized friend, he will



THE MANIS, OR SCALY ANT-EATER.

roll himself up instantly, and with a violent snap, which not unfrequently, in the latter case, severely nips the offending fingers between the sharp edges of his armor.

Nothing can be more ludicrous than to see two of these odd little creatures in a disagreement. A fight between them possesses none of the unpleasant features of an ordinary contest, but appears more like a sham battle. The injury each one aims to do his opponent is to bite the ears, or with his claws to tear the tough skin between the three bands. They scuffle without much ferocity till one gets a slight advantage, when, presto! snap! his enemy has become a ball, and a ball he patiently remains, in spite of the efforts of beast or man, till he has tired out his assailant, or considers it proper to unbend.

In this shape the armadillo is safe from the attacks of larger animals, with which he could not for an instant cope. The jaguar prowling through the woods in search of food may roll him about, but can neither crush him between his teeth nor force him open with his paw. Monkeys, which, true to their love of fun, delight in teasing small and harmless animals by pulling them around by the tail, look in vain for a tail to take hold of. It is not unlikely that he enjoys some lively rolling about at the hands of these frolicsome quadrumana, although no such performance has been reported. Only from man, who can take him up and carry him home to unroll at his leisure, is this safeguard no protection.

The apar is an interesting little beast apart from his habit of retiring within himself. He is lively, inquisitive, and playful, and therefore much sought for as a pet. His walk is peculiar, having on the fore-feet three long claws, on the tips of which he totters about, and on the hind-feet five claws, which he plants flatly on the ground.

It is curious that although many animals assume as nearly as possible a spherical shape in sleeping, this little fellow, to whom that shape is so familiar and easy, sleeps, on the contrary, stretched out his full length, resting on the stomach, with fore-paws laid together straight before him, head flat between the two, and shield arched up over him like a roof.

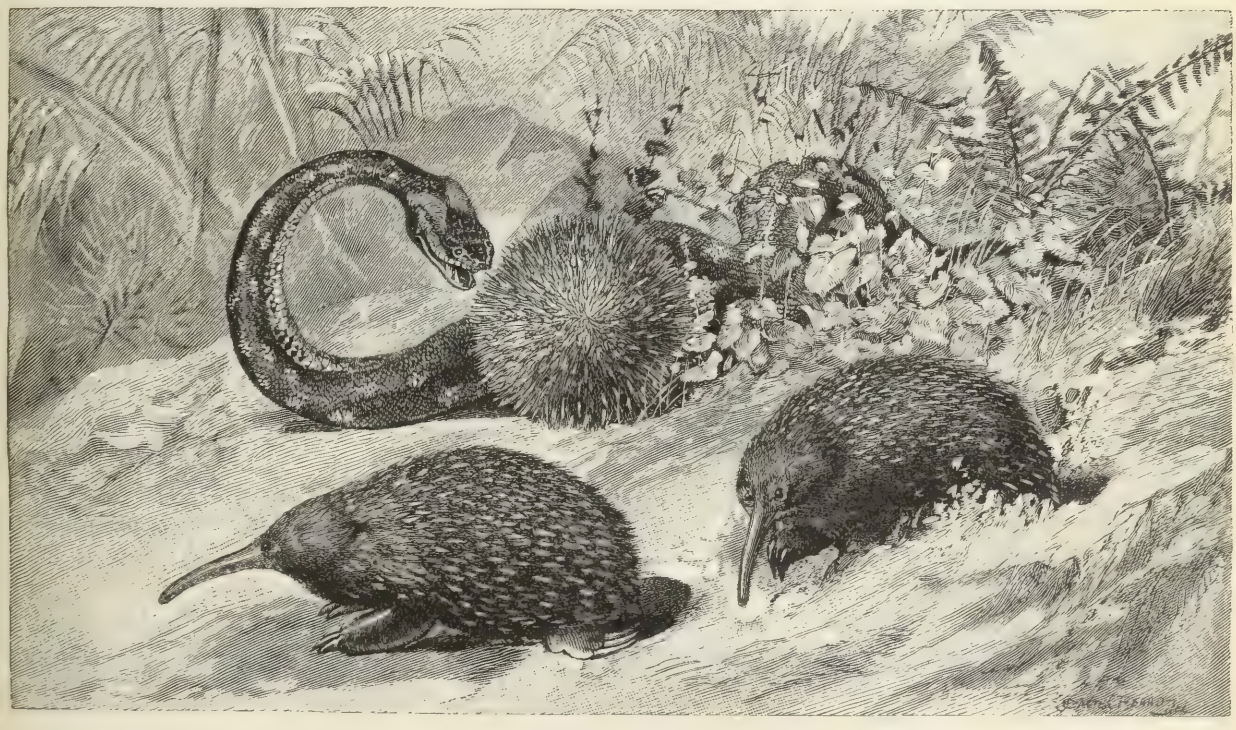
Bolita (little ball), as he is called by the natives, is said by some travellers to be as expert at tunnelling as at ball-making. His enormous claws being admirable digging tools, he is able to burrow in soft earth so rapidly that a man can scarcely seize him before he is out of sight. Under-ground, if still pursued, he continues his tunnel, and to dig him out, even with all the wit of man in saving labor, is the work of hours.

The ball armadillo is much sought for by the natives to eat, though, when caught, his innocent, attractive ways often change his destiny from roasting in his own shell

to be the cherished household pet and playmate for the children, whose romps and games with the pretty living ball are various and charming to see.

The baby bolita is one of the drollest of infants, dressed from the first in armor complete as that of his elders, but light in color, and soft like parchment.

The Old World furnishes another living ball in the manis, or scaly ant-eater. This strange animal is about eighteen inches in length, with a tail as long as the body, and a protecting armor different from, but quite as effectual as, that of the armadillo. From nose to tip of tail the manis is clothed in gray horny scales, shield-shape and convex, so that they lie closely, lapping over each other. The tail is very broad, and possesses great muscles of such power that several men together fail to move it from its chosen position, wrapped around the ball he makes of himself. In this position he is quite



NEWLY DISCOVERED PORCUPINE ANT-EATER (ANTHOGLOSSUS) AND CARPET-SNAKE.

different from the armadillo. Instead of offering a smooth, hard surface to the enemy, each plate stands up from the rest, all presenting an array of sharp, horny points, extremely unpleasant to the touch of man or beast. To assume the ball shape he places his head between the fore-legs, wraps the tail over legs and head, bringing it up on to the neck, and there he holds it, while leopards and jackals, as well as men, try their strength on him in vain.

The manis is quite as odd when walking about as the armadillo, though not in the same way. The claws of his fore-feet being long and curved, he turns them under or back, and walks on the outside of them, holding his back highly arched as he goes. He has also a curious manner of standing erect on his hind-legs for a better view of things, using his broad tail to balance himself.

A better-known animal of ball-making habits is the common hedgehog, of whose spine-covered, impervious ball we have all read from childhood, if we have not seen. He also, like the armadillo, resorts to the spherical form in time of war. When "having it out" with a venomous snake, for instance, he will give a savage bite on the back, and instantly retire behind or within his sharp spines, which, projecting on all sides, effectually keep the reptile at a safe distance. After a time he will cautiously unroll and take an observation, and, if the snake is off its guard, give another sudden bite, and so on till he breaks the back. In the same way he protects himself from dogs, which are loath to attack the spiny ball.

Not only as a safeguard from enemies



Urchin-Fish. Sea-Porcupine. Balloon-Fish.

LIVING GLOBES OF THE OCEAN.

is this accomplishment useful to the hedgehog, but as a protection from other perils. Should he lose his hold and fall from a height, even of twenty feet, he instantly pulls himself together, one may say, into a ball, and reaches the ground unhurt. It is even said that he sometimes chooses that easy way, and deliberately throws himself to the ground rather than descend in the usual manner.

Next to the hedgehog among living balls is his namesake of Australia, the porcupine ant-eater, echidna, or native hedgehog. This is one of the oddest even of Australia's oddities. He looks like that strange bird the apteryx, set upon four short legs, and holding its long bill in horizontal position. The ant-eater's snout is, however, no bird's bill, but a tube, with only a small opening at the point to afford egress to the long, flexible, slimy tongue, which seeks its food in ant-hills. The animal is about one foot long, with hardly a vestige of a tail, and a back covered with hairs, and spines three or four inches long. He has no teeth, but tongue and palate covered with short spines turned backward, which are quite as useful to him. In fact, he is one of the most unattractive of creatures, except in the one particular that he rolls himself up for protection, and presents to his assailant a spiny ball not at all agreeable to attack. He is a great burrower, and prefers to hide himself in the earth if he has time.

The echidna is a marsupial animal, and although destitute of a true pouch, carries the black-haired babies in cavities which answer the purpose of a pouch till they are one-third grown. It has claws strong enough to break into the solid habitations of the white ants.

The largest animal known to assume the ball shape for safety is the black bear of the Himalayas, called also the Thibetan sun-bear (*U. Tibetanus*), and about the size and color of our American black bear. When pursued by hunters in his mountain home he will draw himself into a huge ball of fur and deliberately roll down the steep hill-sides, bounding off the ledges, and, of course, reaching the valley much more quickly than any hunter, who can not follow his convenient short-cut. At the bottom he simply unrolls, shakes himself, and walks away at his leisure.

An example of insect balls is furnished by the fire-ant of South America. Dur-



Fig. 1.—Showing Duck-bill in the form of a ball, with feet and bill infolded.

ing the floods which periodically drive them from their nests these intelligent atoms collect on the tips of grass stalks in solid balls, each formed of many ants, and remain closely combined for mutual safety till the waters disappear.



Fig. 2.—Showing Duck-bill in the form of a ball, with fore-paws protecting bill.



Fig. 3.—Reverse view of Fig. 2.



Fig. 4.—Showing attitude of Duck-bill in opening its fur.

THE ORNITHORHYNCHUS, OR DUCK-BILL.

The sea furnishes more than one representative of the ball-makers, of which the best known is the globe-fish (*Tetraodon*), familiar in its dried state in our marine museums. This curious fish does not roll, but *swells* itself into a nearly perfect sphere, in which its small tail alone breaks the uniformity of the shape. It is covered with spines, and no doubt in this manner renders itself an unpalatable morsel to enemies in the great deep. Darwin says of an allied variety, the *Diodon*, that it floats on the back when thus distended, and is able not only to swim, but to guide itself in this position. When the fish becomes tired of what one must suppose this uncomfortable state, it expels the water with great force.

Many animals assume as nearly as they are able the spherical shape for safety and warmth in sleep. Most familiar of these is the bird, which puffs itself into a beautiful fluffy ball, with legs drawn completely out of sight, and head hidden among the feathers of the shoulder. The first one I shall mention is the strangest animal of that land of unusual forms, Australia. It is the duck-billed platypus, or *Ornithorhynchus*. This extraordinary creature, possessing features of both birds and beasts of the most opposite character, adds to its strange ways the habit of rolling itself into a most perfect ball. An eminent English naturalist, who kept a pair in confinement and carefully studied their manners, presented to the London Zoological Garden a drawing of one of his pets in this common sleeping position, in which the two would lie around the floor for hours at a time.

To accomplish this end the animal placed the fore-paws under the beak, bending its head downward; it then laid the hind-paws over the mandibles, and lastly turned the tail up over all to make the whole complete, when it looked like a well-made fur ball. The naturalist was able to draw down the tail, and thus disclose the method of packing; but unless the creature was sound asleep it would growl like a savage puppy. His account of the manners of his strange pets is very readable. Like other young animals, they were extremely playful, and their antics being like those of puppies, were most ludicrous in creatures so oddly shaped as the *Ornithorhynchus*. The toilet after bathing was of great interest. In this operation they used the claws of the hind-feet alone, twisting the body easily in ev-

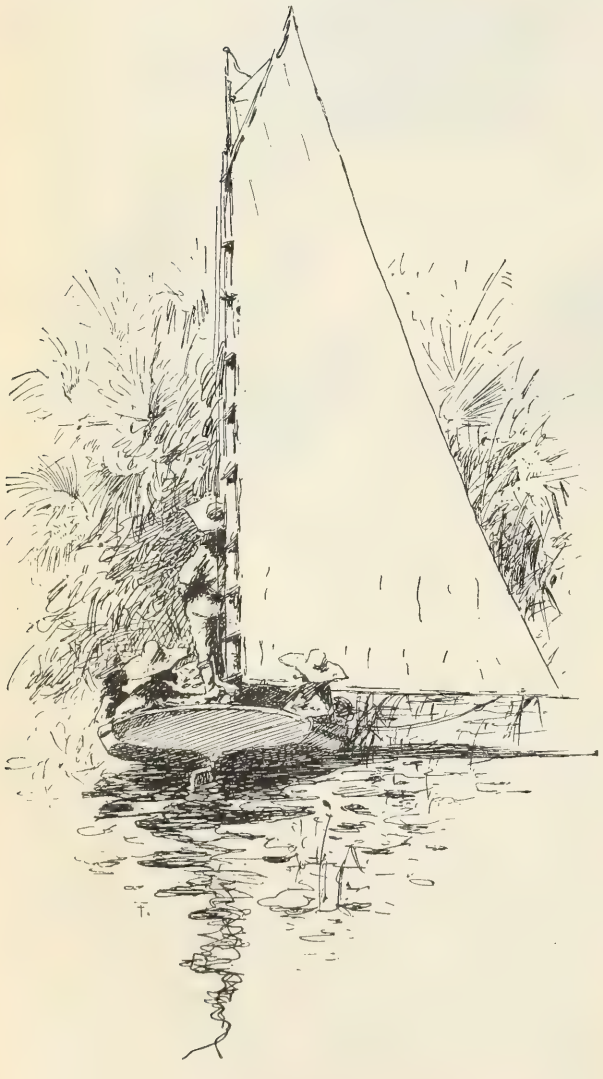
ery position to be reached by them, changing feet when tired, and picking the fur as a bird dresses its feathers. Even the head was thus combed by the claws of the hind-feet, and after an hour of this work the little creatures were beautifully sleek and glossy.

The platypus is in several respects one of the oddest animals in the world, and surely it is one of the last we should expect to find possessing the curious habit of rolling itself into a ball.

Another creature assuming the ball shape for safety during sleep is an interesting little fellow from the same country, the native "bear," or koala. This is a most attractive little beast, not much larger than a cat, and clothed in long, ashy gray fur. His short face, with its large black eyes and nose, and the long hairy decorations of his ears, give him a quaint and piquant expression, and when —as is her custom—the maternal koala travels about with her droll black-haired baby perched upon her shoulders, it presents one of the most charming of sights.

MR. WEGG'S PARTY ON THE KISSIMMEE.

BY HENRI DAUGÉ.



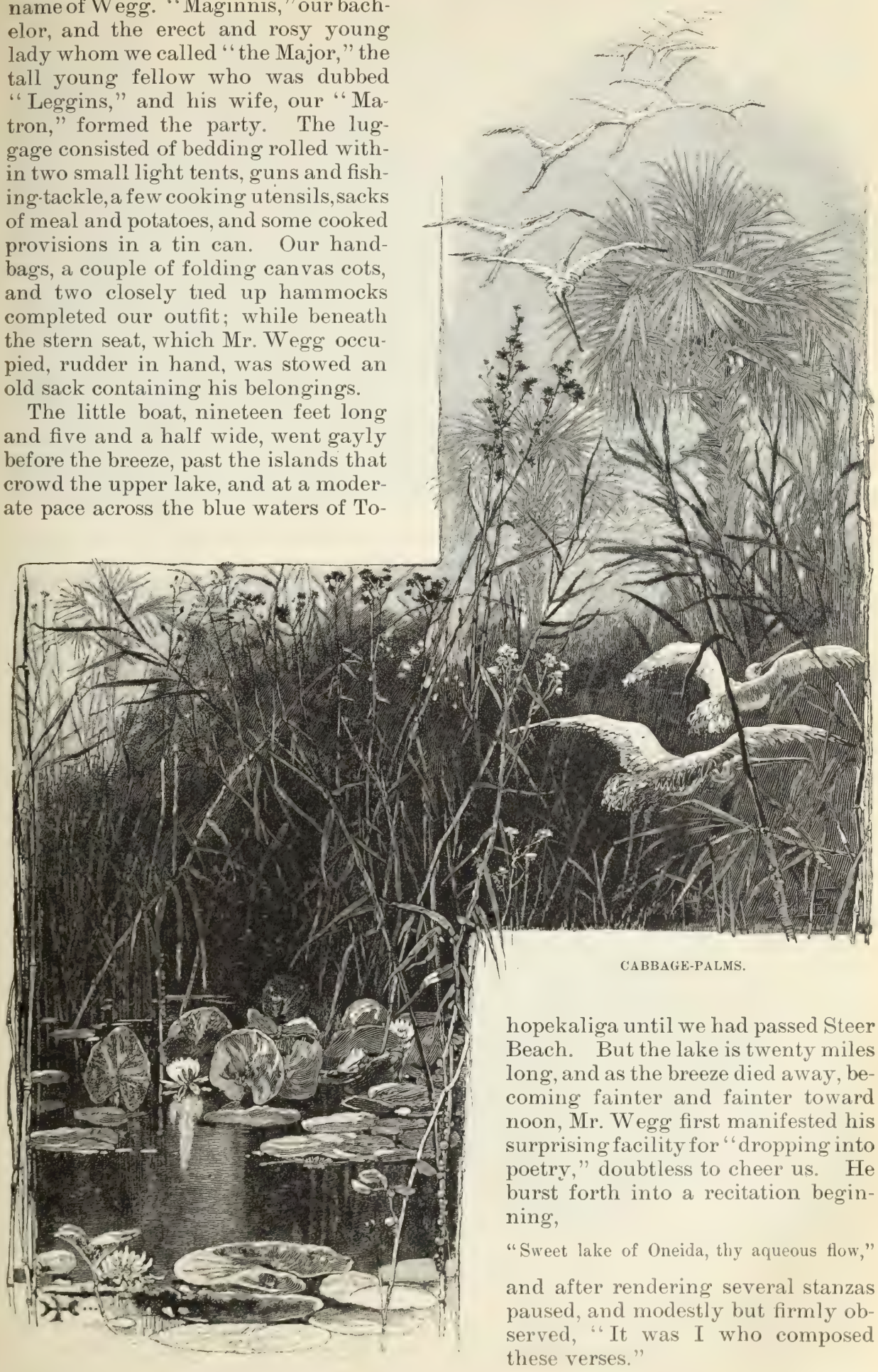
THERE were eight of us, four being ladies and four gentlemen—all of us wearing old clothes, and most of us big straw hats—who came down on the tri-weekly "construction train" of the South Florida Railroad, then running from Sanford to Kissimmee City. We were all perched on a pile of lumber on a flat car, the only place for passengers or luggage. Our party was a youthful and adventurous one, bound on a "camping-out" excursion; still it hesitated on the brink of the unknown, and having reached Kissimmee City, we pitched our tents at first on an island near it, at the head of the big blue lake Tohopekaliga. The new town, with its sixteen houses, none painted or whitewashed, but all looking as new and yellow as only fresh pine lumber can look, had at least the beginnings of civilization—a bakery, a restaurant, and hotel in process of erection.

Our third night in our first resting-place was passed by a glorious camp fire in solemn conclave, the great live-oaks and hickories and cabbage-palms of that beautiful "hammock land" around us. Four of us were ready for the projected journey down the river, encouraged thereunto by the optimistic owner of a sail-boat, who had haunted us during our stay. He did not hint that no ladies had ever attempted such a trip before: far be it from him to daunt our courage! On the contrary, he discoursed fluently of the parties he had been in the habit of taking to visit this remoter Southern country, of their successes in hunting and fishing, of the excellent camping grounds, and of the wild beauty of the Kissimmee River. The owls hooted, the fire danced, the discussion was lively, and farewell glees and choruses were sung with good-will.

On Friday morning, then, after cheerful good-byes, the four restless spirits set forth in a sail-boat owned and manned by the

person who acquired with them the name of Wegg. "Maginnis," our bachelor, and the erect and rosy young lady whom we called "the Major," the tall young fellow who was dubbed "Leggins," and his wife, our "Matron," formed the party. The luggage consisted of bedding rolled within two small light tents, guns and fishing-tackle, a few cooking utensils, sacks of meal and potatoes, and some cooked provisions in a tin can. Our handbags, a couple of folding canvas cots, and two closely tied up hammocks completed our outfit; while beneath the stern seat, which Mr. Wegg occupied, rudder in hand, was stowed an old sack containing his belongings.

The little boat, nineteen feet long and five and a half wide, went gayly before the breeze, past the islands that crowd the upper lake, and at a moderate pace across the blue waters of Tohopekaliga until we had passed Steer Beach. But the lake is twenty miles long, and as the breeze died away, becoming fainter and fainter toward noon, Mr. Wegg first manifested his surprising facility for "dropping into poetry," doubtless to cheer us. He burst forth into a recitation beginning,



CABBAGE-PALMS.

"Sweet lake of Oneida, thy aqueous flow,"

and after rendering several stanzas paused, and modestly but firmly observed, "It was I who composed these verses."

Here was "a literary man" with a vengeance! We complimented him upon his talents, and he then, with another burst of good feeling, demanded a song. As no one was in haste to render it, he himself, untroubled by false shame, cheerfully broke forth with an old war song on the theme of the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*. (He had told us that he had been a Union soldier.) The three rebels of the party listened to this as calmly as the placid, pretty young lady from New Hampshire.

"'Raise your voices, every one,
Give three cheers for Ericsson,
Who gave us such a vessel, neat and handy O!
For the Union thirty cheers,
For the Yankee volunteers,
And three for Yankee Doodle Dandy O!'

"The breeze seems to be failing us," Mr. Wegg blandly concluded.

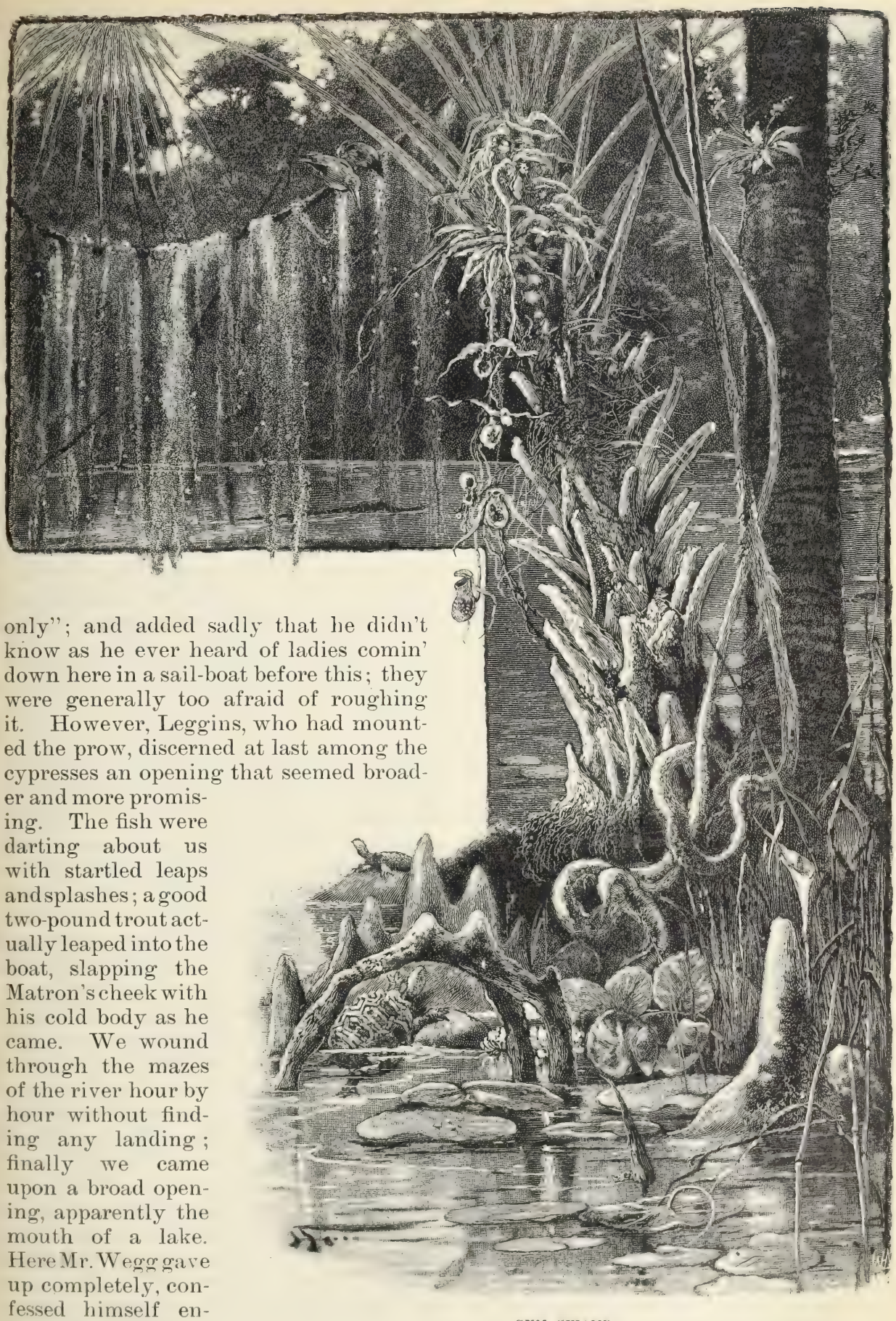
"We shall have to take to the oars, I suppose," Maginnis said.

"Oh, why be in such haste?" Mr. Wegg playfully remonstrated. (Mr. Wegg and his boat were hired by the week, and not by the trip.) "When you get into a boat you prepare to loiter or to speed at the wind's will. You experience diversity, and sometimes adversity. Do any of you remember the anecdote of Mrs. Partington," Mr. Wegg continued, still more joyously and playfully, "how she called on Isaac, when in later life he was settled in his pallyshul mansion, and how, dropping her carpet-bag upon the velvet roses of his parlor floor, she rushed forward, and seizing his hand, exclaimed, 'Ike, I've been with you in diversity, and I'll never forsake you in posterity'? Besides," added Mr. Wegg, reflectively, "as to *rowing*, it would not be my wish to work you gentlemen too hard, but as I told you, I was a soldier in the Union army, and I had a waound in that service, since when my back has been weak. A healthier man, till that occurrence, was probably never seen."

This was news indeed! Mr. Wegg's weak back had previously been, as it were, kept in the dark. He had been, in his own language, as he afterward proved to be, "about as tough as you make 'em." However, merely to help the sail along, and to take a little healthful exercise, Maginnis and the Matron each took an oar by-and-by, and entered the Kissimmee River rowing.

The stream here at its beginning is a narrow one, and winds and turns sharply upon itself. Its course between Tohopekaliga and the next lake is twelve miles, though the distance in a direct line is said to be only four. The eight-foot oars struck the lily leaves on each side as we went down the current. We saw paths and narrow beds, trampled and bewallowed, in the mud of the marshes now and then, which were made by the alligators; then, after long stretches of cane-brake and of marsh and willows, we came upon the beauty of Gum Swamp. The tall trees drooped over the stream at right and left; wild calla-lilies flourished on the margin of the river, the bud greener without than on the cultivated lily, but white within, and with its golden rod; here were grasses and vines as graceful as Nature's hand could fling abroad—and all so near that one was almost within arm's-length of this loveliness all the way. After leaving this we came again to level savannas, and saw rice-birds flying over them, and ducks, but too far away for a shot. Maginnis brought down a strange white bird with his gun, which we secured. And toying with thoughts of supper, we got out a fishing-rod, and Mr. Wegg offered to fish, and did fish, and speedily caught a fine "trout," or black bass, which must have weighed at least seven pounds. After this, Mr. Wegg, elate with success and boastful withal, condescended to take the oars, and at about 5.30 P.M. we emerged from the river into a lake apparently five or six miles long, which Mr. Wegg stated to be Lake Cypress. Across this lake we flew before the breeze, which had happily sprung up, crossing it in about half an hour.

The sun had sunk, and we searched in the twilight for the river. As yet Mr. Wegg was confident in tone; he said that "he didn't presume that there was a guide on the river that could strike the Kissimmee *first off* within a quarter of a mile or so, the shore was so deceivin'," and so we could not blame him for the weary half-hour in which we skirted along the southern lake shore looking for the outlet. But we were a little annoyed by his repeated suggestions as to "tying up in the saw-grass for the night"; we were determined to find dry land and a camping place. The ladies were especially decided in their rejection of all such suggestions, for which cause Mr. Wegg launched forth into pensive reflections as to the ease with which a party could be made comfortable "when composed of gentlemen



GUM SWAMP.

only"; and added sadly that he didn't know as he ever heard of ladies comin' down here in a sail-boat before this; they were generally too afraid of roughing it. However, Leggins, who had mounted the prow, discerned at last among the cypresses an opening that seemed broader and more promising. The fish were darting about us with startled leaps and splashes; a good two-pound trout actually leaped into the boat, slapping the Matron's cheek with his cold body as he came. We wound through the mazes of the river hour by hour without finding any landing; finally we came upon a broad opening, apparently the mouth of a lake. Here Mr. Wegg gave up completely, confessed himself entirely lost, and unable to find his way in the darkness. "*No* guide could go farther with certainty," he maintained; "in daylight he could do as well as any man."

Perforce, therefore, we turned back, and halted at the only available place, a willow swamp just behind us. Tying the

boat to an old stump, Mr. Wegg laid a plank from the bow to the roots of a tree, and all the men got out and explored the country. They could only find a footing by stepping from root to root across the black mud, vines and bushes entangling each step. There was nothing to do but to wait for daylight. The hatchet was produced, and some small boards which had lain in the boat split up, and laid on the willow roots to make a fire; but they refused to burn until the Matron (who thought with a pang of her lectures to impatient Dinahs) produced a brown bottle of kerosene and drenched the sticks with the oil. The fire blazed up royally now, and by its illumination the stern of the boat was curtained off for the ladies' apartment by means of a rubber cloth and two sticks; bedding was unrolled, and the ladies stretched themselves between blankets, shielding their heads with their large hats from the drenching dews.

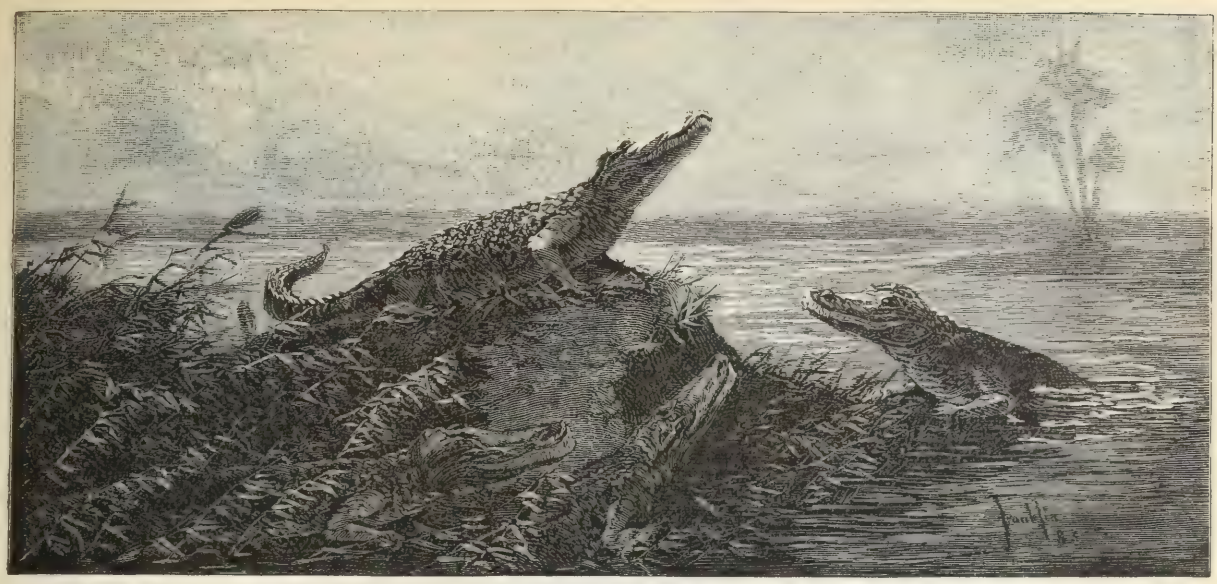
Maginnis curled up on two seats in the middle of the boat, wrapped in his long overcoat, a blanket thrown over his feet, and slept the sleep of the just. Mr. Wegg folded himself in his patchwork quilt and reclined upon the bow, snoring gently; but Leggins, rendered wakeful rather than sleepy by the unwonted surroundings, sat up in his place by Maginnis, his rifle at hand, and counted the alligators swimming silently down stream. None offered to molest the boat; only one old monster, after swimming close and apparently investigating the craft, retired across the stream to a thick bed of lily leaves (or "bonnets," as they are called in Florida), and there made night hideous by noises which were variously described by members of the party as "barking," "bellowing," "croaking," and "grunting." Leggins counted eleven alligators between ten o'clock and one, which swam by; but the procession continued after he had fallen asleep, for the ladies awakened from their first slumber about two o'clock, and watched them go by until dawn. The sight and sound of these dark, stealthy objects, the continual splash and leap of fish here and there, the slow revolution of the constellations about the north star, the far sound of owl hootings in the swamp, made the night seem strange and weird. The Matron, sitting up in her place, kept singing in a small, low voice little hymns and songs, beneath whose influence the Major now and then dozed off.

Then Mr. Wegg awoke, and began the recital of some remarkable dreams from his perch on the bow; and then—oh, so slowly!—the faint dawn revealed tree and stream and boat and shore; and everything was stowed away as securely as possible, and we made haste to reach some landing where fire and breakfast could be had. Passing grassy stretches with bright birds darting over them, wild and shy, at last a lake widened before us, which Mr. Wegg hailed as Lake Kissimmee; and tacking across to escape a grassy point of land, we shortly came to a high white sandy beach with huge live-oaks upon it, and cypresses and cypress knees stretching out into the water, and this he announced as Gardiner's Island, the point at which we hoped to find deer.

After some difficulty we made a landing in the shallow water, and again stood on dry land. Among our first discoveries were deer tracks in the sand, and following them over the sandy ridge, behind the groups of saw-palmettoes, we saw them wind away to the marsh beyond. But alas for hopes of hunting! the bog cut off human feet from the mainland and piny woods far away, and there was no place to cross to the covert of the deer.

However, at present our thoughts turned more to repose than to adventure. We had soon a big fire roaring on the bare white sand crest, fed with dry oily stalks of palmetto leaves and abundant dead wood. The cooking utensils and provisions were brought from the boat; seats and benches were easily found on the roots of the great oaks which stood out above the white sand to almost as great a circumference as that of the branches; plates and cups were laid out; in a wooden tray corn meal was hastily mixed with water and salt, fashioned into five "pones," and fitted into the skillet; setting this upon a bed of glowing embers and covering its iron lid with more live coals, the kettle was next set on to boil, the bacon sliced, the frying-pan made hot. The Major rolled in meal a fish freshly caught and cleaned by Mr. Wegg, and the fish was fried immediately upon the removal of the meat from its own lard. To make the coffee completed the task, and that gypsy breakfast, with the help of sugar and condensed milk, and some crackers from the square tin can, was to our taste a delicious one.

After an hour of repose we all returned



ON THE KISSIMMEE.

to the boat, for on finding no way to get at game from this point, Mr. Wegg declared that this was only the north beach of Gardiner's Island, while the *south* beach was the real hunting ground. So we skirted the beach, but found no southward opening—only grasses and lily leaves as on the margin of a lake. Still we sailed on, westward from the beach, and sailed for hours, a great lake opening before us, and finally Mr. Wegg remarked that he didn't believe we were in Kissimmee Lake after all; we must be in the lake the Indians called Hatchinineha. But the game was a great deal more plentiful on Hatchinineha than on Gardiner's Island.

"Make a landing, then, anywhere, and let us get up the tents and have a night's rest," was the general cry. But, alas! this was impossible. All around this lake we circled the hot day through, with little breeze and steady rowing; whenever we saw what appeared to be a high bold shore we put in for it, and, arrived there, the pines had always receded a mile or two, and impassable marsh and bog divided us from land.

It was only at sunset that we at last wearily made the beach we had left in the morning, and there we encamped for the night. It was Saturday; this was to be our resting-place for two nights and a day.

Mr. Wegg's assurance was but slightly subdued. He cheerfully performed a share of the labor in erecting the tents beneath a big live-oak on the beach, and informed us as he moved about:

"Well, now you can say that you have seen Hatchinineha, and when folks tell *you* about the good hunting there, you can tell them there ain't a landing on the lake—*can't* you? It's *worth* something to know that lake."

The gentlemen bore with Mr. Wegg with admirable good-nature; but the Major and the Matron eyed him "with sick and scornful looks averse," and would none of his good cheer. They did not in the least believe that they had traversed Hatchinineha; had he not first called it Kissimmee?

Our Sunday fishing was brief, and resulted in a fine trout for breakfast, and a huge one weighing about eleven pounds, which was successfully baked for dinner, after this fashion: having been cleaned, washed, and rubbed with salt inside and out, the great fish was wrapped in brown paper and laid on palmetto leaves, on a hot place left bare by raking away the ashes from the former centre of the fire; it was covered then with palmetto leaves, then with cooler ashes, and then with hot glowing embers; and there it was left for hours. Potatoes were baked at their leisure for dinner, too, and while Maginnis and Mr. Wegg took the boat and went off to cruise about and hunt for the river, the ladies vanished down the beach, and found the firm white sand to be a delightful bathing floor. The water was clear and soft, warm enough in the shallows to be called a hot bath, while by wading out to the knee—always with smooth, snowy sand under foot—it was cool and exhilarating. Leggins later found refreshment in a similar



"I THINK I SHALL REST FOR THE BALANCE OF THIS SACRED DAY."

experience; and there was some reading aloud and some drowsing before the other two returned with good tidings; they had found the river—we were camped within a half-mile of it; better than that, they had seen a sail-boat coming up the river, and Mr. Wegg eagerly assured us that it was handled by the best guide in the country, and doubtless he would give us full directions as to the route to pursue.

This boat soon came in sight, and paid us a brief visit; it held two handsome and courteous young sportsmen from the North, the bluff and welcome figure of an Orlando (Florida) hotel man, and Mr. Jack Rooney, of Kissimmee City, the vaunted guide, a man whom Mr. Wegg could have embraced in his joy, for now he would have reliable information. We all hung upon Mr. Rooney's words as he described to us the various landings on Lake Kissimmee, and advised us of their merits.

"Ever been there before?" Mr. Rooney asked Mr. Wegg, with a suspicious look. "You can get lost on Lake Kissimmee mighty easy if you don't know it."

We were looking at the half-smoked venison displayed by the hunters in response to our inquiries, but we did not miss the answer.

"Well," said Mr. Wegg, reluctantly, "I've been there once—with another man as guide, though—and not so very lately; so I may ha' forgot some."

Oh, Mr. Wegg! Mr. Wegg! You who had regaled us with stories of your trips hither, and of how you "us'ally" advised as to this and that! But no one lifted a voice against him; only all questioned and admired the other guide, who looked picturesque and capable; and when the other boat had gone on—hastening northward day and night because tidings of a relative's illness had been brought by a cow-boy—the ladies made some complimentary remarks about Mr. Rooney. This was wormwood and gall to Mr. Wegg; the praises which had sprung to his lips in the joy of deliverance died away. He tried to subdue the enthusiasm by hints that the ladies wouldn't have liked a guide fond of whiskey; and finally, perceiving them to have no faith in this insinuation, mournfully declared,

"Well, now, you wouldn't 'a liked Jack Rooney; he 'ain't got any principles to speak of—*nor* religion."

"He probably has more principle than to take a party of ladies to explore a country he doesn't know," retorted our young Matron, tartly.

Mr. Wegg looked a little sheepish.

"Well, now, you have got that on me, haven't you?" he said, slowly, seating himself close at hand. "Well, I am very tired"—stretching himself in an easy attitude. "I think I shall rest for the balance of this sacred day."

On Monday morning the whole party was off betimes, sailing down the river, which was broader and more tranquil than above, after an entrance had once been effected through the concealing "bonnets." The shores here are high and grassy and beautifully wooded—splendid camping ground, every foot of it. On the bank of the river was an Indian canoe, dug out of a huge cypress log; there was also a large flat barge, without seats or rowlocks, tied up to the shore. Further on, the lake gave its usual tokens of being near—wide stretches of marshy land and willows—and we entered the great beautiful blue Lake Kissimmee, with Brimmer Island twenty-five miles below us, where the others had found deer; West Hammock and the Indians to our right; and to the east, beyond the Rookery, Camp Hammock, with a new and empty house and a reputation for abundant game. The westerly wind decided our course to the last-named point, fifteen miles away. We pushed through some yellow grassy stretches, and slowly crept up on the Rookery, the round heads of its cabbage-palms for our landmark. As we approached the island we saw flocks of beautiful white birds rise in the air and float away like clouds beyond gunshot range. We had seen these flocks before on our way, floating high and far, now with the sunlight on their white wings, shining like snow, and then melting from sight like a dream, to re-appear faintly, but brightening as the sun smote their plumage, and so, like visions of angels, fading and shining forth by turns. Turning due east to pass to the right of the Rookery, we came, for the first time in Florida, upon the true water-lily (*Nymphæ odorata* of the botanist), faintly fragrant, with its exquisite chalice of white and gold.

The lake looked enormously big and blue in its eastern expanse after we passed this island and the wastes of grass and lilies; but beneath the trees of the farther shore we saw a tiny yellow speck.

"Do my eyes deceive me, or *is* that the new house we are looking for?" Mr. Wegg inquired.

It was unmistakably a new house—the house Mr. Jack Rooney had told us of.

It was just as the sun sank that we reached the landing. And having carefully refrained from describing the beauty of the sunsets so far, I claim indulgence for a tribute to this of Monday, March 20, 1882. The sun lay like a golden ball set on the dark blue rim of the horizon, into which the trees of the Rookery had melted. The lake, looking west, lay wide and placid, a band of deep soft rose-color around the far western rim, all silver between that and us; a more perfect sky and scene never smiled in lonely loveliness before the eyes of man.

All day Tuesday we rested at Camp Hammock, the woods where deer or turkey *might* be seemed to recede before the advancing steps when one tramped toward them over the prairie-like stretches, and Leggins and Maginnis returned from a fruitless exploration of one strip of woods observing that this was merely a voyage of discovery anyhow, and unless a man had plenty of time it was of no use to attempt a hunt without a guide.

That night the wind blew almost a hurricane; we fastened up what we could on the windy side of the house to break the great draughts of air that swept in through the logs and threatened to elevate the dividing tent into a horizontal position. All night long, when any one awoke, the wind was heard booming through the air, and the fear of an equinoctial storm was upon us.

There came no rain with Wednesday morning, however, and the wind had somewhat abated. It was now from the north, and would permit our departure; so we made what haste we could and got aboard. As far as we could see, the broad lake was covered with white-caps, but the little boat headed gallantly into them; the waves looked enormous, and were less the work of the present wind, though that was a stiff one, than of last night's gale. The boat rose and fell with a slap into the trough of each succeeding wave; the ladies, enjoying the excitement, sat covered with rubber cloths that streamed with the water dashing in, laughing as wave or spray washed their faces; and Mr. Wegg appeared somewhat grieved at their good cheer.

"Would the ladies like to put back?" he asked.

"Put back?—what for?" they indignantly demanded.

"Oh, I can stand it if you can. Thumping across the waves this way *might* start a plank. Yes, sir, it *is* a stout boat, as I told you. Only—well, ladies us'ally are liable to get scared at such times as this."



SHOOTING ALLIGATORS.

We had crossed the roughest water, though still in a strong wind, and were making a tack by the Rookery, when, with a sudden crash, the sail fell rushing down.

"The oars! the oars! Don't let the wind get us out to sea!" Mr. Wegg yelled, springing forward; but Leggins and Maginnis had the oars in an instant, and headed the boat into the grasses. It was only the sailing tackle broken by the strain; a new rope, and we would be ready for the lake again; and fortunately we descried a landing just ahead. We pushed in, and as we did so a large blue heron rose and flew from her nest in a low spreading tree. No other birds were seen, for this further shore of the Rookery was almost bare of trees; but Maginnis added the rare eggs of the blue heron to his collection, previously enriched by an eagle's egg, cream-colored and with flecks of chocolate brown: the heron's eggs were as large as a goose egg, three in number, and of "robin's-egg blue." A moment later we found better sport at hand. Leggins seized his rifle, fired, and there was a great commotion in the shallow water close at hand; then a dead alligator turned on his back, and held up all four feet, as is their way in death. When drawn ashore and measured he lacked about three inches of the length of one of our eight-foot oars—a respectable size, but not half that of some we saw. The Matron, who had been promised some alligator-skins, now declared that she should like to carry away this.

"He won't be dead any more'n a snake till sunset," Mr. Wegg declared.

"With a rifle-ball through his eyes?" Leggins demanded.

"Oh, he's done for; but he won't die till dark."

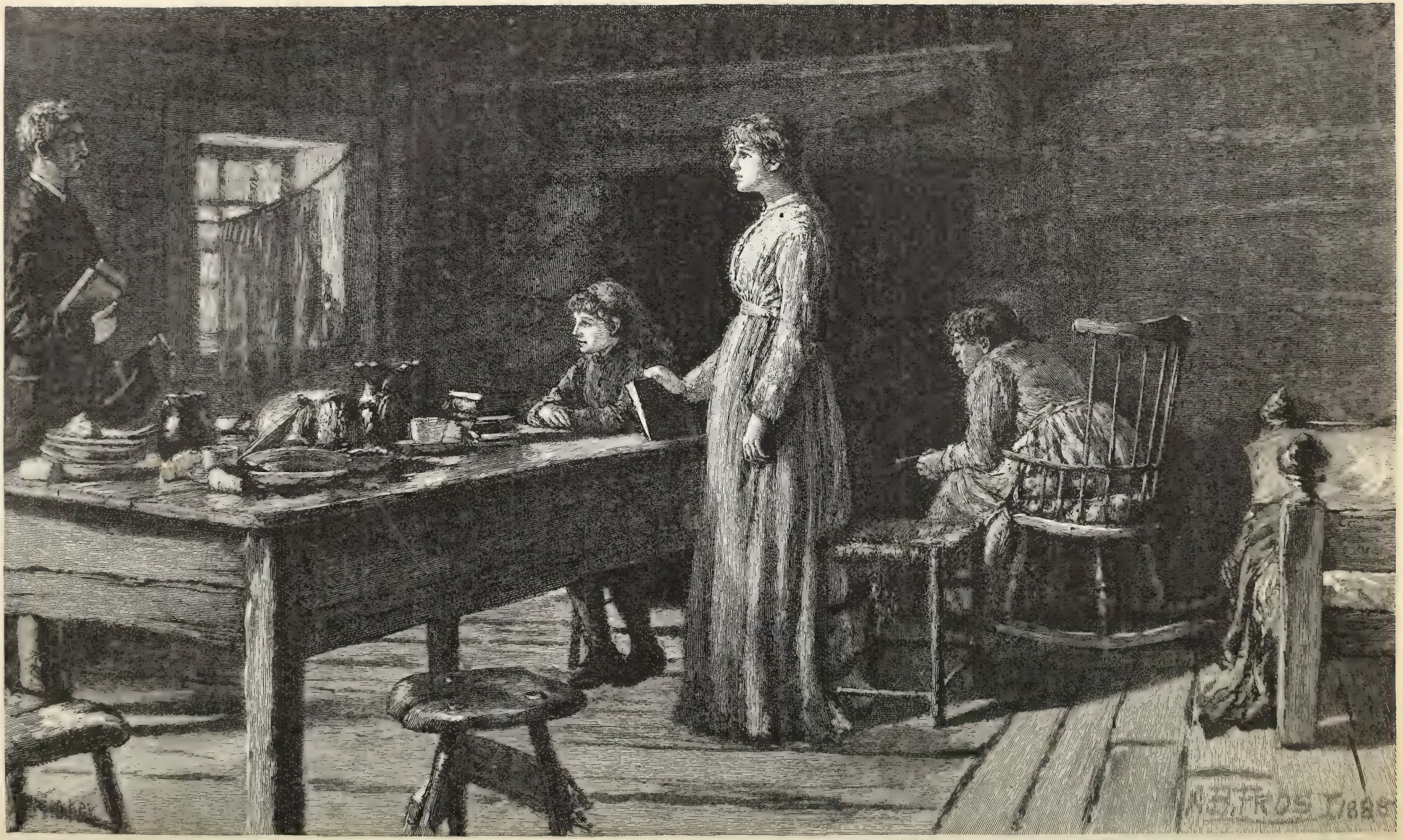
"Then kill him," the Matron commanded, with the prompt inconsequence of that sex which can even be cruel, it is said, when one offers to cross its will. "Cut off his head and sever the spine, and I know he's compelled to be dead."

Mr. Wegg did not refuse her. The head was cut off and thrown a yard away, and taking out his knife, he began to skin the white breast of the beast, this being the only desirable part of the skin. The monster, headless, moved a foot or thrust with its formidable tail now and then, but the horrified exclamations of the ladies were met with assurances that this was only muscular contraction; still, it looked awfully like life, especially as the contortions grew more agonized when the stomach was being skinned. But the task was swiftly finished, the skin heavily salted and rolled in a piece of bagging; and we took our leave of the Rookery with only one more trophy—a duck which Maginnis shot, and whose breast afforded a skin thick as fur and soft as down in beautiful shades of brown; the wings, of the same hues, had a space of vivid peacock blue toward the tips. The Major and the Matron prepared these carefully to make a feather turban for Maginnis's young sister at home.

That evening we went no further up the river than the spot which we called "the Indian camp," where we found the barge and the dug-out. Thursday night we camped on the "north beach of Gardiner's Island" once more. Leggins, by request, cheered the camp fire that night with old Georgia corn-field songs; and the chronicler fell asleep to the cheerful music of a lay full of iteration and monotone, but with the peculiar melody of long rounding notes, and the negro gasping of the breath and soft sweetness of occasional "dying falls." By Friday night, after a long day of hard work against the eddying sweep of the current around the sharp river bends, we reached Lake Tohopekaliga. The next morning we beat up the lake against a heavy wind and chopping seas; and when we danced into view of Kissimmee across the blue waves of Tohopekaliga, we heard the engine of the tri-weekly train whistle as it came in.

We caught it in time for the return trip, however, and also had time for an excursion to the bakery. Brown, unshaven, with worn and torn raiment, and a cheerful appreciation of baker's bread, we took our places in the fresh and new passenger coach which awaited us. Kissimmee City and the South Florida Railroad seemed to us the heart of civilization.

We met friends that told us that the others of our party had returned home after a delightful sojourn; they had lived on such luxuries as poached eggs, fish chowders, cake, and baker's bread from Kissimmee City. We, the more adventurous four, were content; we had subsisted on corn bread and coffee for the most part —and *venison*, of course. We did not disclose the fact that the deers' horns we had brought home were purchased from the Seminoles.



"SHE SPRANG UP AND LOOKED AT HIM IN CURIOUS SUSPENSE."—[SEE PAGE 435.]

"FOR LOOLY."

BY KATE UPSON CLARK.

"WELL, Tom, here's your month's wages."

Old Tom Wicks's wrinkled and tobacco-stained visage put on a grin of intense delight as he took the little roll of gold pieces that the distillery paymaster, young Jim Baskins, handed him.

"And look here," pursued that young man, whose flashy attire indicated the would-be exquisite, "why don't you use this money, Tom, to fix yourself up a little? Here you've been working for us six months, and every time you come around to get your pay you look poorer than you did before. Now," continued Mr. Jim Baskins, out of the kindness of a heart which really liked and pitied the quiet, ragged old teamster, "take this money and get yourself a suit of clothes."

The old man did not look displeased, but he shook his head decidedly.

"I like ye fust rate, Jim," he said, "but I cayn't."

"Why not?"

"Why, Merce, my gal—Mercy— I do' know 's you knew I had a gal."

The old man stopped, and looked as though he wondered if he could quite trust Jim Baskins. Then he went on, as though the recollection of that young person's kind offices, which had been as numerous toward Tom Wicks as their circumstances had permitted, had re-assured him.

"Merce, ye see, she 'ain't had no chance. An' thar's Looly; she's the little 'un; she's goin' on 'leven now, ye know?"

The young man laughed at his interrogative tone. "No, I didn't know; but I do know now."

"Wa'al, she's right peart, Looly is; an' Merce she says, says she, 'Looly's got to have a chance.' She jest sots by Looly more'n anything else in the world. An', Lord! what 'd she do when I got this chance to team it but, says she, 'Now, paw, we've got this er money,' says she, 'an' when thar's a lot saved, why, we'll take it an' Looly shall go to school, an' Looly shall have good clo'es,' says she. 'I'm too old,' says she—goin' on twenty, Merce is. 'But,' says she, 'I'll fix things so 't Looly kin go, 'f ye'll give me over the money,' says she."

"Most girls would have wanted it for themselves," commented Mr. Jim Baskins, getting interested in old Tom Wicks's strange daughter.

The old man shook his head. "Merce ain't that kyind. She's most twice 's old 's the little 'un; named her herself outen a book she read. Merce is a powerful hand to read—kin read anything an' everything; hez read all the neighbors' books; reckon she'd 'a come down to Marlinsburg to git books, on'y she 'ain't ben down yer f'r two 'r three years now; says she's 'shamed to come yer 'count of her clo'es: powerful proud Merce is. But, says she, 'Looly 'll grow up harnsum an' smart,' says she, 'an' Looly 'll have a chance, an' good clo'es; an' Looly shall go to Marlinsburg an' everywhar, an' hold up her head with anybody.' 'But,' says I"—old Tom Wicks warmed to his subject as he saw the eager attention paid him by his absorbed listener—"says I, 'thar's the boys. Ye cayn't keep them boys from the money,' says I—them boys—they's two on 'em, eighteen an' sixteen y'rs old they be, an' a powerful hard lot, Jake an' Lewt—up ter everything. 'They'll git holt of it, Merce,' says I; 'they'll steal it outen my pockets, or outen the tea-pot, or outen any place ye chuse ter put it,' says I. An' Merce she says, says she, 'They will, will they? That money 'll go fer Looly,' says she. 'I'll hide it whar nobody cayn't git it, boys nor nobody else,' she says; an' 'pon that she— Now ye won't never tell what I'm goin' ter say?" queried the old man, pulling himself up short, and suddenly recollecting that he was on the verge of disclosing a state secret of stupendous proportions. The painfully curious look that he gave into the vain but honest face of Jim Baskins, added to the bluff assurance of the latter that "he never would, so help him!" delivered in the most convincing manner, restored the old man's confidence, and he went on: "She started"—Tom Wicks lowered his voice impressively—"the fust night I drawed my pay, an' up she skips it onto the mountain; an' she's got a iron box up thar, an' she's dug a hole, an' thar she puts it, an' them boys hain't no conceit o' whar the money goes ter. They thinks I banks it 'r suthin down yer. That's why I wants it in gold," said the old man, apologetically. "Merce says, 'It mought be ten years

afore we'll git it all spent,' says she, 'an' it 'd better be gold.'"

"You do pretty much as 'Merce' says, don't you?" remarked the young man, with something of a sneer in his tone.

Tom Wicks bristled. "Ye—don't—know—Mercy Wicks," he said, straightening up and looking at young Baskins with warning in his eyes. "She's a prime 'un, Merce is. Got a head—Lord, what a deep 'un she is! Talks jes' like a book—read so many novels. The old woman she dips mostly; an' thar's Bet to hum—she's goin' on fifteen. Then thar was some more, but they died when they was babies. But Bet she's sorter wooden-headed, an' it's Merce 't keeps 'em all a-goin'. Merce 'ain't had no chance, but she's a powerful smart gal."

"You haven't ever asked me up to your house, Tom," said the young man, insinuatingly.

Tom Wicks understood him, but he hesitated.

"Do you have to ask 'Merce,' as you call her, before you can invite anybody to tea?"

Young Baskins laughed good-humoredly, but his words had a sarcastic sting in them for the fond father.

"'Tain't much of a place to ask folks to," he said at length.

"Well, I'd like to meet your family," persisted Jim Baskins. "I've been a good deal interested in your account of them, and I'd like to see them."

"Merce she says," suggested the old man, floundering about in his attempt to avoid doing something which he knew would displease his daughter—"she says we're too dog-on low an' poor to have respectable company, an' she ain't a-goin' to have no other kind."

"She must be a very proud-spirited girl." Mr. Jim Baskins ignored any inferences that might have been drawn by a more captious person from Mr. Wicks's remonstrance.

"Wa'al, the old woman she ain't no great hand fer cookin', an' Merce 'ain't never had nobody to tell her how. She does the best she knows, but, Lord—wa'al, I s'pose ye can come, 'f ye'll excuse the looks"—the old man's naturally hospitable disposition inclined him to yield to Mr. Baskins's importunity—"an' 'f Merce is kinder cross, ye mustn't mind."

Mr. Jim Baskins smiled a complacent smile as he glanced down at the tawdry plaids and checks of his spring suit and the glittering chains and rings which bedecked his comfortable person. It must be a very hard-hearted maiden, he thought, who could long be angry with such as he.

"I'm not so terribly afraid of 'Merce' as you are," he said.

The old man gave his head a significant twist, as much as to say, "Wait until you see her," and turning his gaunt horses away from the great distillery in front of which they had been talking, they jolted away up the mountain-side and toward the lonely gulch, or hollow, in which stood the small homestead of the Wicks family. It was a weary ride, and the long summer day had vanished into a starry summer night when Tom Wicks drew up with a startling "Whoa!" in front of the squalid and unsavory-looking abode where they were to alight.

Mr. Jim Baskins could not help giving a little gasp of dismay when he saw it. He hadn't expected anything quite so bad as that.

The old man vaguely felt his visitor's disappointment.

"I told ye so," he said, half angrily, half sorrowfully. "Ye needn't 'a come. I didn't urge ye."

"Who said anything?" began the young man, in confused apology for his unspoken offense, when his speech was cut short by the apparition of a young woman who had opened the door at the sound of Tom Wicks's "Whoa!" and was hurrying toward him. "Have you got it, pa?" she asked, eagerly, and she had approached quite close to him before she observed the young man sitting on the other side.

"Here's Mr. Baskins—Jim Baskins, of Marlinsburg—Merce," he said, trying feebly to smile as he announced his unwelcome guest. "He thought he'd kinder like ter see the country hereabouts, and I brought him up to supper with us."

Mercy Wicks's fine face darkened, and she looked down instinctively upon her soiled and ragged dress and her bare feet. Old Wicks could not have told what there was in her motion that affected him—this sudden mortification on the part of a girl who had scarcely ever in her life worn a better garb than the tattered and unsightly one in which she was clad at that moment; but he felt just then as though he would rather have died than have brought young Baskins up from Marlinsburg. He

rejoiced inwardly that he had had the courage to suggest to that individual during their ride up the mountain that, in case there wasn't any place for him to sleep in the Wicks cottage, there was a man a mile further on who would keep him for a slight consideration.

"There isn't much for supper," said Mercy, deliberately regarding the interloper with wide blue eyes, and holding herself erect with an air of dignity quite out of keeping with her surroundings, "but what we've got Mr. Baskins can have too, I suppose. Supper is all ready."

Her voice was pleasant, in spite of the disapprobation which deepened it, and her manner was that of a person accustomed to authority; and although the light braids of hair which hung far down her back bore visible signs of neglect, and the details of her whole appearance were far from prepossessing, there was something about her which made the young man feel that her father's eulogies upon her were not misplaced, and that she was a girl capable of much heroism, albeit Mr. Jim Baskins was not particularly susceptible to impressions, and his fibre was decidedly coarse. He wondered whether, if she were attired after the fashion of the "set" of young ladies with whom he associated in Marlinsburg, she would be "pretty." This, however, was rather too much for Mr. Baskins's imagination, and he did not long dwell upon it.

The supper consisted of a hoe-cake, a pitcher of molasses, some cold sliced bacon, and a pot of tea, and though served in a style which was not particularly appetizing, young Mr. Baskins was able to disregard that, and to eat a hearty meal. The two "boys" were not present, but their absence did not seem to be anything unusual, and nobody appeared to sorrow because they were not there.

They were scarcely seated around the rickety table when Mercy exclaimed, "Bet, where's ma?"

A tallow-faced girl, to whom Mr. Wicks had not thought it necessary to introduce their visitor, rose from the table, and turning herself slowly about, peered into the recesses of the one room which formed the lower story of the little cabin.

"I dun know," she answered, stupidly.

"Go out-doors, Looly," said Mercy to the bright-faced little creature who was sitting close beside her; "maybe she's out there—fell asleep, perhaps, under the big tree."

The child started obediently, and soon returned, saying that her mother was indeed "out under the big tree," but that she could not wake her up nor make her understand that supper was ready. Her sister made no comment upon this information, nor did any one else, and the meal went on in silence.

"Been having a big revival in Marlinsburg," began Mr. Baskins at last, in an attempt to promote sociability.

"Ye don't say," responded Tom Wicks.

"Oh yes; they're all getting religion down our way. Moonshining 'll have to go under, I reckon."

The old man looked half alarmed. He could not bear to think for an instant that the great, if unlawful, industry upon which he was a pensioner could possibly "go under."

"Oh, not so bad as that," continued Mr. Baskins, with a short laugh, observing his host's startled expression, "but it does seem as if half Marlinsburg was going to the meetings and getting converted. Old Sparhawk, that railroad man down there, lives in that splendid house, richest man in Marlinsburg, he's been converted; and his son—just come of age, I believe—he's going to be a parson, they say. Oh, there's no end of a fuss down there. I don't take much stock in it myself."

Mercy was looking at him now, with wide-open, interested eyes.

"I went to a meeting once," she said, with a simplicity that disarmed all his previous criticism.

"Well, you didn't think much of it, did you?" he asked, jokingly.

"Yes," she answered, gravely. "I liked it very much. The man that preached—it was up here on the camp ground—he gave me a Testament. I've read it through a great many times."

"Understand it all?" inquired the young man, cynically.

"No," she said, relaxing nothing of her seriousness. "But I can understand some of it," she added, a moment later.

"Pretty good hunting hereabouts?" asked Mr. Baskins, abruptly. He wanted to change the subject of the conversation. He had not counted upon the girl's taking it so much in earnest.

"Ask Merce," said the old man; "she an' the boys mostly 'tends to the shootin'."

"So you can shoot?" interrogated Mr.

Baskins, turning patronizingly to Mercy Wicks.

"Yes," said Mercy, pleasantly.

"Can you hit 'em on the wing?" inquired the young man, jocularly.

"Every time," she returned, as good-humoredly. A little scowl that had hitherto rested upon her face was disappearing, and this unwonted social relaxation lent a look of interest and vivacity to her face. Mr. Baskins began to decide that, properly accoutred, she might, after all, be "pretty."

He sat next her, and now he moved his chair a little nearer to hers.

"Why don't you sometimes drive down with your father to Marlinsburg?" he said.

"I don't get much time to drive around," replied Mercy, shrinking into herself a little as she felt, rather than observed, the slight change in his manner.

"I should be pleased to take you around the town," he continued, with attempted gallantry.

"I can't go." Mercy turned abruptly to her father: "You'd better go out and fetch in ma. She'll catch her death out there in the damp."

The old man rose slowly and walked away.

"Are you going back to Marlinsburg to-night?" inquired Mr. Baskins's peculiar young hostess. She had been perplexed upon this subject ever since he had come, and her straightforward and untaught soul was determined to discover his intentions.

"I don't know," replied her guest, in some embarrassment. "Your father said something about a house not far away where they sometimes took lodgers."

"You see, we haven't any room in this house to keep anybody," said Mercy, with frank seriousness. "I didn't know but you came up to see somebody else."

"No," said the young man, looking intently into her face. "I came up here expressly to see you."

"To see me?" she repeated, incredulously.

"Your father has told me a good deal about you, and I thought I should like to get acquainted with you. He warned me that you didn't like company very well."

"I wish pa would keep still," said Mercy, angrily.

At that moment the old man appeared at the door, leading his wife by the hand. She was a flabby, stout old creature, and even more untidy and unkempt-looking than her daughters.

There was a fire burning on the ashy hearth, for it was still early in May, and the evenings were chilly. The old woman, after a staring survey of the newcomer, and a word of welcome upon her introduction to him, dropped into a large rocking-chair in the chimney-corner, and, while Mr. Wicks and Jim Baskins engaged in a monosyllabic conversation, Mercy and her two sisters cleared the supper table, and in a lame and perfunctory manner washed the dishes. During the progress of her work, Mr. Baskins had ventured to address several remarks to Mercy, but she had answered him very briefly. It did not suit that independent young person at all to have her father bringing home with him young men tricked out as this one was, and avowing that they had come "expressly to see her." In truth, it was chiefly pondering upon this strange avowal that had kept her so silent. The young men in the neighborhood of "Wicks's Hollow" were all utterly disagreeable to her, and as she took no pains to disguise her feelings, she was naturally not popular among them. She had long ago given up all thought of life as holding any especial sweetness or glory for herself. Love was something that she had read a good deal about, but she had long felt that there was nothing of that sort in store for her. Therefore the idea of having a young man come to see her aroused but faintly her long-subdued desire for affection and companionship, and she felt a vague and unpleasant self-consciousness whenever she looked in Mr. Baskins's direction.

When her work, over which she had busied herself an unusually long time, offered no further excuse for her to move about the room, she beckoned her father to come to her, and held a whispered conversation with him in a distant corner of the room.

"Not to-night," Mr. Baskins heard the old man say, after a little.

"Oh yes," pleaded the girl. "The boys may come home any time now."

"But *he's* here," objected Tom Wicks, in a loud whisper.

"I don't care," returned Mercy; "I don't want to see *him*."

Mr. Baskins winced a little. He was used to being made a great deal of among his "set" in Marlinsburg, and though he

cared little enough for this untaught daughter of the backwoods, he did not enjoy such absolute indifference on her part. It was rather interesting to see her blue eyes open wide, to hear her voice, and to watch her stately figure as she moved around the room. On the whole, he did not fancy the idea of her willingness to be gone all the evening any more than her father seemed to, and he understood very well from what Tom Wicks had told him that she was asking for his month's pay, in order to secrete it upon the mountain, and that her father was protesting against such an uncourteous proceeding. On the whole, Mr. Jim Baskins concluded that he had better be going.

"I wonder if I can find that place where they keep people overnight?" he remarked, interrogatively, as Mr. Wicks, having evidently been worsted in his argument with Mercy, prepared to resume his seat beside his guest.

"Sho, now," said the old man, looking appealingly toward his daughter; "cayn't we fix him up—"

"Now, pa, you know," interrupted Mercy, fiercely, "there isn't a decent bed in the house."

"They ain't made o' down, I know," admitted her father, meekly; "but sho, now, Merce, cayn't we git him up—"

"Nó, we can't," declared Mercy, peremptorily. And here Jim Baskins, who could not help noticing that her face had assumed a color and her eye a fire during this discussion which made her positively handsome, interrupted the discussion to decline any further effort being made to arrange quarters for him in the Wicks mansion.

"I wouldn't inconvenience you for anything, Miss Mercy," he said, politely; "and although I appreciate your kindness, Mr. Wicks, it is much better that I should go elsewhere."

The genuine courtesy of his manner wakened Mercy's sense of propriety, and she spoke repentantly and eagerly.

"I'll show you the way," she said. "It isn't much further for me to go past there. It is a pretty good place—much better than our house."

"I'll go with him if he's got to go," said Tom Wicks, sullenly.

"No, you needn't," returned Mercy, the violence of her manner all gone; and quietly taking down an old straw hat and a worn shawl from a peg beside the door, she put them on, and they walked out into the clear starlight of the May night.

Everything was very still, and they hurried on some distance without speaking.

"I should think you would be afraid to go upon the mountain alone at night," said the young man at last.

She raised her shawl and showed a belt beneath it, in which was thrust a revolver. Then she folded her shawl together again, and drew herself up proudly.

"I'm not afraid when I have that on," she said. "There's wild-cats on the mountain," she added, "and some foxes, but I don't mind them. I don't mind anything"—her voice dropped almost to a whisper—"when it's for Looly."

"You do it for Looly, then?" said Jim Baskins, pretending ignorance.

"I don't know as I ought to tell you," she said, simply, and looking at him hard in the dim light, "but father says you're honest as the day is long, and so I don't mind telling you. You see, the boys would get father's money if it was left anywhere around the house, so I hide it up on the mountain, and I'm going to spend it for Looly one of these days."

"I should think you would have your father put it in a bank."

"The boys think that is where he puts it, but pa brings me up a newspaper now and then, and I'm always reading how somebody has run off with the bank's money; so when pa said, 'Put it in a bank,' I said, 'No; I'll hide it where it will be *safe;*' and I do. You'll surely not tell?"

"Oh no," he said, soberly. "I'm your friend, and I think it's very nice that you are saving up your money for your pretty little sister. Most girls would spend it for themselves."

Mercy's fine face softened. "I'd rather have Looly have things," she exclaimed, passionately, "than anything else in the world."

"She is a very pretty little girl," said Jim Baskins, patronizingly.

"She's very much nicer than Bet," Mercy continued, more quietly. "She can read and write and cipher some; but Bet's dull enough."

"Who taught Looly all these things?"

"I did," said the girl. "I don't know who taught me. I reckon pa began it. He can read, and so could ma years ago, but she's forgotten how. Bet's hateful

too," pursued Mercy, with a philosophical calmness of analysis, "while Looly never is. I don't let Looly run around as Bet does. I've seen lots of wickedness in this neighborhood," she went on, with an air of experience, as if familiar with the multitudinous sins of a thickly settled community, which was amusing even to Mr. Jim Baskins's somewhat obtuse perceptions, "but Looly sha'n't see any of it. I'm going to give Looly a chance. But here's your place. Good-night."

She turned from him abruptly, the flutter of her garments swept past him in the starlight, and he found himself standing alone beside a faintly illumined house, while a dark figure creeping up a hill-side several rods away showed him that the daring girl was already well started on her errand of love.

Then he went in. He found that everything was as his young conductor had described it, and he was soon asleep, and dreaming of young girls who walked like empresses, abjured ceremony altogether, wore revolvers in their belts, and climbed lonely mountains at dead of night.

In the mean time Mercy was resolutely pursuing her way up the mountain-side, and it was a full hour after she left Mr. Jim Baskins before she paused at all. Then she threw herself down underneath a great pine-tree which had been struck by lightning, and which, standing by itself upon a little knoll, was easily discernible from the valley below.

Beneath its bare and blasted limbs was a large brown stone, as large as Mercy could lift, but she managed to insert her hand beneath it, and to draw out therefrom an iron box. This she unlocked, depositing her treasure in it, and then she returned it to its hiding-place.

"It's very strange," she soliloquized, "that that young man should have come up from Marlinsburg to see me. Any of the young fellows around Wicks's Hollow could have told him that I didn't treat the young men very well. Now there's Sally." "Sally" was Mercy's older sister. "Ever since Sally married Bill, what a life she's led! Sally was better than Bet too, but now it's drinking and quarrelling and quarrelling and drinking every minute. I wouldn't marry one of 'em—not for anything; and I wouldn't let Looly. Perhaps Looly 'll grow up and be like the ladies that ride by once in a while in their carriages. Perhaps she will marry one of those fine men—such as we read about. I'd like *that* for me too, but not one of these men around here, nor like this Mr. Baskins; but of course *I* can't; I haven't had any chance. Looly shall be different. I won't have Looly feel ashamed of herself as I do, not if I die for it."

There was a rustling in the bushes, and the girl sprang up a trifle nervously, and peered into the darkness, clutching her weapon more closely. Then she pulled her shawl around her, and taking a different path from that by which she had come, she was not long in reaching her father's cabin. "The boys" had not come even yet, and all the rest were asleep, excepting Bet, who sat beside the sputtering candle, nodding in a stupid doze. The foul air of the squalid interior struck with a new force upon the girl's quickened sense.

"I wish it was different," she sighed aloud. "It isn't as it ought to be; but dear me! dear me! I can't seem to fix it;" and she wearily climbed the ladder that led to the loft, and was soon asleep beside her little sister.

It was less than a week from the time that Mr. Baskins had made his first visit to Wicks's Hollow that he found his way thither again. This time he came on horseback by himself, and early in the afternoon. Somehow the thought of the proud girl whom he had seen had haunted him. He wished, with a sort of unreasonable persistence, to see her again, and as Jim Baskins, though by no means refined, and not what would be called a cultivated fellow, was clean, and had been brought up by a neat and methodical mother, he thought with real pity of Mercy's ignorance of the first principles of tidiness and good housekeeping.

"I wonder," reflected Mr. Baskins—"I wonder if she couldn't learn a good deal out of one of these books that they have about such things?"

He decided that probably she could, and bought a work of that character; and as he happened that very day to come across a little book of the nature of a tract entitled *Cleanliness is next to Godliness*, he determined to make up a package of books for Mercy, and to inclose surreptitiously within it the two volumes which he intended for her personal improvement. This package he finally concluded to take up to her himself.

He found her as indifferent to him as before. The influences of the starlight,

and of her repentance for her rudeness to him, had made her very gentle and communicative during their evening walk together, but Mercy had thought matters over very thoroughly since then, and she had made up her mind that in case Jim Baskins should ever come to Wicks's Hollow again—something which she thought very unlikely to happen—she would not be any more agreeable to him than was absolutely necessary to insure the safe-keeping of the secret which, not knowing of her father's previous confidences, she felt that she had rather unwisely confided to him.

But Mercy's indifference was not proof against a package of beautiful new books.

"For me?" she cried, when he had handed them to her, and she had opened the bundle. "And Looly and I can read them? See here, Looly! Isn't it splendid?"

Mercy's face grew rosy with pleasure, and her eyes glowed. The young man forgot her tangled braids and her tattered gown. She was positively beautiful.

She opened one book after another in bewildered ecstasy, and could hardly wait till her visitor had gone to examine their contents. Mr. Baskins did not stay very long. He saw her impatience, and it pleased while at the same time it piqued him. When he rode away he mentally registered a vow to come soon again up to Wicks's Hollow, and to observe what effect the works, upon whose selection he had expended so much care, had had upon the young girl whom he so much desired to cultivate.

That night, when Mercy went to bed, she thought more favorably than before of Mr. Jim Baskins.

"How good it was of him to bring us so many books!" she reflected, gratefully. "I shouldn't blame him—nor anybody else—for despising us; but he has been very kind to us, and the next time he comes, I'm going to treat him better."

On the following morning Mercy was up betimes, and as soon as her father and his horses disappeared behind the brow of the hill that overhung Wicks's Hollow she sat down, with Looly beside her, to the pile of books. "The boys" were off on a fishing expedition, Bet was idling under the shade of a tree outside, and Mrs. Wicks rocked and dipped in placid stupidity by the fire, all oblivious of the breakfast table still standing, and of the general disorder of the little cabin.

The cover of the volume on *Cleanliness is next to Godliness* was of an enticing blue, and Mercy hastened to open it and to inspect its contents. The subject was treated plainly and practically, and Mercy read on absorbedly after she had once begun. No such work had ever before come under her notice, and Mr. Jim Baskins had builded even better than he knew in inclosing it in his friendly package.

"That's the way people live," she said, raising her head after a while, and looking sadly out of the window; "nice people don't live as we do. That's the way I want you to live, Looly—dear little Looly!" She caught the delicate child up in her arms and kissed her. "And yet how we live! How lazy, how very lazy, we are!"

She sat there for a moment rocking and kissing the child passionately, when a shadow fell across the doorway, and Mercy saw that a young man was standing there, and that a beautiful horse, from which he had evidently just alighted, was tied to a tree outside.

She sprang up and looked at him in curious surprise. He was a gentleman—this Mercy felt, without any definite thought on the subject, in every fibre of her being. Then she looked down at herself, as she had looked when her father had brought Jim Baskins up to see them, only with a keener mortification, and from herself she looked around upon the untidy room. If she had felt its meanness and foulness a moment before, in the light shed upon it by the illuminating little volume which she had just been reading, how much more did she feel it in the presence of this man, whose elegance and refinement struck the girl with a sense of romance—as if he had just stepped out of one of the novels that she had read. His glance rested, as he bowed to her in kindly greeting, upon the disordered room, and Mercy almost felt herself the little shudder which he gave as he took it all in.

"I know," she cried, without waiting for him to speak, intuitively fathoming his thought, and as intuitively imploring his leniency—"I know I oughtn't to have let things go so, but Mr. Baskins brought me up some books to read, and so I sat right down to read them. It wasn't nice; it wasn't right."

She spoke with an eagerness that, know-

ing nothing of the experience through which she had been passing, her visitor could not understand.

He murmured some formal words, politely disclaiming the need of apology, but was interrupted by the drawling tones of Mrs. Wicks, who had temporarily roused herself to gaze upon the distinguished stranger.

"Law, Merce," she said, tugging at her chair so as to bring it around where she could get a better view of their visitor, "what ye goin' on so, fer? Cayn't ye give the gen'leman a chair?"

"Excuse me," said the young man, who seemed little more than a boy, with his fresh face, slight mustache, and crisp dark hair; "my name is Wesley Sparhawk, and I live in Marlinsburg. I was about taking a ride across the mountain, and my father suggested that I should take with me some Bibles and tracts, and distribute them along the way. I'm not much used to such work," he said, smiling into Mercy's eager face, "but I'm more than willing to try and do a little good—and I will leave some with you, if you like."

Looly took a book that the stranger held out to her, and gazed up into his handsome eyes with winning sweetness. He had spoken rapidly, and Mrs. Wicks had not been able to rouse herself enough to follow him.

"What?" she said, stupidly.

The sound of her crackling voice checked the answering smile with which Wesley Sparhawk was looking back into the child's face, and just then Bet came sauntering in at the door, adding another unpicturesque element to the already far from pleasant scene.

"Some Bibles and tracts," repeated the young man.

"Ye don't mean it!" rejoined Mrs. Wicks, having finally grasped his meaning. "Law! I've seen—men with sech things—colporteurs, ain't it?"—extricating the word from the confusion of her memory with a ludicrous effort—"but ye don't look like that kind—ye don't, reely."

In response to this remark, which she evidently intended to be highly complimentary, the young man looked down at his clothes, as if with a sudden sense of their unfitness, and blushed slightly.

"I'm not, exactly," he stammered, approaching her with a tract in his hand, "but I trust that you will like the books that I leave with you just as well."

Mercy had caught at the Testament which he had given Looly, and was looking at it intently.

"I've one just like it," she said, proudly. "See here," and she hastened to get the well-thumbed volume from a shelf near by and to exhibit it.

"That's good," said Mr. Wesley Sparhawk, approvingly, and noting the girl's glowing face and noble carriage with surprised interest. "Please accept this Bible;" and he held out to her the most elegantly bound among the half-dozen books that he carried.

Her hand trembled with pleasure as she took it. "Thank you," she said, simply; "I love dearly to read."

The difference between the girl's language and her mother's struck the young man with astonishment. This slovenly, good-looking, majestic young daughter of the backwoods interested him.

"I see you have a good many books," he said, pointing to the pile beside the chair where she had been sitting.

"Yes," she said—"some new ones that Mr. Baskins sent us. Some of them tell about housekeeping and such things. I've learned a great deal from them, and I mean to read every word in them. It's for Looly more than for the rest of us," she went on, in obedience to the look of inquiry in his face. "It doesn't make much difference about Bet and me—we're older—but I mean to give Looly a chance to learn and have things, and I mean to bring her up right. This is Looly." She gathered the child to her affectionately. "I want her to grow up to be a lady."

The terrible discrepancy between her desires and the realistic squalor of the room seemed to strike the poor girl with crushing force. Her self-command failed her in her excitement; she put her apron to her face, and he could see that she was crying quietly, while Mrs. Wicks began a drawling remonstrance. The whole thing was a total mystery to her.

The young man flushed with pity. The situation lay revealed before him, and he felt an instinctive desire to help this groping soul.

"I'm very sorry," he said. "I'm going to be gone several days, but when I come back I shall stop again, and leave you some more books." He handed some tracts to Bet as he spoke, and bidding them all a courteous good-morning, flung himself upon his horse and rode away.

Mercy rose and wiped her eyes, and as she looked after Mr. Wesley Sparhawk, riding up the mountain-side, her heart gave a quick, determined throb. "It shall be different when he comes again," she resolved, and turning back into the unsightly room, she began with a firmness of touch and an energy of spirit not unlike that which must have characterized the great reformers to inaugurate in her own small sphere an era of reform.

An hour later she sat over her little sister, curling her long light hair—Mercy's pride, but hitherto only occasionally reduced to order. Then Bet received what that young woman described to her brothers later as a "goings-over," and afterward Mercy herself underwent a species of transformation, and thoroughly wearied, but with a glow of pride more fervent than any that she had ever known before, she sat down to gaze about her, and to enjoy the result of her hardly worked out resolution. Then she fell to reading.

That night she lay long awake pondering on what she had read, on the ways which she might use to bring about certain needed reforms, and on the strange happenings of the day. The thought of resentment toward Mr. Jim Baskins had not occurred to Mercy. Instead, her soul, which had scarcely ever known a small or a selfish consideration, was filled with gratitude to him. She understood now how it had been something more than shame of their poverty which had made her so averse to going anywhere or to having company, and why the better class of their neighbors upon the mountain had seemed to slight and shun them. She felt that now she had found the key to better times for Wicks's Hollow, and her soul rejoiced with the consciousness as she fell asleep.

A few days later Mr. Jim Baskins paid another visit to the locality which had come to hold such a fascination for him, and he was filled with an honest pleasure when he saw signs of revolutionary tendencies among the residents in the Wicks cottage as he drew rein before the door. By the window, and showing unmistakable signs of careful attention to her toilet, sat Mercy herself, awkwardly, but with feverish haste, sewing away upon a piece of new calico.

"I'm making a dress for Looly," she announced, smilingly, looking up at him with a tired and heated face as he entered, but not deigning to rise. "I've enjoyed those books so much! Looly and I have read nearly all of them, haven't we, Looly?"

The child nodded, and crept close to her sister.

"I'm very glad," commented Mr. Baskins, with a beaming face. "I thought you'd like them. And how nice you look here! You must be expecting a beau, I guess."

Bet, who was lying on a settee in the corner, giggled at this, and sat up, as though the conversation for once began to assume an interesting complexion; and Mrs. Wicks, who was stationed by the door in the inevitable rocking-chair, and engaged in her usual absorbing occupation of dipping snuff, cackled forth a feeble expression of mirth.

"Sal used ter have lots o' beaus," she remarked, proudly, and smiling a weak but approving smile upon Mr. Jim Baskins, as she thus endeavored to cover what she considered to be one of Mercy's most important deficiencies. "An' Bet seems ter please the young fellers more'n Merce does," she continued. "Merce she cayn't abide 'em, she says. I do' know—I sh'd think—" And here Mrs. Wicks's discourse relapsed into a mumble which neither Mr. Jim Baskins nor any of the others present could very well understand.

"I liked this book best," said Mercy, ignoring the recent turn of the conversation. Her heightened color and uplifted head were the only indications that she had heard what had just been said. She took up one of the books as she spoke, and opened its leaves caressingly, and though Mr. Jim Baskins could not understand her fondness for it, nor for any other book, not being a man much addicted to reading, he sat down and devoted his energies to making himself agreeable to this obdurate young woman. She was handsome enough to excite his profoundest admiration this afternoon, and in her gratitude to him was uncommonly complaisant. Her subdued laugh rang out pleasantly several times, and Mr. Jim Baskins had to acknowledge to himself that he had never heard a more melodious voice than hers. It was not until the shackly wagon and lean horses of old Tom Wicks came rattling down into the Hollow that Mercy's visitor took any thought of the flight of time. She politely invited him to stay to supper again, but she did not urge him.

She had been civil, and even very pleasant, to Mr. Jim Baskins, but she did not like him very well, after all, and she was not sorry when he declined her invitation with thanks, remounted his horse, and rode slowly away. To tell the truth, Mr. Jim Baskins was getting to be very much in love, and, as the Marlinsburg belles of that young gentleman's "circle" would have expressed it, "with one of those"—or the belles might have said "them"—"low-down Wickses upon the mountain."

It was two or three days after this that another young man flung himself from his horse and entered the Wicks cabin. It was Mr. Wesley Sparhawk, who had been playing in a rather amateur but quite honest fashion the part of a missionary toward the benighted mountaineers in the region adjacent to his home. Young Sparhawk had not found this improvised sort of "circuit-riding" altogether productive of pleasure, and his face was somewhat paler and his air more subdued than when he had called before in Wicks's Hollow. Still, as Mr. Wesley Sparhawk had a good deal of "bottom," he was not disheartened. He was only a young man accustomed to no harder labor than such as pertained to the care of his toilet and to the acquisition of his lessons at school and at college, and he had found his long ride and the numerous calls that he had made in his new capacity excessively exhausting. He had rather dreaded appearing again at the Wicks cottage, for scarcely in all his tour had he encountered one so uninviting. But he remembered the tall, fine-faced girl whom he had seen there, and he felt a strong desire to see her again, and to learn if the protestations that she had made so earnestly had amounted to anything.

Mercy saw him coming, for though she would not have admitted it even to herself, she had been watching for him for several days, and she looked around her home at the various metamorphoses which she had accomplished, with a flutter of pride and delight. It was true that Bet had hardly been able to keep up with the march of civilization in Wicks's Hollow, and that Mrs. Wicks, long since past regeneration, had absolutely refused to submit to many of Mercy's regulations. She had even roused herself to a more violent exertion than for several years past, to denounce in unqualified terms the revolutionary measures which undoubtedly contributed more to her immediate discomfort than to her pleasure. Therefore she still remained a blot of no small proportions upon the landscape; but Mercy herself was fresh and neat, Looly was as sweet as a daisy, and the cabin was as clean as Mercy's strong young arms could make it.

Mr. Wesley Sparhawk paused upon the threshold, and surveyed Mercy's rejuvenated domains with a smile of surprised approval.

"I declare you've kept your word," he said, and as he took her hand and looked into her proud eyes the blood flowed faster in his veins, and she felt a thousandfold repaid for the labor she had given, and a new impulse to continue the good work.

He came into the cabin and sat down, laying beside her chair a pile of books and papers which he had brought. A book which she had been reading lay on the window-sill; it was the book of which she had spoken in such admiring terms to Mr. Baskins. He picked it up and turned the leaves.

"This is a nice story," he said; "the only trouble with it is that it ends in such an improbable way."

The girl looked at him inquiringly. This was iconoclastic.

"I mean," he explained, "that it was a pity the hero should have married that girl. Not but that she was noble and all that, but they had been brought up so differently, of course they could never be happy together. It isn't in reason," continued Mr. Wesley Sparhawk, marking the intense concern which the girl manifested, and glad to be able to enlighten her ignorance by his exegesis. "He had been brought up in the midst of elegance, and her advantages—" He checked himself. He had forgotten for a moment the circumstances under which he was speaking, "It was different with her," he concluded, lamely.

"Yes," said Mercy, in a low voice, "she had been poor always, and hadn't had any chance."

"It made a nice story, only it couldn't ever have happened and turned out well in real life, you see. The general test to apply to a painting or a story or almost anything is, Is it natural? is it practical? If it isn't, it isn't good."

"Yes," said Mercy, gravely, "I understand." She drew herself up a little. Her pride had been touched, how deeply she

did not know until long afterward. Her large toil-stained hands, especially disfigured by recent unwonted exertions, opened and closed convulsively. Was there, then, no chance that Looly should ever grow up to marry a different sort of man from Sally's Bill and the young men around Wicks's Hollow? And a dim little hope that, in spite of her efforts to crush it, had dared to bloom for herself in her innermost heart seemed to be trodden down in a moment.

The young man sat talking longer than he had meant to. He felt, without formulating his feelings, that he had hurt the girl's self-respect a little, and he tried to make her forget it, by taking up book after book and commenting laughingly upon them all. And Mercy forgot everything else in listening to him, until she too began to impart her impressions of what she had been reading, and her ideas were so unsophisticated, so daring, so original, her face was so fair, and her eyes so luminous while she told of them, that, unawares, the young man was more charmed by her than he would have cared to own.

"I wish you would go down to Marlinsburg to some of the meetings," he said at last. "You would like them."

Mercy shook her head. "I wouldn't go down there for anything," she said. Her figure dilated a little, and she held her head a trifle higher. "The Marlinsburg people look at me so," she added, "I can't stand it. I've only a sun-bonnet to wear and a calico dress, and I'm never going anywhere again until we get enough money saved to educate Looly. It's too late to do much for me, but I mean to give *her* a good chance."

The young man asked some questions about this matter, and Mercy told him what she was doing, though not so fully as she had told Mr. Jim Baskins.

"And your father is saving this money for Looly?"

"He lets me save it," she said, smilingly.

The young man, accustomed as he had always been to the luxuries of great wealth, glanced pitifully around the bare little dwelling. To put away money needed, it seemed to him, to supply the daily wants of life, for such a purpose as that for which this girl was hoarding it, struck him as rather fine—rather grand. He began to admire this strange exotic among the regulation "poor white" growths of Wicks's Hollow from the bottom of his heart.

The clock struck six.

"I must go," said the young man, rising reluctantly. "I've a fancy that you will go to the meetings some time if I'll come and get you," he added, as he rode away.

She shook her head, but she smiled. She would rather do even that than not to see him again.

"I reckon you will," he laughed back to her, and her heart thrilled with intense regret as she watched him disappear behind the hill. How handsome, how distinguished he was! How inferior to him Mr. Jim Baskins appeared as she mentally compared them! Yet perhaps she should never see him again, and her heart gave a great throb of pain as she thought, but she did not stop to account for it.

It was now nearly time for her father to come home, and Mercy hastened to kindle a fire, and to get everything in readiness for his arrival. She had been very watchful of him and attentive to his wants lately, and no one had appreciated more warmly, or at least more demonstratively, than he the efforts which she had been making for the elevation of the Wicks family.

"Now ye don't, Merce!" he had exclaimed, when the reforms had first begun in earnest. "Law, now, chile, ye've had all the work to do for years now, an' I allers thought ye more'n done yer juty; but now— Law, Merce, I'm right smart proud o' ye; I reely be!"

Mercy loved her father next to Looly of all the family, and his praise was very sweet to her; and so when the hour drew on for him to appear—earlier than usual on this night, as it was Saturday, the day on which Mr. Jim Baskins had made his first visit to Wicks's Hollow—she saw to it that her father should be well received. A stern something within the girl, something which must have descended to her from some far-back Puritan ancestor, was constantly warning her against retrogradation.

"I'm going to keep it up," she had said to herself through shut teeth, when her mother and Bet had stood like roaring lions, so to speak, in the way of her projects—"I'm going to keep it up if it kills me." But it was not going to kill her. Her plans once matured and system once inaugurated, she had an executive ability and a natural love of method which were gradually developing, and which made things easy for her.

Young Sparhawk remembered his parting words to her. Indeed, they and Mercy Wicks's face had been in his mind a great deal since he had made such an unexpectedly long call at Wicks's Hollow, and he had wanted to go and see her again even before he could invent a reasonable excuse. But he learned that a camp-meeting was to be held in a grove halfway between Marlinsburg and Wicks's Hollow, and he decided to invite Mercy to attend it on a certain afternoon with him. As he mounted his buggy and took an early start for the mountain he could not conceal from himself that the camp-meeting would offer a pleasanter way of keeping his promise to Mercy than bringing her down to Marlinsburg, where he was well known, and where he understood that no amount of deference to his acknowledged desire to do good would mitigate the fact that he was, in a small way, "waiting upon" a young woman in just the social position of Miss Mercy Wicks.

Mercy, in the mean time, had passed through a rather harrowing experience, Mr. Jim Baskins having made her another visit, and his manner having been such that Mercy had felt it incumbent upon her to treat him in a very cavalier, not to say forbidding, way. In fact, so very caustic had she been upon his departure that Mr. Jim Baskins had left in high dudgeon, and she knew very well that he would never come back. He had not "made love" to Mercy, but her quick sense had detected strong indications that he was about to do so, and she had felt that that was something she could not and would not allow. She had thought of it since with some misgivings. How kind Jim Baskins had been to give her those books! What a blessing they had proved to her! Perhaps she had been too rude to him; and then perhaps—she had gleaned this impression from the stories that she had read—perhaps she ought to give Mr. Baskins back the books he had brought her. This was much against Mercy's inclinations, and she did not propose to do it unless some new revelation of her duty should be made to her.

When young Sparhawk drove up to the door, therefore, Mercy was sitting in a deep brown-study by the window, with her sewing lying unheeded in her lap; but when his eyes met hers, a tell-tale glow overspread her face, and she sprang up to welcome him. A voice within him chided him a little as he saw her brightening face. Were these quite the circumstances under which to do missionary work to the best advantage?

But it was a beautiful day, and he felt young and happy, and he acknowledged to himself a very strong desire to listen again to this frank girl's pleasant voice, and to watch her as she made her odd comments upon life and books.

But Mercy steadfastly refused to go to the meeting with him. And when he found there was really no use in urging her, he asked her suddenly if she wouldn't ride a little way with him.

Her face flushed with pleasure, and her heart beat so fast that she could scarcely answer him.

"To drive with you?" she repeated, wonderingly. This was like the books that she had read. It was like a beautiful dream. But she preserved outwardly her usual calm dignity of demeanor as she made her preparations, and amid the wide-mouthed but fortunately indistinct comments of her mother and of Bet, she kissed Looly, and drove away with Wesley Sparhawk. Their road lay through piny, shady woods. The girl threw off her ugly sun-bonnet, and her fair hair curled about her glowing face as she talked gayly with him of the books that she had read and of the scenes through which they had been passing.

It was like a fairy hour to her, and a most delightful experience to him, and when he left her at the door of the little cabin he promised to come up soon again, and to bring her up some books of which he had been telling her.

Before many days he kept his word, and appeared bearing the parcel of books that he had promised. A week later he came again, and another visit succeeded. By this time the young man owned to himself that he was the victim of a violent passion for the beautiful backwoods girl, and Mercy knew in her secret heart that she was living but for her lover's smile, and that the days were dark when he did not come. Still the young man said nothing. So beautiful a dream should not be disturbed, he reasoned in his blindness.

One evening, after he had left her, Mercy watched him out of sight, and Looly, who had come quietly up beside her as she stood looking after him, twined her arms around her sister, and they walked gravely in together. Then Mercy moved si-

lently about the room preparing the supper. Her mother had grown almost afraid of her, and very respectful, since this fine young man had begun to come to Wicks's Hollow, and, indeed, Mercy's manner, always dignified, had become almost majestic during these glorified weeks which had seen the growth of this love in her heart—a love such as the common souls by which she was surrounded could neither appreciate nor understand. They had all felt a subtle change in her, even to "the boys," but they had dared to say very little to her, though at Bet, who was constantly indulging in flirtations with the neighboring farmers' sons, they were always flinging taunts and innuendoes. To-night, however, when "Jake" came home he had been drinking a little, and he had met Wesley Sparhawk as he had been going home.

"Fine beau ye have thar, Merce," he said, sulkily, as he came in at the door. "Wonder 'f he'll be too stuck up ter speak to his gal's relations after the weddin' ?"

Mercy turned on him with flaming eyes, and seemed to grow perceptibly taller as she looked at him.

"He's not my 'beau'!" she cried, passionately. "Don't you ever say such a thing as that again;" and the boy, excited though he was with drink, did not dare to open his lips again.

That night Mercy went early to bed, but her brother's words rang in her ears, and she kept thinking, over and over again, of the story of which Wesley Sparhawk had talked with her weeks before.

"He had been brought up in luxury, and she—so differently." "They could never have been happy." "It could never have happened in real life."

As she thought, she sobbed and cried until, with the violence of her grief, although the night had worn then into the small hours, she even wakened Looly, who begged piteously to know why she was weeping. The morning was growing red in the east before she finally fell asleep.

The next day she read the story over again. Somehow lately she had not thought much about it. After she finished reading it she laid the book down and thought out a sequel to it. Her quickened imagination devised a multitude of things which a girl like the one in the story might do to shock and offend a fastidious husband. No; such a thing could not happen in real life, as Wesley Sparhawk had said. It ought not to happen. People should marry people something like themselves; and as she worked out the problem more and more clearly and convincingly in her mind, a little poem which she had read somewhere, and which had for its refrain,

> "I have dreamed my dream,
> I have wakened at last,"

flitted through her mind again and again as she went sternly about her work.

In the afternoon she had usually sat down of late to a long, happy time of sewing, or of reading with Looly, but to-day Mercy could not work. She could only sit and hold her little sister and cry silently as she kissed and kissed the wondering child's face. It was only two or three nights before that she had made the long, lonely journey up the mountain-side to deposit some more money for Looly. The boys were getting very impatient lately because so little of their father's earnings found its way into their hands, and Mercy was inwardly fretted lest Jim Baskins in his pique had managed to let them know her secret. She had therefore removed the box in which she kept the money to an altogether different part of the mountain from where it had been before, and had hidden it anew.

"Whatever happens to me, my pet, your future shall be sure," she murmured in the child's ear. "Mercy will see to it that her little Looly has a chance. She shall have everything that Mercy can get for her."

Then she looked up and started, for a horse was cantering swiftly down the hill, and she knew that Wesley Sparhawk had come again.

He alighted, fastened his horse, and came toward her. She looked very grave and stately, and very cold, though her lashes were wet, and she was holding her little sister to her with desperate closeness. When he had left her on the evening before, she had been all smiles and warmth. He could not understand this sudden change. He took a seat beside her underneath the great tree where she had been sitting, and then she released Looly, whispering in her ear, and the child silently disappeared, leaving them alone together.

Young Sparhawk's face was very pale, and his lips trembled, and as soon as the little girl had left them he began, impetuously: "I have come back because—be-

cause I have thought it over a good many times, and I want—I want, as you say, Mercy—I want to 'give you a chance.' You are young yet, Mercy: don't you want to go to school?"

She looked at him in vague bewilderment. "I couldn't," she gasped. "Oh no; it's out of the question. There's Looly, and father, and Bet, and all of them, and I couldn't. I'm twenty now, and oh, I couldn't *that* way, anyway."

She stopped, for her voice began to choke. Her sleeplessness of the night before, and the long strain which she had been unconsciously enduring for the last few weeks, and which had culminated in her terrible mental struggle of the past twenty-four hours, had left her very weak. She knew what he was going to say, and a voice within her kept repeating: "It can never be; it can never be."

"I've come, Mercy," he said, huskily, "to think everything of you, and I believe you love me. Now the only thing you need to make you all that—all that—is necessary is an—an education. I've plenty of money, Mercy, and two or three years at a good boarding-school would be all that you would need, and then, then—" And in spite of the fact that he knew Bet to be furtively watching him from a convenient window, he seized Mercy's hand and drew closer beside her.

"Don't you know," she said, with a great effort, and in a strangely altered voice—"don't you know in the story—he had been brought up in luxury, and she—it had been so different with her?"

"That was another case altogether," said Wesley Sparhawk, impatiently. "She had not been educated."

"Oh yes, she had," corrected Mercy, growing more fluent as her convictions became more intense. "She had, as you say, 'seen a great deal of the world,'" and she went on to describe some of the details of the story which had apparently escaped his mind, until he stopped her, imperiously.

"Well, they were not we, Mercy," he said. "I can't be happy without you, and if you want me to have any peace of mind, you must marry me. You're a good girl; you're a perfect queen, Mercy; you're the noblest girl I ever saw. Just think what you've done up here in the woods without any help—in fact, with everything against you! It's wonderful! How different your life is now from what it was only six short months ago when I first saw you, and—"

She stopped him with a gesture of despair.

"But I could never learn—"

"Yes, yes—"

"No, I could never learn to be what your wife ought to be. I should always feel that you had stooped to marry me. I could never bear the scorn of your friends, nor your scorn of mine. Oh, it would kill me!"

Her hands hid her face from him, and she began to sob.

"Now listen to me, Mercy," he commenced, again peremptorily, but again she stopped him.

"I can not tell you how plain it is to me," she said, growing calm and dispassionate once more: "it is as if an angel had shown me what was going to happen. I seem to see our life just as it would be, even if I should try to learn how to be different, and should marry you. I seem to see such suffering for you, such misery for me—"

"The picture is not true!" he cried, despairingly. "I shall do by you just what is right as nearly as I can find it out, and it *would* bring happiness to us both. I have always had my way, Mercy, and I am not a bad man, am I? I should not scorn you nor let you be scorned. I would *kill* any one—"

She checked him again.

"It is of no use," she said. "I have made up my mind that it is best that you should go and not come back. You will find somebody—" Her eyes filled with tears, her voice failed her, and she left her sentence unfinished. "I commenced," she said, a moment later, while he watched her in a silence half mournful, half angry—"I commenced by working for Looly, and I am sure that that is my work that God has given me to do—to help Looly on—and that that's why He never gave me any chance for myself. I think you are good—oh, I do respect you very much—but I think I can stand it, and be happy" (after a while) "working for Looly. You had better go now. Good-by."

She walked away from him slowly, sorrowfully, but with an air that forbade him from following her. He turned once when he had nearly reached his horse, but she was nowhere to be seen, so he mounted and rode away. A few days later he came again, but she had seen him coming,

and in evident expectation that he would return, had prepared a note, which, running away herself, she had left with Looly to be given him. It said, in Mercy's cramped and unaccustomed hand, "You must not come; I shall always be gone." And after that he came no more.

It was a raw and gusty day in the following March, when Mr. Wesley Sparhawk, sitting in his father's elegant library in Marlinsburg, was told that a visitor wished to see him, and a moment later Mercy Wicks was shown into the room. At first he did not know her, but she quietly removed her woollen hood, and then, in spite of a great change which had come over her face, he recognized it.

"My God!" he cried, springing up and leading her tenderly to a seat. "What is it, Mercy? What ails you? Have you been ill?"

She nodded mutely. Tears were trickling down her face, and she coughed again and again.

"Ah, you have come to tell me," he cried, "that you have changed your mind?"

"No, no," she said, unsteadily; "I was right; I see it now more plainly than I saw it before; but, oh! it was very sweet to have you—love—me!"

Her tears began to flow again, and the young man, overcome by the pathos of her looks and of her words, laid his head in his hands upon the table and sobbed aloud.

When she grew calmer, she drew a heavy bag from underneath her shawl.

"I came to bring you this," she said. "It's Looly's money, you know, that I used to keep on the mountain. I went up there two or three weeks ago and got it. I was growing so weak that I knew I couldn't go again, and I've brought it to you. You'll see that it is spent for Looly—you'll see that she has everything done for her that this money can buy, won't you?—for the love that you said you had for me."

He bowed assent, and took the money in his hands. He could not speak, but she had grown quite calm, and went on to tell him about herself.

"I've been running down ever since you saw me," she said. "They say it's quick consumption, or something like that, and the doctor said that it would kill me to go out to-day; but I felt able, and I wanted you to see to this. I felt as if I could trust you, and you would know just what kind of a lady I wanted Looly to be. If I'm to die before she is grown up, of course it might as well be soon as a little later. I think Looly 'd better go away somewhere before long. I've told pa, and he has promised to do just as you say. I rode down with him, and I know he's in a hurry to go back, so I reckon I hadn't better stay any longer, for you understand."

She rose weakly, and though he begged to be allowed to take her home, she would only let him go with her to the place where she was to join her father.

"I declare!" said one street idler to another, as he saw them going by together, "who's that Wesley Sparhawk's helping along with such care? Looks like somebody out of the backwoods, and I reckon it is. By-the-way, I've heard he was just smitten with a daughter of that old Wicks that lives up on the mountain in what they call 'Wicks's Hollow.' Heard that he offered himself to her, and she wouldn't have him; but of course that couldn't possibly be so."

"Of course," rejoined his companion, with an incredulous sneer, as they watched the strange pair out of sight.

A month later Mercy Wicks died.

A BRUISÈD ROSE.

BY CHARLES W. COLEMAN, JUN.

THE revelry that fill'd the night is done:
Hush'd is the patter of once dancing feet,
The rustle of rich fabrics, laughter sweet;
The music still'd, and morning, newly born,
Hears but its echo.
One poor bruisèd rose,
Let fall upon the floor from some fair breast,
Is all that tells it was no cunning jest
Wrought by the deft romancer of repose;
The music, laughter—all a fitful gleam,
Press'd from the pillow of a broken dream.

EDUCATION AS A FACTOR IN PRISON REFORM.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

IT is much to be desired that the effort to reform criminals should be put upon a philosophical basis. Efforts resting on uncalculating philanthropy, on the general impulse of humanity, on sentimentality, have been tried with very moderate success. Here and there a criminal has been reformed by kindness, by a change in his physical condition, by an appeal to his moral nature, by a stroke of religious conviction of sin. But observation of the criminal class, made even in the best prisons, the model prisons, those conducted in accordance with the most advanced humanitarian ideas, must convince any one that the rose-water method, the rewards and punishments method, the sanitary method, are alike and all united inadequate to touch the great criminal mass. To reach that, with rescue and salvation for any considerable number, we must resort to more radical measures; we must know what the criminal of the determined criminal class is in his nature; and we must study some method likely, on philosophical principles, to change the tendency and direction of that person's life.

In regard to the criminal class, society has two duties—one to itself, the other to the criminal. No society can afford, for its own sake, to be brutal and barbarous in its dealing with the unfortunate, the outcast, the confirmed vicious. Society itself is hardened and made base by public executions, by such foul, degrading, horrible prisons as were common forty years ago, by the spectacle of chain-gangs of ferocious, sodden wretches, such as may be seen to-day at work on the public highways in Georgia and elsewhere. These sights are exceedingly demoralizing and brutalizing to all who witness them. It is to be noted that in prisons of the old barbaric sort the attendants tend to the low level of the prisoners they guard. The reform of prisons and in prison methods was therefore a step demanded by the self-respect of the community. As a step in civilization it has been worth all it cost. It marks a higher plane of humanity reached. It was necessary to any further action. We shall never go back to the old methods of dealing with criminals any more than we shall go back to the old methods of dealing with the insane.

But when we come to ask what is the net result of all this upon the criminals, when we inquire what effect clean, wholesome, well-aired prisons, good diet, decent clothes, mitigation of time of sentence by orderly behavior, books, gaslight in cells, lectures, holiday dinners, tracts, sympathetic visitations, flowers, have upon the prison class itself, we must confess that the outlay, in money and feeling and effort, is altogether disproportionate to the number of criminals changed from their law-breaking lives. The lot of prisoners is a good deal easier than it used to be; in some cases they come out of prison no more degraded than when they went in; in rare cases they do reform; but I fear it is the simple truth that the criminal class is essentially untouched by all our ameliorations, by all our philanthropy and sentimentality. Mind, I do not say that prison reform has not at all lessened the number of those who return for second, third, and fourth terms, and that I do not say it has not hindered from further degradation some who, as we may say, were accidentally in State-prison, not belonging to the determined criminal class. But I do say that the present system fails to deal with the difficulty in any adequate way; for our prisons are full and enlarging, and the criminal class grows and becomes daily an increasing danger.

Is there any remedy? Is there any way, theoretically, that promises to change the confirmed criminal? Is there any evidence that this theoretical way will work practically? Yes. I firmly believe there is a way, and there is an example. That remedy, that way, is education, but education under proper conditions. And by education I do not mean the teaching of knowledges, the imparting of information, learning from books or any other source. I mean education in the original signification of the word; that is, discipline, the development of unknown, unused powers, the restoration of lost powers—in short, a training and bringing out of all the powers and faculties that go to make up a man, sound in mind, in morals, in body. A very radical remedy? Yes, we must acknowledge that it is. Nothing but a radical remedy will reach the radical difficulty. We are dealing with human nature, with perverted and diseased human nature, and we must go very deep, and not

expect any adequate result from any superficial treatment.

Now what is the confirmed criminal? As a preliminary to this inquiry, I want to say that the object of it, and of this paper, is to meet squarely the common objection to education as the leading factor in prison reform, namely, that to educate one of the criminal class is to make him a more accomplished and dangerous rascal, to fit him with tools to prey more successfully upon society. If this is a sound objection, we must look elsewhere for any philosophical or ethical basis of prison reform.

Now what is the criminal as we know him in State-prison? I do not mean the exceptional prisoner who has fallen once, or whose crime was due to some sudden temptation, to passion, to intoxication. I am speaking of the heavy mass in our jails who were either born in vice and nurtured in crime, inheriting it or acquiring it young, or who from a decent estate, by repeated violation of the law, have become criminals. They are in an abnormal condition, physically, mentally, morally. Physically they are brutalized, if not diseased. Look at their faces, the shape of their heads; they are heavy, logy in movement, coarse in fibre, physically degraded, as a rule. Crime, the habit of wickedness, is not only stamped upon the face, it is ingrained in the physical man, and the body which was meant to be the temple of a noble spirit is a tenement fit for a degraded soul. I mean this literally, that the flesh itself is inert, debased, even where it is not organically impaired by vice.

This heavy, degraded body is a type of the distorted, abnormal mind. The mind may not be what the psychological specialist would call diseased, but it is dwarfed, and either undeveloped or far from being in a healthy state. It may be abnormally developed in certain directions, just as the man's body may be strong or skilled for certain purposes. But it is lacking in many vital qualities of a good mind. It may be sharp, ferret-like, cunning, but it is narrow, non-receptive; it wants stability, character; the will-power is inert for any persistence in a good purpose. As soon as the man attempts to put his life into normal conditions, he finds that his intellect is unable to serve him. In short, vice, vicious thinking, has impaired his powers.

Of course his moral nature is in perfect sympathy with his physical and mental state. He has not only lost any impulse to choose between right and wrong, he has largely lost the power of discriminating between right and wrong. He prefers evil. Everything in his nature, by long habit, gravitates toward the bad and the base. The man is consistent with himself. His mind is as sluggish and brutal as his body. The moral nature is warped and debilitated. It is easier for such a person to do wrong than to do right, to live basely than to live cleanly. And he hates to make any effort to change. Well he may, for the effort must be a radical one.

Now, for such a man, if you propose to reform him, improved physical conditions are not enough. Good food, wholesome lodgings, pure air, regular work, will make him more decent, in a manner increase his self-respect perhaps, make him a more tractable prisoner; but for any effect on the man's character, in most cases, this is only a pampering that will not dispose him to a better life when his sentence expires. For such a man, with a mind so stunted and warped, no amount of knowledge will avail to supply his radical deficiencies. His mind does not so much need learning as it needs discipline, the development and strengthening of its powers. For such a man, whose moral nature is as unstable as water, no temporary or sentimental religious excitement will avail to put his feet on a rock where he can stand against temptation. A man coarse in fibre, weak in will, an easy prey to vice, can be excited, can be melted into tears, will fall into a mush of repentance, but the mood will probably only be a passing sentiment.

No: this abnormal creature must have some treatment that will change his threefold nature and radically remake him. I can see no power within the grasp of man that can do this except discipline, applied to the body, to the mind, to the moral sense, simultaneously, and so long continued that body, mind, and soul get new fixed habits. Individuals doubtless are sometimes, as I said, reformed by kindness, by sympathy, by favorable environment, by a chance seed falling into their hearts. But for the most of the criminal class in our prisons I see no hope of any considerable improvement of condition except by the sort of discipline I speak of.

Let us see how this ought to work upon the man—how, in fact, it has worked in one institution with which we are familiar. I do not refer to this institution for the sake of saying anything of the tact and skill of its manager, but to call your attention to the philosophic basis upon which his effort rests. For it is very important that the fact should be recognized that a principle is involved in the attempt at the Elmira Reformatory which is entirely independent of the adaptability of its manager to deal with men. Of course much depends upon the man in any system or institution. In teaching deaf-mutes there is great difference in the power of men to awaken inert faculties. We may have a good system of municipal government the working of which may be defeated by a bad or incompetent mayor, or we may have a defective system which may yield fair results with a competent, honest executive; but it remains true that a good system will eventually give the best results. What I am concerned to say about Elmira is that the system is philosophical, and capable, with modifications here and there, of universal application.

I will not here enter upon the question, which is a question by itself, whether it is worth while to attempt to reform the criminal class, any further than to remark that it is better economy for the tax-payer to spend money in this way, with such results as are demonstrable, than to pay more money for handling the criminal class the way we handle it now. The cost of reforming a certain number of criminals, who are to some extent self-supporting while in confinement, is less than the cost of watching, catching, trying, and imprisoning them, on shorter or longer sentences, over and over again, to say nothing of their depredations on society. Nor will I say anything of the labor-reform demand that prison labor must produce nothing that free labor might produce, except to point out the absurdity of the position that honest men should be taxed for the lodging, feeding, and clothing of willful criminals in idleness.

In order to reform any person addicted to evil living, an adequate motive must be offered. At Elmira the powerful motive is the desire of regaining liberty. This would seem enough, but it is not always sufficient to arouse ambition in a sluggish nature, especially when the period of incarceration is fixed and is short. This motive, then, has to be supplemented by others. A way must be found to arouse the sluggish body and interest the dormant mind. It is sometimes long before this way can be discovered. These ruined natures have often very little that can be appealed to successfully. But I believe there is in most men and women, however degraded, the seed of a better life. The first step will probably be the awakening an interest in something outside themselves; not a purpose of change, but simply an interest. It may be a desire to learn the alphabet, or an awakened taste for reading, or a little inclination to know something. It may be a pride in personal appearance, or a wish to get commendation for good behavior, or a dawning sense of the agreeableness of order, neatness, cleanliness. Or it may be some pleasure in a discovered power to do well a piece of work. This interest, once aroused, can be stimulated by various incitements, slight rewards of promotion, the fear of social degradation; and this path of doing well will become powerfully attractive when it is seen to be the path, and the only one, to liberty. But this interest in any form, with even the prize of liberation, can not be depended on to last. The will of the criminal is weak and vacillating. He can not be depended on, he can not depend upon himself, for continuance. He may fail and fall again and again. The only remedy in his case—and it is the common case—is to keep him at it, keep him trying, until a habit is formed, until his will is strengthened, until, in fact, it is mentally and physically just as easy for him to live a normal, healthful life as it was to live a disorderly life.

In the life that is required of him under the Elmira system it is very difficult for a man to sham. The study, the work, the behavior, demanded of him continuously almost preclude hypocrisy. The neophyte may try to pass himself off as docile, and even as pious, but no deceit lasts long under this severe, exacting, trying discipline, which is applied equally to his attention in the workshop, his alertness in school, and to all the details of his personal behavior and appearance. The requirements are too rigid. If the man does not put himself willingly and honestly into harmony with his position, he is pretty certain to break down and go back into the harder conditions of prison life. These he finds very unwelcome after a taste of

something better, and he tries again, with a new resolution. The pressure is incessant. The incentive of liberty, better apprehended as he gets into a normal state, is always inviting him. Meanwhile habit is doing its work. He can continue longer in a straight course. He begins to feel in all his renovated physical and moral nature not only the desire for liberty, but a longing, however faint, to make a man of himself.

The important thing, as necessary in this system to getting out of confinement as to becoming a man, is the formation of habit. And here is where the notion of an indeterminate sentence comes in as the only condition of forming a fixed habit.

An indeterminate sentence is the sentence of a convict to confinement until in the judgment of some tribunal he is fit to go out into society again, until it is evident that he is likely to be law-abiding. If a person is determined upon a criminal life, the best thing that can be done for him and for society is to confine him where he can do no mischief, and where his labor will pay for his keeping, so that he may not be an expense to society nor a terror to it. And, logically, he should be confined until there is good reason to believe that he will be a self-supporting, law-abiding member of community. Now the difficulty heretofore has been to determine when a person might safely be released on an indeterminate sentence. Under the present prison system, if release depended simply on good behavior, on external observance of rules, most criminals are shrewd enough to behave admirably, and to even offer evidence of Christian conversion, in order to get release. Where is there a tribunal that could pass upon his character? The Elmira system compels a person literally to work out his own salvation. It will take some men a longer and some men a shorter time to do it, that is, to acquire such a habit that for a given period they can stand perfect in study, in work, in conduct. Under our present rule of determinate sentences there are many incorrigible cases. Probably there are some natures incapable of being changed to anything better. Let such stay where they can pay for their living and not injure society. But it is difficult to say of any man that he can not be reached and touched by discipline, physical, mental, and moral, for a long time and continuous; that it is impossible to drill him, in years of effort, into a habit of decent living and a liking for an orderly life. It is impossible, psychologically and physiologically, for a person to obey rigid rules of order and decency, to be drilled in mental exercises, to be subject to supervision for intelligent and attentive labor, for a considerable length of time, and not form new habits, not be changed sensibly and probably radically. It may be in one year, it may be in ten years, but ultimately habits will be formed, and the man can not, without a greater or less effort, be what he was before he was subjected to this process.

This is the education of which I speak; this is the education which does not fit or incline a man to be an expert criminal, but which makes a disorderly life in his case improbable. And he himself determines when he is fit to go out of confinement and out of the discipline to which he has been subjected. His record shows it, for his record shows whether he has acquired new habits and is really changed. Of course some tribunal must pass upon this record and upon the whole appearance and tendency of the man, but its work is comparatively easy, and liable to few mistakes. After release, of course something must be done to place this man, who has acquired a habit of and a liking for a correct life, in a position in community where he has a chance to maintain himself. He can not be turned loose to all temptations in face of the contempt of the world. But philanthropy can provide for that as a part of the system which has given him, by long discipline, the habit of decent living. And it will happen that when the community understands this system, the finding employment for men who have been in State-prison will not be so difficult as it is now.

It is not to be wondered at that nobody likes to give employment to or take into any position of trust a convict released from our present prisons. Commonly there is less reason to trust him than before that experience. But the case is exactly reversed as to a man who has been subjected for years to the discipline I describe. Before you complain of want of sympathy in the community, prison management must show that it has done something to deserve that sympathy.

The key-note of the system, let me repeat, is the discipline of education of the

body, the mind, and the moral nature, applied simultaneously, and continued, by means of the indeterminate sentence, long enough to form a habit of orderly living. Along with this habit will inevitably go the taste for a better life. The man out of jail who has a love of reading and a habit of it has one safeguard against dissipation. But when one who has been a criminal has not only this habit, but also that of neatness, of order, of wholesome occupation, has lost something of the inertness of body and gained alertness of mind and an interest in the broader affairs of life, and has at the same time such a quickening of the moral faculties as will enable him to discriminate between right and wrong, he is tolerably well furnished for the conflict of life.

We are not expecting a Utopia. We know the tendency of human nature. Even the best bred and nurtured fall into vice and crime. All the children's aid societies can not dry up all the sources of criminal life. We shall have criminals and the sad necessity of prisons. But we certainly can practice some economy in dealing with the one and in administering the other; we can arrive at a sensible, philosophic basis of action, and not go on wasting our energies and disappointing our sentimentality by the present unphilosophical and inadequate if not hap-hazard methods.

I have confined my remarks to one topic—is there in the Elmira system a philosophical basis for us to work on in prison reform? It seems to me there is. Observation teaches that there is little efficacy in any desultory attempts to teach prisoners certain knowledges, or in any mere bettering of their physical condition. The only thing likely to tell is a rigid discipline bearing upon the whole nature of the man.

Well, this system is, in combination, a compulsory workshop, school, physical gymnasium. You may expect to get approximately from these the same results that you get for boys and men in shops, schools, gymnasia, outside of prisons. But you know how much depends in your industrial establishment, in your school, in your drill-room, upon the conductor. There are many good schools: if you want a Rugby, you must have an Arnold. Now in the prison system I describe, if you throw in sympathy, some enthusiasm of humanity, some trust in man, you will get back as a result what you give.

INDIAN SUMMER.

(Copyright, 1885, by W. D. Howells.)

XXI.

WHEN Colville came to himself, his first sensation was delight in the softness and smoothness of the turf on which he lay; then the strange color of the grass commended itself to his notice; and presently he perceived that the thing under his head was a pillow, and that he was in bed. He was supported in this conclusion by the opinion of the young man who sat watching him a little way off, and who now smiled cheerfully at the expression in the eyes which Colville turned inquiringly upon him.

"Where am I?" he asked, with what appeared to him very unnecessary feebleness of voice.

The young man begged his pardon in Italian, and when Colville repeated his question in that tongue, he told him that he was in Palazzo Pinti, whither he had been brought from the scene of his accident. He added that Colville must not talk till the doctor had seen him and given him leave, and he explained that he was himself a nurse from the hospital, who had been taking care of him.

Colville moved his head and felt the bandage upon it; he desisted in his attempt to lift his right arm to it before the attendant could interfere in behalf of the broken limb. He recalled dimly and fragmentarily long histories that he had dreamed, but he forbore to ask how long he had been in his present case, and he accepted patiently the apparition of the doctor and other persons who came and went, and were at his bedside or not there, as it seemed to him, between the opening and closing of an eye. As the days passed they acquired greater permanence and maintained a more uninterrupted identity. He was able to make quite sure of Mr. Morton and of Mr. Waters; Mrs. Bowen came in, leading Effie, and this gave him a great pleasure. Mrs. Bowen seem-

ed to have grown younger and better. Imogene was not among the phantoms who visited him; and he accepted her absence as quiescently as he accepted the presence of the others. There was a cheerfulness in those who came that permitted him no anxiety, and he was too weak to invite it by any conjecture. He consented to be spared and to spare himself; and there were some things about the affair which gave him a singular and perhaps not wholly sane content. One of these was the man-nurse, who had evidently taken care of him throughout. He celebrated, whenever he looked at this capable person, his escape from being, in the odious helplessness of sickness, a burden upon the strength and sympathy of the two women for whom he had otherwise made so much trouble. His satisfaction in this had much to do with his recovery, which, when it once began, progressed rapidly to a point where he was told that Imogene and her mother were at a hotel in Florence, waiting till he should be strong enough to see them. It was Mrs. Bowen who told him this, with an air which she visibly strove to render non-committal and impersonal, but which betrayed, nevertheless, a faint apprehension for the effect upon him. The attitude of Imogene and her mother was certainly not one to have been expected of people holding their nominal relation to him, but Colville had been revising his impressions of events on the day of his accident; Imogene's last look came back to him, and he could not think the situation altogether unaccountable.

"Have I been here a long time?" he asked, as if he had not heeded what she told him.

"About a fortnight," answered Mrs. Bowen.

"And Imogene—how long has she been away?"

"Since they knew you would get well."

"I will see them any time," he said, quietly.

"Do you think you are strong enough?"

"I shall never be stronger till I have seen them," he returned, with a glance at her. "Yes; I want them to come to-day. I shall not be excited; don't be troubled —if you were going to be," he added. "Please send to them at once."

Mrs. Bowen hesitated, but after a moment left the room. She returned in half an hour with a lady who revealed even to Colville's languid regard evidences of the character which Mrs. Bowen had attributed to Imogene's mother. She was a large, robust person, laced to sufficient shapeliness, and she was well and simply dressed. She entered the room with a waft of some clean, wholesome perfume, and a quiet temperament and perfect health looked out of her clear, honest eyes —the eyes of Imogene Graham, though the girl's were dark and the woman's were blue. When Mrs. Bowen had named them to each other, in withdrawing, Mrs. Graham took Colville's weak left hand in her fresh, strong right, and then lifted herself a chair to his bedside, and sat down.

"How do you do to-day, sir?" she said, with a touch of old-fashioned respectfulness in the last word. "Do you think you are quite strong enough to talk with me?"

"I think so," said Colville, with a faint smile. "At least I can listen with fortitude."

Mrs. Graham was not apparently a person adapted to joking. "I don't know whether it will require much fortitude to hear what I have to say or not," she said, with her keen gaze fixed upon him. "It's simply this: I am going to take Imogene home."

She seemed to expect that Colville would make some reply to this, and he said, blankly, "Yes?"

"I came out prepared to consent to what she wished, after I had seen you, and satisfied myself that she was not mistaken; for I had always promised myself that her choice should be perfectly untrammelled, and I have tried to bring her up with principles and ideas that would enable her to make a good choice."

"Yes," said Colville again. "I'm afraid you didn't take her temperament and her youth into account, and that she disappointed you."

"No, I can't say that she did. It isn't that at all. I see no reason to blame her for her choice. Her mistake was of another kind."

It appeared to Colville that this very sensible and judicial lady found an intellectual pleasure in the analysis of the case, which modified the intensity of her maternal feeling in regard to it, and that, like many people who talk well, she liked to hear herself talk in the presence of another appreciative listener. He did not

offer to interrupt her, and she went on. "No, sir, I am not disappointed in her choice. I think her chances of happiness would have been greater, in the abstract, with one nearer her own age; but that is a difference which other things affect so much that it did not alarm me greatly. Some people are younger at your age than at hers. No, sir, that is not the point." Mrs. Graham fetched a sigh, as if she found it easier to say what was not the point than to say what was, and her clear gaze grew troubled. But she apparently girded herself for the struggle. "As far as you are concerned, Mr. Colville, I have not a word to say. Your conduct throughout has been most high-minded and considerate and delicate."

It is hard for any man to deny merits attributed to him, especially if he has been ascribing to himself the opposite demerits. But Colville summoned his dispersed forces to protest against this.

"Oh, no, no," he cried. "Anything but that. My conduct has been selfish and shameful. If you could understand all—"

"I think I do understand all—at least far more, I regret to say, than my daughter has been willing to tell me. And I am more than satisfied with you. I thank you and honor you."

"Oh no; don't say that," pleaded Colville. "I really can't stand it."

"And when I came here it was with the full intention of approving and confirming Imogene's decision. But I was met at once by a painful and surprising state of things. You are aware that you have been very sick?"

"Dimly," said Colville.

"I found you very sick, and I found my daughter frantic at the error which she had discovered in herself—discovered too late, as she felt." Mrs. Graham hesitated, and then added, abruptly, "She had found out that she did not love you."

"Didn't love me?" repeated Colville, feebly.

"She had been conscious of the truth before, but she had stifled her misgivings insanely, and, as I feel, almost wickedly, pushing on, and saying to herself that when you were married, then there would be no escape, and she *must* love you."

"Poor girl! poor child! I see, I see."

"But the accident that was almost your death saved her from that miserable folly and iniquity. Yes," she continued, in answer to the protest in his face, "folly and iniquity. I found her half crazed at your bedside. She was fully aware of your danger, but while she was feeling all the remorse that she ought to feel—that any one could feel—she was more and more convinced that she never had loved you and never should. I can give you no idea of her state of mind."

"Oh, you needn't! you needn't! Poor, poor child!"

"Yes, a child indeed. If it had not been for the pity I felt for her— But no matter about that. She saw at last that if your heroic devotion to her"—Colville did his best to hang his pillowed head for shame—"if your present danger did not awaken her to some such feeling for you as she had once imagined she had; if they both only increased her despair and self-abhorrence—then the case was indeed hopeless. She was simply distracted. I had to tear her away almost by force. She has had a narrow escape from brain-fever. And now I have come to implore, to *demand*"—Mrs. Graham, with all her poise and calm, was rising to the hysterical key—"her release from a fate that would be worse than death for such a girl. I mean marrying without the love of her whole soul. She esteems you, she respects you, she admires you, she likes you; but—" Mrs. Graham pressed her lips together, and her eyes shone.

"She is free," said Colville, and with the words a mighty load rolled from his heart. "There is no need to demand anything."

"I know."

"There hasn't been an hour, an instant, during—since I—we—spoke together that I wouldn't have released her if I could have known what you tell me now."

"Of course!—of course!"

"I have had my fears—my doubts; but whenever I approached the point I found no avenue by which we could reach a clearer understanding. I could not say much without seeming to seek for myself the release I was offering her."

"Naturally. And what added to her wretchedness was the suspicion at the bottom of all that she had somehow forced herself upon you—misunderstood you, and made you say and do things to spare her that you would not have done voluntarily." This was advanced tentatively. In the midst of his sophistications Colville had, as most of his sex have, a native,

fatal, helpless truthfulness, which betrayed him at the most unexpected moments, and this must now have appeared in his countenance. The lady rose haughtily. She had apparently been considering him, but, after all, she must have been really considering her daughter. "If anything of the kind was the case," she said, "I will ask you to spare her the killing knowledge. It's quite enough for *me* to know it. And allow me to say, Mr. Colville, that it would have been far kinder in you—"

"Ah, *think*, my dear madam!" he exclaimed. "How *could* I?"

She did think, evidently, and when she spoke it was with a generous emotion, in which there was no trace of pique.

"You couldn't. You have done right; I feel that, and I will trust you to say anything you will to my daughter."

"To your daughter? Shall I see her?"

"She came with me. She wished to beg your forgiveness."

Colville lay silent. "There is no forgiveness to be asked or granted," he said at length. "Why should she suffer the pain of seeing me?—for it would be nothing else. What do you think? Will it do her any good hereafter? I don't care for myself."

"I don't know what to think," said Mrs. Graham. "She is a strange child. She may have some idea of reparation."

"Oh, beseech her from me not to imagine that any reparation is due! Where there has been an error there must be blame; but wherever it lies in ours, I am sure it isn't at her door. Tell her I say this; tell her that I acquit her with all my heart of every shadow of wrong; that I am not unhappy, but glad for her sake and my own that this has ended as it has." He stretched his left hand across the coverlet to her, and said, with the feebleness of exhaustion: "Good-by. Bid her good-by for me."

Mrs. Graham pressed his hand and went out. A moment after the door was flung open, and Imogene burst into the room. She threw herself on her knees beside his bed. "I will *pray* to you!" she said, her face intense with the passions working in her soul. She seemed choking with words which would not come; then, with an inarticulate cry that must stand for all, she caught up the hand that lay limp on the coverlet; she crushed it against her lips, and ran out of the room.

He sank into a deathly torpor, the physical refusal of his brain to take account of what had passed. When he woke from it, little Effie Bowen was airily tiptoeing about the room, fondly retouching its perfect order. He closed his eyes, and felt her come to him and smoothe the sheet softly under his chin. Then he knew she must be standing with clasped hands admiring the effect. Some one called her in whisper from the door. It closed, and all was still again.

XXII.

Colville got himself out of the comfort and quiet of Mrs. Bowen's house as soon as he could. He made the more haste because he felt that if he could have remained with the smallest trace of self-respect, he would have been glad to stay there forever.

Even as it was, the spring had advanced to early summer, and the sun was lying hot and bright in the piazzas, and the shade dense and cool in the narrow streets, before he left Palazzo Pinti; the Lung' Arno was a glare of light that struck back from the curving line of the buff houses; the river had shrivelled to a rill in its bed; the black cypresses were dim in the tremor of the distant air on the hill-slopes beyond; the olives seemed to swelter in the sun, and the villa walls to burn whiter and whiter. At evening the mosquito began to wind his tiny horn. It was the end of May, and nearly everybody but the Florentines had gone out of Florence, dispersing to Villa Reggio by the sea, to the hills of Pistoja, and to the high, cool air of Siena. More than once Colville had said that he was keeping Mrs. Bowen after she ought to have got away, and she had answered that she liked hot weather, and that this was not comparable to the heat of Washington in June. She was looking very well, and younger and prettier than she had since the first days of their renewed acquaintance in the winter. Her southern complexion enriched itself in the sun; sometimes when she came into his room from out-doors the straying brown hair curled into loose rings on her temples, and her cheeks glowed a deep red.

She said those polite things to appease him as long as he was not well enough to go away, but she did not try to detain him after his strength sufficiently returned. It was the blow on the head that

kept him longest. After his broken arm and his other bruises were quite healed he was aware of physical limits to thinking of the future or regretting the past, and this sense of his powerlessness went far to reconcile him to a life of present inaction and oblivion. Theoretically he ought to have been devoured by remorse and chagrin, but as a matter of fact he suffered very little from either. Even in people who are in full possession of their capacity for mental anguish one observes that after they have undergone a certain amount of pain they cease to feel.

Colville amused himself a good deal with Effie's endeavors to entertain him and take care of him. The child was with him every moment that she could steal from her tasks, and her mother no longer attempted to stem the tide of her devotion. It was understood that Effie should joke and laugh with Mr. Colville as much as she chose; that she should fan him as long as he could stand it; that she should read to him when he woke, and watch him when he slept. She brought him his breakfast, she petted him and caressed him, and wished to make him a monster of dependence and self-indulgence. It seemed to grieve her that he got well so fast.

The last night before he left the house she sat on his knee by the window looking out beyond the fire-fly twinkle of Oltrarno to the silence and solid dark of the solemn company of hills beyond. They had not lighted the lamps because of the mosquitoes, and they had talked till her head dropped against his shoulder.

Mrs. Bowen came in to get her. "Why, is she asleep?"

"Yes. Don't take her yet," said Colville.

Mrs. Bowen rustled softly into the chair which Effie had left to get into Colville's lap. Neither of them spoke, and he was so richly content with the peace, the tacit sweetness of the little moment, that he would have been glad to have it silently endure forever. If any troublesome question of his right to such a moment of bliss obtruded itself upon him, he did not concern himself with it.

"We shall have another hot day, to-morrow," said Mrs. Bowen at length. "I hope you will find your room comfortable."

"Yes; it's at the back of the hotel, mighty high and wide, and no sun ever comes into it except when they show it to foreigners in winter. Then they get a few rays to enter as a matter of business, on condition that they won't detain them. I dare say I shall stay there some time. I suppose you will be getting away from Florence very soon?"

"Yes. But I haven't decided where to go yet."

"Should you like some general expression of my gratitude for all you've done for me, Mrs. Bowen?"

"No; I would rather not. It has been a great pleasure—to Effie."

"Oh, a luxury beyond the dreams of avarice." They spoke in low tones, and there was something in the hush that suggested to Colville the feasibility of taking into his unoccupied hand one of the pretty hands which the pale night light showed him lying in Mrs. Bowen's lap. But he forbore, and only sighed. "Well, then, I will say nothing. But I shall keep on thinking, all my life."

She made no answer.

"When you are gone, I shall have to make the most of Mr. Waters," he said.

"He is going to stop all summer, I believe."

"Oh yes. When I suggested to him the other day that he might find it too hot, he said that he had seventy New England winters to thaw out of his blood, and that all the summers he had left would not be more than he needed. One of his friends told him that he could cook eggs in his piazza in August, and he said that he should like nothing better than to cook eggs there. He's the most delightfully expatriated compatriot I've ever seen."

"Do you like it?"

"It's well enough for him. Life has no claims on him any more. I think it's very pleasant over here, now that everybody's gone," added Colville, from a confused resentfulness of collectively remembered Days and Afternoons and Evenings. "How still the night is!"

A few feet clapping by on the pavement below alone broke the hush.

"Sometimes I feel very tired of it all, and want to get home," sighed Mrs. Bowen.

"Well, so do I."

"I can't believe it's right staying away from the country so long." People often say such things in Europe.

"No, I don't, either, if you've got anything to do there."

"You can always make something to do there."

"Oh yes." Some young men, breaking from a street near by, began to sing. "We shouldn't have that sort of thing at home."

"No," said Mrs. Bowen, pensively.

"I heard just such singing before I fell asleep the night after that party at Madame Uccelli's, and it filled me with fury."

"Why should it do that?"

"I don't know. It seemed like voices from our youth—Lina."

She had no resentment of his use of her name in the tone with which she asked: "Did you hate that so much?"

"No; the loss of it."

They both fetched a deep breath.

"The Uccellis have a villa near the Baths of Lucca," said Mrs. Bowen. "They have asked me to go."

"Do you think of going?" inquired Colville. "I've always fancied it must be pleasant there."

"No; I declined. Sometimes I think I will just stay on in Florence."

"I dare say you'd find it perfectly comfortable. There's nothing like having the range of one's own house in summer." He looked out of the window on the blue-black sky.

"'And deepening through their silent spheres,
Heaven over heaven rose the night,'"

he quoted. "It's wonderful! Do you remember how I used to read 'Mariana in the South' to you and poor Jenny? How it must have bored her! What an ass I was!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Bowen, breathlessly, in sympathy with his reminiscence rather than in agreement with his self-denunciation.

Colville broke into a laugh, and then she began to laugh too, but not quite willingly, as it seemed.

Effie started from her sleep. "What—what is it?" she asked, stretching and shivering as half-wakened children do.

"Bed-time," said her mother, promptly, taking her hand to lead her away. "Say good-night to Mr. Colville."

The child turned and kissed him. "Good-night," she murmured.

"Good-night, you sleepy little soul!" It seemed to Colville that he must be a pretty good man, after all, if this little thing loved him so.

"Do you always kiss Mr. Colville good-night?" asked her mother when she began to undo her hair for her in her room.

"Sometimes. Don't you think it's nice?"

"Oh yes, nice enough."

Colville sat by the window a long time, thinking Mrs. Bowen might come back; but she did not return.

Mr. Waters came to see him the next afternoon at his hotel.

"Are you pretty comfortable here?" he asked.

"Well, it's a change," said Colville. "I miss the little one awfully."

"She's a winning child," admitted the old man. "That combination of conventionality and *naïveté* is very captivating. I notice it in the mother."

"Yes, the mother has it too. Have you seen them to-day?"

"Yes; Mrs. Bowen was sorry to be out when you came."

"I had the misfortune to miss them. I had a great mind to go again to-night." The old man said nothing to this. "The fact is," Colville went on, "I'm so habituated to being there that I'm rather spoiled."

"Ah, it's a nice place," Mr. Waters admitted.

"Of course I made all the haste I could to get away, and I have the reward of a good conscience. But I don't find that the reward is very great."

The old gentleman smiled. "The difficulty is to know conscience from self-interest."

"Oh, there's no doubt of it in my case," said Colville. "If I'd consulted my own comfort and advantage, I should still be at Palazzo Pinti."

"I dare say they would have been glad to keep you."

"Do you really think so?" asked Colville, with sudden seriousness. "I wish you would tell me why. Have you any reason—grounds? Pshaw! I'm absurd!" He sank back into the easy-chair from whose depths he had pulled himself in the eagerness of his demand, and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. "Mr. Waters, you remember my telling you of my engagement to Miss Graham?"

"Yes."

"That is broken off—if it were ever really on. It was a great mistake for both of us—a tragical one for her, poor child, a ridiculous one for me. My only consolation is that it *was* a mistake and

no more; but I don't conceal from myself that I might have prevented it altogether if I had behaved with greater wisdom and dignity at the outset. But I'm afraid I was flattered by an illusion of hers that ought to have pained and alarmed me, and the rest followed inevitably, though I was always just on the point of escaping the consequences of my weakness — my wickedness."

"Ah, there is something extremely interesting in all that," said the old minister, thoughtfully. "The situation used to be figured under the old idea of a compact with the devil. His debtor was always on the point of escaping, as you say, but I recollect no instance in which he did not pay at last. The myth must have arisen from man's recognition of the inexorable sequence of effect from cause in the moral world, which even repentance can not avert. Goethe tries to imagine an atonement for Faust's trespass against one human soul in his benefactions to the race at large; but it is a very cloudy business."

"It isn't quite a parallel case," said Colville, rather sulkily. He had, in fact, suffered more under Mr. Waters's generalization than he could from a more personal philosophy of the affair.

"Oh no; I didn't think that," consented the old man.

"And I don't think I shall undertake any extended scheme of drainage or subsoiling in atonement for my little dream," Colville continued, resenting the parity of outline that grew upon him in spite of his protest. They were both silent for a while, and then Colville cried out: "Yes, yes; they are alike. *I* dreamed, too, of recovering and restoring my own lost and broken past in the love of a young soul, and it was in essence the same cruelly egotistic dream; and it's nothing in my defense that it was all formless and undirected at first, and that as soon as I recognized it I abhorred it."

"Oh yes, it is," replied the old man, with perfect equanimity. "Your assertion is the hysterical excess of Puritanism, in all times and places. In the moral world we are responsible only for the wrong that we intend. It can't be otherwise."

"And the evil that's suffered from the wrong we didn't intend?"

"Ah, perhaps that isn't evil."

"It's pain!"

"It's pain, yes."

"And to have wrung a young and innocent heart with the anguish of self-doubt, with the fear of wrong to another, with the shame of an error such as I allowed, perhaps encouraged, her to make—"

"Yes," said the old man. "The young suffer terribly. But they recover. Afterward we don't suffer so much, but we don't recover. I wouldn't defend you against yourself if I thought you seriously in the wrong. If you know yourself to be, you shouldn't let me."

Thus put upon his honor, Colville was a long time thoughtful. "How can I tell?" he asked. "You know the facts; you can judge."

"If I were to judge at all, I should say you were likely to do a greater wrong than any you have committed."

"I don't understand you."

"Miss Graham is a young girl, and I have no doubt that the young clergyman —what was his name?"

"Morton. Do you think—do you suppose there was anything in that?" demanded Colville, with eagerness that a more humorous observer than Mr. Waters might have found ludicrous. "He was an admirable young fellow, with an excellent head and a noble heart. I underrated him at one time, though I recognized his good qualities afterward; but I was afraid she did not appreciate him."

"I'm not so sure of that," said the old man, with an astuteness of manner which Colville thought authorized by some sort of definite knowledge.

"I would give the world if it were so!" he cried, fervently.

"But you are really very much more concerned in something else."

"In what else?"

"Can't you imagine?"

"No," said Colville; but he felt himself growing very red in the face.

"Then I have no more to say."

"Yes, speak!" And after an interval Colville added, "Is it anything about— you hinted at something long ago—Mrs. Bowen?"

"Yes;" the old man nodded his head. "Do you owe her nothing?"

"Owe her nothing? Everything! My life! What self-respect is left me! Immeasurable gratitude! The homage of a man saved from himself as far as his stupidity and selfishness would permit! Why, I—I love her!" The words gave

him courage. "In every breath and pulse! She is the most beautiful and gracious and wisest and best woman in the world! I have loved her ever since I met her here in Florence last winter. Good heavens! I must have always loved her! But," he added, falling from the rapture of this confession, "she simply loathes *me!*"

"It was certainly not to your credit that you were willing at the same time to marry some one else."

"Willing! I wasn't willing! I was bound hand and foot! Yes—I don't care what you think of my weakness—I was not a free agent. It's very well to condemn one's self, but it may be carried too far; injustice to others is not the only injustice, or the worst. What I was willing to do was to keep my word—to prevent that poor child, if possible, from ever finding out her mistake."

If Colville expected this heroic confession to impress his listener, he was disappointed. Mr. Waters made him no reply, and he was obliged to ask, with a degree of sarcastic impatience, "I suppose you scarcely blame me for that?"

"Oh, I don't know that I blame people for things. There are times when it seems as if we were all puppets, pulled this way or that, without control of our own movements. Hamlet was able to browbeat Rosencrantz and Guildenstern with his business of the pipe; but if they had been in a position to answer they might have told him that it required far less skill to play upon a man than any other instrument. Most of us, in fact, go sounding on without any special application of breath or fingers, repeating the tunes that were played originally upon other men. It appears to me that you suffered yourself to do something of the kind in this affair. We are a long time learning to act with common-sense, or even common sanity, in what are called matters of the affections. A broken engagement *may* be a bad thing in some cases, but I am inclined to think that it is the very best thing that could happen in most cases where it happens. The evil is done long before; the broken engagement is merely sanative, and so far beneficent."

The old gentleman rose, and Colville, dazed by the recognition of his own cowardice and absurdity, did not try to detain him. But he followed him down to the outer gate of the hotel. The afternoon sun was pouring into the piazza a sea of glimmering heat, into which Mr. Waters plunged with the security of a salamander. He wore a broad-brimmed Panama hat, a sack-coat of black alpaca, and loose trousers of the same material, and Colville fancied him doubly defended against the torrid waves not only by the stored cold of half a century of winters at Haddam East Village, but by an inner coolness of spirit, which appeared to diffuse itself in an appreciable atmosphere about him. It was not till he was gone that Colville found himself steeped in perspiration and glowing with a strange excitement.

XXIII.

Colville went back to his own room, and spent a good deal of time in the contemplation of a suit of clothes, adapted to the season, which had been sent home from the tailor's just before Mr. Waters came in. The coat was of the lightest serge, the trousers of a pearly gray tending to lavender, the waistcoat of cool white duck. On his way home from Palazzo Pinti he had stopped in Via Tornabuoni and bought some silk gauze neck-ties, of a tasteful gayety of tint which he had at the time thought very well of. But now, as he spread out the whole array on his bed, it seemed too emblematic of a light and blameless spirit for his wear. He ought to put on something as nearly analogous to sackcloth as a modern stock of dry-goods afforded; he ought, at least, to wear the grave materials of his winter costume. But they were really insupportable in this sudden access of summer. Besides, he had grown thin during his sickness, and the things bagged about him. If he were going to see Mrs. Bowen that evening, he ought to go in some decent shape. It was perhaps providential that he had failed to find her at home in the morning, when he had ventured thither in the clumsy attire in which he had been loafing about her drawing-room for the past week. He now owed it to her to appear before her as well as he could. How charmingly punctilious she always was herself!

As he put on his new clothes he felt the moral support which the becomingness of dress alone can give. With the blue silk gauze lightly tied under his collar, and the lapels of his thin coat thrown back to admit his thumbs to his waistcoat pockets, he felt almost cheerful before his glass. Should he shave? As once before,

this important question occurred to him. His thinness gave him some advantages of figure, but he thought that it made his face older. What effect would cutting off his beard have upon it? He had not seen the lower part of his face for fifteen years. No one could say what recent ruin of a double chin might not be lurking there. He decided not to shave, at least till after dinner, and after dinner he was too impatient for his visit to brook the necessary delay.

He was shown into the salotto alone, but Effie Bowen came running in to meet him. She stopped suddenly, bridling.

"You never expected to see me looking quite so pretty," said Colville, tracing the cause of her embarrassment to his summer splendor. "Where is your mamma?"

"She is in the dining-room," replied the child, getting hold of his hand. "She wants you to come and have coffee with us."

"By all means — not that I haven't had coffee already, though."

She led the way, looking up at him shyly over her shoulder as they went.

Mrs. Bowen rose, napkin in lap, and gave him a hand of welcome. "How are you feeling to-day?" she asked, politely ignoring his finery.

"Like a new man," he said. And then he added, to relieve the strain of the situation, "Of the best tailor's make in Florence."

"You look very well," she smiled.

"Oh, I always do when I take pains," said Colville. "The trouble is that I don't always take pains. But I thought I would to-night, in calling upon a lady."

"Effie will feel very much flattered," said Mrs. Bowen.

"Don't refuse a portion of the satisfaction," he cried.

"Oh, is it for me too?"

This gave Colville consolation which no religion or philosophy could have brought him; and his pleasure was not marred, but rather heightened, by the little pangs of expectation, bred by long custom, that from moment to moment Imogene would appear. She did not appear, and a thrill of security succeeded upon each alarm. He wished her well with all his heart; such is the human heart that he wished her arrived home the betrothed of that excellent, that wholly unobjectionable young man, Mr. Morton.

"Will you have a little of the ice before your coffee?" asked Mrs. Bowen, proposing one of the moulded creams with her spoon.

"Yes, thank you. Perhaps I will take it in place of the coffee. They forgot to offer us any ice at the *table d'hôte* this evening."

"This is rather luxurious for us," said Mrs. Bowen. "It's a compromise with Effie. She wanted me to take her to Giacosa's this afternoon."

"I *thought* you would come," whispered the child to Colville.

Her mother made a little face of mock surprise at her. "Don't give yourself away, Effie."

"Why, let us go to Giacosa's too," said Colville, taking the ice. "We shall be the only foreigners there, and we shall not even feel ourselves foreign. It's astonishing how the hot weather has dispersed the tourists. I didn't see a Baedeker on the whole way up here, and I walked down Via Tornabuoni, across through Porta Rosso, and the Piazza della Signoria, and the Uffizzi. You've no idea how comfortable and home-like it was— all the statues loafing about in their shirt sleeves, and the objects of interest stretching and yawning round, and having a good rest after their winter's work."

Effie understood Colville's way of talking well enough to enjoy this; her mother did not laugh.

"Walked?" she asked.

"Certainly. Why not?"

"You are getting well again. You'll soon be gone too."

"I've *got* well. But as to being gone, there's no hurry. I rather think I shall wait now to see how long you stay."

"We may keep you all summer," said Mrs. Bowen, drooping her eyelids indifferently.

"Oh, very well. All summer it is, then. Mr. Waters is going to stay, and he is such a very cool old gentleman that I don't think one need fear the wildest antics of the mercury where he is."

When Colville had finished his ice, Mrs. Bowen led the way to the salotto; and they all sat down by the window there and watched the sunset die on San Miniato. The bronze copy of Michelangelo's David, in the Piazzale below the church, blackened in perfect relief against the pink sky and then faded against the gray while they talked. They were so

domestic that Colville realized with difficulty that this was an image of what might be rather than what really was; the very ease with which he could apparently close his hand upon the happiness within his grasp unnerved him. The talk strayed hither and thither, and went and came aimlessly. A sound of singing floated in from the kitchen, and Effie eagerly asked her mother if she might go and see Maddalena. Maddalena's mother had come to see her, and she was from the mountains.

"Yes, go," said Mrs. Bowen; "but don't stay too long."

"Oh, I will be back in time," said the child; and Colville remembered that he had proposed going to Giacosa's.

"Yes; don't forget." He had forgotten it himself.

"Maddalena is the cook," explained Mrs. Bowen. "She sings ballads to Effie that she learned from her mother, and I suppose Effie wants to hear them at first hand."

"Oh yes," said Colville, dreamily.

They were alone now, and each little silence seemed freighted with a meaning deeper than speech.

"Have you seen Mr. Waters to-day?" asked Mrs. Bowen, after one of these lapses.

"Yes; he came this afternoon."

"He is a very strange old man. I should think he would be lonely here."

"He seems not to be. He says he finds company in the history of the place. And his satisfaction at having got out of Haddam East Village is perennial."

"But he will want to go back there before he dies."

"I don't know. He thinks not. He's a strange old man, as you say. He has the art of putting all sorts of ideas into people's heads. Do you know what we talked about this afternoon?"

"No, I don't," murmured Mrs. Bowen.

"About you. And he encouraged me to believe—imagine—that I might speak to you—ask—tell you that—I loved you, Lina." He leaned forward and took one of the hands that lay in her lap. It trembled with a violence inconceivable in relation to the perfect quiet of her attitude. But she did not try to take it away. "Could you—do you love me?"

"Yes," she whispered; but here she sprang up and slipped from his hold altogether as, with an inarticulate cry of rapture, he released her hand to take her in his arms.

He followed her a pace or two. "And you will—will be my wife?" he pursued, eagerly.

"Never!" she answered; and now Colville stopped short, while a cold bewilderment bathed him from head to foot. It must be some sort of jest, though he could not tell were the humor was, and he could not treat it otherwise than seriously.

"Lina, I have loved you from the first moment that I saw you this winter, and Heaven knows how long before!"

"Yes; I know that."

"And every moment."

"Oh, I know that too."

"Even if I had no sort of hope that you cared for me, I loved you so much that I must tell you before we parted—"

"I expected that—I intended it."

"You intended it! and you do love me! And yet you won't— Ah, I don't understand!"

"How could *you* understand? I love you—I blush and burn for shame to think that I love you. But I will never marry you: I can at least help doing that, and I can still keep some little trace of self-respect. How you must really despise me, to think of anything else, after all that has happened! Did you suppose that I was merely waiting till that poor girl's back was turned, as you were? Oh, how can you be yourself, and still be yourself? Yes, Jenny Wheelwright was right. You are too much of a mixture, Theodore Colville"—her calling him so showed how often she had thought of him so—"too much for her, too much for Imogene, too much for me; too much for any woman except some wretched creature who enjoys being trampled on and dragged through the dust, as you have dragged me."

"*I* dragged *you* through the dust? There hasn't been a moment in the past six months when I wouldn't have rolled myself in it to please you."

"Oh, I knew that well enough! And do you think that was flattering to me?"

"That has nothing to do with it. I only know that I love you, and that I couldn't help wishing to show it even when I wouldn't acknowledge it to myself. That is all. And now when I am free to speak, and you own that you love me, you won't— I give it up!" he cried, desperately. But in the next breath he implored, "*Why* do you drive me from you, Lina?"

"Because you have humiliated me too much." She was perfectly steady, but he knew her so well that in the twilight he knew what bitterness there must be in the smile which she must be keeping on her lips. "I was here in the place of her mother, her best friend, and you made me treat her like an enemy. You made me betray her and cast her off."

"I?"

"Yes, you! I knew from the very first that you did not really care for her, that you were playing with yourself, as you were playing with her, and I ought to have warned her."

"It appears to me you did warn her," said Colville, with some resentful return of courage.

"I tried," she said, simply, "and it made it worse. It made it worse because I knew that I was acting for my own sake more than hers, because I wasn't—disinterested." There was something in this explanation, serious, tragic, as it was to Mrs. Bowen, which made Colville laugh. She might have had some perception of its effect to him, or it may have been merely from a hysterical helplessness, but she laughed too a little.

"But why," he gathered courage to ask, "do you still dwell upon that? Mr. Waters told me that Mr. Morton—that there was—"

"He is mistaken. He offered himself, and she refused him. He told me."

"Oh!"

"Do you think she would do otherwise, with you lying here between life and death? No: you can have no hope from that."

Colville, in fact, had none. This blow crushed and dispersed him. He had not strength enough to feel resentment against Mr. Waters for misleading him with this *ignis fatuus*.

"No one warned him, and it came to that," said Mrs. Bowen. "It was of a piece with the whole affair. I was weak in that too."

Colville did not attempt to reply on this point. He feebly reverted to the inquiry regarding himself, and was far enough from mirth in resuming it.

"I couldn't imagine," he said, "that you cared anything for me when you warned another against me. If I could—"

"You put me in a false position from the beginning. I ought to have sympathized with her and helped her, instead of making the poor child feel that somehow I hated her. I couldn't even put her on guard against herself, though I knew all along that she didn't really care for you, but was just in love with her own fancy for you. Even after you were engaged I ought to have broken it off; I ought to have been frank with her; it was my duty; but I couldn't without feeling that I was acting for myself too, and I would not submit to that degradation. No! I would rather have died. I dare say you don't understand. How could you? You are a man, and the kind of man who couldn't. At every point you made me violate every principle that was dear to me. I loathed myself for caring for a man who was in love with me when he was engaged to another. Don't think it was gratifying to me. It was detestable; and yet I did let you see that I cared for you. Yes, I even *tried* to make you care for me—falsely, cruelly, treacherously."

"You didn't have to try very hard," said Colville, with a sort of cold resignation to his fate.

"Oh no; you were quite ready for any hint. I could have told her for her own sake that she didn't love you, but that would have been for my sake too; and I would have told you if I hadn't cared for you and known how you cared for me. I've saved at least the consciousness of this from the wreck."

"I don't think it's a great treasure," said Colville. "I wish that you had saved the consciousness of having been frank even to your own advantage."

"Do you dare to reproach me, Theodore Colville? But perhaps I've deserved this too."

"No, Lina, you certainly don't deserve it, if it's unkindness, from me. I won't afflict you with my presence: but will you listen to me before I go?"

She sank into a chair in sign of assent. He also sat down. He had a dim impression that he could talk better if he took her hand, but he did not venture to ask for it. He contented himself with fixing his eyes upon as much of her face as he could make out in the dusk, a pale blur in a vague outline of dark.

"I want to assure you, Lina—Lina, my love, my dearest, as I shall call you for the first and last time!—that I *do* understand everything, as delicately and fully as you could wish, all that you have expressed and all that you have left unsaid. I understand how high and pure your

ideals of duty are, and how heroically, angelically, you have struggled to fulfill them, broken and borne down by my clumsy and stupid selfishness from the start. I want you to believe, my dearest love—you must forgive me!—that if I didn't see everything at the time, I do see it now, and that I prize the love you kept from me far more than any love you could have given me to the loss of your self-respect. It isn't logic—it sounds more like nonsense, I am afraid—but you know what I mean by it. You are more perfect, more lovely, to me than any being in the world, and I accept whatever fate you choose for me. I would not win you against your will if I could. You are sacred to me. If you say we must part, I know that you speak from a finer discernment than mine, and I submit. I will try to console myself with the thought of your love, if I may not have you. Yes, I submit."

His instinct of forbearance had served him better than the subtlest art. His submission was the best defense. He rose with a real dignity, and she rose also. "Remember," he said, "that I confess all you accuse me of, and that I acknowledge the justice of what you do—because you do it." He put out his hand and took the hand which hung nerveless at her side. "You are quite right. Good-by." He hesitated a moment. "May I kiss you, Lina?" He drew her to him, and she let him kiss her on the lips.

"Good-by," she whispered. "Go—"

"I am going."

Effie Bowen ran into the room from the kitchen. "Aren't you going to take—" She stopped and turned to her mother. She must not remind Mr. Colville of his invitation; that was what her gesture expressed.

Colville would not say anything. He would not seize his advantage, and play upon the mother's heart through the feelings of her child, though there is no doubt that he was tempted to prolong the situation by any means. Perhaps Mrs. Bowen divined both the temptation and the resistance. "Tell her," she said, and turned away.

"I can't go with you to-night, Effie," he said, stooping toward her for the inquiring kiss that she gave him. "I am—going away, and I must say good-by."

The solemnity of his voice alarmed her. "Going away!" she repeated.

"Yes—away from Florence. I'm afraid I shall not see you again."

The child turned from him to her mother again, who stood motionless. Then, as if the whole calamitous fact had suddenly flashed upon her, she plunged her face against her mother's breast. "I can't *bear* it!" she sobbed out; and the reticence of her lamentation told more than a storm of cries and prayers.

Colville wavered.

"Oh, you must stay!" said Lina, in the self-contemptuous voice of a woman who falls below her ideal of herself.

XXIV.

In the levities which the most undeserving husbands permit themselves with the severest of wives, there were times after their marriage when Colville accused Lina of never really intending to drive him away, but of meaning, after a disciplinary ordeal, to marry him in reward of his tested self-sacrifice and obedience. He said that if the appearance of Effie was not a *coup de théâtre* contrived beforehand, it was an accident of no consequence whatever; that if she had not come in at that moment, her mother would have found some other pretext for detaining him. This is a point which I would not presume to decide. I only know that they were married early in June before the syndic of Florence, who tied a tricolor sash round his ample waist for the purpose, and never looked more paternal or venerable than when giving the sanction of the Italian state to their union. It is not, of course, to be supposed that Mrs. Colville was contented with the civil rite, though Colville may have thought it quite sufficient. The religious ceremony took place in the English chapel, the assistant clergyman officiating in the absence of the incumbent, who had already gone out of town.

The Rev. Mr. Waters gave away the bride, and then went home to Palazzo Pinti with the party, the single and singularly honored guest at their wedding feast, for which Effie Bowen went with Colville to Giacosa's to order the ices in person. She has never regretted her choice of a step-father, though when Colville asked her how she would like him in that relation she had a moment of hesitation, in which she reconciled herself to it; as to him she had no misgivings. He has sometimes found himself the object of little

jealousies on her part, but by promptly deciding all questions between her and her mother in Effie's favor, he has convinced her of the groundlessness of her suspicions.

In the absence of any social pressure to the contrary, the Colvilles spent the summer in Palazzo Pinti. Before their fellow-sojourners returned from the *villeggiature* in the fall, however, they had turned their faces southward, and they are now in Rome, where, arriving as a married couple, there was no inquiry and no interest in their past.

It is best to be honest, and own that the affair with Imogene has been the grain of sand to them. No one was to blame, or very much to blame; even Mrs. Colville says that. It was a thing that happened, but one would rather it had not happened.

Last winter, however, Mrs. Colville received a letter from Mrs. Graham which suggested, if it did not impart, consolation. "Mr. Morton was here the other day, and spent the morning. He has a parish at Erie, and there is talk of his coming to Buffalo."

"Oh, Heaven grant it!" said Colville, with sudden piety.

"Why?" demanded his wife.

"Well, I wish she was married."

"You have nothing whatever to do with her."

It took him some time to realize that this was the fact.

"No," he confessed; "but what do you think about it?"

"There is no telling. We are such simpletons! If a man will keep on long enough— But if it isn't Mr. Morton, it will be some one else—some *young* person."

Colville rose and went round the breakfast table to her. "I hope so," he said. "*I* have married a young person, and it would only be fair."

This magnanimity was irresistible.

THE END.

THE TAZIÊH, OR PASSION PLAY OF PERSIA.

BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

ONE of the least known but most remarkable religious phenomena of the age is the Taziêh, or Passion Play of Persia. But in order to give an intelligible description of the Taziêh it is first necessary to tax the patience of the reader with the repetition of a few salient points attending the rise of Mohammedanism.

After the death of Mohammed, the succession was disputed. It belonged by natural right to Ali, who was married to Fathimêh, the only surviving daughter of the Prophet. But it was not until the accession and assassination of Abu Bekr, Omâr, and Othmân that Ali was finally elected to the caliphate. Even then he was not permitted to enjoy the long-deferred honors without deadly opposition. But after crushing two rivals, Ali found himself unable to overcome Muhaviyêh. It was at Damascus that the latter, an astute chieftain, had established the caliphate in the line of the Ommiades. When Ali was in turn assassinated, his oldest son, Hassân, assumed the caliphate at Medina. At the head of a powerful army he marched to encounter Muhaviyêh. The enthusiasm of his forces promised victory; but Hassân was a man of peaceable disposition, and he now proposed to abdicate in favor of Muhaviyêh, reserving the succession for himself after the death of the latter. But Yezîd, the son of Muhaviyêh, caused Hassân to be poisoned by one of his wives.

The accession of Yezîd was accepted by the various provinces of the now extensive dominions of Islam, with the exception of Medina and Mecca, and the Persian satrapy of which Bagdad and Cufa were chief cities, which gave in their allegiance to Husseïn, the brother of Hassân, and, like him, a grandson of the Prophet, by the same mother. Husseïn was a man of different metal from Hassân, and he therefore boldly prepared for a final conflict that was to decide the claims of the Aliites and the Ommiades.

Escaping from Medina, Husseïn hastened with his family toward Cufa. Ali had made that city his capital; he was buried in the sacred shrine of Kerbelâh, near that city, and it was natural that Husseïn should now rely on the professed allegiance of the people of Cufa, who warmly invited him to proceed thither, promising

him every support in the approaching decision of arms. But the Cufaites were proverbially volatile and unstable. To-day one thing, to-morrow another, they had hardly sent a pressing invitation to Husseïn to resort to their city, when they allowed themselves to be diverted from their purpose by a messenger sent by Yezîd, and tamely allowed an army to be sent to crush Husseïn. There was suspicion in the air; the known fickleness of the people of Cufa suggested the utmost caution; and Husseïn was urged to delay his departure, or at least to leave his family behind. But Husseïn was a true believer in predestination. "What is written is written," is the doctrine of the Koran. Of what worth is faith if it will not bear the test in the hour of trial? Therefore, with his family and a small troop of horse, Husseïn went forth unflinchingly to meet his doom.

The heroism of Husseïn was the more remarkable because from the outset of his journey he was oppressed by a presentiment of death stalking across the desert and rapidly overtaking the small troop of devoted victims wearily marching to the grave. On the low banks of the tawny Euphrates, the scene of so many tragedies of the long-forgotten ages, the despairing band was brought to a halt by the army which had been sent to intercept its progress. The negotiations which followed proved futile, for the general of Yezîd, the fierce emir Obeïd Allah, would accept of nothing short of an unconditional surrender, preceded by an oath of allegiance to Yezîd. The four brothers of Husseïn and all his companions also declined to accept the safe-conduct offered to them on these conditions.

In the mean time the enemy had planted themselves between the camp of Husseïn and the Euphrates, and to the other horrors of the terrible hour was now added that of thirst in a land quivering with intolerable heat. The last night in the little camp was one of solemn preparation, of brooding gloom, and portentous dreams. Husseïn and Zeineb, brother and sister, held mournful converse on the terrors of the morrow, the day that should see the destruction of the family of the Prophet of God. Around them gathered their children and kinsfolk and the small band of faithful defenders. Husseïn urged them to fly while there was yet time, for the enemy sought only the life of one, his own. "Allah forbid that we desert you now!" they all exclaimed with one accord.

The attack was commenced by Shemr, a fierce partisan; the combat continued until the hour for noon prayer, when there came a cessation of arms. During the truce Husseïn chanted the Song of Fear, which is only recited in moments of extreme peril. The final catastrophe was not long deferred after the resumption of the struggle. Husseïn fell, pierced with over thirty wounds, and his head was struck off by the ferocious Shemr, who carried the gory trophy to Obeïd Allah. Zeineb, with some of the women and children, was spared, and eventually taken into the presence of Yezîd. Yezîd acted with moderation, and the remaining descendants of the Prophet seemed to have retired from further participation in public affairs, content to be religious teachers and expounders of the Koranic laws.

Not so, however, was it with others, who, although not of the house of Ali, were firm believers in the rights of the descendants of the Prophet. Among the foremost adherents of the cause was Al Muchtâr, called the Avenger. Assuming the office of vindicator of the memory and rights of Ali, Al Muchtâr entered on a mission of extermination against all who were concerned in the slaughter of Husseïn. The story of his persistent efforts and marvellous exploits merits a separate narrative, but it suffices to state here that in the accomplishment of his tremendous task Al Muchtâr succeeded so thoroughly that, besides slaying nearly all the leaders in that great tragedy, and an immense multitude in numerous battles, he slaughtered nearly threescore thousand in cold blood.

The career of Al Muchtâr is, however, only an episode in the great drama now about to follow, which was destined to involve nations as actors, a great religious phenomenon directly resulting from the tragedy on the banks of the Euphrates.

The entire Mohammedan world now seemed to acknowledge the sway of the caliphs of the line of Ommiyêh and their successors. The claims of Ali and his family were apparently forgotten. But not so; in Irân, or Persia, the sectaries of Ali were biding their time.

In Persia the memory of Ali and his unfortunate family was preserved with profound veneration by a small and persecuted sect, many of whom sealed their

faith with their blood. They called themselves Shêahs, as opposed to the Sunnees or orthodox Mussulmans. The fathers of this devoted sect were the Twelve Holy Imâms. First in order was Ali, then his sons Hassân and Husseïn, and after them nine successors, who became the expounders of the faith, and established the code of laws based on the Koran, which differs in many points from the theocratic code of the Sunnees. All of the Twelve Holy Imâms suffered martyrdom excepting the last; he is called El Mahdi, or Machdee; he disappeared ages ago, and is believed to be living still, destined to return once more and reunite the various sects of Islamism. Hence the interest that was displayed by Mohammedans of all sects in the self-styled Machdee of Soudan.

Extraordinary sanctity attaches to the tombs of the Holy Imâms; they are resorted to by vast multitudes of pilgrims; the dead are sent long distances to be buried in the holy dust of those sacred spots. The direct descendants of Fathimêh and Ali received the title of Seyêd. Besides the Holy Imâms, the Seyêds of Persia have multiplied until they now number many thousands. They are distinguished by turbans and girdles of green and black. But for a long period the Shêahs, or sectaries of Ali in Persia, were a persecuted sect of enthusiasts, receiving scant tolerance from the numerous dynasties which rapidly succeeded each other, and generally advocated the Sunnee doctrines. After nine hundred years of heroic faith and endurance, the hour of triumph came to the Shêahs, as it comes to all who wait and believe.

In the latter part of the fifteenth century there was born at Ardebil a child named Ismaël. On his father's side he was descended from Muza Khazîm, the seventh Holy Imâm, and was therefore in the direct line of descent from Fathimêh and Ali. Ismaël instigated a revolt, in which he succeeded in deposing the Kurdish dynasty. He mounted the throne of Persia in 1499, and founded the dynasty of the Sufavêhs, the greatest she has seen since the time of Anushirvân the Just. Ismaël, as the descendant of Ali, caused himself to be styled Shah Shêa-ân, King of the Shêahs. Not only did he consolidate Persia once more into a great empire, but he also united nearly the entire population in a common zeal for the faith of the sectaries of Ali. The Mohammedan world soon learned not only that Persia was once more a vast dominant power, but also that she presented a united front against the Sunnee nations who surrounded her on all sides.

Inspired with new zeal and national enthusiasm, the Persian Shêahs of the early Sufavêh period demanded a vent for their sectarian fervor. This they partially found in the celebration of the anniversaries of the most important events in the lives of Ali and his descendants. The idea of thus commemorating these anniversaries appears to have been borrowed from a practice established by Muhaviyêh, the first of the line of the Ommiades. The circumstances connected with the murder of the third caliph, Osman, were in the highest degree dramatic. Muhaviyêh caused the event, on each anniversary, to be represented at his court in Damascus, whether by recitations or dramatic impersonation, or both, does not appear. This circumstance very probably suggested to the Persians a similar commemoration of the principal events in the lives of the founders of the Shêah faith. What form of celebrating the death of Husseïn was in vogue before the Sufavêh period we can only imagine from what occurred with more pomp and pageantry under that dynasty. Tradition states, however, that during the brief Daïlamee dynasty, about 933 to 986 A.D., the practice began of commemorating the chief events in the history of the Shêah sect by lectures and recitations given by prominent mollahs, or priests, from pulpits erected in the public squares, or, by invitation, in the residences of prominent citizens, during the three holy months of the Shêah faith. These recitations were called rhozêh. The rhozêh recitations continue in full force to the present day. But the zeal of the Sufavêh period, aided as it was by an opulence and splendor which have rendered the reigns of Shah Abbâs the Great and his successors almost proverbial, quickly suggested more pomp and circumstance in the commemoration of the martyrdom of the saints of the Shêah faith. Sir John Chardin, in his generally reliable work on Persia in that period, has described the spectacle he witnessed at Ispahan during the holy month of Moharrem. We are enabled, from his narrative, to form a conception of the elaborate ceremonies which already, in the fifth reign of the Sufavêhs, had become an established cus-

tom at these anniversaries. It does not appear from his description, however, nor from anything I can learn elsewhere, that any attempt was made in that age to give a dramatic character to the representations of these solemn scenes. The idea of dramatizing them appears to have come only gradually, and is still in a somewhat nebulous condition.

Every circumstance connected with this commemorative period of public lamentation is quite subordinate or subsidiary to the great dramatic representation of the tragedy (the Taziêh) which involved the descendants of Ali and Fathimêh in one common destruction. The leading purpose of this drama is to represent the slaughter of Husseïn, the son of Ali, and his family.

It is not easy for those of other beliefs to gain access to the royal Takiêh—for so the building is called where the drama called the Taziêh is unfolded for ten successive days. Having been specially favored by an invitation from the Zahiri Doulêh, a son-in-law of the Shah, to witness three scenes of this extraordinary performance, I shall endeavor to give a faithful description of what I actually saw. I am convinced, after careful reflection, that one who has seen the Taziêh has enjoyed the opportunity of forming some conception of the manner in which the dramas of ancient Greece were placed on the stage, and of the effect they produced on the imaginative and more simple and emotional audiences of that period, who needed no factitious scenery or other artificial aids to clothe the ideal with all the actuality of the real.

I was invited to attend on the fifth day of the Taziêh. We arrived at the Takiêh toward noon. On alighting from the carriage I was surprised to see an immense circular building, as large as the amphitheatre of Verona, solidly constructed of brick. Ferauches, or liveried footmen, cleared the way before us. Thrashing right and left, they opened a lane through the crowd that packed the great portal. Entering a dark, vaulted vestibule, I groped, or rather was pushed by the throng, toward a stairway crowded with servants whose masters had already arrived. We finally landed on the first gallery, which led around the building. A few steps in the twilight, and then an embroidered curtain was raised, and I entered the box of the Zahiri Doulêh. It was in two parts, the first higher than the other; stepping into the front and lower division, I was invited to sit or recline on the left of my host, upon a superbly embroidered cushion of velvet (the seat of honor is at the left hand in Persia). The walls of the loggia were hung with cashmere shawls of price, and the choicest of rugs enriched the floor. A number of Persian gentlemen of lower rank occupied the back part of the apartment; all alike were seated on their knees and heels—a most painful position for one not accustomed to it from infancy. Having willingly made a concession to popular feeling by wearing a Persian kolâh, or black conical cap, made of stuff imitating sheepskin, I was able to sit at the extreme front of the box, and see and be seen without the interposition of a screen of gauze, which is required in the case of foreigners who are permitted occasionally to visit the royal Takieh.

On looking forth over the vast arena a sight met my gaze which was indeed rare and extraordinary. The interior of the building is two hundred feet in diameter and some eighty feet high. An enormous domical frame of timbers, firmly spliced and braced with iron, springs from the walls, giving support to the awning which protects the interior from the sunlight and the rain. From the centre of the dome a large chandelier was suspended, furnished with four electric burners—a recent innovation. A more Oriental form of illuminating the building was seen in the prodigious number of lustres and candlesticks, all of glass, and protected from the air by glass shades open at the top, and variously colored; they were concentrated against the wall in immense glittering clusters.

The arrangement of the boxes, or, more strictly, loggias, was peculiar. The walls rarely indicated any serious attempt at decoration, excepting in simple string courses or cornices of brick, the chief material apparent, and yet the general effect was picturesquely grand, the architect being evidently conscious that by merely following the arrangement suggested by the aim in view he would achieve a noble architectural expression. On one side the loggia of the Shah raised the arch of its broad window to twice the dimensions of the neighboring loggias. Opposite, again, was a row of alcoves associated together by a line of semi-Saracenic archivolts over the win-

dows, which were concealed by a green lattice, and framed with green mouldings carved and gilded; these were appropriated to the wives of the Shah.

The entrances to the floor, or pit, differed in width, the widest being some thirty feet; the arched roofs extended to a height of thirty and forty feet respectively. These vaulted passages being, of course, pierced through the walls, gave a means for gauging the solidity of the structure, the walls being upward of fifty feet in thickness on the ground.

In the centre of the arena was a circular stage of masonry, raised three feet high, and approached by two stairways. Attached to the side of the theatre was a pulpit of white marble of the form universally followed in Mohammedan countries, being simply a lofty, narrow flight of steps, protected by a solid balustrade on each side, and crowned with a canopy. The spiritual exaltation or the age and rank of the speaker suggest from what elevation he shall exhort the people seated on the pavement below him.

But I soon discovered that all the architectural details of this remarkable building were secondary to the extraordinary spectacle offered by the assembled multitude. The entire arena, with the exception of a narrow passage around the stage, was absolutely packed with women—thousands and thousands. At a rough estimate it seemed to me nearly four thousand women were seated on their heels on the earthen floor, which was made slightly sloping, in order to enable those in the rear to see over the heads of those before them; not that any of them could complain of high bonnets to obstruct the sight, for not a bonnet was to be seen, nor ever had been seen there. It was a dense, compact mass of women uniformly dressed in blue-black mantles, each having a white veil drawn tightly over the head and face, the only vent for sight being a small oblong lattice of beautifully worked lace directly before the eyes. This was attached to the back of the head by a glittering buckle, those of the wealthier women sparkling with gold and brilliants. This is the only vanity a Persian woman is permitted to indulge in when abroad. They make up for it at home by an extravagant display of rouge and jewels—at least so say they who have seen them. Four thousand white heads and dark blue mantles, and not a face to be seen! It is unnecessary to describe the confused chattering which arose from this multitude of fair ones while waiting for the show to begin; it goes without saying.

An amusing character in the crowd was a quizzical old fellow with a cup and a jug of water, doling out drinks as an act of devotion. This he has done for many years at the Taziêh, in order to remind the people that Husseïn suffered in his last hours from the agonies of thirst. As at a Spanish bull-fight, venders of refreshments might be seen with lemonade, tea, and kaliâns, or water-pipes, the latter smoked by women as well as men. The masculine sex was in a small minority in the arena, and what few men were there stood behind the compact army of women. Most of the men present were in the galleries. Tea, coffee, and pipes were served in our box repeatedly, and cigars for myself and dragoman, Persians preferring not to invite Christians to smoke their kaliâns. But after the performance began, all smoking and refreshments were banned as indicating a frivolity inconsistent with the tragical events of the drama. The interval of waiting, although long, was neither tedious nor unprofitably employed, for from time to time some zealot gave vent to a profound "Ya Ali! ya Husseïn!" when many voices would join in, and thus by gradual accessions of fervor expectation was intensified and piety increased. The holy zeal of the faithful was yet further stimulated by the mollahs, both old and young—one a mere boy of fifteen—who ascended the pulpit in turn, and exhorted the people with a rhozêh, or religious rhapsody, on the virtues and martyrdom of Ali and the Twelve Holy Imâms. As in a camp-meeting frequent Amens are heard, so, whenever some especially eloquent period was rolled forth in fervid tones, responses were heard from every quarter, now a loud "Ya Husseïn!" or anon the sound of some one smiting his bare bosom.

At length a crowd was seen massing in the great entrance opposite the royal loggia, which resolved itself into a procession of nearly two hundred men, who proved to be ferauches, or servants of the king's household. Led by the head steward of the palace, they entered the theatre two by two, slowly marching around the circular stage. They were dressed in black mourning livery. Each had the breast bare, and with regular cadence as they

marched they smote their bosoms with their right hands. The skin was crimson, for twice daily for five days they had repeated this painful performance. The reader will remember that at the Crucifixion the spectators smote their breasts; it has in all ages been one of the most common of Oriental ceremonies for expressing lamentation. This procession, like all which followed, delayed a moment opposite the royal loggia and saluted the Shah. Directly after them followed a confused group of men in Arab costume, who beat their breasts in unison with a force that excited apprehension lest they should kill themselves by smiting over the heart with such continuous violence. After them came a group nude above the middle. They held in each hand a large block of hard wood, which they struck together with a sharp, exasperating rhythm, alternately before them and over their heads. The last two groups, like the chorus in the Greek plays, were collectively symbolical of a class, representing in this case the wild Arabs of the desert, who from afar beheld the march of Husseïn through their country, and bewailed without being able to assist the martyrs in their last struggle. As the last of the three processions filed out of the building, the strains of martial music burst on the ear, solemnly breathing a funereal dirge. It was one of the military bands of the Shah, and was followed in steady procession by six other regimental bands, each striking up a minor strain as the band before it left the building. The last band had ceased its music and disappeared, when, in the gate through which they had entered, another group was seen collecting and forming. In front, facing the audience, were several children dressed in green; at their side warriors were gathered, glittering in the chain shirts and gold-inlaid helmets of past ages. Suddenly on the solemn silence, like the trill of a bird at night, came the voice of one of the children, first low and solemn, then rising to a high, clear tone indescribably wild and thrillingly pathetic, chanting a tragic ode of remarkable effect and power. He who has once heard that strain can never forget the impression it made. This song of lamentation was an announcement to the spectators that they were to prepare themselves to behold a soul-moving tragedy, the martyrdom of Husseïn and the grandchildren of the Prophet. Other voices gradually joined in the chant, until a sublime choral elegy pealed over the vast arena with such an agony of sound that it actually seemed as if these actors in this theatric scene were actually giving expression to their own death-song. Still chanting, the troop slowly entered the arena, and with measured tread marched around the stage and ascended the platform. There they formed in double ranks, and with low obeisance paid their salutations to the king.

There was no scenery on the stage; the only objects it contained were such as to arouse the amusement of one who reflected on what was really the condition of affairs in the far-away little camp by the banks of the tawny Euphrates, where ages ago the group of martyrs suffered with thirst, surrounded by savage hordes, and perished miserably on the hot wastes of Mesopotamia. One could scarcely repress a smile at the chairs covered with beaten gold which were brought from the royal treasury, and the sofa and the uncouth beds covered with canopies to represent the tents.

Husseïn was represented by an actor named Mollah Husseïn, who was draped in massive robes of green and cashmere inwrought with gold. His head was covered with a large Arabian turban. During most of the performance of this day he occupied one end of a sofa, wrapped in melancholy reflections on the approaching doom. Abbas, his brother by another mother, was personated by Mirza Gholâm Husseïn, who was completely clad in a Saracenic coat of mail of wire links, terminating in a white tunic. His head was protected by a grand helmet of olden time, graced with plumes. He was of a handsome cast and finely shaped, presenting altogether an impressive impersonation of the romantic heroes of whom we read in the picturesque pages of Oriental romance. Shemr, one of the leading officers of the enemy, was arrayed in similar fashion. After Husseïn and Abbas and Shemr, the most prominent character of the drama was Zeineb, the sister of Husseïn, whose part was played by an actor named Mollah Husseïn Zeineb Khân. He spoke in falsetto. Of course all the female characters were represented by men and boys. Zeineb at the opening of the scene appeared shrouded in a thick mantle, seated on the earth, bemoaning her fate. The children of the various families gathered in the camp also sat on the sand, for the most

part, representing a feature of the tragedy analogous to the chorus of the Greek plays. The entire performance was directed by a prompter, who walked unconcernedly on the stage and gave hints to the players, or placed the younger actors in their position. At the proper moment, also, by a motion of the hand, he gave orders for the music to strike up or cease. But it was curious how soon I forgot to notice him at all; indeed, after a short time I was scarcely aware of his presence; so interested had I become in the extraordinary character of all that was going on before me that I forgot there was no scenery, and seemed to myself to be gazing upon actual events as they once occurred on the banks of the Euphrates.

The orchestra alluded to above consisted of a band of performers who are stationed at the top of the building, fortunately, as it proved, for their instruments were kettle-drums and long straight horns, harsh and doleful and startling enough to wake the dead. A signal from the director at the commencement of each scene of the Taziêh awoke the confused war din of the kettle-drums, and instantly after followed a terrific burst from the horns. At the close of each scene the same fierce music stimulated the glowing enthusiasm of the faithful, and nerved their zeal for events yet more tragic and sublime.

The act for this particular day began with a scene between Zeineb and Husseïn. In an impassioned colloquy they lamented their fate and encouraged each other to the exercise of mutual fortitude. As the scene closed she sank to the dust, and throwing ashes over her head, lapsed into an attitude of impressive silence and reflection. Superb in the representation of lamentation and affliction was the scene which followed, when the young Ali Acbâr, son of the dead Hassân, heroically resolved to go forth and fight his way to the river to bring water for the sufferers in the camp. Clad in armor, the youthful hero submitted himself as a sacrifice, for he never expected to return; magnificent were the pathetic tones in which he sang, as it were, his own requiem. The words rang forth like a trumpet to the farthest nook of the vast building, and the response came in united wailings from the thousands gathered there. Beginning in a low murmur like the sigh of a coming gale, the strange sound arose and fell like the weird music of the south wind in the rigging of a ship careening in a dark night on the swelling surges of an Atlantic storm. For several moments sobs and sighs, and now and again a half-suppressed shriek, swept from one side of the building to the other; strong men wept; there was not a dry eye in the loggia where I was seated except my own, and I confess that I was not altogether unmoved by this impressive scene.

A milk-white Arabian steed from the royal stables, superbly caparisoned, was now led into the arena, and after receiving the waving farewell of Husseïn and Zeineb and the godspeed of the chorus, Ali Acbâr mounted and started forth on his perilous errand. Instantly from several quarters appeared a troop of the enemy, on horseback and on foot, armed Arabs of the desert, who crowded after in fierce pursuit. It was really exciting to see this mad race around the arena, where thousands of women were crowded down to the very edge of the narrow lane which was thronged with fighting steeds and warriors. But no one flinched; the horses were well trained, and no accident resulted. Finally Ali Acbâr turned into one of the avenues of exit and disappeared, surrounded by the pursuing host. Nor did he re-appear, for soon after he fell, covered with wounds.

Now followed a savage peal from the wild war horns, and Shemr, the leader of the beleaguering army, appeared, clad in complete armor. Summoning the camp to surrender, he proceeded to hold a long colloquy with Abbas. Shemr had come to order Husseïn to yield, before his outnumbered troops should be annihilated by an overwhelming host. Husseïn remained at one side, wrapped in melancholy forebodings, while Abbas, with magnificent eloquence, unconditionally rejected terms which implied the abandonment of the claims of the house of Ali and Fathimêh to the caliphate, and majestically flung defiance at the foe.

After having seen some of the most distinguished actors of the age, I can not avoid the conclusion that this colloquy between Abbas and Shemr would do credit to any stage. In parts, perhaps, rather too declamatory, it was as a whole a wonderful dramatic episode. In closing, Abbas, as if endowed with prophetic vision, gave vent to a noble apostrophe to the future splendor of Persia, the asylum for the devoted followers of Ali. These elo-

quent strophes called forth deep murmurs of applause. Waving his mailed hand with lofty scorn, Shemr, with equal dramatic stateliness, hurled at Husseïn the responsibility for the disasters to come, and remounting his steed, departed.

Now night came on; by tacit consent the decisive conflict was deferred until the following day, and all in the camp slept, most of them for the last time on earth, overpowered with anxiety and suspense. But while they slumbered they were not forgotten. Ali and Fathimêh, the parents of those who were devoted to die for defending the rights of the Prophet's house, could not rest tranquil in their graves. If they were powerless to avert the doom of their children, for "what is written is written," they could at least bewail their fate together. Sublime was the idea, one probably never before conceived in the drama—two figures shrouded in the cerements of the tomb conversing in sepulchral accents on the stage. A very difficult scene it was indeed to represent without the aid of scenery; but, notwithstanding, the effect was solemn and impressive. As Ali and Fathimêh passed out of sight, Shemr and one of his generals appeared from the hostile army to reconnoitre the camp and make plans for bringing the assault on the morrow to a successful issue.

The concluding scene of this act—if each performance can be characterized by a word indicating more of sequence than actually exists in the drama of the Taziêh—represented the commencement of the battle. The resisting force was typified by the person of Abbas, who, after a terrifying burst of kettle-drums and horns, bade farewell to the little group on the stage, being first invested with a white mantle thrown over his shoulders by Husseïn. Immediately on mounting his charger, Abbas encountered a numerous troop of Arabs, who fairly drove him around the stage, until he disappeared for a moment in the wings, followed by the enemy. When Abbas re-appeared he presented the aspect of one who had been engaged in a severe conflict. One of his arms seemed to be hewn off, and his raiment was reeking with blood. Again the enemy pursued him, and when he once more appeared on the scene, both arms were gone, and with drooping form he barely sustained himself on the saddle of the well-trained steed, which also moved with languid and battered action. When Abbas reached the camp, he was lifted by wailing friends from the saddle, and fell on the sand a maimed and bleeding form. As the enemy swarmed on the scene, and Shemr raised his glittering cimeter to hew off the head of the prostrate warrior, an extraordinary wail of anguish burst with one accord from the vast audience. At that instant the king arose to depart, and at once the scene closed. The wounded man sprang to his feet, the uplifted sword was sheathed, and with a great tumult the audience surged toward the avenues of exit. Many of the women, however, would not leave until forced to move by the ushers, so anxious were they to retain their places for the performance of the evening. I was told that before leaving the building the king sent a costly garment to Mirza Gholâm Husseïn, the actor who had personated Abbas, in token of the royal appreciation of the admirable histrionic ability he had displayed on this occasion.

In the evening of the same day my courteous friend again invited me to accompany him. Throughout the ten days during which the Taziêh is represented at the royal Takiêh there are two acts or performances each day—one in the afternoon and one in the evening. On the evening in question we arrived half an hour before the commencement of the play. The audience was even larger than in the afternoon, numbering fully 10,000, but the general effect was of course somewhat different, for the immense interior was now brilliant with the splendor of many thousand candles gleaming through colored globes. Unfortunately the electric lights in the chandelier suspended over the stage, which might have diffused almost a daylight glow over the most important part of the scene, were so dim as to be of little use.

The reader will remember in the historic sketch presented in the earlier paragraphs of this paper the episode of Muchtâr the Avenger. The performance of this evening was intended to present the devoted heroism of the implacable Muchtâr, and his final triumph over Obeïd Allah, the immediate instigator of the slaughter of Husseïn. First Obeïd Allah was seen seated in lordly fashion on his divan, giving expression, in terms of insolent exultation, to the satisfaction he felt that at last the difficult task assigned to him by his master

Yezîd was accomplished. The tidings had been brought him by a swift messenger that Husseïn had perished, and that the house of Muhaviyêh was now firmly established on the throne whose foundations were cemented with the blood of the descendants of the Prophet. Soon the monotonous beat of camel bells was heard, and a train of the ships of the desert appeared. They bore Zeineb and the children who had been spared from the slaughter, and were preceded by slaves carrying the heads of Husseïn, Abbas, and other heroes who had sacrificed their lives with them. Obeïd Allah smote the head of Husseïn, and received the captives with haughty disdain. But Zeineb replied with the reckless eloquence of despair, defying him to complete his deeds of sacrilege and blood by murdering the remaining descendants of Ali, who were now in his power. With singular magnanimity the ferocious satrap forbore to take the frantic Zeineb at her word, but ordered his guards to execute Moslemah, a man of Cufa, who had been blinded by the order of Obeïd Allah for adhering to the cause of Ali, and who now, led by his little child, appeared before him once more to upbraid him for his cruelties and crimes. Twice the child shielded the father from the executioners who sought to hew him down. At last a fatal thrust intended for the father felled the faithful child to the earth, where he lay dead. Moslemah, missing his child, and now without a guide, sought hither and thither, calling for him in moving accents, until in his wild groping he stumbled on the lifeless form. He stooped down, and with intense anxiety felt the corpse from head to foot, but when the terrible truth fairly burst on his mind, he gave an agonizing cry, and fell across the bosom of his child. This episode, which was affecting in the extreme, was acted with consummate ability. But now came the hour for retribution. Muchtâr the Avenger appeared on the scene, entering the stage with majestic strides and stentorian tones. His armed retainers dragged Obeïd Allah from the seat of power, and with contumely and abuse hurried him to execution, together with his chief adherents. This part of the play was rather too realistic for the modern stage, two men being actually hanged by ropes suspended from the dome above, and another went through the similitude of being beheaded, while a caldron was prepared for the boiling of yet another. But at this critical moment it was discovered that the king had left for the palace, and the performance came to a termination just in time to save a poor man from a terrible fate. I could not help noticing, however, that the men who had been executed proved to be very lively corpses indeed on the closing of the entertainment. Although of a more sensational character than the previous performance, the acting of this evening contained some features which were scarcely inferior in quality to the best acting of El Abbas. It was also interesting as showing the scope of the great national drama of Persia.

Not until the second day after this, or the seventh of the Taziêh, did I have an opportunity of seeing it again, when my kind friend once more placed his carriage and loggia at my disposal, and accompanied me with all the graceful courtesy of a true Persian gentleman. As the Taziêh drew near its close, the popular anxiety to see it increased with each performance, and long before the hour arrived for it to begin on this day, the doors were closed, the building being packed to its utmost capacity. On arriving there we found a crowd surging back and forth, anxiously waiting for a chance to gain admittance within the immense iron-bound portals.

The performance on this occasion opened, as usual, with the processions described on a previous page. The regular recurrence of the funereal music and bands of mourners with each act of the drama, while perhaps slightly monotonous, was, however, ingeniously contrived to keep before the mind of the spectators that this drama is not a mere spectacle to entertain, but a great commemorative representation intended to keep alive the events on which the religion is founded which has given vitality to the national life of Persia.

The performance in the afternoon of the seventh day appeared to me to have been designed with consummate art, admirably adapted as it was to the character of the audience. While some of the details were to the European eye absurd, yet the general *motif* was finely conceived with a view to divert the attention of the audience.

It is well known that King Suleimân, or Solomon, still holds a wide repute throughout the East for his vast wisdom,

his skill in dealing with the mysteries of nature, and the imperial dominion he exerted over the genii and demons of the unseen world. The belief in the magic power of Solomon, of which we have so many proofs in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments* and the legends of Europe in the Dark Ages, still obtains in Persia. Solomon it was, in all his glory, who was represented on the stage of the Taziêh this day.

The lively fancy of the Persian dramatist seems to have had no difficulty in bringing Solomon into the play of the Taziêh, and that, too, in a manner that seems natural enough to the Oriental mind. The great king was so versed in the gift of prevision, or second-sight, that it is claimed he was master not only of the past, but also of the future. Thus it was no extraordinary exercise of power for his eye to pierce twelve centuries into the future, and descry the events that were to transpire on the sands of Arabia ages after he and his glory had descended to the tomb. Before us appeared, therefore, on this day the great and renowned King Suleimân, radiating power from his throne. As evidences of his influence over the genii and all created things, he now summoned before him demons and jinn, lions and tigers, crocodiles and all creeping things. From all sides they invaded the arena and made their obeisance to the great king. It must be admitted that many of these animals were not strictly shaped after correct models, and indicated only moderate acquaintance with natural history or anatomy. But they interested the people, and therefore served their purpose.

Having given this exhibition of his power, Solomon now prepared to receive the Queen of Sheba with a pomp suitable to the rank of the "high contracting parties," for, according to the Oriental legends, the Queen of Sheba really visited the king with an eye to matrimony. This scene, while calling for little exhibition of dramatic talent, was very interesting as a spectacular show. To a European it was of especial value, for it gave a tolerably exact representation of the marriage ceremonies of an Eastern court. First came a train of camels gay with elaborate housings; strings of melodious bells jangled on the necks of these stately animals and gay tufts waved on their lofty heads as they marched majestically around the arena with velvet tread. The furniture of the princess, inclosed in iron-bound chests, was carried by the camels, and also on a train of richly saddled sumpter-mules. A troop of horsemen magnificently mounted followed, representing the military escort who attended the queen. She appeared in true royal state, seated in a howdah of crimson and gold, borne with her handmaids on the back of an elephant.

The Queen of Sheba having arrived in the presence of King Solomon with all the pomp essential to show the grandeur of both the king and the queen, Solomon again made an exhibition of his necromantic skill by summoning before the audience a scene which represented the marriage of Khassim, the son of Hassân. The event occurred the day previous to the final attack on the camp. Husseïn foresaw that he and the larger part of the adults in his band were about to be destroyed. There was danger that the house of Ali might become extinct unless measures were taken to prevent such a result. Presuming that the younger members of his company might be spared when the general slaughter occurred, Husseïn was naturally anxious to insure the preservation of the family while he was yet alive. It was therefore agreed that the two branches of the family should be united in marriage without delay, and it was arranged that Khassim, the youthful son of the murdered Hassân, and Rudabêh, the daughter of Husseïn, should be married that very day. The event was one of remarkable and touching character, owing to the circumstances which attended it, and also of great importance in the history of Islamism, and especially of the sect of the Shêahs. By this marriage the house of Ali was preserved from extinction; it gave to the Shêahs nine Holy Imâms and the great dynasty of the Sufavêhs, which carried Persia to an exalted pinnacle of power and splendor.

The preliminary colloquy of Zeineb, the sister of Husseïn, of Leila, the mother of Khassim, and of the young bridegroom himself, was of the most pathetic and impassioned character. The knowledge of what the morrow was to bring to them gave peculiar solemnity to what, under other circumstances, would have been a season for festivity and joy. The two women gave vent to vehement exclamations of sorrow, while the youthful bride-

groom in moving accents bewailed the terrible scenes that surrounded his marriage. Erelong the little bride, Rudabêh, appeared at his tent door, brought in a covered litter on the back of a camel led by Arab warriors of the desert. When she entered on the scene, her bridegroom clasped her weeping in his arms, while the women also wept over them in heart-rending lamentations. Husseïn, aroused from his stupor of despair, also joined in majestic anguish. A great wave of mourning swept over the audience, and for several moments an awful sound of lamentation was heard.

Selecting this crisis of emotion as a suitable time for closing the performance of the day, the king arose to depart.

I did not see the final scenes of the Taziêh on the three subsequent days. Although sometimes permitted to witness the Taziêh as I did, Christians are not invited to attend the last three days of the drama at the royal Takiêh. The events then presented are of too solemn a nature for the profane eyes of unbelievers; especially on the final day it is not considered advisable for Christians to be seen in the building, for on that day the murder, or *gattl*, of Husseïn is consummated with a vividness which arouses the audience to the last pitch of agitation. There is an evident tendency now to moderate the excesses of the Taziêh; but I have been told that not so very long ago, carried away by the appalling excitement and fanaticism of the last scenes of the drama, some of the actors have actually sacrificed their lives.

A CONFLICT ENDED.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

IN Acton there were two churches, an Orthodox and a Baptist. They stood on opposite sides of the road, and the Baptist edifice was a little farther down than the other. On Sunday morning both bells were ringing. The Baptist bell was much larger, and followed quickly on the soft peal of the Orthodox with a heavy brazen clang which vibrated a good while. The people went flocking through the street to the irregular jangle of the bells. It was a very hot day, and the sun beat down heavily; parasols were bobbing over all the ladies' heads.

More people went into the Baptist church, whose society was much the larger of the two. It had been for the last ten years—ever since the Orthodox had settled a new minister. His advent had divided the church, and a good third of the congregation had gone over to the Baptist brethren, with whom they still remained.

It is probable that many of them passed their old sanctuary to-day with the original stubborn animosity as active as ever in their hearts, and led their families up the Baptist steps with the same strong spiritual pull of indignation.

One old lady, who had made herself prominent on the opposition, trotted by this morning with the identical wiry vehemence which she had manifested ten years ago. She wore a full black silk skirt, which she held up inanely in front, and allowed to trail in the dust in the rear.

Some of the stanch Orthodox people glanced at her amusedly. One fleshy, fair-faced girl in blue muslin said to her companion, with a laugh: "See that old lady trailing her best black silk by to the Baptist. Ain't it ridiculous how she holds on showing out? I heard some one talking about it yesterday."

"Yes."

The girl colored up confusedly. "Oh dear!" she thought to herself. The lady with her had an unpleasant history connected with this old church quarrel. She was a small, bony woman in a shiny purple silk, which was strained very tightly across her sharp shoulder-blades. Her bonnet was quite elaborate with flowers and plumes, as was also her companion's. In fact, she was the village milliner, and the girl was her apprentice.

When the two went up the church steps, they passed a man of about fifty, who was sitting thereon well to one side. He had a singular face—a mild forehead, a gently curving mouth, and a terrible chin, with a look of strength in it that might have abashed mountains. He held his straw hat in his hand, and the sun was shining full on his bald head.

The milliner half stopped, and gave an anxious glance at him; then passed on. In the vestibule she stopped again.

"You go right in, Margy," she said to the girl. "I'll be along in a minute."

"Where be you going, Miss Barney?"

"You go right in. I'll be there in a minute."

Margy entered the audience-room then, as if fairly brushed in by the imperious wave of a little knotty hand, and Esther Barney stood waiting until the rush of entering people was over. Then she stepped swiftly back to the side of the man seated on the steps. She spread her large black parasol deliberately, and extended the handle toward him.

"No, no, Esther; I don't want it—I don't want it."

"If you're determined on setting out in this broiling sun, Marcus Woodman, you jest take this parasol of mine an' use it."

"I don't want your parasol, Esther. I—"

"Don't you say it over again. Take it."

"I won't—not if I don't want to."

"You'll get a sun-stroke."

"That's my own lookout."

"Marcus Woodman, you take it."

She threw all the force there was in her intense, nervous nature in her tone and look; but she failed in her attempt, because of the utter difference in quality between her own will and that with which she had to deal. They were on so different planes that hers slid by his with its own momentum; there could be no contact even of antagonism between them. He sat there rigid, every line of his face stiffened into an icy obstinacy. She held out the parasol toward him like a weapon.

Finally she let it drop at her side, her whole expression changed.

"Marcus," said she, "how's your mother?"

He started. "Pretty well, thank you, Esther."

"She's out to meeting, then?"

"Yes."

"I've been a-thinking—I ain't drove jest now—that maybe I'd come over an' see her some day this week."

He rose politely then. "Wish you would, Esther. Mother'd be real pleased, I know."

"Well, I'll see—Wednesday, p'rhaps, if I ain't too busy. I must go in now; they're 'most through singing."

"Esther—"

"I don't believe I can stop any longer, Marcus."

"About the parasol—thank you jest the same if I don't take it. Of course you know I can't set out here holding a parasol; folks would laugh. But I'm obliged to you all the same. Hope I didn't say anything to hurt your feelings?"

"Oh no; why, no, Marcus. Of course I don't want to make you take it if you don't want it. I don't know but it would look kinder queer, come to think of it. Oh dear! they are through singing."

"Say, Esther, I don't know but I might as well take that parasol, if you'd jest as soon. The sun is pretty hot, an' I might get a headache. I forgot my umbrella, to tell the truth."

"I might have known better than to have gone at him the way I did," thought Esther to herself, when she was seated at last in the cool church beside Margy. "Seems as if I might have got used to Marcus Woodman by this time."

She did not see him when she came out of church; but a little boy in the vestibule handed her the parasol, with the remark, "Mr. Woodman said for me to give this to you."

She and Margy passed down the street toward home. Going by the Baptist church, they noticed a young man standing by the entrance. He stared hard at Margy.

She began to laugh after they had passed him. "Did you see that fellow stare?" said she. "Hope he'll know me next time."

"That's George Elliot; he's that old lady's son you was speaking about this morning."

"Well, that's enough for me."

"He's a real good, steady young man."

Margy sniffed.

"P'rhaps you'll change your mind some day."

She did, and speedily, too. That glimpse of Margy Wilson's pretty, new face—for she was a stranger in the town—had been too much for George Elliot. He obtained an introduction, and soon was a steady visitor at Esther Barney's house. Margy fell in love with him easily. She had never had much attention from the young men, and he was an engaging young fellow, small and bright-eyed, though with a nervous persistency like his mother's in his manner.

"I'm going to have it an understood thing," Margy told Esther, after her lover had become constant in his attentions,

"that I'm going with George, and I ain't going with his mother. I can't bear that old woman."

But poor Margy found that it was not so easy to thrust determined old age off the stage, even when young Love was flying about so fast on his butterfly wings that he seemed to multiply himself, and there was no room for anything else, because the air was so full of Loves. That old mother, with her trailing black skirt and her wiry obstinacy, trotted as unwaveringly through the sweet stir as a ghost through a door.

One Monday morning Margy could not eat any breakfast, and there were red stains around her blue eyes.

"Why, what's the matter, Margy?" asked Esther, eying her across the little kitchen table.

"Nothing's the matter. I ain't hungry any to speak of, that's all. I guess I'll go right to work on Mis' Fuller's bonnet."

"I'd try an' eat something if I was you. Be sure you cut that velvet straight, if you go to work on it."

When the two were sitting together at their work in the little room back of the shop, Margy suddenly threw her scissors down. "There!" said she, "I've done it; I knew I should. I've cut this velvet bias. I knew I should cut everything bias I touched to-day."

There was a droll pucker on her mouth; then it began to quiver. She hid her face in her hands and sobbed. "Oh, dear, dear, dear!"

"Margy Wilson, what is the matter?"

"George and I—had a talk last night. We've broke the engagement, an' it's killing me. An' now I've cut this velvet bias. Oh, dear, dear, *dear*, dear!"

"For the land's sake, don't mind anything about the velvet. What's come betwixt you an' George?"

"His mother—horrid old thing! He said she'd got to live with us, and I said she shouldn't. Then he said he wouldn't marry any girl that wasn't willing to live with his mother, and I said he wouldn't ever marry me, then. If George Elliot thinks more of his mother than he does of me, he can have her. I don't care. I'll show him I can get along without him."

"Well, I don't know, Margy. I'm real sorry about it. George Elliot's a good, likely young man; but if you didn't want to live with his mother, it was better to say so right in the beginning. And I don't know as I blame you much: she's pretty set in her ways."

"I guess she is. I never could bear her. I guess he'll find out—"

Margy dried her eyes defiantly, and took up the velvet again. "I've spoilt this velvet. I don't see why being disappointed in love should affect a girl so's to make her cut bias."

There was a whimsical element in Margy which seemed to roll uppermost along with her grief.

Esther looked a little puzzled. "Never mind the velvet, child; it ain't much, anyway." She began tossing over some ribbons to cover her departure from her usual reticence. "I'm real sorry about it, Margy. Such things are hard to bear, but they can be lived through. I know something about it myself. You knew I'd had some of this kind of trouble, didn't you?"

"About Mr. Woodman, you mean?"

"Yes, about Marcus Woodman. I'll tell you what 'tis, Margy Wilson, you've got one thing to be thankful for, and that is that there ain't anything ridickerlous about this affair of yourn. That makes it the hardest of anything, according to my mind—when you know that everybody's laughing, and you can hardly help laughing yourself, though you feel 'most ready to die."

"Ain't that Mr. Woodman crazy?"

"No, he ain't crazy; he's got too much will for his common-sense, that's all, and he will teeter the sense a little too far into the air. I see all through it from the beginning. I could read Marcus Woodman jest like a book."

"I don't see how in the world you ever come to like such a man."

"Well, I s'pose love's the strongest when there ain't any good reason for it. They say it is. I can't say as I ever really admired Marcus Woodman much. I always see right through him; but that didn't hinder my thinking so much of him that I never felt as if I could marry any other man. And I've had chances, though I shouldn't want you to say so."

"You turned him off because he went to sitting on the church steps?"

"Course I did. Do you s'pose I was going to marry a man who made a laughing-stock of himself that way?"

"I don't see how he ever come to do it. It's the funniest thing I ever heard of."

"I know it. It seems so silly nobody 'd believe it. Well, all there is about it,

Marcus Woodman's got so much mulishness in him it makes him almost miraculous. You see, he got up an' spoke in that church meeting when they had such a row about Mr. Morton's being settled here—Marcus was awful set again' him. I never could see any reason why, and I don't think he could. He said Mr. Morton wa'n't doctrinal; that was what they all said; but I don't believe half of 'em knew what doctrinal was. I never could see why Mr. Morton wa'n't as good as most ministers—enough sight better than them that treated him so, anyway. I always felt that they was really setting him in a pulpit high over their heads by using him the way they did, though they didn't know it.

"Well, Marcus spoke in that church meeting, an' he kept getting more and more set every word he said. He always had a way of saying things over and over, as if he was making steps out of 'em, an' raising of himself up on 'em, till there was no moving him at all. And he did that night. Finally, when he was up real high, he said, as for him, if Mr. Morton was settled over that church, he'd never go inside the door himself as long as he lived. Somebody spoke out then—I never quite knew who 'twas, though I suspected —an' says, 'You'll have to set on the steps, then, Brother Woodman.'

"Everybody laughed at that but Marcus. He didn't see nothing to laugh at. He spoke out awful set, kinder gritting his teeth, 'I will set on the steps fifty years before I'll go into this house if that man's settled here.'

"I couldn't believe he'd really do it. We were going to be married that spring, an' it did seem as if he might listen to me; but he wouldn't. The Sunday Mr. Morton begun to preach, he begun to set on them steps, an' he's set there ever since, in all kinds of weather. It's a wonder it 'ain't killed him; but I guess it's made him tough."

"Why, didn't he feel bad when you wouldn't marry him?"

"Feel bad? Of course he did. He took on terribly. But it didn't make any difference; he wouldn't give in a hair's-breadth. I declare it did seem as if I should die. His mother felt awfully too—she's a real good woman. I don't know what Marcus would have done without her. He wants a sight of tending and waiting on; he's dreadful babyish in some ways, though you wouldn't think it.

"Well, it's all over now, as far as I'm concerned. I've got over it a good deal, though sometimes 't makes me jest as mad as ever to see him setting there. But I try to be reconciled, and I get along jest as well, mebbe, as if I'd had him—I don't know. I fretted more at first than there was any sense in, and I hope you won't."

"I ain't going to fret at all, Miss Barney. I may cut bias for a while, but I sha'n't do anything worse."

"How you do talk, child!"

A good deal of it was talk with Margy; she had not as much courage as her words proclaimed. She was capable of a strong temporary resolution, but of no enduring one. She gradually weakened as the days without her lover went on, and one Saturday night she succumbed entirely. There was quite a rush of business, but through it all she caught some conversation between some customers—two pretty young girls.

"Who was that with you last night at the concert?"

"That—oh, that was George Elliot. Didn't you know him?"

"He's got another girl," thought Margy, with a great throb.

The next Sunday night, coming out of meeting with Miss Barney, she left her suddenly. George Elliot was one of a waiting line of young men in the vestibule. She went straight up to him. He looked at her in bewilderment, his dark face turning red.

"Good-evening, Miss Wilson," he stammered out, finally.

"Good-evening," she whispered, and stood looking up at him piteously. She was white and trembling.

At last he stepped forward and offered her his arm suddenly. In spite of his resentment, he could not put her to open shame before all his mates, who were staring curiously.

When they were out in the dark, cool street, he bent over her. "Why, Margy, what does all this mean?"

"Oh, George, let her live with us, please. I want her to. I know I can get along with her if I try. I'll do everything I can. Please let her live with us."

"Who's *her*?"

"Your mother."

"And I suppose *us* is you and I? I thought that was all over, Margy; ain't it?"

"Oh, George, I am sorry I treated you so."

"And you are willing to let mother live with us now?"

"I'll do anything. Oh, George!"

"Don't cry, Margy. There—nobody's looking—give us a kiss. It's been a long time; 'ain't it, dear? So you've made up your mind that you're willing to let mother live with us?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't believe she ever will, Margy. She's about made up her mind to go and live with my brother Edward, whether or no. So you won't be troubled with her. I dare say she might have been a little of a trial as she grew older."

"You didn't tell me."

"I thought it was your place to give in, dear."

"Yes, it was, it was, George."

"I'm mighty glad you did. I tell you what it is, dear, I don't know how you've felt, but I've been pretty miserable lately."

"Poor George!"

They passed Esther Barney's house, and strolled along half a mile further. When they returned, and Margy stole softly into the house and upstairs, it was quite late, and Esther had gone to bed. Margy saw the light was not out in her room, so she peeped in. She could not wait till morning to tell her.

"Where have you been?" said Esther, looking up at her out of her pillows.

"Oh, I went to walk a little way with George."

"Then you've made up?"

"Yes."

"Is his mother going to live with you?"

"No; I guess not. She's going to live with Edward. But I told him I was willing she should. I've about made up my mind it's a woman's place to give in mostly. I s'pose you think I'm an awful fool."

"No, I don't; no, I don't, Margy. I'm real glad it's all right betwixt you an' George. I've seen you weren't very happy lately."

They talked a little longer; then Margy said "Good-night," going over to Esther and kissing her. Being so rich in love made her generous with it. She looked down into the older woman's thin, red-cheeked face sweetly. "I wish you were as happy as I," said she. "I wish you and Mr. Woodman could make up too."

"That's an entirely different matter. I couldn't give in in such a thing as that."

Margy looked at her; she was not subtle, but she had just come out triumphant through innocent love and submission, and used the wisdom which she had gained thereby.

"Don't you believe," said she, "if you was to give in the way I did, that he would?"

Esther started up with an astonished air. That had never occurred to her before. "Oh, I don't believe he would. You don't know him; he's awful set. Besides, I don't know but I'm better off the way it is."

In spite of herself, however, she could not help thinking of Margy's suggestion. Would he give in? She was hardly disposed to run the risk. With her peculiar cast of mind, her feeling for the ludicrous so keen that it almost amounted to a special sense, and her sensitiveness to ridicule, it would have been easier for her to have married a man under the shadow of a crime than one who was the deserving target of gibes and jests. Besides, she told herself, it was possible that he had changed his mind, that he no longer cared for her. How could she make the first overtures? She had not Margy's impulsiveness and innocence of youth to excuse her.

Also, she was partly influenced by the reason which she had given Margy: she was not so very sure that it would be best for her to take any such step. She was more fixed in the peace and pride of her old maidenhood than she had been in her young, and more shy of disturbing it. Her comfortable meals, her tidy housekeeping, and her prosperous work had become such sources of satisfaction to her that she was almost wedded to them, and jealous of any interference.

So it is doubtful if there would have been any change in the state of affairs if Marcus Woodman's mother had not died toward spring. Esther was greatly distressed about it.

"I don't see what Marcus is going to do," she told Margy. "He ain't any fitter to take care of himself than a baby, and he won't have any housekeeper, they say."

One evening, after Marcus's mother had been dead about three weeks, Esther went over there. Margy had gone out to walk with George, so nobody knew. When she reached the house—a white cottage on a hill—she saw a light in the kitchen window.

"He's there," said she. She knocked on the door softly. Marcus shuffled over

to it—he was in his stocking feet—and opened it.

"Good-evening, Marcus," said she, speaking first.

"Good-evening."

"I hadn't anything special to do this evening, so I thought I'd look in a minute and see how you was getting along."

"I ain't getting along very well; but I'm glad to see you. Come right in."

When she was seated opposite him by the kitchen fire, she surveyed him and his surroundings pityingly. Everything had an abject air of forlornness; there was neither tidiness nor comfort. After a few words she rose energetically. "See here, Marcus," said she, "you jest fill up that tea-kettle, and I'm going to slick up here a little for you while I stay."

"Now, Esther, I don't feel as if—"

"Don't you say nothing. Here's the tea-kettle. I might jest as well be doing that as setting still."

He watched her, as she flew about putting things to rights, in a way that made her nervous; but she said to herself that this was easier than sitting still and gradually leading up to the object for which she had come. She kept wondering if she ever could accomplish it. When the room was in order, finally, she sat down again, with a strained-up look in her face.

"Marcus," said she, "I might as well begin. There was something I wanted to say to you to-night."

He looked at her, and she went on:

"I've been thinking some lately about how matters used to be betwixt you an' me, and it's jest possible—I don't know—but I might have been a little more patient than I was. I don't know as I'd feel the same way now if—"

"Oh, Esther, what do you mean?"

"I ain't going to tell you, Marcus Woodman, if you can't find out. I've said full enough; more'n I ever thought I should."

He was an awkward man, but he rose and threw himself on his knees at her feet with all the grace of complete unconsciousness of action. "Oh, Esther, you don't mean, do you?—you don't mean that you'd be willing to—marry me?"

"No; not if you don't get up. You look ridickerlous."

"Esther, do you mean it?"

"Yes. Now get up."

"You ain't thinking—I can't give up what we had the trouble about, any more now than I could then."

"'Ain't I said once that wouldn't make any difference?"

At that he put his head down on her knees and sobbed.

"Do, for mercy sake, stop! Somebody 'll be coming in. 'Tain't as if we was a young couple."

"I ain't going to till I've told you about it, Esther. You 'ain't never really understood. In the first of it, we was both mad; but we ain't now, and we can talk it over. Oh, Esther, I've had such an awful life! I've looked at you, and— Oh, dear, dear, dear!"

"Marcus, you scare me to death crying so."

"I won't. Esther, look here—it's the gospel truth: I 'ain't a thing again' Mr. Morton now."

"Then why on earth don't you go into the meeting-house and behave yourself?"

"Don't you suppose I would if I could? I can't, Esther—I can't."

"I don't know what you mean by 'can't.'"

"Do you s'pose I've took any comfort sitting there on them steps in the winter snows an' the summer suns? Do you s'pose I've took any comfort not marrying you? Don't you s'pose I'd given all I was worth any time the last ten year to have got up an' walked into the church with the rest of the folks?"

"Well, I'll own, Marcus, I don't see why you couldn't if you wanted to."

"I ain't sure as I see myself, Esther. All I know is I can't make myself give it up. I can't. I ain't made strong enough to."

"As near as I can make out, you've taken to sitting on the church steps the way other men take to smoking and drinking."

"I don't know but you're right, Esther, though I hadn't thought of it in that way before."

"Well, you must try to overcome it."

"I never can, Esther. It ain't right for me to let you think I can."

"Well, we won't talk about it any more to-night. It's time I was going home."

"Esther—did you mean it?"

"Mean what?"

"That you'd marry me anyway?"

"Yes, I did. Now do get up. I do hate to see you looking so silly."

Esther had a new pearl-colored silk gown, and a little mantle like it, and a bonnet trimmed with roses and plumes,

and she and Marcus were married in June.

The Sunday on which she came out a bride they were late at church; but late as it was, curious people were lingering by the steps to watch them. What would they do? Would Marcus Woodman enter that church door which his awful will had guarded for him so long?

They walked slowly up the steps between the watching people. When they came to the place where he was accustomed to sit, Marcus stopped short and looked down at his wife with an agonized face.

"Oh, Esther, I've—got—to stop."

"Well, we'll both sit down here, then."

"*You?*"

"Yes; I'm willing."

"No; you go in."

"No, Marcus; I sit with you on our wedding Sunday."

Her sharp, middle-aged face as she looked up at him was fairly heroic. This was all that she could do: her last weapon was used. If this failed, she would accept the chances with which she had married, and before the eyes of all these tittering people she would sit down at his side on these church steps. She was determined, and she would not weaken.

He stood for a moment staring into her face. He trembled so that the by-standers noticed it. He actually leaned over toward his old seat as if wire ropes were pulling him down upon it. Then he stood up straight, like a man, and walked through the church door with his wife.

The people followed. Not one of them even smiled. They had felt the pathos in the comedy.

The sitters in the pews watched Marcus wonderingly as he went up the aisle with Esther. He looked strange to them; he had almost the grand mien of a conqueror.

Editor's Easy Chair.

MR. GILBERT and Sir Arthur Sullivan would be probably amused if a proposition should be made to erect statues to them as public benefactors. But the remark of Fletcher of Saltoun's "very wise man," that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation, suggests that the song-writer is as worthy of commemoration as the legislator. If the wise man's wisdom be accepted, the man who promotes the "gayety of nations" is also a social force of importance, for government rests upon public opinion, and he who sways that opinion moulds the government.

The theatre in Athens was the Athenian newspaper, and Aristophanes was in a very positive and powerful sense a public man no less than Pericles. In New York and other modern cities the stage has not lost its vogue, and if the form of its influence has changed, the effect is deep and wide. If the man who makes the ballads of a nation appeals to base and mean passions, his guilt is like that of a legislator who makes unjust laws, if, indeed, it be not a greater guilt, as the malign influence of literature is more subtle and insidious than that of law. The theatre does not lose its hold, because people will be amused; and the power of the theatre is great, because amusements may be either "innocent merriment" or debauching and demoralizing excitement.

Therefore, when two men have the power of attracting thousands and thousands of people daily for months to be entertained, and take care that the entertainment shall be such as to tempt parents and guardians, Mrs. General and Miss Pinkerton, to bring their young persons to enjoy it, they are men who have not abused a great public power which is often shamefully abused, and they are truly public benefactors. It would be a doubtful proposition, perhaps, that people should be commemorated in portraits and statues and monuments for not doing wrong. Yet the men who are honored are those who, having certain gifts and opportunities, used them for a good and not for an evil purpose, and it is to this class that the authors of *Pinafore* and *Patience* and *The Mikado* belong. How easily they might have given the fun an ugly twist, and have filled the public mind with unclean images! A novel-writer who proposes to entertain the public may write as Scott and George Eliot and Thackeray wrote, or he may write as certain Frenchmen have written.

The charm of the Sullivan-Gilbert opera is pure rollicking fun. It is capital nonsense, like the Bab ballads; the fun of high spirits, like Irving's Stout Gentleman and Pickwick. It promotes the laugh for which everybody is better, the gayety which leaves no kind of sting, the merriment which softens and relieves the strain of daily life. Its satire, when it is satirical, is harmless and airy, and there is not a trace of bitterness or sourness or mal-

ice. It does not, like *Don Quixote*, laugh institutions away, but it laughs away care and trouble for a season. When *Pickwick* was publishing in parts it was said that grooms as they read laughed in the stable and judges upon the bench. All England was good-naturedly laughing. When *Pinafore* was first played in this country, a solemn professor wrote to a friend that if some nonsense called *Pinafore* was ever played in his city, he must not fail to see it. "I have been four times," said this professor, "and I am going ever so many times more."

The Mikado has been scarcely less popular than *Pinafore*. Of course the novelty which in a good new thing is a singular charm, like the manner of a new poet, can not be reproduced. That is the title which belongs to the first-born, and while the others may have the family likeness, they can not be the first. The touch and style and characteristic qualities which distinguished *Pinafore* from other burlesques—if so rough a word may be fitted to fun so fine—re-appear in all the others. Perhaps they all gain something by the reflected light, the pleasant suggestion, the half-suspected echo. But, apart from that, each has its special excellence. From the moment the curtain goes up upon the glittering spectacle of *The Mikado* until it finally drops, the whole scene is drolly familiar.

It is the very world of the "willow pattern" china, and these are our old friends of the dinner service, the tureens and dishes and plates and vases, who are forever crossing impossible bridges, and sitting under ridiculous trees, and standing in unprecedented postures, and looking with queer slits for eyes set in chubby pink knobs for faces. It is the precise life that we should suppose natural to them. If they were released from the enchantment which holds them fixed fast upon the soup plates, they would certainly carry on in this fashion. Elia praises the artificial comedy as a picture of life beyond the domain of conscience. This is life beyond the realm of common-sense; and what a charming life it is! What a simple and jolly Lord High Executioner! And how certain it is that despite all "painful preparations" after a capital luncheon, the "something lingering with boiling oil in it" will never harm any elastic and vibratory figure of the pretty phantasmagoria.

Night after night, and twice on Saturdays, the marvellous Ko-ko, the man of cork, bounds and rebounds, and capers and plumps, and all the people of Titipu bend and bow and jump and twist and flirt their fans in time to gay and taking melody; but the pleasure in beholding is not "an acquired taste" like that for Katisha, nor does it "take years to train a man" to enjoy the merry nonsense, as it does to love the venerable maiden.

So long as Gilbert and Sullivan give us such recreations we may well thank them, and with a clear conscience, for what Charles Lamb called "the true scenic delight, the escape from life, the oblivion of consequences, the holiday barring out of the pedant Reflection, those Saturnalia of two or three brief hours well won from the world."

While the whole world goes and laughs at *The Mikado*, and goes constantly and with unflagging delight, Mr. Wallack, the accomplished manager and admirable actor, says, "New-Yorkers are amusement-lovers, but not theatre-goers in the true sense of the term." He was speaking of his production of *The Rivals*, with the unrivalled Sir Anthony Absolute of Mr. Gilbert, a production which was as good as could now be made upon the English-speaking stage, and yet the houses were never crowded. The classic "old comedy" languished for proper attendance, while just beyond "such utter trash as *Adonis*" filled the house every night with eager and applauding audiences. And why, said the manager, should the manager not resort to trash if it will draw the crowd which passes by *The Rivals* unheeding? People cry that we degrade the art if we offer "trash," and when we produce a fine old comedy, they leave the house empty. No, sir; it is not the manager who degrades the theatre by "trash"; it is the public which crowds to hear "trash," and shouts over it, and bespeaks its place two weeks in advance. "No, sir; New York knows nothing and cares nothing for the theatre in its true sense."

Yet, within a stone's-throw of Mr. Wallack's theatre, the theatres in which *The Mikado* and *Adonis* and other forms of nonsense are offered are nightly thronged. With pardonable professional pride, Mr. Wallack holds that the tradition of the theatre determines what the theatre truly is. The theatre of Liston and Palmer upon the stage, and Hazlitt and Lamb in the pit; the theatre of Edmund Kean and Munden, of Shakespeare and Sheridan, and of the memoirs and anecdotes; the theatre which in this country Gulian Verplanck attended, and the feeling for which gave the name Old Drury to the old Park—this is the theatre which the manager has in mind, and a capital theatre it was.

There was nothing more enticing to the theatrical taste of fifty years ago than an announcement of a series of old comedies—classic old comedies—*Speed the Plough*, and *She Stoops to Conquer*, and the *School for Scandal*, and *The Rivals;* if only there were some good names in the cast, these took the town, and the prospect of pleasure was something like that of a few years before in a new work by the author of *Waverley*. To see coupled with the announcement the names of Finn and Placide, for instance, gave a pleasure which the name of very few comedians now imparts.

Then there were the nights of high tragedy—the legitimate—the tragedy to which no exception could be taken by any person of truly classical taste. Shakespeare, of course, and Massinger, and *Venice Preserved*, and even the *Iron Chest*, and such dramas as *Fazio* and *Vir-*

ginius; and if Fanny Kemble were the Juliet, or Ellen Tree the Ion, that was the theatre in the true sense—the theatre of the fathers, the theatre of Garrick and Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble. This is the theatre which Manager Wallack had in mind, and the tone of his remarks recalls those of Gibbon in describing the theatre of Rome when Alaric occupied the city. The tragic and comic Muse of the Romans, he says, "had been almost silent since the fall of the republic, and their place was unworthily occupied by licentious farce, effeminate music, and splendid pageantry."

But, as the manager truly says, it is the audience, not the stage, that makes the theatre. The manager is a merchant, like all other traders. He supplies what the public taste demands; and what determines that demand, who shall say? There are a dozen or more theatres open every evening in New York. If you read the bill of the play, it is evident that public opinion in New York does not demand the legitimate drama. An actor of power, like Salvini, will, indeed, attract an audience to see *Othello* or *Coriolanus.* But it is the actor, not the drama, which draws them. Forrest as the Gladiator equally charmed the multitude. Can we say more than that the taste of an older day demanded the traditional tragedy or comedy, and that taste made the older theatre? But the taste of to-day demands fun, burlesque, "character dramas," and pretty spectacle, and that taste makes the theatre of to-day.

It is, however, on the other side, true of the stage as of the newspaper, that if it must conform to the prevailing taste, it can yet somewhat modify and direct the taste. As we have just said of *The Mikado*, it might have been a doubtful *opéra bouffe.* The moral seems to be that the current can not be stemmed, but it can be guided. If the public will not be amused by the old comedy, and demands more rollicking fun, the demand may be satisfied with healthful gayety and "innocent merriment." There are some old theatre-goers of an earlier generation still lingering among us who will secretly confess that even in the palmy days of the legitimate drama their chief delight was in the afterpiece. Many an *habitué* of the old Park yawned respectably over the "correct thing" in five acts, who enjoyed to the utmost *Raising the Wind*, or, in later days, *Box and Cox.*

It was always doubtful whether chess was a recreation, and it was equally questionable whether seeing Sir Giles Overreach and Sir Edward Mortimer could be properly described as an amusement. Sir Lucius and Sir Anthony, indeed, were most entertaining—but, Mr. Manager, the fashion of fun changeth.

Shelley, in speaking of one of his heroines, describes her as "one of Shakespeare's women," and Emerson constantly commends us to Plutarch's men. It is therefore a little startling to read in a Western journal that Plutarch's men are crowded out of the minds of young Americans by the images of Lincoln and Grant. Against this view Shelley also supplies a comfortable thought:

> "True love in this differs from gold and clay,
> That to divide is not to take away."

Those laurels of Miltiades not only secured him to heroic remembrance, but they also embalmed Themistocles. Lincoln and Grant rather send us back to Plutarch than obscure his gallery. One of their greatest services is that of revealing to us the truth that the essentially noble and heroic qualities are always the same. The time and the circumstance differ, not the very man. Emerson found in Lincoln the shrewdness of Æsop. Have we not seen in Grant the magnanimity of Fabius?

But the paper of which we speak remarks that it is sadly true that Percival is a forgotten poet, and then, seizing a promiscuous assortment of names, exclaims that Charles Sprague, William Wirt, Washington Irving, and Jack Downing may be referred to as forgotten authors. But this is the luxury of woe. Why should not Percival be a forgotten poet? That is to say, what is there in the verse of Percival that should command interest and attention to-day? He was an admirably and remarkably accomplished man and a most excellent gentleman, and his name is very familiar in the reading-books of the time when certain grandfathers of to-day were going to school. But he was a noted poet not because he took rank with his contemporaries—with Byron and Scott and Keats and Shelley and Coleridge and Wordsworth—but because there were very few Americans who wrote verses, and our fathers patriotically stood by them.

Grenville Mellen is a forgotten poet also. If the gentle reader will turn the pages of Kettell, he will seem to himself to be walking among tombs. Upon each page might be suitably inscribed, "Sacred to the memory" of almost every one of the lamented singers. John Neal is there, and Rufus Dawes, and James G. Eastburn, excellent gentlemen, worthy writers, all of them. But can we say, with honest reproach, "forgotten poets"? Is Fame to be held responsible for not retaining the name of every minstrel who loiters by and touches his harp lightly and sings a sweet song as he passes on? Is it a hard fate to give pleasure to those who listen, because those who are out of hearing do not turn and applaud?

Many an author may have a tone and touch which please the ear and taste of his own day, and which, as characteristic of a time, may be curious to a later taste, like the costumes and bonnets of our great-grandmothers. But Young America, sauntering at the club and at Newport, would not willingly wear the boots of Beau Nash, nor even the cloak of Beau Brummel. It is, indeed, doubtful whether the great law which provides that nothing shall

be lost is not equally observable in the realm of literary fame. Is anything of literature lost that deserves remembrance, or, more properly, can it be lost? A fair answer to the question may be found in the reply to another, whether delving in Kettell or in any other anthology reveals treasures dropped by Fame as precious as those she carries.

Our newspaper is certainly too swift in saying that Irving may be classed among the forgotten authors. There are two ways in which an author survives—one, by the constant reading of his works; the other, by his name. Is Milton a forgotten author? But how much is he read, compared with the contemporary singers? Is Plato forgotten? Yet how many know him except by his name? Irving thus far holds by both. Time also winnows its wheat, blowing away much chaff, but the golden grain remains. This is true not only of the whole multitude of authors, but of the works of each author. How many of them really survive only in the anthology? *Astoria* and *Captain Bonneville* and *Mahomet* and other books of Irving may gradually disappear. But the *Knickerbocker*, and *Rip Van Winkle*, and certain other tales and essays, have become, so far as we can foresee, an integral part of our literature.

As for Sprague—mild, genial, charming gentleman, who carried his simple freshness of nature and of manner to the end, and about whose venerable head in State Street always shone the faint halo of early poetic renown—his literary talent was essentially for a day, not for all time. In every age there will be singers, and delightful singers, of the day. On Christmas Eve the Easy Chair heard the passing music in the street that supplies for us the song of the waits. It was sweet and melodious, and pensively recalled the days and the faces and the voices that are no more. But they were not the same waits that it heard long ago; still less were they those that the Easy Chairs of half a century since heard with musing melancholy. But the substance of the song, and the emotion which it awakened, and the tender pathos of association, these were all the same both then and now. Sprague was a wait of yesterday, of last year, of fifty years ago. Others sing in the street the song that he sang, and singing they pass on, and the sweet strain grows softer and fainter and fainter, and the echoes answer, "Dying, dying, dying"—and it is gone.

Fame does not forget these troubadours. It never knew them. They had the vogue of their day. See how tenderly Mr. Stedman speaks of those who are singing for us now, whose names are familiar, who trill and twitter in the magazines, and in tasteful and delicate volumes which seem to tempt the stream of time to suffer such light and graceful barks to slip along unnoted to future ages. But the kindly critic's tone forecasts the fate of the sparkling and pleasing ventures. Moore tells us of the Indian maids upon the banks of the Ganges who light a tiny taper, and on a frail little chip set it afloat upon the river. It twinkles and dwindles and flashes and expires. Mr. Stedman watches the minor poets trimming their tapers, and carefully launching their chips upon the brimming river. "Pleasant journey!" he cries, cheerily from the shore, as if he were speaking to hearty Captain Cook going up the side of his great ship, and shaking out his mighty canvas to circumnavigate the globe. "Pleasant journey!" cries the cheery critic. But there is a wistful something in his tone that betrays a consciousness of the swift extinction of that pretty, perfumed spark.

But Shakespeare's women, and Plutarch's men, and "the grand old masters," and "the bards sublime," are not tapers upon a river; they are stars in the firmament. Lincoln and Grant will not crowd out Washington and Franklin and Hamilton and Adams, nor they Edmund Burke and Chatham, nor any great man any other great man. There is room in space for every planet and every star and every particle of star dust, for all that the eye can see and all that eludes the most searching telescopic quest. Nor need any singer fear that the latest ages will not hear his song, if he sings a song worth its hearing.

Nothing strikes the man from the country as more significant than that the man in town does not know his next-door neighbor. It reveals to him at once the fact that in town there is no proper neighborhood, and no discharge of neighborly duty. The next house is a house of mourning or of feasting, there is a marriage or a funeral, but it is as much beyond the personal sympathy of those on the other side of a brick wall as the glees and woes of Esquimaux or Hottentots. John at Number 10 does not even know by sight James at Number 12. But possibly Mrs. James is aware of the color of Mrs. John's livery, and is able to recognize her carriage. The sense of the community of a common welfare is necessarily wanting, and public spirit is low. The old neighborhoods in villages and small towns, where every man personally knew his neighbor, and all shared a common local tradition, was the nursery of patriotism and national independence.

The indifference and ignorance regarding our neighbors in the street of the city extends to our neighbors of the continent. The two countries of which both John and James, who do not know each other, also know least, are Canada and Mexico. The summer traveller sometimes goes to Quebec and sees the St. Lawrence, and a winter party may penetrate to Montreal, as far as the ice palace, and risk tobogganing. But the clouds of general ignorance shut us out from our northern neighbor, while Mexico is practically unknown, except as a country shaken up with incessant revolutions, a kind of semi-tropical waste, and the misty mid-region of Buena Vista and Mon-

terey. We can all talk with some intelligence of England and France and Germany and Italy, but Mexico is much like Montenegro, and Canada is vague, like Bulgaria or Roumelia.

To see Europe is the dream of the romantic young American, and to sail for the home of Shakespeare, or the market-place of Altorf, or for Lake Como, or the seven-hilled city, or Chamouni, or the Rhine, is, even in anticipation, a sweet restorative and cordial. But who burns with rapturous longing to behold Manitoba, or to gaze at last upon the Great Lake of the Woods? or who thrills at the name of Orizaba, or even Popocatepetl? and why should we hasten to the calm waters of Tezcoco? Yet these are our own; these are of our continent; they are our next-door neighbors. Nevertheless dynasties may come and go among them, empires and republics interchange and vanish, or volcanoes burst into flame, or earthquakes desolate wide regions, and scarcely the rumor of them reach our ears, and then only as the story of antediluvian events, the battles in air of Huns and legendary ghosts.

It is much for human interest that it can be said of any place in Wordsworth's line:

"Here in old time the hand of man hath been."

The tropical splendor of the scene that Humboldt saw from the castle of Chapultepec may be, as travellers say, unrivalled, but the central charm to most travellers would be the fact that at the castle Humboldt beheld it. To see the cottage where Burns was born, or that "tomb in Arqua," would draw the pilgrim over the sea who would not go far to stand amid the ruins of the palace of the Montezumas or among the pueblos of Yucatan. It is the long human tradition and association, the historic legend of our own lineage in race or religion or politics or literature, that makes the enchantment of travel. It is the scene familiar in song and story, the hand not of man alone, which weaves the spell. The clearing in the wild, indeed, is lovelier than all the forest. The touch of civilization in the midst of barbarism is as refreshing as the care and the lullaby of the African women to Mungo Park. But the home of the hero, of the poet, of the benefactor; the field of Sempach, of Runnymede, the banks of the Avon—these explain the deep delight of travel.

This may explain the current of travel across the sea. But there is little doubt that if the beauty and grandeur of nature are sought by the traveller, the means of enjoyment that he had not suspected are open to him. So constant and so great are the achievements of enterprise that they are almost unobserved by us. Thus a recent address of Colonel Nelson, lately Minister in Mexico, recalls the immense changes in the condition of that country and the facility of reaching it. You may take the train in New York and roll steadily along, and in much less time than our fathers devoted to the journey from Massachusetts to Virginia, you may reach, undisturbed and in perfect comfort, another zone and civilization, another fauna and flora, a new world. "It is now easy for us," says this modern Marco Polo, "to leave our homes in Indiana in a palace-car, and reach the city of Mexico within a week, and also to visit in the same manner eight or ten of the most interesting cities of the republic."

If it is magnificent scenery that you seek, here at hand, with no intervening ocean, no distant pilgrimage to Alpine valleys or Norwegian fiords, is the railway from Vera Cruz, two hundred and sixty miles, to the city of Mexico—a marvellous feat of scientific skill, crossing the mountains at a height of 8500 feet, and bearing you through every climate, amid unimaginable luxuriance and brilliancy of vegetation, changing into temperate hues of hardier growths, with awful mountain abysses between, and snow-clad peaks beyond against the deep blue sky. This is the land which has seemed to us so long politically, religiously, and socially hopeless, ruined at the very outset by the worst form of human degradation, the old Spanish oppression. But as you are lifted over the mountains, and swept along the teeming valleys and plains with a security, comfort, and speed which are themselves proofs of a radical change in the land, which within the century has doubled its population while it has lost two-thirds of its territory, it is pleasant to hear from Mr. Nelson, who is our authority, that Mexico will now remain a republic, that the injurious clerical influence is gone forever, that the political capacity of the people has been educated to the point of successful control of the situation, and that there is no disturbing question threatening the country.

Mexico was never before shown in a light so rosy. The country of mixed races, of ignorance and superstition, of revolutions and of earthquakes, appears in this reviving view to promise to be indeed a sister republic, and of this happy hope the railway seems to be the spring. These parallel lines of iron and of steel have worked many miracles, of which the United States are the witness. But the wonder of wonders, the greatest triumph of the railroad, will be the regeneration of Mexico.

This is the season for the annual charity sermon of the Easy Chair, which, like other sermons, elucidates a familiar truth and urges an ancient duty. The charity which it advocates is not, this time, that form which leads the literary critic to seek—as in the neighboring Study—the author's own purpose and to judge his work with sympathy, nor is it that charity which is the most uncommon, if not the greatest of all, which persuades us to be just and fair and reasonable toward a political opponent. Political charity, indeed, in the mind of a vehement partisan, is little less than treason or blasphemy. Camillus is the most

generous and honorable of men in all private and personal relations, but in politics he holds that a man who does not suspect and withstand an opponent at every point, and insist upon the absolute rightfulness in every detail of his own side, shows a moral defect in his character which is greatly to be deplored. Camillus thinks that, as he wears the buff, charity toward the blue would be as misplaced upon his part as courtesy to a hyena. Camillus's family name is Legion.

No, it is not either of these forms of charity to which the sermon is to be devoted. Its text is the old duty of alms-giving, the duty which springs from the sincere answer to Cain's question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Most certainly you are. But the duty of alms-giving is to be discharged rightly only by careful consideration. The duty of secluding criminals from society is one of the oldest in human history, and jails are institutions as old as civilization. Even the gibbet, in the familiar story, was hailed as the sign of a Christian country. But although there have been always plenty of jails, it was not until John Howard and a noble company of English men and women within the last century protested and appealed to the conscience of the country that jails began to be really human institutions, and penal systems to be regulated by reason.

So alms-giving—helping the needy and succoring the suffering—is coeval with society, and the pictures in literature and painting of the monks in convents giving out food to the poor, and the ancient charitable foundations and customs in England, the open house at Christmas, and the Christmas distribution of coals and doles, are all romantic and pleasing to the uninstructed imagination. But the brightly bedizened beadle in the pictures of the old *Illustrated News*, who with a stolid face, a red nose, and an official staff marshals the alms of coals to the forlorn old men and women—her Majesty's poor beads-men—was not, after all, an angel of grace and mercy and consolation. It is unquestionable that the indiscriminate giving was a grievous wrong, and it is equally undeniable that the larger part of the money given for charitable relief in New York and in other great cities merely extends and perpetuates poverty and crime.

Elia with fond and delightful perversity asks why we should not give a sixpence to a beggar who feigns so well that we can not be sure that he is feigning, since we gladly give a crown to the play-actor who announces that he feigns. One reason is that we give him the means of getting drunk and maltreating his wretched family. Another reason is that by increasing the amount of crime and poverty we raise the taxes, and thereby the burdens of the hard-working, honest man, to provide public punishment and relief. Another reason is that we place a premium upon lying and laziness and the destruction of self-respect. The man or woman who hastens along the street and, seeing a pitiful beggar, yields to the humane and natural impulse to relieve suffering and gives an alms, forgets that shrewd knavery knows perfectly well that humane and natural impulse, and trades upon it for its own self-indulgence.

—But, dear Easy Chair, you said all this last month. Well, dear and gentle reader, have you remembered to profit by the lesson, or only remembered the exhortation? If the latter, surely you will not deny the necessity of the reiteration. If the former, you will be glad that others should have the truth urged upon them.

Perhaps you do not like the Easy Chair in preaching robes; or do you apply to it the retort of Charles Lamb to Coleridge: "Ever hear you preach? Why, I never heard you do anything else." Or you think the Chair not fitted for a friar? Nevertheless,

> "not in vain
> He wore his sandal shoon and scallop shell,"

if you refuse to give the passing alms in the street, and take care to ascertain, as you can by many agencies, that it is not a lazy toper whom you are "treating," but an actual need which you are relieving.

Editor's Study.

I.

IF there should happen to be among the million readers (*à peu près*) of this Magazine two or three young men who are presently

> "Waiting to strive a happy strife,
> To war with falsehood to the knife,
> And not to lose the good of life,"

we think we can tell them of a new book which will interest and help them. It is the *Life and Correspondence of Louis Agassiz*, of which Mrs. Agassiz modestly calls herself editor rather than author. They will find it a romance, full of the high joy of achievement; of youth, brilliant, vivid, glad with utter self-forgetfulness, kept beyond gray hair and fading eyes, to the very moment of death; in other words, the story of a man born poor in money, but incalculably rich in the impulse to know and to use knowledge to the highest end, and so happily framed that he could always prefer his object to himself, could attain his results without apparently leaving upon them any stain of egotism. This simplicity, this purity of motive, won not only brains and pockets to his service wherever

he went, but all hearts. People saw that the sole aim he had in view was the truth, and that he was not pursuing it for his own sake, but for any other sake sooner. The secret of his success, which is the only sure and sovereign formula for the finest success, has been open from the beginning of time; but it has rarely been able to commend itself so attractively to the young imagination as in Agassiz's life. It has had so often to insist upon itself in spite of neglect, of obloquy, of martyrdom; but here it is the talisman of unbroken prosperity. We do not mean that Agassiz had not his early struggles and renunciations; the son of a poor Swiss *pasteur*, sensitively conscious that his home was cramped to open his path through the schools, could not be without these; but wide recognition came to him very early. "To do all the good you can to your fellow-beings, to have a pure conscience, to gain an honorable livelihood, to procure for yourself by work a little ease, to make those around you happy—that is true happiness; all the rest but mere accessories and chimeras," his mother tenderly, warningly wrote him, when at twenty-one his thoughts began to turn from the profession for which he was fitting himself, to the science that afterward engrossed his life, and he answered: "I wish it may be said of Louis Agassiz that he was the first naturalist of his time, a good citizen, and a good son, beloved of all who knew him." A year later, the value of his first work on fishes was acknowledged by Cuvier, and hard upon this came the cordial acclaim of Humboldt, who formed for the young naturalist an affection which strengthened through all his remaining years. The constantly recurring evidence of this in the letters of Humboldt now first printed is a lovely strain in the book, where at times one is tempted to complain that there is too little of Agassiz's personal life, till one remembers that his whole life was scientific, and rich and ample as his nature was, it must leave chiefly that record. We learn more about him by the letters to him than by the letters from him; these are the expression of his impassioned ambition as a naturalist almost from the first. We have only glimpses of his beloved home by the Swiss lake, but its sober peace and reasonable piety remain from these a light upon him through all the succeeding events.

After Agassiz came to America his life was no longer a romance; it was a fairy tale, whose incidents are known to all of us; for Agassiz, through his hold upon the sympathies and imaginations of men, became a public man here, as politicians and soldiers and divines are public men, but scientists never before. Private fortunes were opened to him as freely as if they had been the treasures of princes; money honestly amassed in commerce was offered as munificently as if it had been wrung from subject populations; legislatures gave as if they had been individuals, fascinated by the charm of high, unselfish intents. It is a great example, and much courage can be taken from it. Perhaps the time has really come in the history of our race when the man of grand aims, of purposes not even immediately beneficent, but wholly altruistic, may hopefully appeal to his fellow-men for their help in realizing them. Agassiz believed that he could do this, and his faith was justified, not only with millionaires and general courts, but with hard-working people of all sorts, like his enthusiastic students and assistants, like the carpenters at Penikese, who, when he called them together and told them that the Summer School there "was neither for money nor the making of money,.... it was for the best interests of education, and for that alone," took off their Sunday coats and labored from dawn till dark to finish his buildings for him on the Sabbath day.

II.

Agassiz found this new world of ours full not merely of vast physical activities, but of eager and thorough scientific work by men who, he tells his European friends, would be noted in science anywhere, and whom he found employed in public enterprises undertaken by popular governments. He had been used to the munificence of kings, as science may experience it; but this liberality of legislatures composed of farmers and country lawyers amazed him, at nearly the same moment when poor M. de Bacourt, Minister from France to these States, was asking his Maker what a person of his quality could have done that he should be forced to live among such people as the Americans, so sordid, so ignorant, so barbarous!

Madame la Comtesse de Mirabeau, who obliges us with the *Souvenirs of a Diplomate*, after they had remained unpublished in his private letters for nearly fifty years, prefaces them with a sketch of M. de Bacourt's life—a life passed in courts, near the persons of princes, and perfumed throughout, except for those odious years in America, with the odor of salons and the incense of a rehabilitated Church. M. de Bacourt was a gentleman of birth and fortune, a reactionary in politics and religion, who believed in himself and his king and his confessor, and adored the memory of the great and good Prince Talleyrand. Whether M. de Bacourt's Maker was ever able to justify to that gentleman his exile in this country there is now no means of knowing, but no reader of his amusing book can be ungrateful to the providence that brought him here to write these letters about the United States under Van Buren and Tyler. They show us not only how a man of his sort regarded us then, but how such a man must always regard us; for under our system the strong, rude native life will always be working to the top, especially in politics. Very probably it will come to the top now and then in society, and if this keeps on happening till we learn that no class of Americans

is to be polished alone, but that we are all bound together, high and low, for barbarism or civilization, it will be perhaps no bad thing.

However this may be, few of our witnesses have been or will be able to dislike us so comprehensively as M. de Bacourt. The weather behaved almost as badly as an American statesman at the very moment of his arrival in the country; it turned in a single day of June from very cold to intensely hot. This was in New York, where everything, even in 1840, "is a weak imitation of the English, ... an England and Englishmen of second and third rate," and where, after twenty-four hours, he has "seen none of the much-talked-of American beauties" in the street. On the railway to Philadelphia "cinders penetrate the cars, and at the end of the journey one has the appearance of a coal-heaver. .... Then don't forget that all Americans chew tobacco, and spit continually around them, and it is difficult to keep out of this filth." From the very first, Washington is his "penitentiary," with its wide, dusty, broiling streets, its mean houses, and its life neither of city nor village. He begins to meet there the giants of those days, whose extinction we deplore in our moments of depression, and although Mr. Clay's "proclivities are very French, ... his exterior is that of an English farmer," while in the House and Senate our lamented publicists not only keep their hats on after the fashion "imported from England," but they "sit with their legs in the air, and others, stretched out, sleep as if in their beds; .... they all spit everywhere," and it is the sound of this spitting which most shocks M. de Bacourt. He finds no one but the President who is "exempt from this vice"; but "Mr. Van Buren, though the son of an innkeeper, and himself even trained to the family calling, has acquired to an astonishing degree the ways of the world." Mr. de Muhlenberg, formerly United States Minister to Austria, makes M. de Bacourt's blood run cold by saying: "You want to know what I think of Prince Metternich? Well, he is a hog." At a fashionable evening party in Washington, "the women, ridiculously dressed, stood around the room hanging on their husbands' arms. Perhaps it was very moral, but I assure you it was very grotesque. There are no young people in the French provinces who have not better manners." "The celebrated Mr. Webster is pompous to the last degree, and ill at ease" in company. "All the distinguished men in this country would be only second or even third class in England. They give themselves the airs of importance one sees in the brewers of London, with their vanity, vulgarity, and absurdity." At six o'clock in the morning—good heavens!—M. de Bacourt meets "Miss Meade, one of the beauties of Washington, alone in the street, going or coming from I do not know where. Free manners!" While he is calling upon a member of Mr. Tyler's cabinet, "three of his colleagues came in—Mr. Badger smoking a cigar, which he did not extinguish; Mr. Bell lay down on a sofa, with his feet over the arms, and thus presenting the soles of his boots to us; as to Mr. Crittenden, finding it too warm, he took off his coat, and pulled a great roll of tobacco from his pocket, put it in his mouth, and commenced chewing. They were very merry and facetious, and as I did not wish to hurt the feelings of men who were so influential in commercial questions, I joined in with them." One fancies the strain it must have been to M. de Bacourt, who is treated throughout by such people exactly as they treat one another, with no apparent sense of his quality, and who must bear it all, if he will keep them from levying duties on French wines and silks; and all in vain, for they levy the duties at last, and perhaps have chuckled in their shirt sleeves at the notion of his cajoling them. At a dinner in the White House our god-like Daniel embraces M. de Bacourt, and hiccoughs over him the professions of a very tender friendship, apparently unfelt before the third bottle of Madeira. He was forced to meet such persons as "a Mr. and Mrs. Bayard, who have the impudence to call themselves descendants of Chevalier Bayard," not knowing that he had never married. At Rockaway Beach he sees the gentlemen take off their coats and vests and join the ladies at a game of ten-pins. On a journey to Niagara he can not get a cutlet, or even an egg. At Boston, where he might otherwise have had a moment of happiness, he finds that "the inhabitants of this elegant and charming city hate the French, and what is worse, they despise them." In a prison at Philadelphia the stamp of crime is much more pronounced on the convicts' faces than in Europe. The American steamboats continually agitate M. de Bacourt by blowing up, and there is a mania for suicide among the few refined people in the country, which he can account for only by supposing them bored to madness by the social conditions.

It is impossible to rehearse all his griefs with us, and, so far as it goes, it is impossible to deny the truth of the portrait he draws. We may say it is not flattered, but in our hearts we can not deny that he saw all these terrible and ugly and ridiculous features in us. He saw nothing else, because he was M. de Bacourt, and was bred to believe that "politeness in social relations.... is the fundamental basis and the most indispensable element" of life. Rained down in the midst of a new people, each bent by so much of the divine purpose as was in him to help accomplish with tireless work of head and hand the destiny of the greatest free nation which had ever been, he saw—poor little diplomatic reactionary—nothing but the abundance of our bad manners, which, even after fifty years, might still strike him. He prophesied that a people with manners like ours must go to the dogs; he beheld us well on our way to the dogs; and so did some other prophets who

visited us at the same time, and conspicuously the prophet Dickens, whom M. de Bacourt found made more of by the Americans than Fanny Elssler, Lafayette, and Prince de Joinville all put together. The caricaturist was right in his picture of us, as the diplomatist was; but their study is a faithfuler portrait of themselves even than of us.

Perhaps, indeed — the temptation to construct the theory rushes overpoweringly upon us—the foreign critic's measure of America is always the measure of himself. So far as he perceives that this is the opportunity of the whole human race, not merely to enjoy and ornament itself for the satisfaction of its higher vanity, but chiefly to work and to help itself unhampered by tradition—so far as he shows himself a man who has lived in realities, and not in bubbles, however iridescent, literary, social, or diplomatic—so far he will be consoled for our uncouthness. Occasionally even poor M. de Bacourt has a perception of magnitudes transcending "politeness in social relations," and it affords him a momentary comfort in the midst of suffering otherwise incessant. In one of these intervals he can say: "The Anglo-American race is, in my opinion, charged with a special providential mission—that of peopling and civilizing this immense continent; they are proceeding in the accomplishment of this work undisturbed by any obstacle, and this explains the anomalies so easy to observe and criticise. But it is not fair to judge from details; one must see the whole, and this whole is grand, majestic, and imposing.... The only fault of the Americans is that they will not rest satisfied with their success, but will always, in comparing themselves with European nations, claim superiority over them in everything. This is their great weakness, and encourages writers who come here to find fault."

We have now become so modest—partly from the chastisements of foreign critics, but chiefly, we must believe, through our native virtue—that it is incredible we should have ever had the fault which M. de Bacourt here imputes to us, and we hardly know how to yield, such is our present diffidence, even to the French, in a fine sense of national deficiencies and a generous habit of self-disparagement.

III.

It is some such reluctance, perhaps, which renders us sensitive to the compliment lately paid our poor American language by two English novelists. These writers have wished to reproduce the accents and expressions which we commended last month to the attention of our native authors, and they have imagined several American characters entirely for the purpose of having somebody speak American. Our foreign compatriots are not much like the fellow-citizens we know at home, but it can be honestly said of them that they are as like us as their talk is like our untutored speech. We believe it was Mr. Robert Buchanan who, feeling that the language of Shakespeare and Milton would no longer serve as a means of international *rapprochement*, was the first Briton to write in the New England dialect; at any rate he produced a poem in it which he was not able to tell from one of Mr. Lowell's; and now Mr. Black, in his *White Heather*, has a character who speaks perceptible American; only, he is a man, and he speaks young-lady American as often as masculine American. To us the two sorts are distinct enough, but Mr. Black, who has no doubt heard most of the former in praise of his agreeable books, is not so much to blame for getting them mixed. He makes Mr. Hodson say a London fog is "just too dismal for anything," but we feel that it was his daughter who supplied Mr. Black with that phrase; and when the young lady says, "You bet your pile on that," we suspect that Mr. Black really had the expression from her younger brother.

As for Mr. Grant Allen, who has made a country boy from northern New York the hero of his novel *Babylon*, we should not know exactly where or how he got his Americanisms. There are some tokens of a visit or sojourn here in his decorative use of our birds and flowers; but our phrases seem rather to have been studied from such widely representative authorities as Mark Twain, Dr. Eggleston, Bret Harte, Sam Slick, and Charles Dickens. A farmer in "Geauga County," New York, asks "Whar's Hiram?" as if he were in the heart of the blue-grass region; and this deacon of the church adds that he has an itching "to give that thar boy a durned good cowhidin'," as if he were a Pike accustomed to "exhort the impenitent mule." Hiram is in the blackberry patch, but Mr. Allen calls it the blackberry *lot*, because, as he understands, "lot" is the American for "field, meadow, croft, copse, paddock, and all the other beautiful and expressive Old-World names for our own time-honored English inclosures," though we believe Americans, when foreigners are not by, speak among themselves of meadows, fields, pastures, wood pastures, girdlings, loppings, clearings, intervales, and other features and subdivisions of the landscape as they have occasion to specify them. Mr. Allen, however, has heard of bottom-lands, and he tells us that in Rome his hero's thoughts turned fondly to the "old blackberry bottom"; and he has "cranberry-trees" growing in his cranberry marsh. His deacon addresses a group of trappers as "Gents, all"; and his talk is delicious with such native flavors as "Wal, this do beat all, really"; "He's progressin' towards citizenship now, and I've invested quite a lot of capital in his raisin';" "Wal, I should appreciate that consid'able;" "I dessay that thar boy;" and "It allus licks my poor finite understanding altogither why the Lord should have run this continent so long with nothin' better'n Injuns.... Why a lad, that's been brought up a Chrischun and a Hopkinsite, should want to go grubbin' up their

knives and things in this cent'ry is a caution to me, that's what it is—a reg'lar caution." It all sounds amazingly American, and probably Mr. Allen could not be persuaded that it is not so. His people are Americans of the sort that the accurate English eye has seen and the delicate English hand has drawn ever since we were first portrayed in *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

IV.

Apparently Mr. Allen has not thought it a serious thing to write a novel, nor human nature worth that honest inquiry which has given him an honorable name in science. This is a mistake which we hope he will come to regret, and which will certainly cause his friends to grieve. It is not quite enough in itself, however, to make one despair of English novelists, and we have read within the year two English books by an unknown hand which may yet mark a new era in English fiction. We hardly know, indeed, whether to call them fiction, they carry so deep a sense of truthfulness to the reader, they are so far in temper from any sort of mere artistry, so simply and nobly serious. The books are the *Autobiography of Mark Rutherford* and *Mark Rutherford's Deliverance*, the one being the rather unsatisfying sequel to the other. Yet it is unsatisfying only as the incompleteness, the brokenness of life, which it perfectly counterfeits, is unsatisfying. There never were books in which apparently the writer has cared so little to make literary account of himself, cared so little to shine, to impress, wished so much to speak his heart plainly out to the heart of his reader. There is absolutely no study of attitude, no appeal to the dramatic or the picturesque, no merely decorative use of words. When you have read the books you feel that you have witnessed the career of a man as you might have witnessed it in the world, and not in a book. We could not give too strong an impression of this incomparable sincerity.

The history is that of an Englishman of the lower or lowest middle class, who is bred to the ministry, but who is constrained by lapses of belief first to abandon his evangelical pulpit, and then to give up a Unitarian parish, and who at the close of his autobiography is the clerk of an atheistical bookseller in London. *Mark Rutherford's Deliverance*, which appeared last summer, four years after the publication of the *Autobiography*, takes up his story at the point where he becomes the Parliamentary correspondent of two provincial newspapers, and follows him through the failure of this employment, his marriage with the woman to whom he had been betrothed in his youth, and his final toil at hateful work under a hard master, to his sudden death. There is no "incident" in the story; there is neither more "plot" nor less than there is in the experience of God's creatures generally, so generally ignored by "imaginative" writers in their "powerful" inventions. It can not, therefore, find favor with readers who like to be "amused," and to "have their minds taken off themselves." We warn them that the story of Mark Rutherford will fix their "minds" all the more intensely upon themselves, and will stir them deeply, without in the least "amusing" them. Or rather it will do this with readers who can think and feel; and the other sort had better go to the theatre and see a modern play.

Nothing of Mark Rutherford's error or weakness is concealed in these extraordinary books, and in him we have more distinctly got rid of that barbaric survival, the "hero," than in any other figure of fiction—if he is really fictitious. If you pity him, and even love him for his truth and purity and right endeavor, it is because you are sufficiently mature, sufficiently civilized, to see the beauty of these things in their union with tremulous nerves, irresolute performance, vague aspiration, depression, frequent helplessness, faltering faith. He is only one of ten or twelve other persons drawn with the same wise faithfulness, and presented to us with the belief that we shall have enough inconsistencies in ourselves to account for all the inconsistencies in them. When the author has to tell us that a certain man of clear, strong, disciplined mind is a journeyman printer, he seems not to feel bound to explain the fact that he can be both one and the other, and he has no excuses to make for asking us to be interested in the psychological experience of a waiter, a salesman, a porter, who are never at all romanced, but are considered simply in their quality of human beings, affected in due degree by their callings. But such a man as Marden, living and dying in gentle, serene, patient, agnosticism; such a man as McKay, groaning over the misery of London, and inventing out of his own poverty and helplessness a way to help it some little, however little; such women as Mary Marden, Theresa, and Ellen, taking quietly, strongly, unspectacularly, their share of the common burden of common life, have more of consolation and encouragement in them than all the "ideal" figures that ever "helpless fancy feigned" out of proportion to the things that are. The story where they move naturally, from real impulses and with genuine interests, is not gloomy, with all its unrelenting seriousness, and it would be very unjust to leave the reader with the notion that it is inimical to religion. It is very religious. We do not see how Christianity could be more subtly and profoundly comprehended, and throughout his doctrinal stumblings and gropings Mark Rutherford finds his happiness only in that highest good which Christ taught in the highest degree—good to others. This is the key-note of his story, touched throughout, but never with maudlin pathos or rhetorical flourish.

People who like genteel company in novels will not find him in it; there is not a "gentleman" or a "lady" in either of the books, and the plain, poverty-bound lives which

they have to do with are considered as inapologetically in their struggles with real sorrows and troubles as if they were all so many gentlemen and ladies of leisure longing to get married or unmarried. If there is no false shame in depicting these common people and conditions, neither is there any boastfulness, or anything of the foolish superstition that there is merit in narrow circumstances of themselves. Perhaps the self-respectful attitude in regard to this material is kept so well because it is the inner life of these men and women that is portrayed — that experience so sweet, so bitter, so precious, of almost any human soul, which we should always be better and wiser for knowing, but which we so often turn from in the stupid arrogance of our cultures and respectabilities.

At times the author seems to have no art in presenting his facts, he does it so barely and bluntly, but he never fails to make you understand just what he means, and he never offends against that beautiful "modesty of nature" which, when one has once really valued it, one can not see offended in literature without a sense of outrage.

V.

A great master may sin against it as well as a bungling apprentice; and if the reader will turn from these books to Balzac's *Le Père Goriot*, of which a new translation has lately appeared, we think he will feel the truth of this painfully enough. In the atmosphere, sane if sad, of the English story, there is in high degree the quality of repose with which the Greeks knew how to console tragedy in every art; but the malarial restlessness of the French romance is as destitute of this as the theatre. After that exquisitely careful and truthful setting of his story in the shabby boarding-house, the author fills the scene with figures jerked about by the exaggerated passions and motives of the stage. We can not have a cynic reasonably wicked, disagreeable, egoistic; we must have a lurid villain of melodrama, a disguised convict, with a vast criminal organization at his command, and

"So dyèd double red"

in deed and purpose that he lights up the faces of the horrified spectators with his glare. A father fond of unworthy children, and leading a life of self-denial for their sake, as may probably and pathetically be, is not enough; there must be an imbecile, trembling dotard, willing to promote even the *liaisons* of his daughters to give them happiness and to teach the sublimity of the paternal instinct. The hero can not sufficiently be a selfish young fellow, with alternating impulses of greed and generosity; he must superfluously intend a career of iniquitous splendor, and be swerved from it by nothing but the most cataclysmal interpositions. It can be said that without such personages the plot could not be transacted; but so much the worse for the plot. Such a plot had no business to be; and while actions so unnatural are imagined, no mastery can save fiction from contempt with those who really think about it. To Balzac it can be forgiven, not only because in his better mood he gave us such biographies as *César Birotteau* and *Eugénie Grandet*, but because he wrote at a time when fiction was just beginning to verify the externals of life, to portray faithfully the outside of men and things. It was still held that in order to interest the reader the characters must be moved by the old romantic ideals; we were to be taught that "heroes" and "heroines" existed all around us, and that these abnormal beings needed only to be discovered in their several humble disguises, and then we should see every-day people actuated by the fine frenzy of the creatures of the poets. How false that notion was few but the critics, who are apt to be rather belated, need now be told. Some of these poor fellows, however, still contend that it ought to be done, and that human feelings and motives, as God made them and as men know them, are not good enough for novel-readers.

VI.

This is more explicable than would appear at first glance. The critics—and in speaking of them one always modestly leaves one's self out of the count for some reason—when they are not elders ossified in tradition, are apt to be young people, and young people are necessarily conservative in their tastes and theories. They have the tastes and theories of their instructors, who perhaps caught the truth of their day, but whose routine life has been alien to any other truth. There is probably no chair of literature in this country from which the principles now shaping the literary expression of every civilized people are not denounced and confounded with certain objectionable French novels, or which teaches young men anything of the universal impulse which has given us the books, not only of Zola, but of Tourguéneff and Tolstoï in Russia, of Björnsen in Norway, of Valera in Spain, of Verga in Italy, of the unknown Englishman who wrote *Mark Rutherford*. Till these younger critics have learned to think as well as to write for themselves they will persist in heaving a sigh, more and more perfunctory, for the truth as it was in Sir Walter, and as it was in Dickens and in Hawthorne. Presently all will have been changed; they will have seen the new truth in larger and larger degree, and when it shall have become the old truth, they will perhaps see it all.

In the meanwhile they are not such bad fellows with us, and though one might perhaps count our critical authorities upon rather less than the thumbs of one hand, we believe there is no country in the world where an author finds completer recognition at least. Our critics must still make each his manners, more or less comical, to the awful form of precedent;

but when this is once done, they do collectively find out what is good in a piece of literature. In a thousand newspapers, scattered over the whole country, they utter so vast an amount of fresh and independent impression that every part of the author's work is touched, nothing of his intention or performance is lost. It will often be deplored as mistaken and of wrong direction or slighter value, but it will have been felt to the last, lightest insinuation.

This is another advantage of a literary centre distributed almost as widely as the Presidential patronage. There is no critical leadership among us. Chicago frankly differs from Boston about a book, and St. Louis can not do less than differ from Chicago; San Francisco has no superstition about the opinions of New York; Buffalo and New Orleans have each its point of view. Comment is almost coextensive with reading in our country; and from the newspapers the author may learn fairly well what this vast, sympathetic, eager people are saying and thinking of his book. This will always, however, be far less than he would have imagined.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 16th of December.—The first session of the Forty-ninth Congress was opened at noon on Monday, December 7. Mr. John Sherman was elected President *pro tempore* of the Senate, and Mr. J. G. Carlisle Speaker of the House. After some routine business both Houses adjourned out of respect to the memory of Vice-President Hendricks.

The most important recommendations in President Cleveland's first Message, read before both Houses December 8, were the following: increased appropriations for the diplomatic and consular service; abolition of tariff on works of art; reduction of the tariff on the necessaries of life; suspension of the compulsory silver coinage act; the building up of an efficient navy; appointment of six general Indian Commissioners; reforms in grants of public land; laws to suppress polygamy in Utah, and the prohibition of Mormon immigration; the pushing forward of civil service reform, and an increase of salaries of the Commissioners; and the enactment of a law fixing the Presidential succession.

In the present House there are 183 Democrats, 141 Republicans, and 1 Greenback-Democrat. Of the Democrats 110 were in the last Congress, and of the Republicans 84.

Two new United States Senators were chosen: Ex-Senator J. H. Mitchell, Oregon, and J. W. Daniel, Virginia.

The first Legislature of the State of Dakota assembled at Huron December 14.

The body of Vice-President Hendricks was buried in Crown Hill Cemetery, Indianapolis, December 1, with great honors.

The United States army now numbers 2154 officers and 24,705 men.

The public debt of the United States was increased during November $4,887,198 47.

The British Parliamentary elections began November 24. As far as known the result is as follows: Liberals, 334; Conservatives, 248; Nationalists, 81.

The German Reichstag was opened November 19. In the imperial Speech the foreign relations were declared to be peaceful and friendly. The Emperor confidently hoped that the Balkan conflict would not disturb the peace of Europe, and trusted that the signers of the Berlin Treaty would succeed in securing respect for the treaties by the people rendered independent by them.

Germany has acquiesced in the Pope's settlement of the Carolines question.

General Caceres has captured Lima, Peru. General Iglesias, the President, surrendered December 2, and Señor Eusebio was made provisional President.

The Servian army crossed the Bulgarian border in three divisions early on the morning of November 14, and marched in the direction of Sophia. After several victories on the way, they were defeated and driven back with considerable loss. On November 28 the powers proposed an armistice, which was accepted, and on December 14 a commission was appointed to mark an armistice line.

Italy has annexed Massowah, with the approval of Lord Salisbury.

Louis David Riel, the rebel chief, was hanged in the jail yard of the Mounted Police Barracks at Regina November 16.

The war in Burmah was quickly ended. The king's war vessel was captured November 15, and two weeks later General Prendergast entered Mandalay. On November 29 King Theebaw surrendered, and immediately embarked for Calcutta under guard.

Princess Mercedes, the five-year-old daughter of Alfonso, will be Queen of Spain under the regency of her mother, Christina.

DISASTERS.

November 13.—Ten miners killed by an explosion in the Bull Domingo Mine, at Silver Cliff, Colorado.

November 21.—Tornado in the Philippine Islands, killing twenty-two persons and destroying eight thousand buildings.

November 23.—Calcutta dispatch reporting that a cyclone in India had destroyed one hun-

dred and fifty villages and drowned five thousand people.

December 4.—An earthquake in Algeria, nearly destroying the town of Msila, and killing thirty-two persons.

December 15.—Eleven persons killed in a collision on the Georgia Pacific Railroad.

OBITUARY.

November 14.—At Fordham, New York, Horace B. Claflin, merchant, aged seventy-four years.

November 22.—At Medford, Massachusetts, Elizur Wright, in his eighty-second year.

November 25.—In Indianapolis, Indiana, Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks, Vice-President of the United States, aged sixty-six years.—In Madrid, King Alfonso of Spain, aged twenty-eight years.

November 26.—In Madrid, Marshal Serrano, ex-Dictator of Spain, aged seventy-five years.

November 28.—In London, the Duke of Somerset, aged eighty-one years.

November 30.—At Ocala, Florida, Francis N. Bangs, a distinguished lawyer, of New York city, in his fifty-eighth year.

December 8.—In New York city, William H. Vanderbilt, in his sixty-fifth year.

December 15.—In London, Rev. Dr. John Saul Howson, Dean of Chester, aged seventy years.—In Washington, Georgia, General Robert Toombs, in his seventy-sixth year.

Editor's Drawer.

THE following correspondence, which is printed with regret, may need some explanation. Names, of course, are suppressed. The first note is from an official supposed to be very near the White House:

(*Confidential.*)

WASHINGTON, ——, 1885.

DEAR SIR,—The mission to Yank-e-Pank is vacant. I have some reason to believe that it might be obtained for you if it were known that you would accept the appointment.

Yours respectfully, ——— — ———.

(*Not confidential.*)

BOSTON, ——, 1885.

DEAR SIR,—I am glad to hear that the mission to Yank-e-Pank is vacant. As it seems to be etiquette for the government not to offer an appointment unless it knows it will be accepted, I am obliged to inform you that it is a principle with me never to accept or decline anything before it is offered to me.

I have the honor to be

Yours, etc., ——— ———.

WASHINGTON, ——, 1885.

DEAR SIR,—I am directed, in behalf of the President of the United States, to offer you the position of Minister to Yank-e-Pank. You will please report to Washington for instructions on or before the 26th inst.

Yours respectfully, ——— — ———.

P.S.—The salary of the mission will probably be raised at the next session of Congress.

BOSTON, ——, 1885.

DEAR SIR,—Your note informing me that the President offers me the position of Minister to Yank-e-Pank is received, and I desire you to express my profound gratitude to the President for the honor he does me. I should like to accept the mission to Yank-e-Pank (after the salary has been raised), were it not that I determined early in life never to subject myself to official whims and insolence by taking a government appointment, and never to let myself be set up as a target for abuse by running for an elective office, and I have thus far been poor enough to keep my resolution. This will not seem to you unpatriotic when you reflect that I am the only man in the United States of this mind, so that there is no danger that any office will long be vacant.

I am willing to believe that you are actuated by kindly motives, but see what you propose to do to me. I have a family, and I have a business which gives me a moderate income, that with economy enables me to make both ends meet at the end of the year. You propose to tear me out of my pleasant relations, break up my business, and send me out of the country on a salary that you know is not large enough to enable me to live like my missionary associates at Yank-e-Pank, and is small enough to subject me to social mortification. You say that it may be raised. How do you know that it will not be discontinued entirely about the time I get established at Yank-e-Pank, and that the only notice I will have from the department that my services are no longer required is that my pay stopped a month before I received the notice?

You propose to break up my life, and you do not offer any permanent position or any career. How can you? You are not a permanency yourself. You represent nothing that is stable. You are not part of a system or an organization that is by its nature certain in its action or responsible. You are only an accident of a political chance that may disappear and leave me high and dry. And yet you call yourselves a government! I should hold this place only at the whim of you or some other equally transient official; and if I were turned out of it, I should probably have to sell my furniture and borrow money of my father-in-law to pay my passage home.

I confess that I am amazed at your cheek, although I gratefully acknowledge your kind intention. You know, besides, that I am not qualified for Yank-e-Pank, that I never had a day's diplomatic experience, that I have not had the least training in your State Department nor in the consular or ministerial business. You know that you do not offer me a career, but only a risky excursion; that you do not propose to make me part of a permanent, well-organized service, with a certainty of continuance in it if I am worthy and able, with the chance of promotion, and an inducement to devote all my energies to the service of my country.

You cruelly ask me to take all these risks, and a still more serious one, that of the loss of my reputation. You know perfectly well that if my official master, who is not, remember, the head of a system, in a fit of indigestion or by reason of misinformation (which may be conveyed by an anonymous letter), chooses to turn me out and disgrace me, though I may be as right as right, there is not one chance in a thousand that I would get redress, there is no tribunal to which I could appeal, since my official position is purely arbitrary.

If I were rich and had nothing else to do, I might like to go to Yank-e-Pank and swell round for a year or two in an official position. But until you organize a regular diplomatic and consular service, I beg to be excused from encouraging by my acceptance the delusive so-called "best-men" policy.

Respectfully your ob't serv't, —— ——.

THE COLORED SEXTON.

The sexton of a Baptist church in a large Western city was a good colored brother, who rarely took part in the social religious meetings of the society; but when he did, all present held their breath, for it was well known that some one was to be "hit on the head," and great amusement was in store for the others. On this particular occasion the subject of the prayer-meeting was "Christian Humility." Mr. Bascom, one of the wealthiest church members, while leaning on his gold-headed cane and toying with his elegant watch chain, concluded his remarks, with great affectation of humility, by saying: "If I ever should be so favored as to reach heaven at all, it seems to me that a place in the most remote section, the most obscure corner, of that blissful region will be infinitely more than I deserve. And when the call comes to me to 'go up higher,' it seems to me I shall feel like putting my hand upon my mouth and my mouth in the dust, and crying out, 'Unclean! unclean!'"

When he was seated, the colored brother rose in the rear of the room, and slowly advancing, faced the audience, and thus addressed them: "Brudders an' sisters, when *I* hears de angel Gabri'l blow de trumpet a-callin' me home, it 'pears to me I'll be so powerful glad I'll just call out, 'Hol' on dar, Gabri'l; I hears de trumpet, an' I's comin' mighty quick!' An' it 'pears to me I'll be so bustin full ob joy I'll jest go shoutin', skippin', leapin' right up to de front ob de throne as fast as I kin git dar. An' dar I'll stan' wid de white robes on, a-wavin' de palm branches, an' a-shoutin' 'Glory! glory! glory! glory to de Lamb dat was slain!' For what do de Scriptures say? 'Who are dese in white robes?' 'Dey what came up through great tribulations.' Down here de black skin an' de great tribulations; up *dar* de white robe an' de joy for ebermore. Now, my brudders an' sisters, what do de Scriptures say agin? Dey say 'what though dey be black as ink' (or something to dat effec'), 'dey shall be whiter dan snow.' An' it 'pears to me I'll be so powerful happy up dar dat I'd like to shake han's wid all my brudders an' sisters, widout distinction ob age, color, or previous condition ob servitude—good many on 'em I hain't shook no han' wid here—but 'pears to me I'll be so occoopied a-wavin', an' a-praisin', an' a-shoutin' hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah! close up on de right side ob de Lamb, dat I won't hab no time to go peekin' roun' de dark corners ob heaven *to find Brudder Bascom.*"

LYNN BURDETTE.

The following lines were suggested by the unchanged cover of *Harper's Monthly.* Is there not a farce called *Old Friends and New Faces?* The Drawer could never see the advantage of having an old friend put on a new face, if the friend was loved, and his face was not too ugly. This old cover has come to represent a great deal to many thousands of people, who would be bewildered by a new face put upon their entertainment. There has been of late some inquiry as to who is represented by the cherub sitting on the world, blowing bubbles. The Drawer is free to say that it is not *this* department, but it will not undertake to defend some of the lighter pages of the Magazine from the charge of this iridescent pastime. Here are the lines:

Thy cover I have known since quite a child,
And with the years it seemeth not to change.
Within, how deep the thought, how wide the range
Of fact and fancy! It hath oft beguiled
Me with its well-turned wit, till I have smiled.
Love hath been told, by artist made more sweet;
Some long-lost link of history, now complete;
And charming by-paths, either sweet or wild,
Have been outspread. Art, music, tale, and song
One finds in thee—a never-failing store,
Like El Dorado old—and something more:
For with thy wealth thou hast—a most rare case—
Never put off thy old familiar face.

ALICE WOOD.

This simple little tale, a bit of realism, is founded on "Howells's Titles":

If not particular as to the chronological order, William Dean Howells's writings might be memorized as follows: At least it would be only "A Modern Instance," if "Dr. Breen's Prac-

tice" in the "Three Villages" should lead to "A Chance Acquaintance" with "The Lady of the Aroostook;" and if he should take upon himself "A Fearful Responsibility," "Their Wedding Journey" would be "A Foregone Conclusion"; after which they would naturally take their "Italian Journeys"—through "Tuscan Cities," avoiding "The Garroters"—during the "Indian Summer," in "The Parlor Car" or "The Sleeping Car," of course using "The Register" at the hotel stopping-places, at each of which they would take "A Day's Pleasure." They might chance to meet their friends "Abraham Lincoln," "Rutherford B. Hayes," or "Colonel Silas Lapham." This would all be followed naturally enough by "Venetian Life," where the "Doctor," or the "Lady," or both, would make their "Suburban Sketches," and write their "Poems," or "Choice Autobiography Essays." All this would but prelude their farewell to earth, *viâ* "The Elevator" to the "Undiscovered Country." Would this supposition be "A Counterfeit Presentment," or "Out of the Question?" How-ells could it be?

ELHEGOS.

THE CHRISTENING.

No, I *won't* forgive our parson—not down to my dyin' day.
He'd orter waited a minnit; that's what I'll allers say.
But to christen *my* boy, *my* baby, with such an orful name—
Why, where's the use o' talkin'? I tell you he *was* to blame.

You see it happened in this way: There was father an' Uncle Si
An' mother, an' each one wantin' a finger in the pie—
Each with a name for baby, as ef I hadn't no voice.
But the more they talked an' argied, the more I stuck to my choice.

"Semanthy"—this was father—"you'd best take pattern by mother,
For *she* named thirteen childern 'thout any such fuss or bother.
As soon as she diskivered that family names was too few,
Why, she jest fell back on the Bible, as perfessers air bound to do."

"Semanthy"—this was Reuben—"'most any one else could see
That, bein' as I'm his father, he'd orter be named for *me*.
You say my name's old-fashioned; well, I'm old-fashioned too,
Yet 'twarn't so long ago, nuther, that both of us suited *you*."

Then there was Uncle Silas: "Semanthy, I tell ye what—
Jest name him Silas. I'll give him that hundred-acre lot—
I'll make out the deed to-morrer—an' then when I've gone to my rest,
There'll be a trifle o' money to help him feather his nest."

But the worst of all was mother. She says, so meek an' mild:
"I'd love to call him Jotham, after my oldest child;
He died on his second birthday. The others are grown-up men,
But Jotham is still my baby; he has never grown since then.
His hair was so soft an' curlin', eyes blue as blue could be,
An' this boy of yours, Semanthy, jest brings him back to me."

Well, it warn't no easy matter to keep on sayin' *No*,
An' disapp'intin' every one. Poor Rube he fretted so,
When I told him the name I'd chosen, that he fairly made me cry;
For I'd planned to name the darling Augustus Percival Guy.
Ah! that was a name worth hearin', so 'ristocratic an' grand!
He might 'a held up his head then with the proudest in the land.
But *now*— Well, 'tisn't no wonder, when I look at that blessed child
An' think of the name he's come to, that I *can't* be reconciled.

At last I coaxed up Reuben, an' a Sabbath mornin' came
When I took my boy to meetin' to git his Christian name.
Jest as proud as a peacock I stood a-waitin' there;
I couldn't hardly listen to the readin' nor the prayer.
For of half a dozen babies mine was the finest of all;
An' they had sech common names, too. But pride must have a fall.

"What will ye call him?" says Parson Brown, bendin' his head to hear.
Then I handed a bit of paper up, with the names writ full an' clear.
But Uncle Si, 'stead of passin' it, jest reads it over slow,
With sech a wond'rin', puzzled face, as ef he didn't know.
The child was beginnin' to fidget, an' Rube was gittin red,
So I kinder scowled at Uncle Si, and then I shook my head.
"The name?" says Parson Brown agin; "I'm 'feard I haven't caught it."
"*Jee-hoshaphat!*" says Uncle Si, out loud, before he thought it.

The parson—he's near-sighted—he couldn't understand,
Though I p'inted to the paper in Uncle Silas' hand.
But *that* word did the business; an' before I got my breath
That boy was named JEHOSHAPHAT. I felt a'most like death.
I couldn't keep from cryin' as I hurried down the aisle,
An' I fairly hated Widder Green when I see her kinder smile.
I've never, *never* called him by that name, an' never will,
An' I *can't* forgive old Parson Brown, though I bear him no ill-will.

E. T. CORBETT.

Apropos of Irving's visit writes a correspondent:

"We were at the Lyceum Theatre one evening in London when *Romeo and Juliet* was on. A young lady of our party delighted us all between the acts by her *naïve* comments upon each situation in the progress of the drama. She was particularly charmed with the balcony scene, and her eyes reflected our admiration of Miss Terry's acting. When Romeo returned, however, at the impassioned call of his mistress, she grew puzzled at the peculiar sort of agitation shown by the famous actor who was playing Romeo. Translating his emotion

most ludicrously for his art, in this part at least, she leaned forward and asked, in an eager whisper, 'Oh, what *is* the matter with him? Has some one stolen his horse while he was talking to Juliet? Can't he get away?"

M. C. S.

Some years ago a case for damages was being tried in the Circuit Court of M—— County, Illinois, wherein Mrs. Mary G——, an estimable, sharp-spoken, and hale old lady, was the plaintiff, and the Commissioners of Highways of her township were the defendants. The damage claimed was for opening a road through the orchard on the farm of Mrs. G——. The Hon. John C. P——, a precise and scholarly lawyer, was conducting the case for the old lady. He had a reputation with the bar and among the people for using elegant language, with great politeness in propounding questions to his clients or their witnesses. On the examination of the old lady he took occasion to prove the title of the property damaged to be in her, and in a very impressive manner addressed her the following question:

"Did your husband die seized in fee of the premises?"

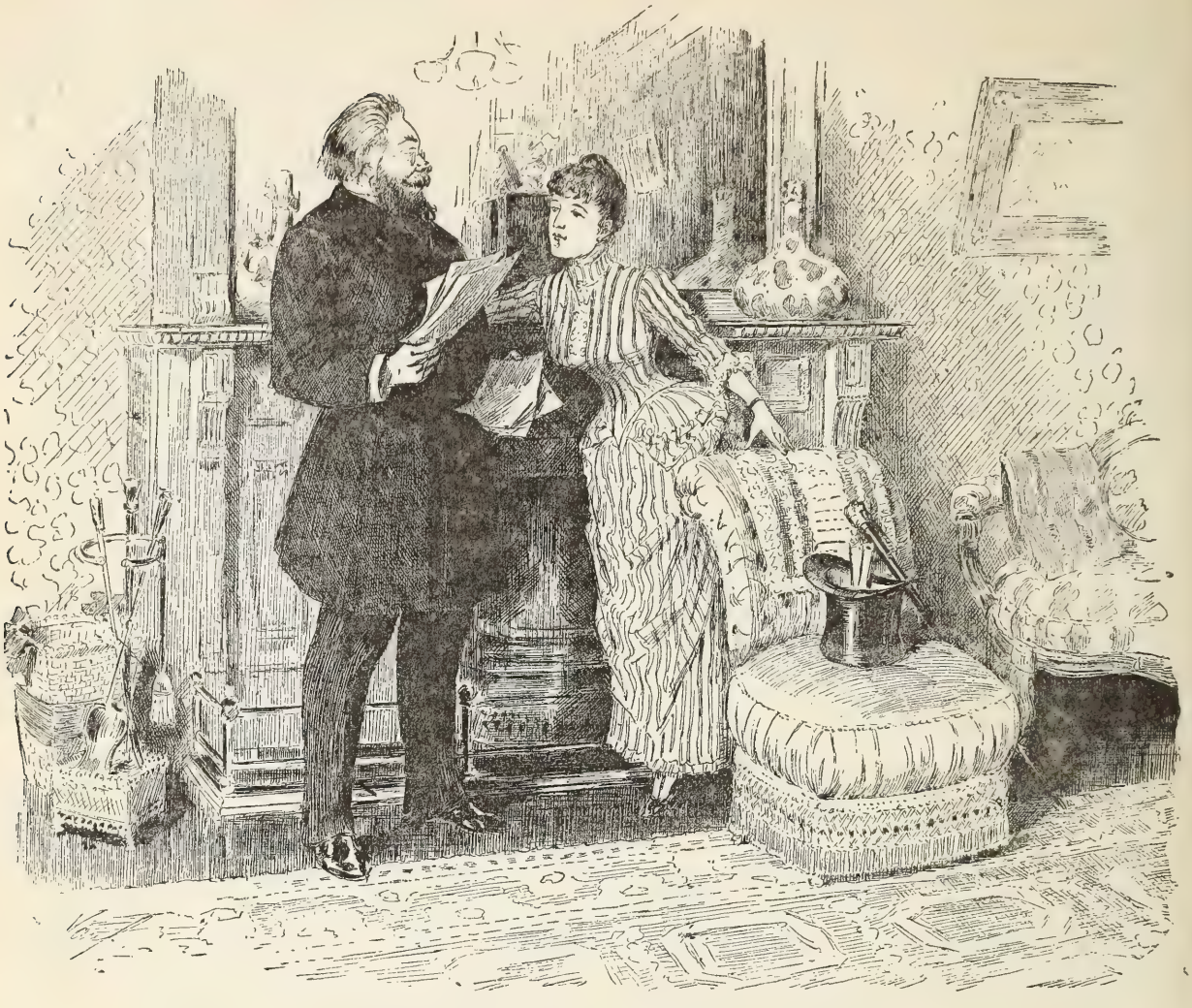
To which the old lady promptly answered, "No, sir; he died with the rheumatism."

"Mexican Peter" is something of a celebrity in his native county. He won his *sobriquet*, if not his laurels, when serving as body-servant to his young master, "Marse John," during the Mexican war. Now our hero is not free from some of the failings of his race, and the shrines of pious Mexicans, with their gold and silver ornaments, did prove a most special pitfall and temptation to poor Peter. In vain did "Marse John" instill into the African mind lessons of higher morality, with a wholesome blending of the terrors of the law when coming in the garb of strict military discipline; the fact remained the same: in the time of temptation Peter had to be closely watched. When the war was over, "Marse John" went on to Washington, and Peter was sent home to "ole marster." For a few short hours after his home-coming he stepped a hero, with many tales of the marvellous to tell. Having some suspicion of how matters stood, "ole marster," with a sly twinkle, said, "Now, Peter, what did you bring back from your travels to show us?"

This was touching a tender spot, and Peter's countenance fell as he said, "I 'clare, ole marster, Mars John didn't hab no conscience 'bout dat thing at all. Much as dar wuz to git, all I could fetch home wuz wun lil silber gord"—displaying with a mixture of pride and melancholy a little image of some saint that might or might not have been of the precious metal.

Time rolled on, and the proclamation emancipated Peter from "Marse John's" conscience (or want of conscience), and at various and sundry times he profited by his liberty of action, and finally found himself in limbo for unlawfully possessing himself of a neighbor's turkey, and was tried in the court where "Marse John" was a practicing attorney, and "Marse Peyton," another member of the family, the grave and dignified judge. The evidence was overpowering, and to plead "not guilty" impossible, so Peter could only request to be "'lowed to splain how he got in de trouble." Anticipating a treat, the request was granted, and solemnly the Court awaited the defense. Not without a certain dignity, the old man arose, and the explanation began: "Gentmun, I won't say I 'ain't got into dis trouble, 'cause I sholy is, and hit troubling me 'nough; but in jestice I mus' tell how it all cum upon me. Fust, sum blame lay at de door ob Marse John. He good man, good as gole; but he wun contrackted, not say wun stingy, farmer. He got de ole thrashin-machine he had 'fore de war, what leave mos' ob de wheat in de straw, and dat fack 'tice ole Mis' Simpkins's tuckeys to cum dar, an' scratch in de straw an' eat. Now dey come dar an' do dat so long tell dey jes *shine*, and, gentmun, when a tuckey shine, he fat, an' I look at dem shining tuckeys so long tell I 'gin to feel mor'lly bound to have one, an' I got one. Now dat's de fust reason, but chiefliest dis trouble come to me 'cause ole Mr. Simpkins wa'n't no gentmun. Ef I had been dealing wid a gentmun, things ud 'a bin diffunt; but he wuz pore white folks, an' ez I only knowed de ways of gentmun, I wa'n't no match for him. I *does* know a gentmun. Didn't me an' Marse John here an' Marse Peyton dar all come out de same estate, and who ever fetch de word *dey* wa'n't gentmun? Well, me an' de ole 'oman an' de chillun had jes dun eat dat tuckey, an', to sabe de scand'l ob de thing, I had pit all de feathers an' bones in de Dutch oven—my Dutch oven Mis' Sally gib me—when I hear somebody knock at de door. I went to de door, an' dar stan' ole Mr. Simpkins! Now some pore white folks is wus dan p'inter dogs, dey so peersome. Mr. Simpkins come in; he look round, an' walk straight to my Dutch oven Mis' Sally gib me. He peep in; he find de feathers an' bones, pull um all out, an' jes laff most outlandish! Wuz *dat* a gentmun? Now de Cote knows all, an' I couldn't set here quiet tell dey did." It is needless to say the ruling of the "Cote" was not very severe.

A singular case of kleptomania suddenly made its appearance in one of the best families of the beautiful city of D——, situated on the Mississippi, in Iowa. The unfortunate victim was a lady well known in social circles, and one who was a very active member in all the benevolent societies of the place. For a long time it was a profound mystery how, where, and who it was that succeeded in purloining from the best families in town watches, diamond rings, costly wearing apparel, and numerous other valuable articles. All at once, however, the mystery was solved, and the



MISDIRECTED SYMPATHY.

Miss Popular (*to Professor Pfeffer, who is showing her the paper he is to read before the Scientific Club*). "And you have to read these long, long papers, and before an audience! How I pity you!"
Professor Pfeffer. "Oh, zat is not zo much ze pity as to haf to listen to ze ozzers!"

thefts brought home to the door of this kleptomaniac. I need not say how distressed the first families in town were when it became apparent that the intruder was one of their own set. Various were the opinions given, and at one of the regular meetings of the Ladies' Benevolent Society the case was being ventilated as only such a gathering can do it, when up spoke a lady friend, and said: "Ladies, draw the mantle of charity around this unfortunate woman. Last night she became a mother for the first time, and perhaps the kleptomania will leave her now." At the house where these good ladies were congregated the hostess had a quiet, pretty little daughter of six years, who, upon hearing the above announcement of the arrival of a baby, exclaimed, "Mamma, I'll bet Miss —— stole the baby—don't you?"

A great deal of time has been devoted to target practice in the army during the past four or five years, and, in fact, at many posts but little attention is paid to anything else during the months when it is carried on. How the "craze" has affected all parties can be inferred from the following: At the dinner table of an officer whose station is in a far Western Territory, on a late Sabbath, the conversation of the children turned on Scripture history, the particular portion under discussion being the attempt of King Saul to slay David (1 Samuel, xix. 9, 10). After hearing how little distance separated the intended victim from the would-be slayer, the "coming man" of the house remarked, in a disgusted tone, "Pshaw! he wasn't much of a shot—couldn't hit a man across a room!" But the want of accuracy was accounted for by the "coming woman." "*No; but they hadn't made him 'tend target practice all summer*"—without doubt a correct statement.

Little Tommy is acute, and his mind moves rapidly. Contrary to his mother's injunctions, he was recently caught by her in the act of playing on Sunday. When rebuked by her, he glanced up from his toy soldiers paraded on the floor, and said, "Why, ma, it's the army of the Lord."

LITERARY NOTES.

CHRISTIAN doctrine is a subject that challenges the living and practical interest not only of the theological or the historical student, but of every thoughtful and intelligent person. Professor Henry C. Sheldon, who fills the chair of historical theology in Boston University, has made a study of this living issue, the results of which are presented in a *History of Christian Doctrine*,[1] which is remarkable alike for its strict impartiality, its accurate and extensive erudition, and the masterly condensation of its statements and citations. The work is a historical survey and summary of the various forms that Christian belief and doctrine have assumed, from the close of the Apostolic age to the present year, in the course of which their permanent features are shown, their evolution and development, their transitions and modifications, are outlined, and the causes which led to or produced them are traced, the whole being exemplified either by evidence drawn from the works of representative thinkers, writers, reformers, and innovators in patristic or later times, or by that which is furnished by churches, councils, synods, and other ecclesiastical bodies. In all instances the evidence that is adduced is stated in the literal language of the authorities cited, and specific reference is made to the originals. In these delicate and difficult portions of his task, Professor Sheldon exhibits a judicial equipoise that is very impressive. Seldom indulging in speculation or direct comment, and sedulously avoiding any resort to partisan advocacy of favorite theological theories or dogmas, the author has made his volumes a repertory that may be consulted by all evangelical denominations with the certainty of obtaining full information, accurately and fairly stated, much of which is practically inaccessible even to the majority of scholars. Professor Sheldon treats the subject under five heads or periods, each of which has its distinguishing though not exclusive characteristic. The first period, from the close of the Apostolic age to A.D. 320, when it was necessary to defend Christianity as a whole against heathenism and also against radical and dangerous heresies, is styled the Age of Apology. The second, from A.D. 320 to A.D. 726, as having been the period of sharp controversy over individual points of the Christian system, is termed the Age of Polemics. The third, or mediæval period, from A.D. 726 to A.D. 1517, was characterized by the endeavor to systematize and defend the existing faith of the Church, and is known as the Age of Scholasticism. In the fourth, from A.D. 1517 to A.D. 1720, Protestantism was called upon to define and vindicate its position against Romanism, Romanism was stimulated to make an elaborate and authoritative restatement of its faith, and, again, Protestantism was split into a number of sects, each bent on vindicating its own special tenets; consequently creeds and controversies abounded, and the period is appropriately designated the Age of Confessions. The fifth period, from A.D. 1720 to the present time, has been distinguished by an assertion of the claims of reason against those of revelation, or, in other words, of the natural against those of the supernatural, together with attempts to reconcile the opposing claims, and hence it is called the Age of Strife and Attempted Reconciliation. The work is so conveniently arranged under these periods that while the doctrine of each period concerning the Godhead, Creation and Creatures, the Redeemer and Redemption, the Church and the Sacraments, and the factors that are instrumental in its development or modification, together with a view of the philosophy, heresies, etc., of the period, are grouped and stated in specific chapters under the division appropriated to the period, the combined statements of the separate chapters in all the periods form a complete and connected history, in due chronological sequence, of the particular subject or subjects treated in those chapters. For instance, the first chapter of each period or age is devoted to a statement of the *factors* in the doctrinal development of that period; and if these five first chapters are read continuously, we shall have an exhaustive and uninterrupted historical view of the factors in the doctrinal development of the entire five periods; that is to say, of the past eighteen centuries. In a similar way the other topics treated under each period may be read consecutively with like results. Professor Sheldon's style is clear, nervous, epigrammatic, and absolutely free from either rhetorical flourish or the dry dust of pedantry. In his two encyclopædic volumes he has condensed the fruits of his vast and systematic reading within limits so narrow that the most captious censor will find it difficult to point out a superfluous or unnecessary line.

One of the most interesting problems that can engage the attention of the human mind is discussed with singular cogency of argument and wealth of Biblical illustration and enforcement, and in a style of great beauty and lucidity, by Dr. Hermann Cremer, Professor of Theology in the University of Greifswald, and one of the very foremost of the decidedly evangelical scholars of Germany, in a little volume bearing the impressive title, *Beyond the Grave*.[2] The aim of the distinguished author

[1] *History of Christian Doctrine.* By H. C. SHELDON, Professor of Church History in Boston University. 2 vols., pp. xiv, 856, 8vo, Cloth, $3 50 per set. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[2] *Beyond the Grave.* By HERMANN CREMER, Professor of Theology in the University of Greifswald. Translated from the German by the Rev. SAMUEL T. LOWRIE, D.D. With an Introduction by the Rev. A. A. HODGE,

is to show the condition of man after death in that intermediate state which intervenes between the departure of the soul from the body on earth and the final resurrection, and also to set forth the prominent position that the resurrection of the body occupies in the Bible. There is no attempt at theoretical exegesis or fanciful speculation in his treatment of these gravely interesting subjects, least of all any disposition to penetrate the hidden secrets of the Divine will and purpose; and its doctrine, as is vouched for in an introduction by Professor Hodge, of Princeton, except in one particular, that of the possibility of conversion after death, "is completely in accord with the straitest standards of orthodoxy." Indeed, the author's method is purely Biblical and non-speculative, and the positions that he takes are based upon his reverent and very acute interpretations of the Scriptures. Dr. Cremer holds some original and rather peculiar views, especially with reference to the point just indicated, and also as relates to the condition beyond the grave of those who died under the old dispensation, before Christ came to redeem man, which condition he assumes to have been different from and less blissful than that of those who have lived and died since Christ purchased their redemption by His sacrifice of Himself upon the cross. The subjects treated are profoundly interesting in themselves, and are made trebly so by the force and simplicity with which they are discussed, and the strong warrant that is shown for them in the Revealed Word. Appended to this thoughtful and eminently instructive treatise is a tenderly consolatory essay on the "Death of Little Children," and their condition beyond the grave. The volume is enriched with an able introduction by Professor A. A. Hodge, D.D., elucidating the style and method of Dr. Cremer, and traversing some of his opinions; and also by a scholarly note by the translator and American editor, the Rev. Samuel T. Lowrie, D.D., criticising the author's views on the subject of the possibility of conversion after death, but indorsing the remainder of the treatise.

The volumes that have been included by the Messrs. Harper in their "Student's Series"[3] comprise an exceedingly well-selected collection of books, by writers of acknowledged eminence in their several specialties, and intended as manuals or text-books in colleges and in the higher departments of public and private high schools. The series is unequalled by any other educational series in excellence or extent. While each separate volume is of such a quality that it must prove a constant and great aid to the student who is pursuing the particular course to which it relates, the entire series is in itself a complete reference library, and should form a part of the equipment of every college and high school library. But the value of this excellent series can be intelligently estimated only after a view in some detail of its scope and of the subjects treated in it, and after a consideration also of the quality and character of each one of the score of volumes of which it is composed.

Seven volumes of the series are allotted to Ancient History, each being devoted to a specific department, and all combined forming a continuous and very complete survey of the entire field. Thus—referring to each of these volumes in the order of the period to which it relates—the "beginnings" of secular history are admirably epitomized by Philip Smith, B.A., a historical writer of exemplary ability, in the volume entitled *The Ancient History of the East.* Mr. Smith's survey extends from the prehistoric and earliest historic times to the Conquest of Tyre by Alexander the Great, about 332 B.C., and it includes sketches of the history of the great Oriental states—Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Media, Persia, Asia Minor, and Phœnicia. The work is based on an independent study of the ancient writers, coupled with a careful and discriminating use of the best modern authorities. The next volume in the order of time is a *General History of Greece,* by George W. Cox, M.A. This gentleman is one of the ablest and most painstaking of our contemporaneous historians, and his volume includes—after brilliant preliminary sketches of prehistoric Hellas, of the origin and growth of Hellenic civilization, and of the intellectual characteristics and education of the Greeks—a full outline of the history of Greece from 510 B.C., to the death of Alexander the Great, 323 B.C. Two supplementary chapters briefly epitomize the history and fortunes of the Greek people from the death of Alexander to the deposition of King Otho in 1882. This is one of the best of the smaller histories of Greece, and its style is delightful. Covering nearly but not quite the same period, is *A History of Greece from the Earliest Times to the Roman Conquest,* by William Smith, LL.D. As the author of the previously named history follows the theories of the celebrated German historian Ernst Curtius, especially in the assumption that mythology is a key to the early civilizations, and also in his manifestation of monarchical sympathies when dealing with political questions, so Dr. Smith adopts the re-

D.D., Professor of Didactic and Polemic Theology, Princeton Theological Seminary. 16mo, Cloth, pp. xl, 154, 75 Cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[3] "The Student's Series. 12mo, Cloth, Illustrated. Twenty-one Volumes. *Ancient History of the East.* By PHILIP SMITH. $1 25. COX'S *General History of Greece.* $1 25. *History of Greece.* By WILLIAM SMITH. $1 25. LIDDELL'S *History of Rome.* $1 25. MERIVALE'S *General History of Rome.* $1 25. GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* $1 25. *The Student's Classical Dictionary.* $1 25. HUME'S *History of England.* $1 50. HALLAM'S *Constitutional History of England.* $1 25. STRICKLAND'S *Queens of England.* $1 25. HALLAM'S *Middle Ages.* $1 25. LEWIS'S *History of Germany.* $1 50. *History of France.* $1 25. *Old Testament History.* $1 25. *New Testament History.* $1 25. *Manual of Ecclesiastical History.* Parts I. and II. $1 50 each. SKEAT'S *Etymological Dictionary.* $1 25. LYELL'S *Elements of Geology.* $1 25. *History of Modern Europe.* (In press.) WESCOTT AND HORT'S *Greek Testament.* (In press.)

publican convictions of the yet more celebrated English historian George Grote, and bases his work mainly on the lines of the larger history of that great historical scholar, though it is not without evidences of original and independent investigations of his own. The work is especially full in its outlines of Grecian geography, and in its summary of the growth of the Grecian states and colonies. It is also enriched with valuable supplementary chapters on the history of Greek literature and art. Three volumes in this department having treated of the great Oriental monarchies and of Greece, as many more are appropriated to the history of Rome. Of these, the *History of Rome*, by Dr. Liddell, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, has been aptly described by an able historical critic as "a book as full of facts as an egg is of meat, a store-house of accurate information by a careful scholar." This work was prepared by its learned author expressly as a student's manual. It embraces the period from the founding of the city, 753 B.C., to the final establishment of the Imperial Monarchy 32 B.C. Its chapters on the physical geography and the early populations of Italy are especially interesting and valuable. The *General History of Rome*, by Charles Merivale, D.D., Dean of Ely, covers the ground traversed by Dr. Liddell, and carries the history down some five hundred years later, to the fall of Augustulus, A.D. 476. His work is less crowded with facts and details than is that of Dr. Liddell, but his arrangement and groupings of materials are far more effective, and his style is much more engaging. This history is one of results and conclusions rather than of evidences, and it is remarkable for the lightness of its literary touch, and the truth and spirit of its portraits of men and its pictures of life and manners. This department is completed by an excellent abridgment of Gibbon's famous *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, by William Smith, LL.D. Of the character and merits of Gibbon's great work it would be an affectation to speak at this day. It is enough to say that it forms the connecting link between Ancient and Modern History, and that while Dr. Smith has omitted or treated very briefly the polemical discussions and many circumstances of inferior importance that entered into Gibbon's text, he has preserved intact all of the original work that relates to those grander events and more imposing personages that have influenced the course of history. He has also incorporated in his version of Gibbon's text the researches of recent scholars and commentators. Finally, this branch of the "Student's Series" is equipped with an indispensable auxiliary reference volume, being a compendious yet sufficiently full and comprehensive *Classical Dictionary* of Biography, Mythology, and Geography, by Dr. William Smith. All the above are fully illustrated with engravings and equipped with maps.

Modern History is treated with equal ability, and on a like extensive scale with Ancient History in this sterling series. The volumes appropriated to it are as follows: *A History of England*, by the late Professor J. S. Brewer, of King's College, London. This volume was prepared by its accomplished author expressly as a Student's Manual. It is based on the history of Hume, corrected and supplemented by the results of the investigations of recent trustworthy historians, and also by the fruits of Professor Brewer's own independent researches. In addition to the period covered by Hume, it continues the survey of English history from the close of the Stuart dynasty, where Hume left it, through the later periods, until the Treaty of Berlin in 1878.—*The Constitutional History of England*, by Henry Hallam. This standard work was justly pronounced by one of the greatest modern critics and historians "the best and most impartial book he had ever read." "Its whole spirit," says Macaulay, "is that of the bench, not that of the bar. Eminently judicial, it sums up with a calm, steady impartiality, turning neither to the right nor to the left, glossing over nothing and extenuating nothing." Dr. Smith has prepared this important history for a manual, leaving the great bulk of the work practically unchanged, omitting nothing of importance, and incorporating the author's latest additions and corrections.—*Lives of the Queens of England* is an abridgment by Miss Strickland herself, with a view to its use in schools, of her delightful larger biographical, historical, and anecdotal work of the same name, with additions by Caroline G. Parker, continuing the "lives" to our own times.—*View of the State of Europe During the Middle Ages*, by Henry Hallam. This standard work comprises the period from the middle of the fifth to the end of the fifteenth century, or from the establishment of Clovis in Gaul to the invasion of Italy by Charles the Eighth of France. It exhibits the same admirable qualities of impartiality, of enlightened but cautious philosophy, and of firm but temperate love of liberty that distinguished the same author's *Constitutional History of England*. This edition of the work has been prepared by Dr. William Smith, with the concurrence of Hallam's representatives, and is enriched with the results of the author's latest researches, and with additions from more recent historical writers.—*A History of Germany from the Earliest Times*, by Charlton T. Lewis, is founded on Dr. David Müller's popular *History of the German People*, but with important additions illustrative of the empire before the period of the Reformation, derived principally from Ranke, Menzel, and Wirth, and of the principal events that have occurred in Germany since 1870, by Mr. Lewis himself. President Adams, of Cornell University, in his excellent *Manual of Historical Literature*, has justly pronounced it "the best brief history of Germany for the use of students we have." The name of the author of *A History of France* is

not disclosed, but it is evidently the work of an English scholar who is intimately acquainted with its literature and history. It gives a perspicuous view of French history in all its departments, from the earliest beginnings of the national life to the establishment of the Second Empire in 1852. The work epitomizes the relations of the most eminent French historians, especially including Henri Martin, Velly and Villaret, Sismondi and Lavallée, for modern times, and for the earlier times Guizot, the two Thierrys, and Lehueron.—*A History of Modern Europe*, by a standard historical writer, now in the press of the Messrs. Harper for early publication simultaneously with the English edition, will be a new volume in this series, and will add materially to its value and completeness in the department of modern history.

The Department of Scripture and Ecclesiastical History is adequately provided for, in another department of the general series, by four volumes of unusual excellence. Of these, two are by Dr. William Smith, whose sterling *Dictionary of the Bible* is recognized as a standard authority by Biblical scholars; and they are respectively entitled *The Old Testament History, from the Creation to the Return of the Jews from Captivity*, and *The New Testament History, with an Introduction Connecting the History of the Old and New Testaments.* Both volumes are models of what manuals of Scripture History should be, reverential, sympathetic, full, accurate, scholarly, and replete with materials derived from the best and most authentic sources, bearing upon the books of the Bible, their authors, the date of their composition, their special or leading characteristics, the history that is recorded in them, and whatever throws light on the general purpose and scope of the sacred text. The other two are *The History of the Christian Church During the first Ten Centuries*, and *The History of the Christian Church During the Middle Ages.* These volumes are by Mr. Philip Smith, the author of *The Ancient History of the East*, and the two combined form a very compact and complete manual of ecclesiastical history from the advent of our Saviour to the Reformation. They embody concisely, but with satisfactory fullness, symmetry, and literary grace, an orderly and consecutive view of all the important facts, movements, crises, and events, and of all the important personages who have been associated with them, which for sixteen centuries exerted a plastic influence upon religious thought and activities.

The remaining books in the "Student's Series"—of course we speak only of the present moment, its number being constantly added to, and its scope as constantly broadened—are *A Concise Etymological Dictionary of the English Language*, by Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A., Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the Universty of Cambridge, and *The Student's Elements of Geology*, by Sir Charles Lyell. The author of the first-named volume is probably the most accomplished living etymologist of the words of the Anglo-Saxon, Old English, and English periods. His work is a perfect hand-book of the history of the words and grammatical forms of our tongue, presenting the parent forms and stems, and their mutations from the earliest to the latest period, rightly spelled and accentuated, and their derivations and origins clearly designated. Its definitions are models of brevity, the use of a multiplicity of words and illustrative comments being rigidly eliminated from them, save only where some special point is necessary to be known for the sake of the etymology. The *Elements of Geology* is an abridgment by the distinguished author of his larger work on geology, made by him with the specific object in view of preparing an elementary treatise of those parts of the science of geology which are the most indispensable to a beginner. The changes required by its preparation have given it a form so different from the original work as to render it substantially a new work. Sir Charles Lyell has himself most aptly characterized it when he describes it as "a short and cheap book for beginners, in which they may find a full explanation of the leading facts and principles of geology." This comprehensive series will shortly be further enriched by the addition of a volume containing *Westcott and Hort's Greek Text of the New Testament*, with appendices on textual criticism, prepared especially for the use of students.

The simplicity and practical good sense of its directions, the freedom from risk and danger of the exercises it prescribes, the inexpensiveness and the readiness to hand of its proposed outfit, and the ease with which its methods may be applied by any judicious teacher or elder pupil, render Mr. William Blaikie's little volume on physical culture, *Sound Bodies for Our Boys and Girls*,[4] an invaluable manual for school and family use. His aim is not to train boys and girls to become mere gymnasts and athletes, but to make them erect, graceful, vigorous, and healthy men and women, at the cost of a trifling amount of time regularly and methodically devoted, in the intervals of other studies and occupations, to the few simple and easily performed exercises that he prescribes. It will need only a brief examination of this sterling little manual to convince any intelligent teacher of either sex that its simple and sensible exercises may be easily practiced by the youngest as well as the more advanced boys and girls, with the moral certainty of eradicating many bad physical habitudes, and many acquired physical defects which stand in the way of health and vigor, and with the further reasonable certainty of developing each youthful limb and muscle so as to insure the perfection of bodily grace and strength to the entire frame.

[4] *Sound Bodies for Our Boys and Girls.* By WILLIAM BLAIKIE, author of "How to Get Strong." Illustrated. pp. x. 168, 16mo, Cloth, 40 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.



THE OPEN-AIR SACRAMENT.—From a drawing by A. B. Frost.—[See page 620.]

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXII. MARCH, 1886. No. CCCCXXX.

AN IRON CITY BESIDE THE RUHR.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

"IN olden times," as runs a parable of Krummacher's, "there dwelt on the banks of the Ruhr a rude and savage people. They worshipped cruel idols, and lived like beasts of the field. Their country was a wilderness, full of foul marshes, and covered with impenetrable thickets and noisome weeds. Wars of wild beasts and savage men alone broke the dreary silence of that desolate land. Thither came a man from a far country: he stood on a hill, and looked upon the land, and his heart yearned with compassion at the wretched sight. He was a man of noble mind, like the apostles, on whom rested the spirit of the Lord. And his name was called Alfried; for he said, 'I would gladly bring the peace of God to all the world.' Then he came to the savage inhabitants of the land, and they received him with confidence and respect, for his aspect was grave and kind, and the spirit of the Lord was with him. He taught them to root up the bushes, drain the swamps, and till the land; he gave them corn to sow, and planted fruit trees. Thus Alfried renewed the face of the land, and changed the wilderness to a lovely blooming garden.

"One day, when the people were gathered around Alfried on the height, they marvelled at the beauty of their land, its order and lovely aspect; and in their joy they were fain to worship Alfried, saying: 'Thou art thyself the God thou preachest; thou art come down to us from heaven. What profit is there in dumb idols?' Then Alfried smiled, and said: 'You may indeed rejoice in the beauty of the land, but enjoyment of the good and beautiful must lead you to knowledge of the truth.' And Alfried spoke to them of the everlasting love of the heavenly Father, of Jesus the Lord and Saviour, and of the eternal life. Thus he taught every one, and all who heard received his word, forsook their idols, and believed in the truth.

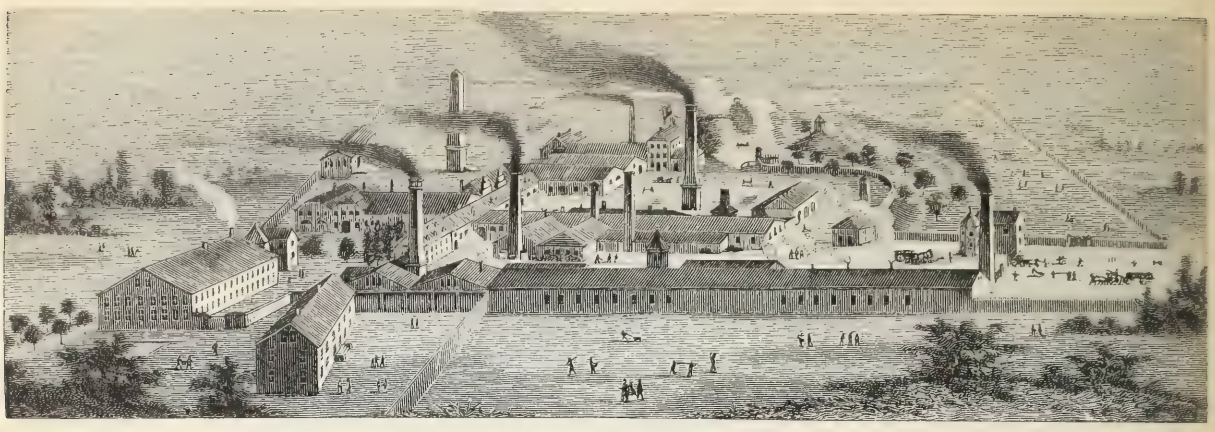
"After some time they came again to Alfried, and said: 'Thou hast given us the highest and best; how can we show our gratitude to thee?' Alfried answered: 'Give thanks to the Father who sent me to you. Even as your land, cultivated by your industry, gratefully yields flowers and fruits, so must your hearts become a field of God bringing forth fruits of faith, hope, and charity. If you do this, you will partake more and more of that peace which I have announced to you, and the hour of death will be to you as the evening of a spring day.'

"After these words Alfried fell asleep, and his countenance in death was calm and placid. The inhabitants of the land wept for him as for their father, and buried him on the height whence he had first beheld their land. They planted a linden in his grave, and under it raised a cross to his memory. Thence is it called to this day the 'Krausen Baümchen.' The pious heart easily sees therein an image of the exalted mind which invests even earthly things with heavenly glory."

Krummacher's version of their early tradition finds favor among those who today dwell beside the Ruhr, and they still point out the spot on a hill near Essen as the spot where their saint was buried.

On the day annually observed throughout Germany as a day of prayer (Bettag) I drove through the district of Essen, observed its happy villages and colonies, remarked the peaceful populations enjoying the spring sunshine amid groves and gardens embowered with blossoms—nowhere any noise or drunkenness or squalor—and could not believe that their ancestors had ever been such brutal folk as pious tradition describes. The physician's glory is proportionate with the badness of the

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1886, by Harper and Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington. *All rights reserved.*



WORKS AT ESSEN IN 1852.

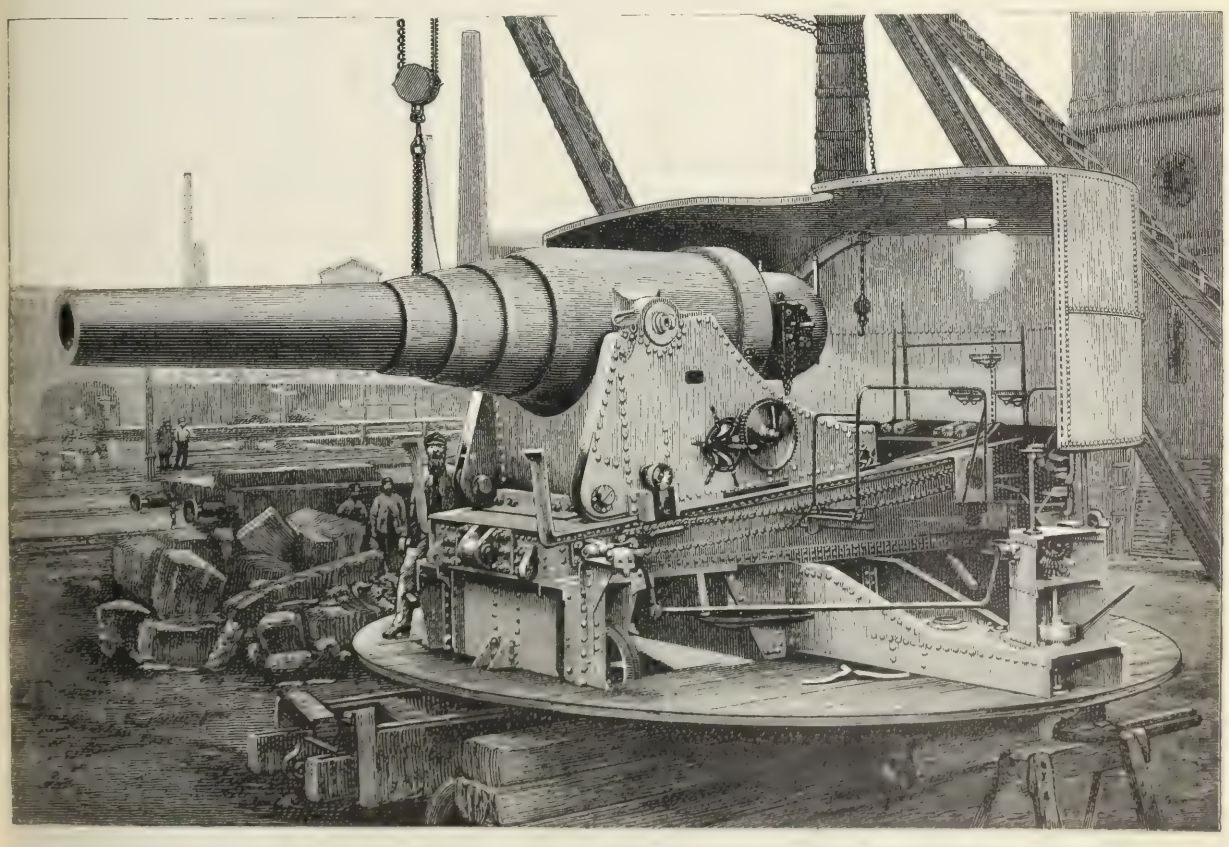
case he cures. It is natural to paint black backgrounds for the halos of missionary saints, but it is likely that Alfried was not a missionary, as tradition says, and in any case that his lines fell in pleasant, as they certainly did in picturesque, places. I was driving along the road whereby Alfried came, and paused on the hill where he is said to have first paused to contemplate the country, and where at last his body was buried in peace a thousand years ago (anno 877). The forest which stretched out under his vision is now a forest of tall chimneys, with dark foliage of smoke; for the Iron Age is with us, and Essen (which surely ought to be called Eisen) has been built by it as completely as yon Minster was built by the Age of Faith. In the beginning of this century only a town of 3480 souls stood where now dwell nearly 70,000. The surrounding district has also been made populous, chiefly by Essen. A wonderful and impressive scene! Around the many-storied edifices with their high chimneys that make the iron-works—there must be at least a hundred such—the vast plain is dotted as far as the eye can reach with buildings of the innumerable iron and coal mines, with chimneys floating white banners of smoke. The landscape is variegated with pretty hamlets, glimpses of rivers, endless poplar avenues along white highways, and everywhere moving lines of shining cloud where trains of the three great railways that encompass Essen speed perpetually and in all directions. And there amidst all are the old gray Minster towers, from which the eyes of Saint Alfried look across a millennium upon the realm of his successor and namesake—Alfried Krupp.

During nine of those ten centuries this whole region was under the rule of women. Essen is from Esche (ash-tree), and was known to the Romans as Assindia, its citizens being still called Essenders. Originally Esche was the name of the residence of Altfridus (as he is named in the early documents), a nobleman and magistrate, who became a Christian. He was made bishop, and in 874 built here a church, and a cloister of which his sister Gerswinda was first abbess. The monastery was gradually made into a fortified citadel, and this, with two square miles of land around it, became a realm of fair ladies like that described in Tennyson's "Princess" or Gilbert's "Princess Ida." The title of the ruler was Princess-Abbess.

In 1826 there died in Vienna Maria Cunigunde. She had been the sixty-eighth and last Princess-Abbess of Essen. In the same year a certain widow Krupp undertook to carry on a small iron forge which had been left by her husband as the support of herself and her only child, a boy of fourteen. This widow seems a sort of link between the feminine *régime* and the age of "blood and iron." Through all those pastoral centuries and idyllic scenes three mighty giants had slumbered unseen beneath the soft landscape—Coal, Steam, and Iron. The nineteenth century touched them and they awoke. Frederick Krupp, belonging to an old Essen family, started his works in 1810, but he suffered by a ten years' lawsuit, which, though won, burdened him with debt. After his death, in 1826, his widow barely managed to secure for her Alfred a good education, and when he was called to the works, in 1848, he found, to use his own words, "three workmen and more debts than fortune." It is he, now a hale and hearty gentleman of seventy-three years, who has built up the Krupp works to their

present immensity. The firm name is still "Fred. Krupp," but the works do not belong to a company, nor yet, as some suppose, to the government, but to this one man, Alfred Krupp, who thus owns probably the largest business in the world dependent on an individual. The works within the town cover more than 500 acres, half of which are under cover. According to a census taken in September, 1881, the number of hands employed by Mr. Krupp was 19,605, the members of their families 45,776, making 65,381 persons supported by his works. Of the laborers, 11,211 were engaged upon the works in Essen, the rest being employed in the surrounding mines, the branch works at Neuweid and Sayn, and the mines in Spain (Bilbao), from which, though less extensive, the finest ores are brought. Mr. Krupp owns 547 iron mines in Germany. He owns four sea-steamers, and there are connected with his Essen works 42 miles of railway, employing 28 locomotives and 883 cars, 69 horses with 191 wagons, and 40 miles of telegraph wires with 35 stations and 55 Morse apparatuses. The establishment possesses a grand chemical laboratory, a photographic and lithographic atelier, a printing-office with 3 steam and 6 hand presses, and a book-binding room. The establishment even runs a hotel—an excellent one, as I have good reason to know—in Essen; and three years ago, for the advantage of the population he has gathered, Mr. Krupp erected a large central supply store, connecting with it many branches, extending its benefits to all parts of the town and to the colonies he has built for his workmen in the neighborhood. Of these stores and of the colonies more must be said presently. Although rumors have gone through the world of the vast extent of these works, it is difficult from mere printed statistics to estimate the impressiveness of this great industrial centre until one has looked upon it from some height, and attempted to wander through and around it.

To the general world the name "Krupp" has almost ceased to be personal; it signifies a particular implement of destruction. That it should be combined with "Allfriede," ancient Teutonic title for the godman, the bringer of peace, seems what even a hater of puns might call the irony of history. On my way from Cologne I read an account of a trial for murder going on in Essen. It was plain that this murder had produced a profound and painful sensation in that city and district. Such dismay at one violent death



A KRUPP GUN ON A NAVAL CARRIAGE.

seemed somewhat droll among a people engaged in sending out death-dealing instruments into every part of the world, but it required only a brief acquaintance with Essen to perceive that the new Alfried has brought it as much peace and order as the old saint ever did, and that crimes of violence are indeed rare enough to be startling. Moreover, the reputation of the Krupp guns is rather misleading. Two-thirds of the work here are devoted to things belonging to the arts of peace—all the parts of steam-engines, locomotives, iron axles, bridges, rails, wheels, tires, switches, springs, shafts for steamers, mint dies, rudders, and parts of all varieties of iron machinery, are prepared here for manufacturers. That is, they are not combined here: all the iron parts of a locomotive may be obtained here, but not a locomotive, although nearly all of the locomotives and engines used in the works are made in them. Both Brahma and Siva are in the employ of Mr. Krupp, but the creative power preponderates, and if the destroyer is more famous it must be attributed to the world's keen interest in a fight.

Krupp is king. Iron is master of the situation. When an ancient king displayed his gold, a sage said, "But if another comes with more iron than you, he will be master of all this gold." The late Franco-German war is a modern instance. It has just been discovered that although M. Thiers declared proudly to the victorious Germans, "You may have all our money, but not a foot of our territory nor a stone of our fortresses," privately he had advised differently: "Better surrender our provinces than our money, for our money can buy back our provinces." He had to part with both, and Berlin has grown magnificent with French milliards. The French also find that money can not always buy iron. For no amount can they purchase Krupp guns. This patriotism is in notable contrast with the impartiality of Englishmen. Wherever Englishmen are killed, in Africa or in the East, it is with English guns. In the Indian Museum in London there is an organ representing a tiger devouring an Englishman; it was constructed by a Birmingham house for England's chief enemy, Tippoo Saib, who was wont to have it set going during his meals that he might listen with delight to the tiger's growls and the Englishman's groans. Mr. Krupp has no objection to selling guns to England, but is shrewd in that direction. Recently England wished to purchase one or two of his latest and best cannon, but Mr. Krupp said he would not sell them less than a million pounds' worth. Should they obtain one or two they would presently be copying them at Woolwich, just as the Russians have long been copying Krupp originals at Aboukhoff. If the English would give him a million pounds order, under condition that the guns supplied should fulfill every test at Shoeburyness, they might then reproduce them as much as they liked. England declined; and it must have been with curious sensations that its Ministry learned that Turkey has just signed a contract for £700,000 worth of Krupp guns.

On the great gateway to the Krupp works the following notice appears in large letters: "To prevent unpleasantness on both sides, it is kindly prayed that no one will ask permission to visit the factory, as it can not be allowed.—FRED. KRUPP." The manager who accompanied me said: "Many persons have applied for admission, among them Americans, who sometimes base their request upon their connection with similar works in the United States, which were the reverse of a recommendation, if anything. We have invariably refused. It has been decided, after careful consideration, that you should be admitted for a literary purpose. Such a thing has never occurred before." At the close of our first day's inspection this gentleman recurred to the subject, remarking: "You can now readily understand why we can not admit visitors. It is commonly supposed that it is because we have secrets; but it would be easy to reserve any processes we might desire to conceal, while opening the works generally to inspection, were there no other objection. The real reason is that our work is of a very responsible kind, most of it of a fine kind, requiring minute and constant attention from every workman. Some of these men are dealing with delicate weights and measures, the thousandth part of an inch or grain; it is everywhere head-work and hand-work combined with machinery; any interruption might cause a mistake, a flaw, and who can say with what consequences?" I was conducted through each department by its manager, in each case a gentleman of culture, and able to speak fair English. Every day I met a company of these managers and

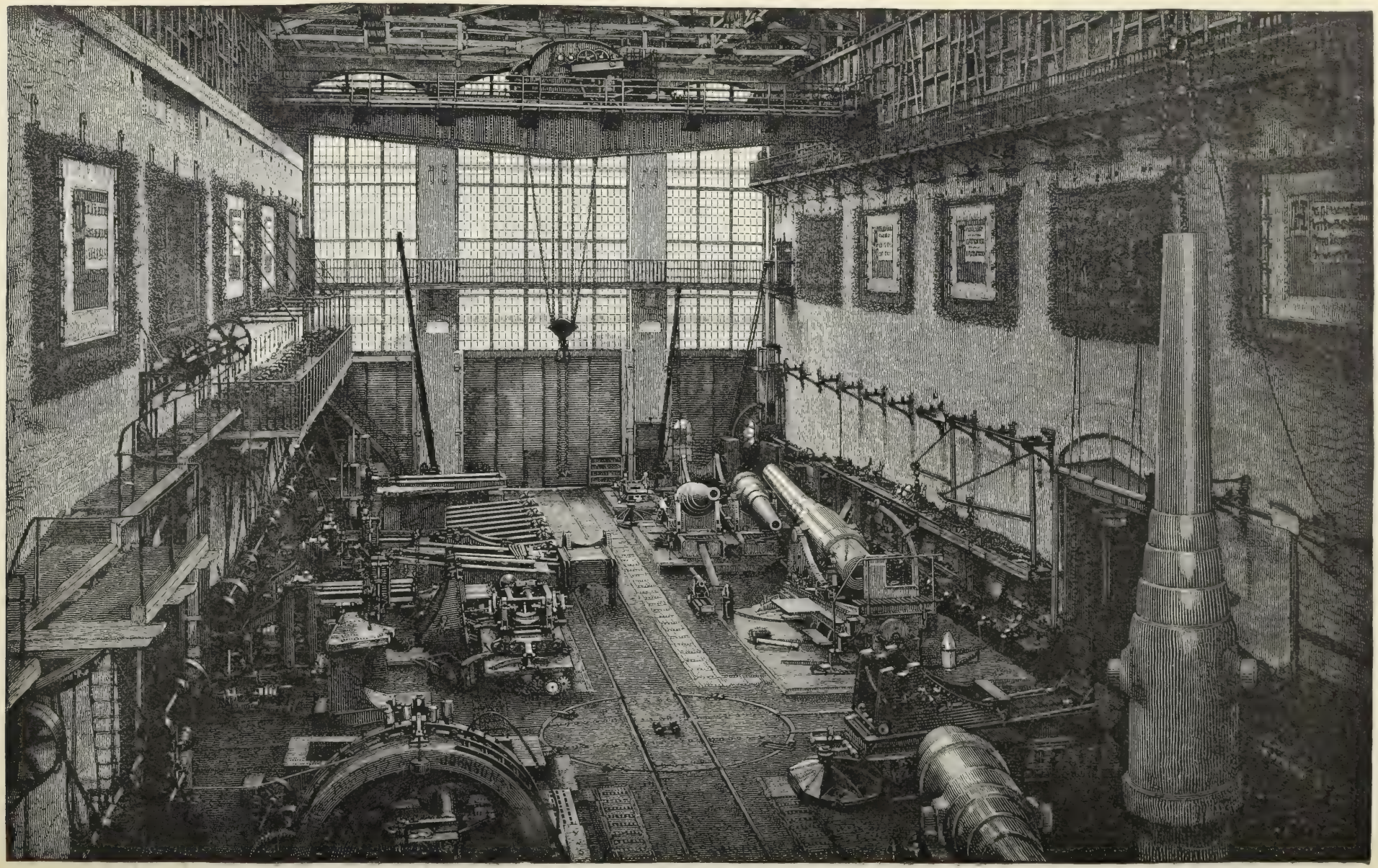
VIEW OF THE WORKS AT ESSEN.

men of science at dinner, and shall never forget their large hospitality. I may here mention that my request to visit the works was conveyed by my friend Mr. Kasson, then United States Minister at Berlin. Mr. Krupp replied that although such a concession had not been made before, such was his respect for his Excellency that it would for once be allowed. It was not grudgingly that I was admitted, nor with reserve that I was treated, but with frankness as to explanations, and even with the painstaking illustrations necessary for one unfamiliar with gun-making.

I once visited the Cyfarthfa Iron-Works in South Wales in company with Emerson, who, after gazing upon the lurid scene, said, "Surely Milton must have drawn his pandemonium from some such place." In these vast and weird halls at Essen all the Infernos ever imagined by man—save Shakespeare's "thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice"—seem collected and seething together. Fiery Phlegethon darts its flood past every path, Gehenna from ash-covered embers radiates a still insufferable heat, and the eyes of Dante would have to be shielded from some of the Sheols with their burning lakes. A huge fiery serpent uncoils, leaps out hissing: it is only fifty feet of red-hot railway iron, but one is satisfied to see its crested head cut off and its snaky form chopped into bars. The whir of these rollers is terrific; one machine has rollers fifteen feet long, and the steel comes through it a foot thick; one is so fine that it rolled me out a plate, now before me, thin and light as tissue-paper. In the process of rolling plates of iron, slag is removed from the surface by repeatedly casting on it handfuls of sand; this the rollers grind to powder with a fearful shriek, after which the steel comes out again like a great red tongue, hissing horribly. Everything seems instinct with some half-conscious life, and the glowing steel masses to be waging some mad war of resistance against their swart masters. The Bessemer converter is an ideal behemoth. There is one room here, large as the biggest railway depot, with no fewer than sixteen of these monsters, nearly all of which were simultaneously vomiting flame and gas from mouths raised against the black ceiling.

The work of a Bessemer converter is a fascinating thing to watch. The fused iron that pours into its belly must there be transformed, but not too far; it must be arrested at a certain point, for steel is midway between pig iron and wrought iron. It is an archæological problem how the ancients made wrought iron, such as the Delhi Pillar, and the still older piece found in one of the pyramids, and now in the British Museum. But wrought iron is too soft and ductile for many important purposes. The exact point where the iron becomes steel is indicated by the hue of the fire breathed by the Bessemer converter, and it requires an observation so delicate, not to say artistic, that it is said a foreman may be unfitted for it by a bilious attack. The observing eye must possess an instinctive perception of the way in which colors may be affected by a cloudy day or by twilight. If the iron poured into the converter be specially impure, the fact is revealed by a white smoke mingling with the sparks that shoot out when the mouth is opened. If the iron be fair, the normal process goes on: first a violent eruption of sparks; in four or five minutes a dull flame appearing in the midst of the sparks; in two more minutes this flame changing to soft moonlight; next brightening to a dazzling sunlight, which leaves its image on the closed eye; and finally the end of the task announced by a flame of purest violet. The liquid iron has been searched by a blast of all-penetrating air, the interstitial dross has been consumed and cast out as slag without destruction of the carbon and silicon necessary for the bloom of steel; and in one hour after its creation this may pass to the rolling-mill.

There is a better steel, perhaps, made by the Martin-Siemens process, but it is more expensive. And there is a best, made by crucibles, which is as much more expensive than the others as hand-work generally is as compared with machine-work. The English—nearly the only nation that considers expense in making ordnance—need so many plates for their ships that they use the Martin-Siemens steel for their cannon, for economy. But in a Krupp gun nothing is ever allowed but crucible steel, which, by the perfected methods of this establishment, can be so made as to secure a tensile strength of nearly 80,000 pounds to the square inch. This steel is attended at every stage with personal and tender devotion. Human sacrifices are required at its foundation, for in making the 1500 or more plumbago crucibles required daily—since most of them can only



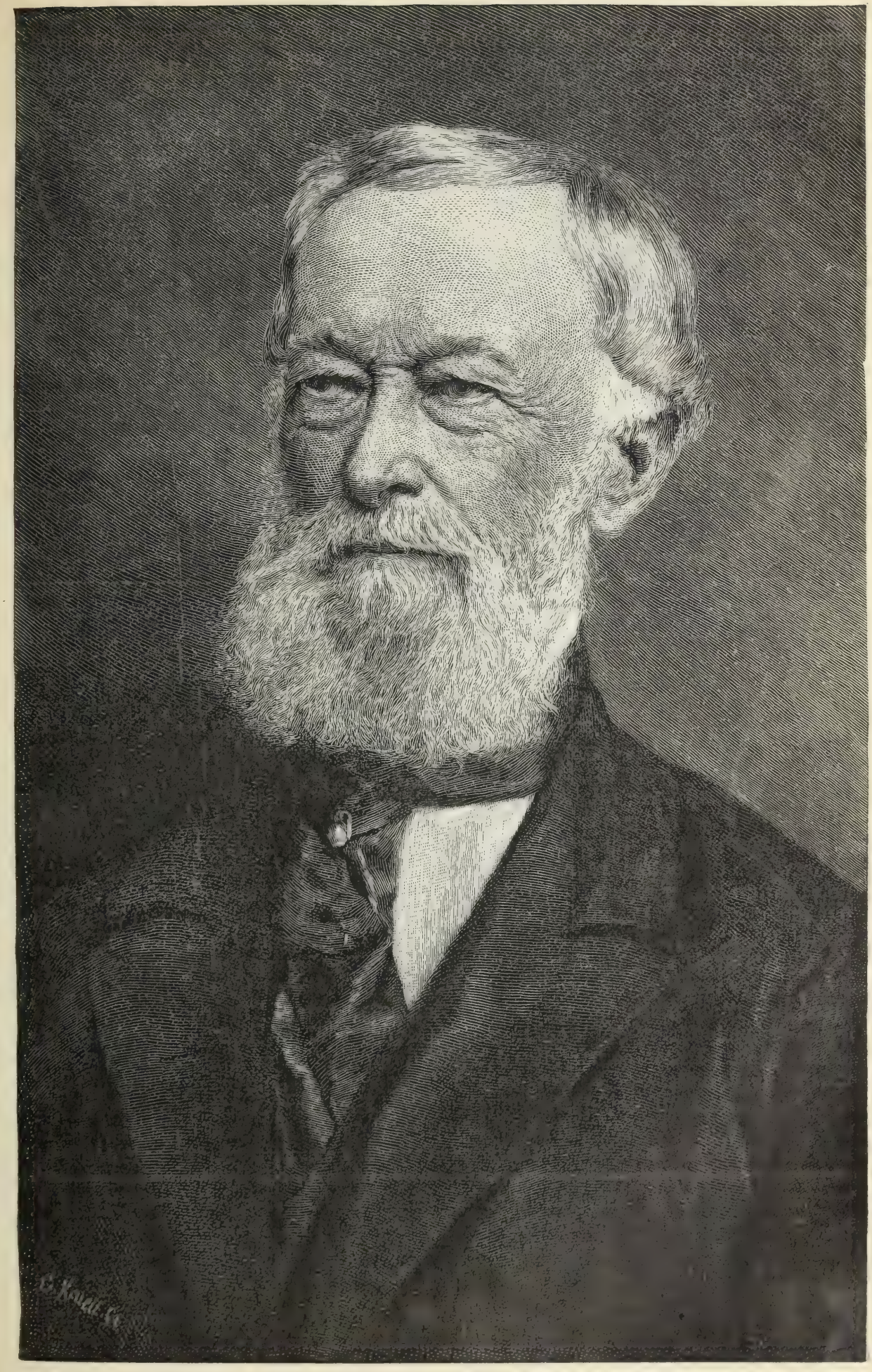
INTERIOR OF MECHANICAL SHOP.

be used once—the men who make them are under sentence of premature death. They are doomed to breathe a thick dust by which their lungs are blackened and gradually clogged, and their lives shortened. In the rooms where these crucibles are made I saw a rolly-poly of dark mud, plumbago, and fire-clay, seven or eight inches in diameter, oozing out, from the end of which a pallid, half-naked lad divided off section after section, about the length of the diameter, weighing each, and rarely needing to subtract from or add to it. Another, older and more pallid than the boy, and like him half naked —the heat was oppressive—received the soft mass and placed it in a mould beneath a revolving pestle which pressed down the interior, raising the sides, and made it a jar of some eighteen inches in height. This is set upon an elevator to be lifted to the baking-room, which, when I saw it, impressed me as a mausoleum filled with funereal urns holding the ashes of boys and men.

These crucibles, when used, are filled with small bars of puddled metal, no space being lost, with which are mingled fragments of marble brought from Villmar, on the Lahn. They are then shovelled into large furnaces whose floors are raised three or four feet above the ground, in which lie the flasks awaiting the molten mass. Thus the workmen do not have to lift the crucibles above the level where they are heated. In the earthen floor of the vast room are two lines of pits, one set to receive the metal, the other the burning crucibles emptied of their contents. The scene of emptying the crucibles was wonderful. The master-manager stood in the centre of the room and uttered a cry; more than five hundred men echoed the cry; in an instant all furnace doors flung open, and the swart army with their long tongs were soon bearing the red-hot jars and emptying them in the pits. They did not walk, but rushed. The empty crucibles were tossed into holes where they were lost to view, to be examined next day, and used once more if unbroken, or else ground up to make new ones. I wondered how the workmen could stand the heat, and expected to see them using wet sponges and defenses for their eyes. The manager told me that twenty years ago the men used to take precautions, and rush frantically from the fiery pits, but they have now become inured to the heat. They wore slight clothing, which is wet with their sweat. Only after one or two efforts could I look down into the glowing wells—the metal being three or four feet down—and the effect was like a concentration of Turkish baths. In this room, during the last winter, 850 hands were at work, using 1800 crucibles daily. The work is expensive, unhealthy, involves a good deal of responsibility, and no doubt is highly paid.

I pass with some relief from this hot and poisonous room, with its uncanny sublimities—after which a strong potation is advised and offered—into the rooms where steel is fashioned into shapes. There is a curious personality in hammers, and workmen like to give them names. There are 82 steam-hammers in the Krupp works, of from 400 pounds weight to 50 tons. The largest is "Fritz," whose 50 tons fall on an anvil and anvil-block weighing together 1250 tons, these resting on a foundation 100 feet deep. The next in size is named "Max." It would require a poet like him who sang the "Song of the Bell" rightly to describe the action of "Fritz," and I do not wonder that the Emperor, on his visit here, presented the worker of this hammer with a watch. I observed "Fritz" for some time at work upon the steel stem of an Austrian iron-clad, the *Ferdinand Max*. The metal was from one casting, without seam or weld, 45 feet long and of 25 tons weight. Four men with long clamps managed this red-hot mass, swung over the anvil by a crane. They turned it readily this way and that, the foreman at each pause uttering a signal which "Fritz" understood, answering with a soft tap, or a gentle pressure, or with an earthquake. I was curious to see the anvil-block which supplemented the ability of the earth to sustain such shocks through a length of time, and was presently shown one which, after twenty-one years of thumping, had cracked straight through from top to bottom—possibly beneath some gentle stroke which was the last feather to break its huge back. Krupp does not make plates for iron-clads, but only such parts as might be needed for ordinary ships.

Having lit our cigars on the Austrian iron-clad, we proceed to observe the operations of "Max" and other hammers. One of these I saw giving 300 tremendous strokes a minute. "Max" was engaged in welding "hard" iron (though this is more ductile

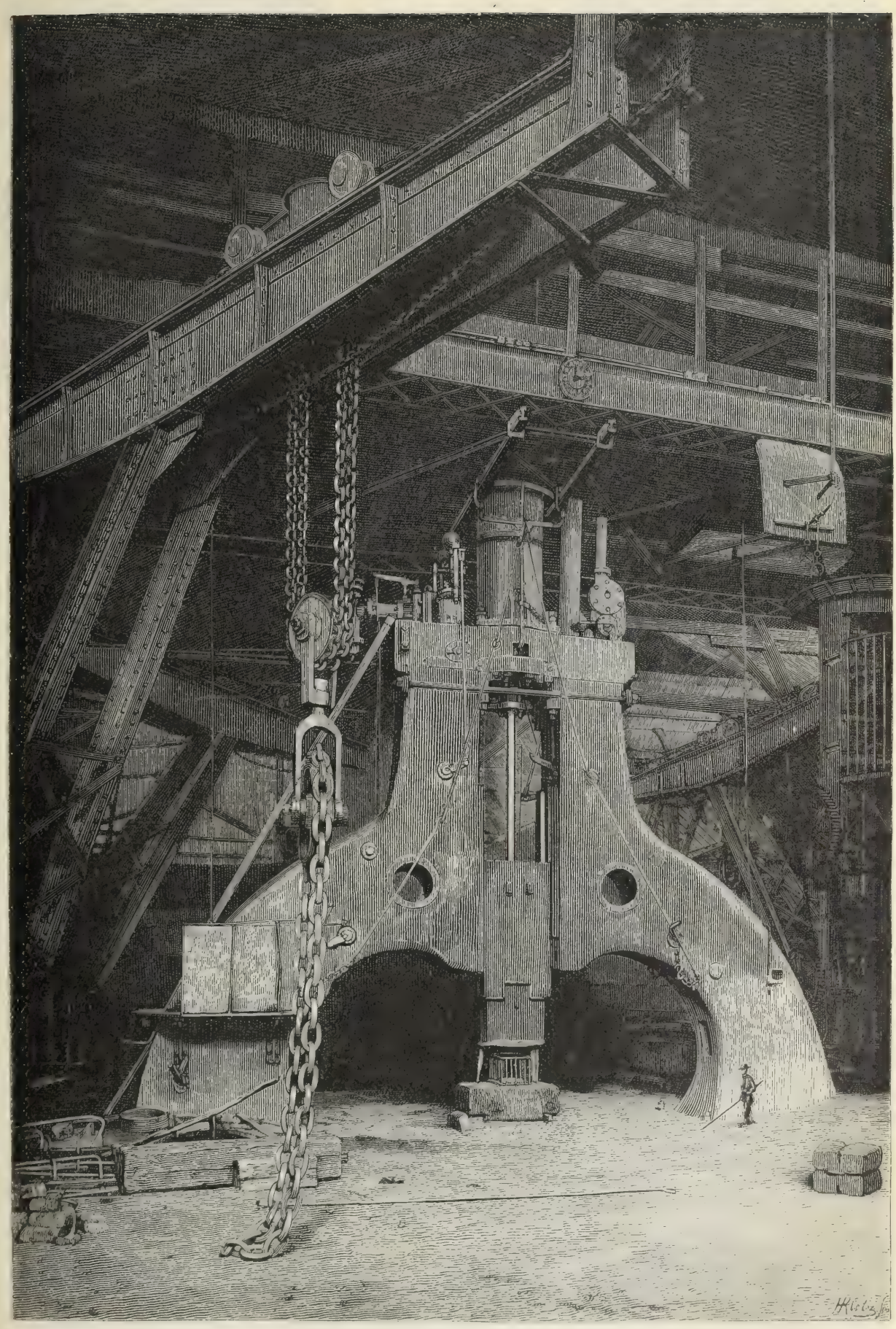


ALFRED KRUPP.

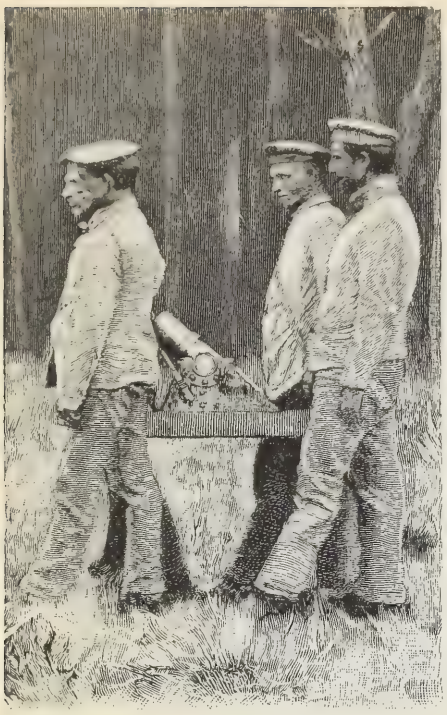
than the other). To nice distinctions between iron and iron "Max" is indifferent; his big bow-legs arch above a tower of pieces built on his anvil, and with crushing blows of his mighty fist he makes a hundred plates one. However, though they seem one and act together, in the end it will be proved that they are not one; no conceivable force can weld into one different organizations of atoms. To be thoroughly united they must be filtered and refined in the crucible. The central part of railway wheels is made by welding, but the tires are made without welding. The nave of the wheel is of wrought iron, which is placed beneath a hammer of suitable shape, and at the third blow the wheel is shaped. The tire is cut from a long round mass of steel—6 or 8 from one casting—when it is called a "cheese"; it is flattened, punched in the centre with an eight-inch die, strung on a horse-anvil, and there beaten until it becomes a tire, and ready for the fluting process which adapts it to the rail.

The tests applied in the Krupp works to all material used are exact and infallible, and constitute an almost transcendental illustration of the law of means and ends. If a load of iron is found to have one bad piece, the whole load is rejected: offending in one point, it is pronounced guilty in all. Under the extreme powers that can be brought to bear, all iron and all steel will break at some point. The standards are fixed with reference to the purpose for which the metal is required. That which the gun-maker rejects, the railway-wheel maker may find excellent, or, if he rejects it, the steel may serve the man of axles. Tests are applied at every stage, and even after iron or steel has been half evolved into some machine, tapping may bring a suspicious response, causing its condemnation. I saw some plates from metal meant for boilers, of from one to two inches thickness, bent double like cloth. The test was for ductility. That which cracks at the bend is rejected; the adequate specimens showed but faint marks of the tremendous force applied to tear the atoms apart. Mr. Krupp has always been extreme in his tests; in 1864, during the war with Denmark, the hinder part of the breech of his cannon was, in a few cases, blown off. The officers mistrusted the steel, but Mr. Krupp knew it was no fault of the steel, and concentrated himself upon improving the construction. I believe no fault has ever been discovered in any piece of metal he has sold. He has lately declined an order from America to supply steel blocks for cannon, for the reason that he can not feel sure that added metal or inferior work may not involve his metal in bad results. Krupp steel must remain above suspicion. This establishment is credited with the possession of secrets, and a mysterious intimacy with iron; but no doubt the main secrets are the cumulative perfection of its plant, its infinite capacity for taking pains, its power to prefer genuineness to gain, and its willingness as well as ability to invest money to any extent in experiments that promise improvement, in securing the very best ores, and in employing capable managers and men of science. These are Krupp's "open secrets."

As one reads on paper the figures of a great establishment it is much the same as reading a catalogue of fossils. Suppose all the saurians and mastodons that look so innocent on paper were suddenly to creep and splash and roar around the paleontologist! In the Essen works there are 1553 big ovens, 439 steam-boilers, 450 steam-engines (representing together 18,500 horse-power), 1622 machine tools, 82 steam-hammers, 21 rolling trains—involving a daily consumption of 3100 tons of coal and coke by the 1648 furnaces, whose draught is through chimneys of which one is 280 feet high, with a diameter of 30 feet at the bottom. The daily consumption of water—brought from the Ruhr by an aqueduct—is 24,700 cubic meters. There are 1778 steel lamps, and $7\frac{1}{4}$ cubic meters of gas have been used annually, though this quantity has just been diminished by the introduction of electric lights. The work ceases only on Sunday and on two or three holidays. The production is enormous. When the Emperor William visited the place in 1877, Mr. Krupp caused to be set before him the productions of a single day: 1800 rails, 160 wheel tires, 120 axles, 160 railway wheels, 430 railway wedges, 1000 bomb-shells. The daily capacity of the works is much more: 2700 rails (two and a half miles), 350 tires, 150 axles, 180 wheels, 1000 wedges, 1500 bomb-shells. In a month they can produce 250 field-pieces, thirty 5.7-inch cannon, fifteen 9.33-inch cannon, eight 11-inch cannon, one 14-inch gun—the weight of the last being 57 short tons, its length 28 feet 7



A KRUPP HAMMER.





inches. It is one thing to read these figures on paper, decidedly another to travel among the objects they represent, and witness their extent, their vomitings of flame, their harnessed immensity, and to hear their voice. And yet this voice is by no means so loud as one might expect, and it is least where the force is greatest. The engines, in power, represent something like a Niagara turned to steam and steel: probably they have motive power enough for every factory in Germany: yet are they wonderfully quiet in their work. In a single room there are eight huge engines and steam-compressors, of which only a moiety are required for the works, the others being kept in full heat, ready, like the viper's superserviceable teeth, for instant service in case any accident should happen to the others. In another room there is an engine apart by itself, strong enough to carry on all the works; it is over fifty feet high, and quite beautiful. It was doing no work when I saw it, but in constant motion, generally quiet, though now and then snorting and revolving its huge wheels swiftly, merely to work off its energy and keep from bursting. A man stood perched half-way on its side who evidently understood the intimations of his afreet's varied needs, and responded with relieving touches. Never did I see a more im-



ON THE WAY TO THE TESTING GROUND.

PUBLIC LIBRARY WEISER, IDAHO

pressive type of restrained and soft force. Shakespeare's line might have been engraved on it,

"Let gentleness your strong enforcement be";

or, perhaps more appropriately, the lines from Schiller's "Song of the Bell,"

"When gentleness with strength we find,
The tender with the stern combined,
The harmony is sweet and strong."

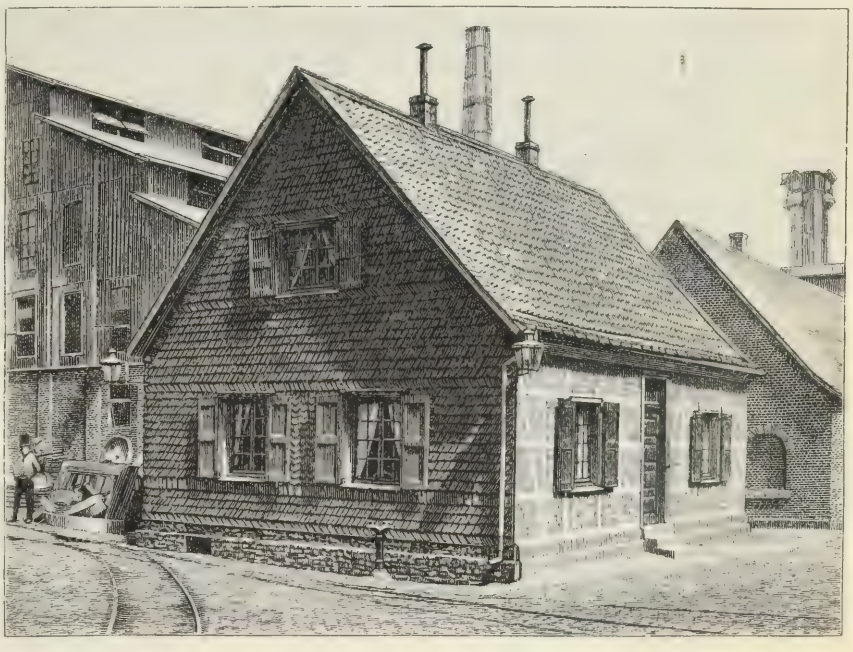
What strange lullabys were these for the child born amid the works, and now their owner! He slept here peacefully enough during the many years of struggle, and says he never could sleep well on Sunday mornings, because the works stopped. The small house in which Mr. Krupp was born still stands, and though the space might be in one sense better utilized, he preserves it with a sentiment like that of Whitworth, who still keeps up his first small shop and the sign, "J. Whitworth, Tool-maker." The little house has been photographed, and the pictures distributed among the workmen, with an inscription which, written in a palatial mansion, reminds one of the paternal horseshoe strung as a lyre over the door of Goethe's birth-place at Frankfort. The inscription is as follows:

"Fifty years ago this primitive dwelling was the abode of my parents. I hope that no one of our laborers may ever know such struggles as have been required for the establishment of these works. Twenty-five years ago that success was still doubtful which has at length—gradually yet wonderfully—rewarded the exertions, fidelity, and perseverance of the past. May this example encourage others who are in difficulties! May it increase respect for small houses, and sympathy for the larger sorrows they too often contain! The object of labor should be the common weal. If work bring blessing, then is labor prayer. May every one in our community, from the highest to the lowest, thoughtfully and wisely strive to secure and build his prosperity on this principle! When that is done, then will my greatest desire be realized.

"ALFRED KRUPP.

"ESSEN, *February*, 1873.
"Twenty-five years after my taking possession."

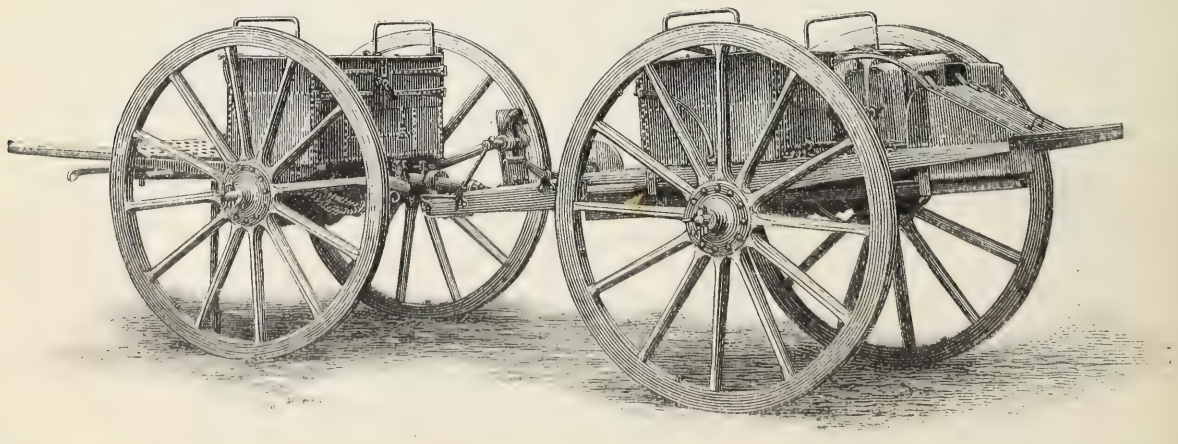
The splendid Krupp villa, several miles out of Essen, standing amid its park, and commanding one of the finest views in this part of Germany, borrows much of its picturesqueness from this small house amid the works, and more from the knowledge that its wealthy owner, steadily refusing offered titles, has preserved his humility of character, his long years of poverty being represented by sympathy and charity for all who suffer in the struggle for existence.



HOUSE WHERE ALFRED KRUPP WAS BORN.

A student of the laws of evolution, however peacefully inclined, can not fail to be fascinated by instruments representing the development of the art of destruction. The extinction or survival of animal species is determined by the relative nicety of their weapons. Michelet was scandalized by the pains which nature has taken to perfect the viper's fang, but by it the bird's wing has been developed. I have seen an Australian savage hurl his boomerang before him, as if at a man thirty yards off; after reaching that point it began an oblique ascent; steadily it rose hundreds of feet into the air, flew along like a hawk, whose beating wings my field-glass turned to spinning revolutions; turning, it flew backward a hundred yards, then swooped

downward to alight near the thrower. Nothing could have been more beautiful, and one could not help feeling that the tribe which gradually produced such an instrument, to vanquish a tribe without it, must have represented an intellectual advance beyond the reign of mere brute force. In the Pitt-Rivers collection at Oxford there is a series of curved sticks, gathered from among various tribes, showing the long succession of experiments which led to the perfect and quasi-miraculous boomerang. When one enters the domain of civilization, this art of killing has to be regarded retrospectively; it seems belated. Survival of the fit can no longer be identified with survival of the fighting. Germany can not be accorded a high place among civilized nations so long as the students in her universities are proud of their disfigurement by gashes received in duels, no professor or preacher daring to denounce the custom, because military law demands that officers shall settle their quarrels by single combat. Moltke is the one public man in the civilized world who has upheld war as an ideal. Odin, god of war, is still worshipped among the Teutons, and beside Odin with his Sword must always be Thor with his Hammer. Whatever the cause—whether present vital necessities of a newly united people, or the surviving potency of an instinct formed by ages of inevitable struggle for national existence—it is in Germany that the military spirit is most alive, and there alone that warriors can still be produced equal to those of warlike ages in the past. Kindly Mr. Krupp is therefore representative of a vast constituency; he is an organic part of the empire; he has come by the structural development of his nation. This great manufacturer is not spoken of as a private individual, but as a sort of institution. Under these circumstances it is in Germany that we naturally find the greatest perfection and development of the instruments of war. The vast wealth surrounding similar works in England, and the wonderful machinery at Le Creusot (with its hundred-ton hammer) and other places in France, can not make up for the lack of such organic qualities as those embodied in Alfred Krupp. A club committee having applied to a lady whose breakfast table was noted for buckwheat cakes for her cook's method of making them, she returned a careful statement, adding, "If your cook will follow this recipe he will succeed, provided he has a genius for making buckwheat cakes." That genius which has been described as an infinite capacity for taking pains presides over every piece of work in Essen; it knows no great or small, finishing off a little screw as neatly as a steam-engine. Every machine seems to represent enthusiasm. The question whether it is best, or even safe, for a nation that its *matériel* of war should so largely depend upon a private individual can hardly arise in Germany during Alfred Krupp's life—probably not during that of his only son, Frederick Alfred, now childless. I have no doubt that Mr. Krupp would rather die by one of his own guns than sell it to be used against his Fatherland, love for which has largely animated his work. He has been steadily, one may say religiously, engaged for over thirty-seven years, devoting time, wealth, and exceptional powers of invention to perfect the means of building up and defending the power of his country, to him representing civilization, and every advance in his art



A SMITHY ON WHEELS.



THE KRUPP VILLA.

during those years is registered in German victories.

Patriotism and loyalty of the old-fashioned kind are gradually becoming exclusively German characteristics. When M. Renan, in his imaginative *brochure* entitled *Caliban*, represented the scientific men as mining the kingdom with explosive substances, and gaining supremacy by threatening to blow up the whole country unless they had their way, Louis Blanc expressed in my hearing his regret that such a notion should have been published. "There are plenty of people in France," he said, "who will take it seriously, and will suspect scientific men in consequence." And why not? Many Europeans have shown themselves ready to ruin where they can not rule. But they have never been Germans. Although in the single instance in which Alfred Krupp was candidate for the Reichstag he was defeated by a Social-Democrat, mainly through the suffrages of his own workmen, none of these ever ascribed to him any personal ambition. He is popular among his work-people, but they were on the side of the Social-Democrat, because they have aspirations and ideals in the direction of more complete solidarity of interests.

The ores that make the protoplasm of the best steel at Essen are red hematite (Fe_2O_3), and spathic ($FeCO_3$) ore, to which spiegeleisen adds the necessary manganese. The crucible steel destined to be made into a Krupp gun is at first a huge ingot. How big may it be? At the Exhibition in London, 1851, an English firm exhibited a block of crucible steel weighing about half a million pounds, labelling it "The Monster Block." Krupp sent one weighing about two and a half millions, and not long after was able to write with some contempt of "that little block of crucible steel," having far surpassed it. He can now make blocks of seventy-five tons if required. It is amazing that the ingots formed from the contents of a thousand or more small crucibles, each holding from 50 to 100 pounds, should be so homogeneous throughout. In this uniformity of quality the Krupp ingot is matchless. His 21-ton ingot (9 feet high, 44 inches in diameter) exhibited in London, 1862, when broken across revealed no seam or flaw even under the lens.

It is this ingot of most pure and refined steel, made from selectest ores, and with perfect combinations of carbon and silicon, that the swart artists are to bend and mould to their will. In the hands of these men, with their ideal pattern before them,

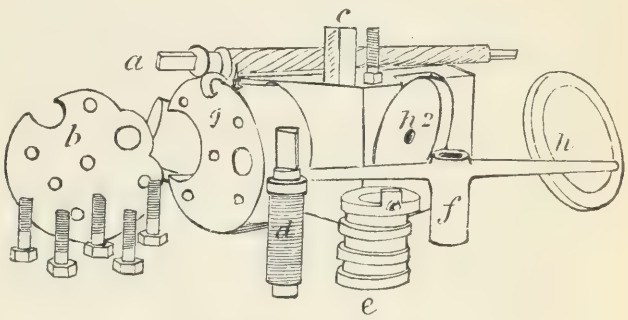
steel becomes tractable as spermaceti. The weight of the planet is their humble servant. When Gordon, having mined the approaches to Khartoom, threatened the Mahdi with an "earthquake," the latter thought it a pretension to Solomon's fabled power over the genii and demons whom he made build the Temple. The fable is fulfilled at Essen in this mastery of terrible and crushing forces by science and art. They utilize steam explosions to clean metal. Darwin said that he found it the most difficult thing for the majority of minds to understand the enormous results of ever-recurring agencies, however small, working through practically unlimited time; but the swiftness and power of these mechanical agencies apply in an hour more force for a particular end than nature would apply in centuries, unless, indeed, as Ignatius Donnelly says, nature should bring on a comet occasionally to crystallize gravel into marble, or burn up Chicago. When these huge hammers, "Fritz" and "Max," are at their Titanic play on hot steel, and meteoric flakes are flying, one might, indeed, suspect Krupp of having got a comet or two in his employ. The demand of nations, the command of the Iron Age, is that this huge cylindrical ingot shall be made into a wielder of thunder-bolts that are not blind, but obedient to intelligent purpose. As Michael Angelo saw an angel in the paving-stone, Krupp sees a destroying angel in that mass of steel. It must be forced out and coaxed out. For that it is lifted by a crane, like a feather, to its anvil-couch, there to be tortured. Myriads of blows are to fall on its never-cooled sides —blows ranging from a hand's pat to the fall of fifty tons—while it is deftly moved by tongs held in the hands of artists. For a Krupp gun is a work of art. Under the hammers the forming tube acquires the utmost condensation. In the lathe it gains lightness and mathematical perfection of axis and circumference. By losing weight it is evolved, so to say, from a mastodon to a shapely saurian, its burnished scales smoothed into one; its fatal coil will be developed within at a later stage. First it must have a long bath in oil, and thence pass to the boring-lathe. The interior bored to the right calibre, the chamber reamed out at the bottom of the bore, the inner coil of thirty rectangular ribs carved —one turn in twenty-five feet—and the tube is complete.

A gun is a series of rings. As the human skull is vertebrated—its vertebræ curved and flattened—so the tube, cylinder, hoops, of a gun are more or less narrow or elongated rings. In America, and in other countries where gun tubes are made of welded metal, these are at first coils round a mandrel. With rare exceptions the Krupp tube is forged out of a single ingot, and in every case without any weld at all. Formerly he made the entire gun from one ingot. This plan, however, was abandoned after experience, and the Krupp gun is now "built up." But the hoops of steel are forged and rolled, without weld, and shrunk on the tube, with initial tension, in single or double layers, according to the size of the gun. The mass around the most damageable parts of the tube, where the force of the explosion is severest, is large, and looking down on a room full of these guns, they seemed like reclining giants with big shoulders and chests.

Military professors are accustomed to illustrate the utility of curving grooves in guns by a spinning top: so long as it spins rapidly it remains upright. The spinning cannon-ball or shell similarly holds its direction, and where there is a percussion fuse attached to a projectile, such precision is essential. It is also demonstrated that the shallower these rifled grooves, the greater the accuracy and the less the range. Rifling has several times varied in Germany since 1861, when the first field-gun, a 6-pounder, was rifled there. At present the grooves in Krupp guns are generally shallow, and they widen toward the breech, so the leaden coat of the projectile is compressed gradually, therefore with least expenditure of force. The chamber has a slightly larger diameter than the tube, which is of uniform calibre. Why? That is a question one soon ceases to ask, in a theoretical way, in the domain of Krupp. The reason for a thing there is that experience has shown that it is so, and not otherwise. The enlarged Krupp chamber originated here, but is now generally approved. I devoted a good many hours to the study of the breech arrangements of Krupp guns, following a line of structural evolution as definite and necessary as any traceable in the organic world. The whole cylindro-prismatic block, or plug, is as complex as a watch, and its history an illustration of development from simple to complex.

In our diagram of the breech analyzed, copied from Captain Cooke's *Naval Ordnance*, by his permission, *a* is the "transporting screw," which carries the whole charged block into the breech, *c* the nut by which it works into its hole above the breech, *f* the crank by which it is turned. The "locking plate" *b*, screwed on the block *g*, forms a lock, the key being the nut *e*, smooth on one side, the threads on the other fitting into interior grooves; into these the screw threads are turned by the "locking screw" *d*, which runs through the nut *e*, and is the key-handle.

The "gas check" now used differs from the Broadwell Ring (*h* and h^2) here shown. Everywhere there is shown survival of the fittest for purposes of destruction. Since Alfred Krupp became master of the works in 1848 the years have been registered in tests and modifications summed in solid results. Nearly four years (1861–4) were largely given to experiments with gas checks. An inventor named Dreyse invented a paper obstructor to prevent the gas from exploded powder escaping into the breech, where its erosive power is injurious. This paper check had the advantage of accommodating itself well to the bore, and the disadvantage of having to be too frequently changed; *i. e.*, after every nine or ten shots. An American inventor substituted copper for paper in the gas check that bears his name, the "Broadwell Ring," and it is generally stated in treatises on ordnance



THE BREECH ANALYZED.

(*e. g.*, Cooke, Brooke, Maitland, etc.) that this is used in Krupp cannon. Such, however, is not now the fact. The gas check used is a combination of copper and very elastic steel, made into a ring narrower than the Broadwell, the thin rim of which is almost hermetically sealed by the explosion upon the nose of the breech. It is somewhat lighter than the



GARRISON AND SIEGE GUN.

"cup gas check," which has largely superseded the Broadwell in America, and acts on much the same principle. It is easily removed and cleaned after every shot. Another series of experiments was made on "sights." Here are guns with sights at various points of breech and barrel, the verdict since 1864 being in favor of the short line of sight—the forward one on the trunnion. The touch-hole has gradually veered round to the back of the breech.

The experiences of 1864, when the Prussian war with Denmark occurred, were particularly fruitful in suggestions for Mr. Krupp. Some of the guns made by him had their hinder part blown off, and while this was ascribed by many to faulty steel, he knew that this could not be the true cause, and came to the conclusion that the breech was faulty in construction. After experiments lasting through two years, he and his scientific cabinet reached the conclusion that the back part of the plug abaft the chamber is stronger when not angular. This tenon-and-mortise arrangement has now no sharp corners. By the same series of experiments the conclusion was reached that the single is better than the double plug (in the latter the upper and under parts being distinct, so that, after being shut into the gun, they could be expanded apart a little by an external screw, for the purpose of increased tightness). The single plug, or breech-block, is more simple, requires less care, and is held tightly enough by the female screw inside, as already shown. In 1861 Krupp had adopted the single-plug breech-loading gun invented by Wahrendorf, a Swede, and rifled it for the Austrian service, but the double arrangement was made for Prussia until 1865, when it was discarded. Probably it was realized about the same time that re-enforcement by hoops was necessary. At any rate, improvements went on till no more Krupp guns burst. Out of 18,000 guns made here and used, 22 have burst, in all. Of these, 17 were from 6400 guns constructed on a system abandoned in 1870. Of those made after, only 1 in 2300 have burst. During the late Franco-German war, when such vast numbers of his field-guns were used—many of them having been subjected to a strain of nearly 3000 discharges—not one burst, and only one accident occurred, this being to a field-gun whose breech-block was not tightly closed before firing. This must have been through some fault in the chain which regulates the extent to which the breech-block can be drawn out or thrust in. After the explosion of an old 9½-inch gun in 1879 its breech was found uninjured.

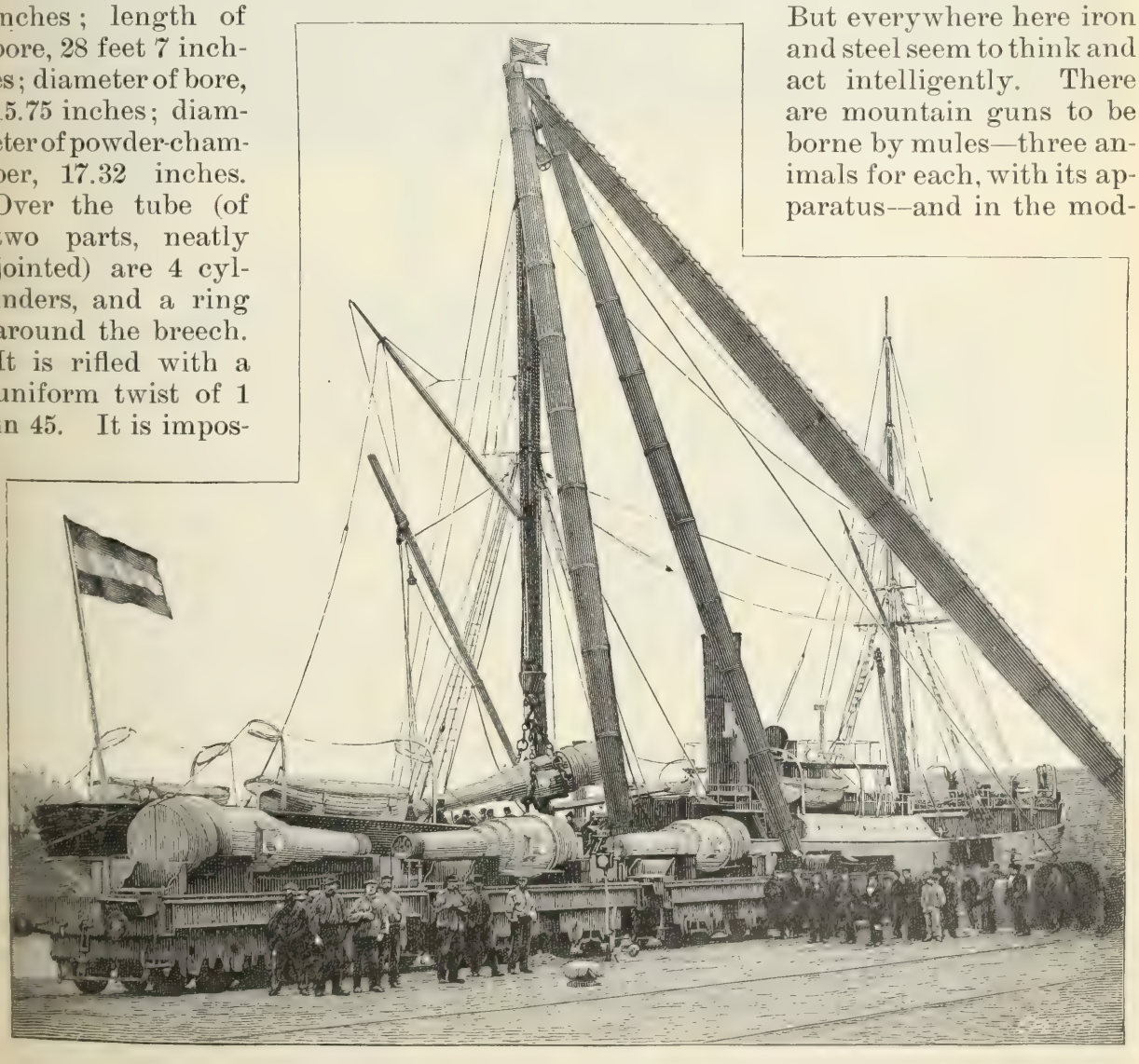
The subject of recoil has engaged a good deal of attention at Essen, and it is a wonder that Mr. Maxim's method of utilizing recoil was not discovered there. The force of recoil in the Krupp gun is drawn aside from the gun-carriage by two cylinders of glycerine, with pistons perforated at the edges. The shock drives the pistons against the glycerine, which is forced through the perforations. In the similar contrivance in English guns, water is used, and in American, petroleum. The reason for the use of glycerine is probably because, in case of a leak, the glycerine would ooze out too slowly to lose its effect at once. Moreover, glycerine is less likely to freeze than water, and it is more elastic.

The collection of guns chronologically arranged in a large room connected with the works, from the rudest to the most perfect, is of extreme scientific interest, especially when connected with the results of each improvement. These are recorded in careful reports, and in many cases illustrated, not merely by diagrams, but by perforated plates. As in nature an infinitesimal change of form may result in an immeasurable change of function—a grain-weight more or less in a wing bone deciding whether an animal shall be earth-bound or soar in the sky—so have the slight changes already referred to, as the rounding of a tiny angle or use of a rim of copper, been represented in vast results. In most cases such results have been reached gradually, one modification drawing on others, until a total of increased power is attained, but in other cases there appear to have been leaps. The exclusive use of crucible steel for cannon, leading to perfection of means for making it, has been followed by an increase of lightness in gun organization, which renders possible an enormous increase of calibre. Here is a 10-inch gun, calibre 35—*i. e.*, 35 times as long as the diameter of its bore—which weighs only 21 tons. There was shown me a plate combined of 12 inches of iron, 2 inches wood-packing, and a second iron plate of 8 inches thickness, making a compact mass, which had been pierced by shot

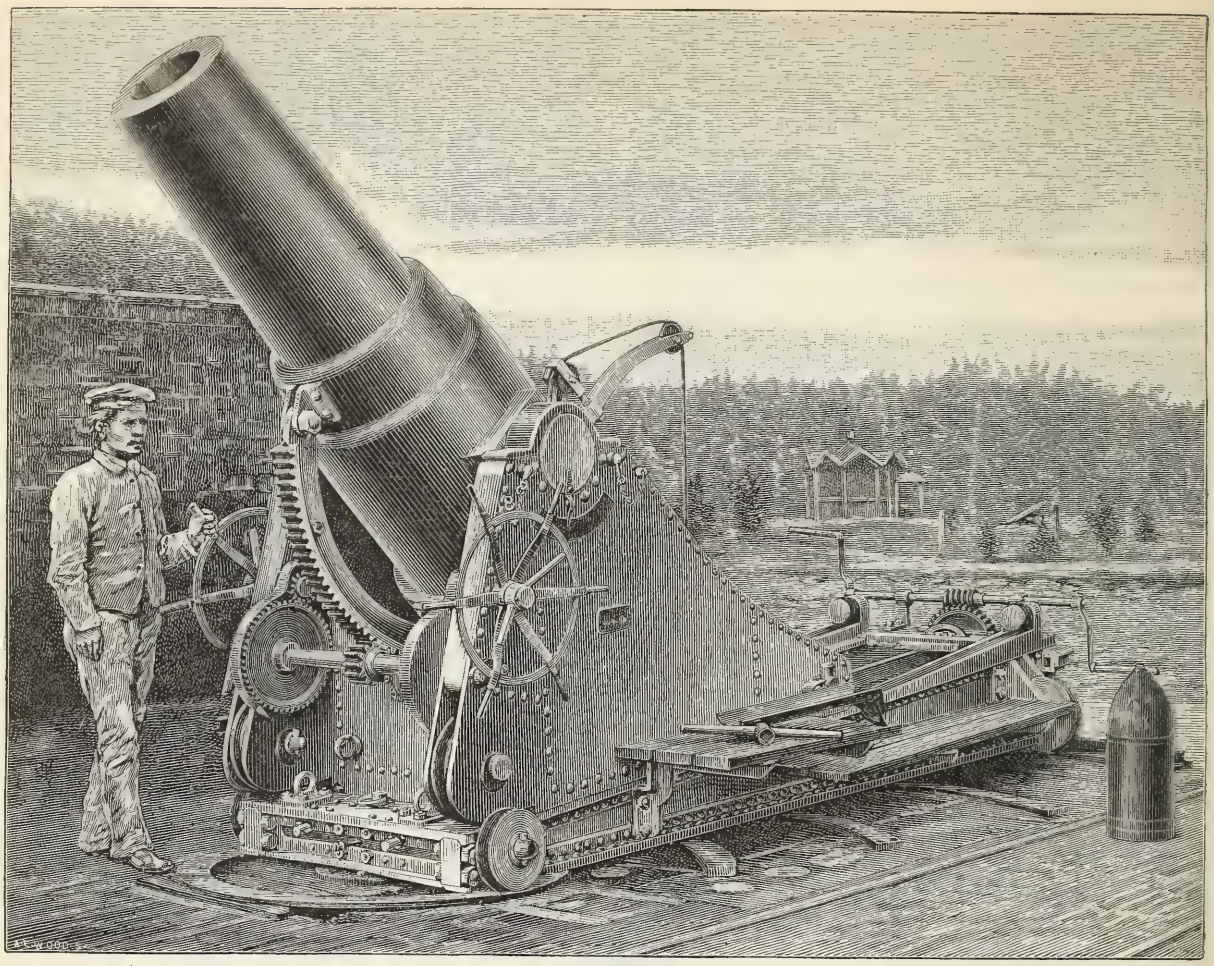
from this gun. The 9.4 shot was propelled by 165 pounds of powder; the distance was 491 feet, and after passing through the treble plate, the shot actually went 1 mile and 642 yards beyond. An old wrought-iron gun would have had to be unmanageably large, thick, and heavy to do anything like that, and would never have fired another shot. In modern gun-making mere bulkiness is got rid of, as in nature the megatherium has been got rid of, the increased size of guns representing an increase of power rendered possible by refinement of material, and the humanization of horse-power in machinery for managing and moving large masses.

Chief-Engineer King, in his *War Ships and Navies of the World*, pronounces the 71-ton Krupp gun "the most powerful breech-loading gun ever constructed on the continent of Europe," and holds it superior to the 100-ton Armstrong. The 71-ton is 32 feet 9 inches long, greatest diameter, 5 feet 6 inches; length of bore, 28 feet 7 inches; diameter of bore, 15.75 inches; diameter of powder-chamber, 17.32 inches. Over the tube (of two parts, neatly jointed) are 4 cylinders, and a ring around the breech. It is rifled with a uniform twist of 1 in 45. It is impossible to fire it until the breech is fully closed. The back of the breech-block is rounded like the letter D. It holds a maximum charge of 485 pounds of powder, carrying a chilled iron shell of 1708.8 pounds. This is the gun that fossilises so many fortresses. It is quasi-miraculous that this mass can be so easily moved.

The huge rock at St. Petersburg on which the statue of Peter the Great stands had to be moved by a regiment of men, because horses were not intelligent enough to combine and concentrate their force at a signal; heavier masses are easily moved in modern establishments by machinery which answers a touch. A whole essay might be written on the machinery in Krupp's works for raising and transporting heavy masses. One they called by an English name, the "lifting-jack," which I respectfully wrote down "L. John, Esq.," so neatly did this small machine, weighing some 25 pounds, lift its 25,000. It could not be done without brains. But everywhere here iron and steel seem to think and act intelligently. There are mountain guns to be borne by mules—three animals for each, with its apparatus—and in the mod-



TRANSPORTING CANNON AT BREMERHAVEN.

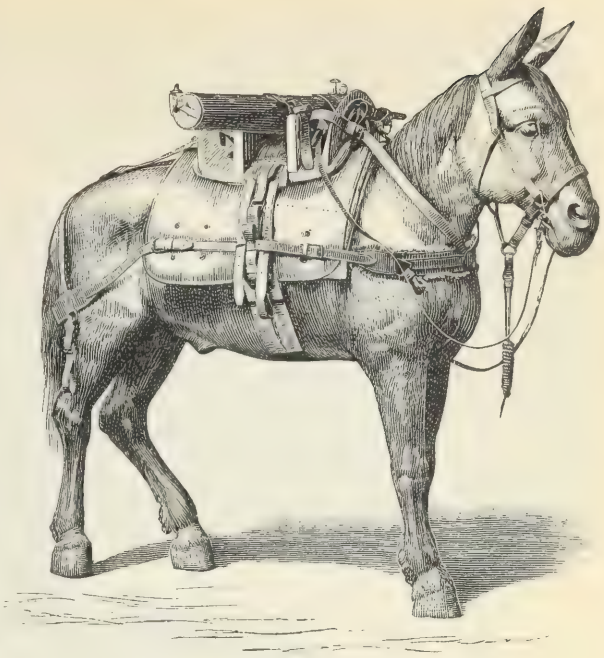


GUN ON COAST CARRIAGE.

els cannon and mule seem one organism. The larger guns wear their jackets like gentlemanly barbarians, and their hoops like ladies. One beauty modestly screens herself from observation—a gushing young siren of 40 centimeters, created by Mr. Krupp to stand on a coast behind her blinds (of hardened iron), while darting fatal glances from her dark eye at the unhappy voyager she may wish to captivate. And what shall be said of the time-fuses? These burly projectiles look like business men, hard and punctual, watch in hand. They mean business, and if they are engaged to visit a ship at a certain second, and load it with iron fragments, they will not fail.

Lately I sat in the Reichstag gallery at Berlin beside a young lady who was eager to identify the members. "Who is that death's-head man sitting near Bismarck?" she inquired. It proved to be Moltke. The description was perfect, notwithstanding the intelligence that fills the fleshless face. About the same time that Indo-Germanic Siva answered a Peace Association which had addressed him, "Your dream is not merely unpractical, it is not even beautiful." Reading his vigorous statement of the advantages of war, one could concede some of it, and add that war has recently crushed Cæsarism in France and slavery in America. I saw that same most accomplished commander of Europe at the head of his armies gazing upon the battle which was transforming the King of Prussia beside him into the Emperor of a united Germany. On every hand were armies advancing to the work of death and destruction, and these Krupp guns strewn about the works at Essen were there visible as glittering vertebræ of mighty serpents creeping onward and breathing fire upon the villages of France. They were, in a sense, as much forces of nature as the thunder and lightning they seemed to organize. Yet were they the monster saurians of a national development to be attained only through their extinction. They are rude pioneers of a civilization whose peaceful abodes shall be paved with their fossil bones. These can not be the final arbiters between cultured races and nations, any more than

the bowie-knife and revolver can be arbiters between man and man, home and home, in society. While they last, they possess phenomenal and scientific interest. They are the instruments that make contemporary history, and are moulding the future of humanity. Meantime the friend of peace may find satisfaction in the reflection that this vast progress in the instruments of war is steadily reducing the warrior to extinction. France has in one of her gun-foundries a hundred-ton hammer, but where is her Bonaparte? A Frenchman in London, irritated because England did not help his country against Germany, said to an English lady, "Ah,



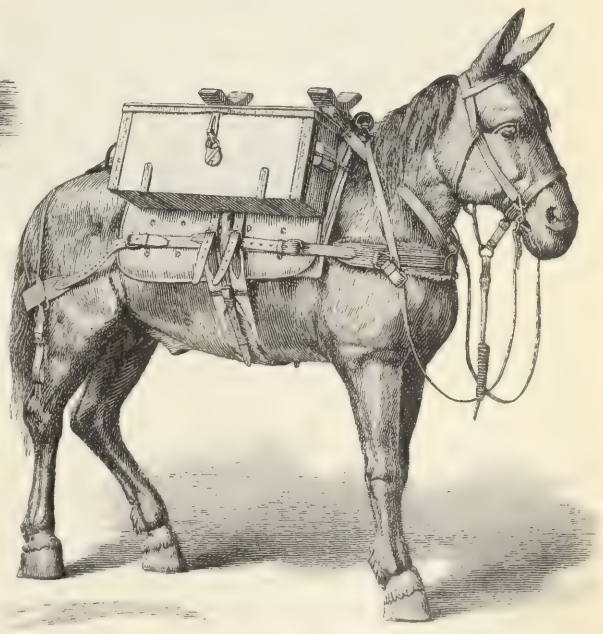
MOUNTAIN AND DESERT GUN.



MOUNTAIN AND DESERT GUN.

this is still, as the great Napoleon said, a nation of shop-keepers!" "But, monsieur," returned the English lady, "one must not take such sayings too seriously; for instance, we used to be told that France was a nation of soldiers." Facts permitted monsieur no retort, but a century hence Frenchmen may rejoice in a transformation of their character by which, for the moment, they are humiliated.

However satisfactory it may be that the warrior should disappear in the machine, it is not pleasant to reflect that the workman who makes the machine may possibly disappear in the same way. The industrial age largely inherits the habits of the military age, and these are encouraged by the immense pressure of over-grown populations on the means of subsistence. The struggle for existence daily assumes more and more the character of war; Labor and Capital have become camps; and the Trade-Union brings men under laws almost as arbitrary as those of the battle-field. On the other hand, the alliances between Labor and Capital in some large

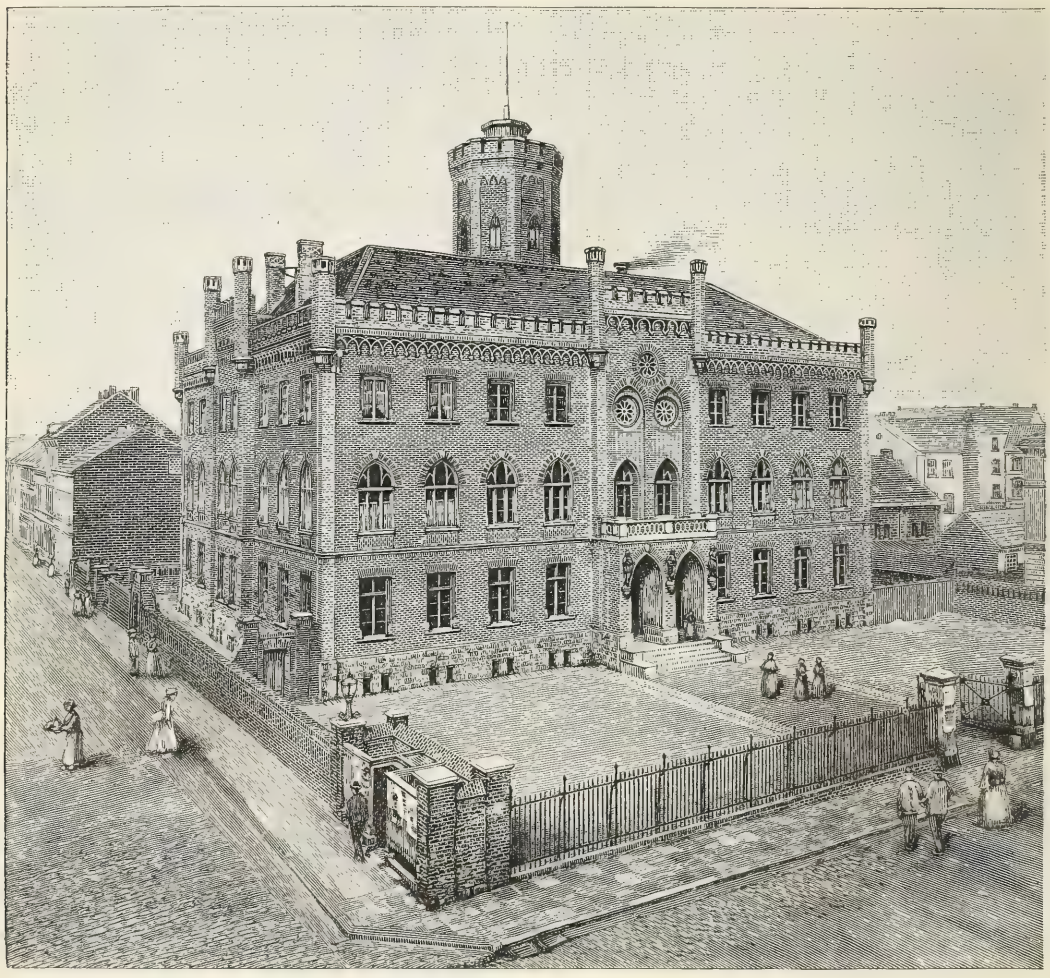


MOUNTAIN AND DESERT GUN.

establishments seem to be equally questionable as to their effect on the laborer. The system of this kind which has been established by Mr. Krupp interested me very much, but it would require more

study than I was able to give it to make confident generalizations.

In 1863 Mr. Krupp found that the accommodations of Essen were insufficient for the increasing number of workmen demanded by his establishment, and built 140 dwellings suitable for their needs. From year to year other "colonies" were formed, and to-day there are around Essen nearly 4000 family dwellings, in which more than 16,000 individuals reside. In addition, boarding-houses have been erected for unmarried laborers, about 2000 of whom are thus accommodated. One of these is of a superior kind, for the better class of skilled workmen. There are also 150 dwellings for officials in the service of the firm. The colonies possess little pretension to architectural beauty, but the streets through them are wide, well kept, and well lighted. The dwellings are in suites of three and four rooms, not large, but comfortable, and with good water arrangements. The annual rent of these suites is from $16 50 to $45. In the bachelors' boarding-house the cost per man is twenty cents, and in the special boarding-house mentioned, twenty-seven cents, per day. Each edifice of "flats" has a garden large enough for the children to play in. The women living in the "flats" which I visited seemed cheerful, and said they found their dwellings healthy and comfortable, though I was puzzled to think where all the children I saw could be stowed away. Mr. Krupp has provided one or two bathing establishments, though the arrangements for bathing are far from complete, and, especially, I could discover none for women. There are two hospitals, one reserved in case of epidemics. There is an unsectarian free school and six industrial schools (one for adults), two for females, the fee being fifty cents a month, of which the poor are relieved. Mr. Krupp has built several churches, Protestant and Catholic, for the use of his workmen and their families.



INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR WOMEN.



THE KRONENBERG COLONY.

There is a "Sick and Pensions Fund," of which every foreman and workman is required to be a member. Each pays half a day's pay as entrance fee, and an annual fee proportioned to his wages. But Mr. Krupp pays half of every member's contribution. In case of illness or accident each has free medical or surgical treatment, and at death his funeral expenses are paid. Excellent physicians and surgeons, among them an oculist, are kept at fixed salaries, and there are three large surgeries connected with these brick ambulances for the fallen soldiers of Toil. For an additional fee of one dollar, each workman may secure free medical treatment for his wife and children. The annual surplus of this fund averages about $250,000, the administration of which sum is in the hands of a committee of six, chosen (as I understand) by the workmen, the chairman being appointed by Mr. Krupp. Pensions are paid to men who have been permanently disabled in the works, and temporary support given to those whose inability to work is certified by two of the physicians. The highest pension is $25 monthly, the average being $14 monthly. The average pension given to widows is about $8 50. Mr. Krupp is personally liberal, and never hears of a faithful workman or his family in distress without sending him a substantial gift. He has also secured at low rates arrangements with a number of life-insurance companies, of which the workmen may avail themselves, each selecting the company he prefers. To this Life-insurance Union Mr. Krupp presented in 1877 capital for a reserve fund, $12,500, which by this time amounts to $15,000, from which indigent members are supported by payment of the premium in case of sickness or urgent need.

The most important institution established by Mr. Krupp is the "Supply Store." There is a great central building, and connected with it are twenty-seven shops in places convenient to the "colonies," by which, on a rigidly cash system, nearly all articles desired by any individual or family may be bought at cost price. There is a vast bakery, a slaughter-house, and stores of every kind of clothing, iron-wares, furniture—everything. One may buy here good cigars and wholesome beer. There are seven beer-houses, with skittle-grounds, a turn-hall, a gymnasium. The advantages of all these establishments are not limited to persons connected with the works, so that it is difficult to see how any trade can flourish at Essen apart from the supply stores of Krupp.

I was surprised at finding that there is no regular theatre in Essen. There are two orderly and respectable beer-saloons in which theatrical representations are given from time to time by peripatetic players. The performances I witnessed in both were remarkably good, and witnessed by uncomfortable crowds, but among these I saw few that appeared to belong to the workmen's families. Perhaps it would have been otherwise on a Sunday evening. However, one of Mr. Krupp's friends told me that he would no doubt build a theatre if one were desired by the work-people. It was, he thought, pretty certain that they would not attend

any such entertainments that could be provided. I can account for this only in one way. The Krupp works never pause entirely except for Sunday. The night workmen are comparatively few, however, and have only to keep the furnaces, engines, etc., in readiness for the next day's labor, and watch the pieces requiring continuous heating and attention. The furnace hands work twelve, all others thirteen, hours per day. One hour and a half is allowed for three meals, and for the ration of whiskey which the workman regards as essential to his life under such conditions. Even if such hours allowed any time for amusement, weariness would forbid it on any day except Sunday, even if that can be excepted for a man who has worked seventy-two or seventy-eight hours of the week amid heat and soot. It is to be feared that such continuous toil must foster a mental torpor hardly consistent with keen interest in the drama. On Sunday and on holidays the tired laborer recovers for a little what individual humanity is left him. The stern mandate for him is: "Six days shalt thou be a rolling machine, and on the seventh a man with wife and children." He accepts his orders passively; he does not know what it is to strike; when his holiday comes he lights his pipe, walks in the fields with his family if weather permit, and spends the evening with comrades at the beer-house. The Essender workman is not brutal; he does not, like the provincial English laborer, stimulate his jaded energies with cock-fights or dog-fights; at the same time he does not seem to have that inward hunger which leads the English workman to demand his elaborate Sunday paper and his variety entertainment.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER;

OR, THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.—A COMEDY.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

ACT FOURTH.

Enter Hastings *and* Miss Neville.

Hast. You surprise me; Sir Charles Marlow expected here this night! Where have you had your information?

Miss Nev. You may depend upon it. I just saw his letter to Mr. Hardcastle, in which he tells him he intends setting out a few hours after his son.

Hast. Then, my Constance, all must be completed before he arrives. He knows me; and should he find me here, would discover my name, and perhaps my designs, to the rest of the family.

Miss Nev. The jewels, I hope, are safe?

Hast. Yes, yes. I have sent them to Marlow, who keeps the keys of our baggage. In the mean time I'll go to prepare matters for our elopement. I have had the Squire's promise of a fresh pair of horses; and if I should not see him again, will write him further directions. [*Exit.*

Miss Nev. Well, success attend you! In the mean time I'll go and amuse my aunt with the old pretense of a violent passion for my cousin. [*Exit.*

Enter Marlow, *followed by a* Servant.

Marl. I wonder what Hastings could mean by sending me so valuable a thing as a casket to keep for him, when he knows the only place I have is the seat of a post-coach at an inn door? Have you deposited the casket with the landlady, as I ordered you? Have you put it into her own hands?

Ser. Yes, your honor.

MARL. She said she'd keep it safe, did she?

SER. Yes, she said she'd keep it safe enough; she asked me how I came by it; and she said she had a great mind to make me give an account of myself.

[*Exit Servant.*



"GIVE ME JOY, GEORGE!"

MARL. Ha! ha! ha! They're safe, however. What an unaccountable set of beings have we got amongst! This little bar-maid, though, runs in my head most strangely, and drives out the absurdities of all the rest of the family. She's mine, she must be mine, or I'm greatly mistaken.

Enter HASTINGS.

HAST. Bless me! I quite forgot to tell her that I intended to prepare at the bottom of the garden. Marlow here, and in spirits too!

MARL. Give me joy, George! Crown me, shadow me with laurels! Well, George, after all, we modest fellows don't want for success among the women.

HAST. Some women, you mean. But what success has your honor's modesty been crowned with now, that it grows so insolent upon us?

MARL. Didn't you see the tempting, brisk, lovely little thing that runs about the house with a bunch of keys to its girdle?

HAST. Well, and what then?

MARL. She's mine, you rogue you. Such fire, such motion, such eyes, such lips! but, egad! she would not let me kiss them though.

HAST. But are you so sure, so very sure, of her?

MARL. Why, man, she talked of showing me her work above-stairs, and I am to approve the pattern.

HAST. But how can you, Charles, go about to rob a woman of her honor!

MARL. Pshaw! pshaw! We all know the honor of the bar-maid of an inn. I don't intend to rob her, take my word for it; there's nothing in this house I sha'n't honestly pay for.

HAST. I believe the girl has virtue.

MARL. And if she has, I should be the last man in the world that would attempt to corrupt it.

HAST. You have taken care, I hope, of the casket I sent you to lock up? It's in safety?

MARL. Yes, yes. It's safe enough. I have taken care of it. But how could you think the seat of a post-coach at an inn door a place of safety? Ah! numskull! I have taken better precautions for you than you did for yourself. I have—

HAST. What?

MARL. I have sent it to the landlady to keep for you.

HAST. To the landlady!

MARL. The landlady.

HAST. You did?

MARL. I did. She's to be answerable for its forthcoming, you know.

HAST. Yes, she'll bring it forth with a witness.

MARL. Wasn't I right? I believe you'll allow that I acted prudently upon this occasion.

HAST. (*Aside.*) He must not see my uneasiness.

MARL. You seem a little disconcerted though, methinks. Sure nothing has happened?

HAST. No, nothing. Never was in better spirits in all my life. And so you left it with the landlady, who, no doubt, very readily undertook the charge.

MARL. Rather too readily. For she not only kept the casket, but, through her great precaution, was going to keep the messenger too. Ha! ha! ha!

HAST. He! he! he! They're safe, however.

MARL. As a guinea in a miser's purse.

HAST. (*Aside.*) So now all hopes of fortune are at an end, and we must set off without it. (*To him.*) Well, Charles, I'll leave you to your meditations on the pretty bar-maid, and—he! he! he!—may you be as successful for yourself as you have been for me! [*Exit.*

MARL. Thank ye, George: I ask no more. Ha! ha! ha!

Enter HARDCASTLE.

HARD. I no longer know my own house. It's turned all topsy-turvy. His servants have got drunk already. I'll bear it no longer; and yet, from my



"I NO LONGER KNOW MY OWN HOUSE. IT'S TURNED ALL TOPSY-TURVY."

respect for his father, I'll be calm. (*To him.*) Mr. Marlow, your servant. I'm your very humble servant. (*Bowing low.*)

MARL. Sir, your humble servant. (*Aside.*) What's to be the wonder now?

HARD. I believe, sir, you must be sensible, sir, that no man alive ought to be more welcome than your father's son, sir. I hope you think so?

MARL. I do, from my soul, sir. I don't want much entreaty. I generally make my father's son welcome wherever he goes.

HARD. I believe you do, from my soul, sir. But though I say nothing to your own conduct, that of your servants is insufferable. Their manner of drinking is setting a very bad example in this house, I assure you.

MARL. I protest, my very good sir, that is no fault of mine. If they don't drink as they ought, they are to blame. I ordered them not to spare the cellar. I did, I assure you. (*To the side scene.*) Here, let one of my servants come up. (*To him.*) My positive directions were, that as I did not drink myself, they should make up for my deficiencies below.

HARD. Then they had your orders for what they do? I'm satisfied!

MARL. They had, I assure you. You shall hear from one of themselves.

Enter SERVANT, *drunk.*

MARL. You, Jeremy! Come forward, sirrah! What were my orders? Were you not told to drink freely, and call for what you thought fit, for the good of the house?

HARD. (*Aside.*) I begin to lose my patience!

JER. Please your honor, liberty and Fleet Street for ever. Though I'm but a servant, I'm as good as another man. I'll drink for no man before supper, sir, damme! Good liquor will sit upon a good supper, but a good supper will not sit upon—hiccough—upon my conscience, sir.

MARL. You see, my old friend, the fellow is as drunk as he can possibly be. I don't know what you'd have more, unless you'd have the poor devil soused in a beer-barrel.

HARD. Zounds! he'll drive me distracted, if I contain myself any longer. Mr. Marlow—sir; I have submitted to your insolence for more than four hours, and I see no likelihood of its coming to an end. I'm now resolved to be master here, sir; and I desire that you and your drunken pack may leave my house directly.

MARL. Leave your house! Sure you jest, my good friend! What? when I'm doing what I can to please you?

HARD. I tell you, sir, you don't please me; so I desire you'll leave my house.

MARL. Sure you can not be serious? At this time o' night, and such a night? You only mean to banter me.

HARD. I tell you, sir, I'm serious! And now that my passions are roused, I say this house is mine, sir; this house is mine, and I command you to leave it directly.

MARL. Ha! ha! ha! A puddle in a storm. I sha'n't stir a step, I assure you. (*In a serious tone.*) This your house, fellow! It's my house. This is my house. Mine, while I choose to stay. What right have you to bid me leave this house, sir? I never met with such impudence, curse me; never in my whole life before!



"ZOUNDS! HE'LL DRIVE ME DISTRACTED."

HARD. Nor I, confound me if ever I did. To come to my house, to call for what he likes, to turn me out of my own chair, to insult the family, to order his servants to get drunk, and then to tell me, "This house is mine, sir." By all that's impudent, it makes me laugh. Ha! ha! ha! Pray, sir (*bantering*), as you take the house, what think you of taking the rest of the furniture? There's a pair of silver candlesticks, and there's a fire-screen, and there's a pair of brazen-nosed bellows; perhaps you may take a fancy to them.



"PRAY, CHILD, ANSWER ME ONE QUESTION."

MARL. Bring me your bill, sir, bring me your bill, and let's make no more words about it.

HARD. There are a set of prints, too. What think you of the Rake's Progress for your own apartment?

MARL. Bring me your bill, I say; and I'll leave you and your infernal house directly.

HARD. Then there's a mahogany table that you may see your own face in.

MARL. My bill, I say.

HARD. I had forgot the great chair for your own particular slumbers, after a hearty meal.

MARL. Zounds! bring me my bill, I say, and let's hear no more on't.

HARD. Young man, young man, from your father's letter to me, I was taught to expect a well-bred, modest man as a visitor here; but now I find him no better than a coxcomb and a bully. But he will be down here presently, and shall hear more of it. [*Exit.*

MARL. How's this? Sure I have not mistaken the house? Everything looks like an inn; the servants cry, Coming; the attendance is awkward; the bar-maid, too, to attend us. But she's here, and will further inform me. Whither so fast, child? A word with you.

Enter Miss Hardcastle.

Miss Hard. Let it be short, then. I'm in a hurry. (*Aside.*) I believe he begins to find out his mistake. But it's too soon quite to undeceive him.

Marl. Pray, child, answer me one question. What are you, and what may your business in this house be?

Miss Hard. A relation of the family, sir.

Marl. What! a poor relation?

Miss Hard. Yes, sir, a poor relation, appointed to keep the keys, and to see that the guests want nothing in my power to give them.

Marl. That is, you act as bar-maid of this inn.

Miss Hard. Inn! Oh, law! what brought that in your head? One of the best families in the county keep an inn! Ha! ha! ha!—old Mr. Hardcastle's house an inn!

Marl. Mr. Hardcastle's house! Is this Mr. Hardcastle's house, child?

Miss Hard. Ay, sure! Whose else should it be?

Marl. So, then, all's out, and I have been damnably imposed on. Oh, confound my stupid head, I shall be laughed at over the whole town! I shall be stuck up in caricatura in all the print-shops. The *Dullissimo Maccaroni.* To mistake this house, of all others, for an inn, and my father's old friend for an innkeeper! What a swaggering puppy must he take me for! What a silly puppy do I find myself! There, again, may I be hang'd, my dear, but I mistook you for the bar-maid.

Miss Hard. Dear me! dear me! I'm sure there's nothing in my behavior to put me upon a level with one of that stamp.

Marl. Nothing, my dear, nothing. But I was in for a list of blunders, and could not help making you a subscriber. My stupidity saw everything the wrong way. I mistook your assiduity for assurance, and your simplicity for allurement. But it's over. This house I no more show my face in.

Miss Hard. I hope, sir, I have done nothing to disoblige you. I'm sure I should be sorry to affront any gentleman who has been so polite, and said so many civil things to me. I'm sure I should be sorry (*pretending to cry*) if he left the family upon my account. I'm sure I should be sorry people said anything amiss, since I have no fortune but my character.

Marl. (*Aside.*) By Heaven! she weeps. This is the first mark of tenderness I ever had from a modest woman, and it touches me. (*To her.*) Excuse me, my lovely girl; you are the only part of the family I leave with reluctance. But, to be plain with you, the difference of our birth, fortune, and education makes an honorable connection impossible; and I can never harbor a thought of seducing simplicity that trusted in my honor, of bringing ruin upon one whose only fault was being too lovely.

Miss Hard. (*Aside.*) Generous man! I now begin to admire him. (*To him.*) But I am sure my family is as good as Miss Hardcastle's; and though I'm poor, that's no great misfortune to a contented mind; and, until this moment, I never thought that it was bad to want fortune.

Marl. And why now, my pretty simplicity?

Miss Hard. Because it puts me at a distance from one that, if I had a thousand pounds, I would give it all to.

Marl. (*Aside.*) This simplicity bewitches me, so that if I stay, I'm un-



"BY HEAVEN! SHE WEEPS."

done. I must make one bold effort, and leave her. (*To her.*) Your partiality in my favor, my dear, touches me most sensibly; and were I to live for myself alone, I could easily fix my choice. But I owe too much to the opinion of the world, too much to the authority of a father; so that—I can scarcely speak it—it affects me. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Miss Hard. I never knew half his merit till now. He shall not go, if I have power or art to detain him. I'll still preserve the character in which I *stooped to conquer*, but will undeceive my papa, who, perhaps, may laugh him out of his resolution. [*Exit.*

EAST ANGELS.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MARGARET HAROLD was sitting on a bench at the East Angels landing.

It was sunset. Little rose-colored clouds, dappled with pale lilac, stretched in flaky waves from the zenith far enough down the sky for her to see them without raising her eyes higher; between their last soft edges and the horizon extended a broad band of that clear green which belongs to Southern sunsets, and in this emerald space shone brightly the evening star.

She was in walking dress; her slender figure was outlined in a long, closely fitting garment of dark silk. Her large hat, with its drooping plumes, made her face look like that of a Gainsborough portrait. A bunch of ferns which she had gathered had slipped from her lap to her feet. Carlos Mateo, very stiff, with his breast feathers puffed out, stood not far distant on the platform of the landing surveying the water.

Somewhere near, a mocking-bird was pouring forth a flood of notes, rioting in melody; it was marvellous to realize that such a little creature could produce from his tiny throat matchless music like this, now a soft strain sweet as love, now a flight of high clear notes darting up higher and higher until they seemed to end in heaven itself; and then, while the listener was still there, where the little bird had left him, there began a second time the sweet half-melancholy song of love, and down came the hearer to listen again to that, when suddenly the small musician paused, and, as if in wildest haste, began to imitate the songs of all the birds he knew, one after the other, pouring them forth in such rapid succession that it seemed as if he must end by choking himself; but he did not; he ended with a burst of wild little cries, like a laugh, and then darted up to the empyrean again, throwing out trills, as he went, like a shower of musical spray.

Coming down the live-oak avenue now appeared the figure of Celestine.

"If you please, Miss Margaret, Mrs. Rutherford has sent me to look for you."

"Yes, I know; I am very late to-night. I will come in now."

"There's no occasion for haste," Celestine answered, bestowing a short glance of general inspection upon the lagoon, the tinted sky, and the stiff figure of the crane. "What a pagan bird that crane is!"

"You hear, Carlos?" said Margaret.

But Carlos was never conscious of the existence of Celestine; he kept his attentions—his occasional nippings, sentinel-like mounting guard, and followings—exclusively for his Southern friends, the only exception being Margaret, whose presence he was now beginning to tolerate.

"You don't call that mocking-bird a pagan, do you?" Margaret asked. The little creature had burst forth again.

"I don't care much for mocking-birds *myself*," Celestine responded, when he paused again.

"Well, these great live-oaks and these ferns, you must care something for them?"

"Give me an ellum-tree, Miss Margaret! As for them leaves you've got there—all the sweet-smelling things in Florida, and I don't deny there's a plenty—I'd give the whole for one sniff of the laylocks that used to grow in our back yard when I was a girl."

"Why, Minerva, you're homesick."

"No, Miss Margaret, no; I've got my work to attend to here, and I shouldn't know how to get on without it now, nor without your aunt—I've ben used to seeing to her so long. No, I ain't homesick: you get home knocked out of you when you've staid about in such places as Nice, Rome, Egypt, and the dear knows where. But if anybody was really going to *live* somewheres (I don't mean just *staying*, as we're doing now), talk about choosing between this and New England—my!"

"But your pupils—they interest you, don't they?"

"Please don't call 'em pupils, Miss Margaret; there isn't one of 'em that can read a word yet."

"That isn't your fault."

"I wish I could think that it warn't. But Looth says (I asked her; she's got more sense than some)—Looth says the trouble is, I ain't lively enough. It's true, I can't dance. I don't fling myself round without stockings, as *she* does. I really

believe Telano would have learned his letters a sight quicker if I'd set 'em to the tune of 'Zip Coon.'"

Margaret turned up the avenue toward the house.

"There's no occasion for haste, if you don't want to go in just yet," Celestine went on; "she isn't alone: I saw Dr. *Kirby* ride up just as I came away. Well —she's got on that maroon silk wrapper."

"Nobody has such taste as you have, Celestine," said Margaret, kindly. "My aunt is always becomingly dressed."

There was a little movement of the New England woman's mouth, which drew down for an instant the corners of her lips. This was the pride and pleasure she was repressing—swallowing; it was the only acknowledgment she made.

"It can't be true, can it, Miss Margaret," she resumed, as they walked on, "that there are Injuns down in the Everglades that have negroes still, and are holding them as slaves?"

"Yes, I believe it is."

"Well, now, but they're *freed!*" said Minerva Poindexter, loudly, stopping short in the middle of the path.

"Yes—if they knew it. I suppose it is difficult to get there to let them know."

"I'd go to-morrer, I'd *wade*, if it wasn't for your aunt," said Celestine, with fierceness.

Dr. Kirby was sitting with his esteemed friend when Margaret entered.

His esteemed friend's feeling for Margaret now seemed to be always a tender compassion.

"My dear child, I fear you have been out too long, you look so pale," was the present manifestation of it.

"I have often thought what a variation it would make in the topics of my friends," said Margaret, as she drew off her gloves, "if I should take to painting my cheeks a little. Think of it—a touch of rouge, now, and the whole conversation would be altered."

"I am sure that, for purposes of decoration at least," said Dr. Kirby, gallantly, "rouge would be totally misapplied. We all know that Mrs. Harold's complexion has always the purest, the most natural, the most salubrious tint; it is the clear whiteness of Diana."

"Pray give those—those green things to Looth," Aunt Katrina went on, languidly. "I hope they are not poison-ivy?" (Aunt Katrina lived under the impression that everything that came from the woods was poison-ivy.) "And do go to my room, dear child, and sit down there awhile before the fire—there's a little fire—and let Looth change your shoes, and make you a nice cup of tea—do, now. Later—*later*," Aunt Katrina went on, more animatedly, "we'll have some whist." She spoke as though she were holding out something which Margaret would be sure to enjoy.

There were very few evenings now when Aunt Katrina did not expect her niece to make one at the whist table drawn up at her couch's side, the other players being Dr. Kirby, Betty, or occasionally Madam Ruiz or Madam Giron. The game had come to be her greatest pleasure, she had therefore established and set going in her circle of friends the idea that it was an especial pleasure to Margaret also. Aunt Katrina was an adept in these small household tyrannies.

"How is Mr. Moore to-day?" Margaret inquired, not replying to the change of shoes or the cup of tea.

"He improves every hour. He is getting well in half the time that any one else would have taken, and he will walk as lightly as ever before long—or almost as lightly. He is rather uncomfortably comfortable just now, however," the Doctor went on, laughing; "he doesn't know how to adapt himself to all his new luxuries; he took up an ivory-handled brush this morning almost as though it were an infernal machine."

"I should hardly think Mrs. Moore would approve of *useless* luxuries," said Aunt Katrina, not with a sniff — Aunt Katrina never sniffed—but with a slight movement of the tip of her very well shaped nose. She followed the movement with a light stroke upon that tip with her delicate embroidered handkerchief.

"Penelope nowadays approves of everything for her Middleton," said Dr. Kirby, laughing again. "I believe she'll deck him out with pink silk curtains round his bed before she gets through. She's frightened; she told me the other day that she was afraid she had encouraged in him too much of the spirit of a Stoic. So now she's trying Epicurus."

"Yes—but ivory-handled *brushes*," said Aunt Katrina, confining herself, as usual, to the facts; "and his hair is so thin, too."

"I must confess I roared—if you will

permit the rather free expression. But the brushes came with all the other things that nephew of yours sent down. I believe he's trying to corrupt the dominie."

"I am very glad to hear that Mr. Moore is going on so well," said Margaret. Carrying her plumed hat in her hand, she left the room.

"He is an excellent man, Mr. Moore—most excellent," observed Aunt Katrina, a little stiffly. "Of course we can never forget our obligations to him."

"I should think not, indeed," answered Reginald Kirby, for the first time losing some of his gallantry of tone.

"I am sure we have shown that we do not forget them," Aunt Katrina went on, with dignity. "Margaret has shown it, and Evert; between them they have made Mr. Moore comfortable for life."

"There wouldn't have been much life left in any of you without him," said Kirby, still fierily.

"I beg your pardon: I am not so dependent upon my niece, dear as she is to me, as *that;* I think *such* dependence morally wrong. You must remember, too, that I have already been through great sorrows—the greatest; my life has *not* been an easy one." The fair gemmed hand was gently raised here; then it dropped with resignation upon the maroon silk lap. "I esteem Mr. Moore highly—haven't I mentioned to you that I do? Surely I have. But I *can not* be deeply interested in him. Mr. Moore is not an interesting man; he is *not* an exciting man. I am afraid that when I care for a friend," said Aunt Katrina, frankly, "when I find a friend *delightful*, I am afraid I am apt, yes, *very* apt, to make comparisons." And she glanced at the Doctor with a charming smile.

"Pardon my ill temper," murmured the Doctor, completely won again. He bowed, with his hand on the expanse of immaculate linen that covered his well-expanded chest. "After all," he said to himself, with conviction, "she's a deucedly fine woman still."

Three months had elapsed since the burning of the house on the river.

It was now thought that Margaret had set it on fire herself; she had wakened, feeling somewhat chilled, and had gone across to a store-room in the main building to see if she could get a blanket; having no candle, she had taken a box of matches from her travelling bag, and had used them to light her way, and probably some spark or burning end had fallen among the stored woollens, and the fire had smouldered there for some time before making its way out.

Mr. Moore had remained for three weeks in the neighboring hotel, his wife and Dr. Kirby constantly with him. They had then decided to take him on a litter to Gracias. They crossed the St. John's in safety, and came slowly over the pine-barrens.

As they approached the town, Dr. Kirby, who, with Winthrop, was accompanying the litter on horseback, a little in advance, saw a number of people in the road.

"They have come out to meet him," said the Doctor, angrily. "How senseless! how wicked! In his present state the excitement will kill him. I shall ride forward and tell them to go back."

"No, don't," said Winthrop; "I think you're mistaken. I think it will do him good. He has never in the least understood how much they care for him; he has always been kept both mentally and physically too low. What he needs now is a richer diet."

"Are you turning into a doctor yourself?" inquired Kirby, still with impatience, yet struck, too, by the suggestion. "It is true that I have always said he'd be twice the man he was if he had a glass of port with his dinner."

"This will be the glass of port."

Mr. Moore's litter had curtains, which were down; he had not yet seen the assemblage. His improvised couch was swung carefully across a large wagon, which was drawn by Winthrop's horses on a walk, a man leading them. Penelope followed in a carriage, which Winthrop had also provided.

"I declare—it's all Gracias!" exclaimed the Doctor, as they came near the assembled groups. "Not only our own people, but Our Lady of the Angels' people have come also—there's Father Florencio at the head of them."

Penelope had now discovered the assemblage, and had bidden her coachman hasten forward. Descending with her feeble step, she herself fastened back the curtains of the litter. "Dear," she said, tenderly, "they have come out to meet you—the Gracias people. I know you will be glad."

She kissed him, and re-arranged his pillows. Then she let Winthrop help her

back into her carriage, which fell behind again. Penelope agreed with him, it was evident, in thinking that excitement would do the injured man good.

Winthrop, who had dismounted, gave his horse to Tom, who was behind, and walked himself beside the now open litter. The Doctor rode on the other side, and thus they went on their way again toward the waiting people.

These people were showing more sense than the Doctor had given them credit for; they had drawn themselves up in two even lines, one on each side of the narrow pine-barren road, on the right the congregation of St. Philip and St. James, with their senior warden at the end of the line, and, opposite, the flock of Our Lady of the Angels, led by their benign, handsome old priest, Father Florencio. Then, further on, at a little distance, came the negroes, drawn up also in two lines.

The whites were very still; they did not cheer; they bowed and waved their hands. Mr. Moore looked from one side to the other, turning his head a little, and peering from his half-closed eyes, as his litter passed on between the ranks of friends. It had been agreed that nothing should be said—he was too weak to bear it. But all the people smiled, though many of them felt their tears starting at the same moment, as they saw his helpless form; they smiled determinedly, and winked back the moisture: he should see none but cheerful faces as he passed. At the end of the line the senior warden, in their name, stepped forward and pressed the rector's hand, and then from the other side came Father Florencio, who heartily did the same.

Penelope, looking from the open carriage behind, was crying. But Mr. Moore himself was not excited. He thought it very beautiful that they should all have come out in this way to meet him; it was the sign of a great kindness.

It did not occur to him that it was the sign of a great admiration as well.

When the litter came abreast of the two long lines of blacks, they could not keep back their demonstrations of welcome quite so completely as the whites had done. The Baptist minister of their own race, who was the pastor of most of them, stood, in his Sunday clothes, with his hand up warningly, in order to check their exuberance. One broad gleam of white teeth extended down the entire line, and, "He's come back fum de gold'n gate!" "*Bless* de passon!" "Blow, Gaberl!" were murmured in under-tones as the litter passed. And then, behind it, there were noiseless leaps and hats (most of them battered) in the air; next, they all ran forward over the barren in a body, in order to precede the procession into Gracias.

"Don't shout—do you hear me?—no shouting," said Dr. Kirby, imperatively. He had been obliged to leave his place beside the litter; there was no room for his horse between the close-pressing ranks, and now he rode forward in order to keep a control, if possible, over the joyous throng. "If you shout, it will be very bad for him," he went on, threateningly. He had stopped his horse and was addressing them from the saddle; the litter was some distance behind.

"But we gotter do *sumpen*, marse," said one of the men, protestingly.

"Dance, then! But make no noise about it. When he's safely in his own house again, *then* go down to the pier, if you like, and shout as much as you please."

This was done. The negroes preceded the litter through the streets of Gracias, and waited in sympathetic silence until Mr. Moore had been carried into the rectory, and the door was closed behind him. Then they adjourned to the pier, and danced and shouted there as if, old Mrs. Kirby declared, with her hands over her little ears—"as if they meant to raise the dead."

"No, ma, no; they mean to raise the living if they can," said her son, when he came in.

He had been more affected than he would confess by that welcome out on the barren. He had not known himself how much attached he was to the mild-voiced clergyman until it had become probable that soon they should hear that voice no more. The danger of death was now averted, he hoped, though the illness might be a long one. In his own mind he had registered a vow never to call any one "limp" again. He had called Mr. Moore that (he had even called him "simp" as well) about once a week for years. "There's a kind of limpness that's strength"—thus he lectured himself—"and you, Reginald Kirby, for all your airs and talk, might not, in an emergency, be able even to *approach* it. And spread-

ing out your chest won't save you, my lad; not a whit."

"I have never felt so completely like an alien as I did while marching beside that litter," said Evert Winthrop, describing these events, later, to his aunt. "They're too kind-hearted to hate any one, I suppose. And yet I felt sure that half of them did hate me, and wondered what in the world I was doing there. In some way they regarded me as the cause of his injuries. You may rest convinced of one thing, Aunt Katrina, we shall never be really welcome in Gracias again; we are all Northerners, and between us we have managed to burn up their parson."

"How ridiculous!" said Aunt Katrina, disdainfully. "I don't suppose it will trouble us much whether we're welcome or not, will it? It won't trouble me."

Fond as she was of the position of patroness, of great lady, she was not altogether pleased with her nephew's later course. "I think you have done too much," she said. "A proper acknowledgment is all very well, but you and Margaret have given Mr. Moore a really comfortable little fortune, and you have put it entirely into his own hands, too."

"Whose hands would *you* have put it into?"

"A lawyer's, of course," Aunt Katrina answered.

"I am afraid Margaret and I are not always as judicious as you are, Aunt Kate."

Aunt Kate was not quick (it was one of the explanations of the charming preservation of her beauty). "No, you are not, but I wish you were," she responded, comfortably.

Mr. Moore knew nothing of the increase of his income. It was Penelope who had been won over by Winthrop's earnest logic —earnest in regard to the comfort of the poor sufferer lying blinded, voiceless, helpless, in the next room. What Winthrop was urging was simply that money should not be considered in providing for him every possible alleviation and luxury. His illness might be a long one (at that stage —it was while Mr. Moore was still in the river hotel—no one spoke of the danger of death, though they all knew that it was near); everything, therefore, should be done to lighten it. If the rectory was gloomy, another house in Gracias should be taken—one with a large garden; two trained nurses should be sent for immediately; and, later, there must be good horses, and some sort of a low, easy vehicle, made on purpose to carry a person in a recumbent posture. Many other things would be required; these he mentioned now were but a beginning. Mrs. Moore must see that neither his aunt, Mrs. Harold, nor himself could take a moment's rest until everything was done that could be done, and they should all feel extremely unhappy, miserable, if she should refuse them; if she would but stop to think of it, she must realize that.

Penelope agreed to this.

She had cried so much that she was the picture of living despair; she was thinking of nothing but her husband and his pain; but she forced a momentary attention toward Winthrop, who was talking so earnestly to her, trying to make some impression.

He could see that he did not make much.

"Your husband gave his life — it amounted to that — to save Margaret's. She was nothing to him—that is, no relative, not even a near friend; yet he faced for her the most horrible of deaths. If it had not been for him, that would have been *her* death; and think, then, Mrs. Moore, think what *we* should be feeling now." He had meant to say this steadily, but he could not. His voice became choked; he got up quickly and went to the window.

Penelope, who, tired as she was, and with one hand pressed constantly against her weak back, was yet sitting on the edge of a hard wooden chair, ready to jump up and run into the next room at an instant's notice, tried again to detach her mind from her husband long enough to think of what it was this man was saying to her; she liked Margaret, and therefore she succeeded sufficiently well to answer, "It would have been *terrible.*" Then her thoughts went back to Middleton again.

"Don't you see, then," said Winthrop, returning, "that standing as we do almost beside her grave, your husband has become the most precious person in the world to us? How *can* you hesitate?" he said, breaking off. "How can you deny us the pleasure of doing everything possible—so little at best—to help him in his great suffering?"

"Oh yes—his suffering! his suffering!"

moaned the wife, the tears dropping down her white cheeks without any distortion of feature. Her eyes looked large; singularly enough, though she was so exhausted, her countenance appeared younger than he had ever seen it. Under the all-absorbing influence of her grief its usual expressions had gone, and one could trace again the outlines of youth; her girlhood face—almost her little-girl face—had come strangely back, as it does sometimes after death, when grandchildren see, with startled, loving surprise, what "grandma" was—"dear grandma"—when she too was only sixteen.

Winthrop took her thin worn hand and carried it to his lips; her sorrow was very sacred to him, and Death, he knew, was hovering over that couch in the next room. "For you too," he urged—"you who are so tired and ill—let us help you all we can. Do not refuse us, Mrs. Moore; *do* not."

The door into the next room now opened softly, and Dr. Kirby entered, closing it behind him. "No, sit still," he said, as Mrs. Moore started up. "There's nothing to be done for him just now; he's asleep." He called it "sleep," to pacify her. "I came in to say," he went on—"I knew you were here, Mr. Winthrop—that there must *not* be so much noise on this floor. I have no doubt the people of the house are as careful as they can be—in fact, I know they are; but there are others here."

Winthrop turned to Penelope. "*Now* will you consent?" he said.

(She looked at him; she was thinking only of the blessed fact that Middleton was asleep.)

"You hear what Dr. Kirby says?—the house must be kept more quiet. I can clear it immediately of every person in it. The noise is bad for your husband—don't you understand? It will make a difference in his—in his recovery."

"Oh! do anything, anything!" said the wife, wringing her hands.

He pursued his advantage. "You are willing, then, that I should do everything possible—for his sake, you know? You consent. And I shall not ask you again; I shall simply go on and do my best."

"Yes, yes," she answered.

"By—all—means," said Dr. Kirby, impressively. "Consent? Of course you consent, Penelope." He had never called her Penelope before in his life. After that he never called her by any other name.

It seemed to Reginald Kirby a natural thing (and a small one too) that these Northerners should wish to do everything they could for the dying hero in there. At that time the Doctor thought he would die.

Twelve hours later, with the exception of the proprietors and their servants, there was no one save Mr. Moore and his friends in the river hotel. And the house was held empty as long as he remained there.

Aunt Katrina never could find out how much those weeks—there were three of them—cost her nephew.

But she did find out that her nephew and Margaret together had given the Moores that "comfortable little fortune," though it was not in Mr. Moore's hands, as she supposed; it was in Penelope's.

Penelope herself knew but little about it even now, save the fact (a great one) that where she had once had a dollar to spend in a certain time, she now had ten. They had lived on six hundred a year; they now had six thousand.

Mr. Moore noticed his new luxuries; he knew that Evert Winthrop had sent many of them down from New York, and he felt very grateful. He asked Penelope if she had sufficiently thanked him.

"Why, Middleton dear, he's grateful to *you*," Penelope answered.

She never confessed that it was she herself who had asked for the ivory brushes. Once let loose on that track, her imagination had become wildly lawless. She had not considered the rectory gloomy, as Winthrop had suggested; but there was no doubt but that she would have suspended pink silk curtains round Middleton's bed if the idea had once occurred to her. She had always had a secret admiration for velvet coats—which she associated in some way with King Charles the Martyr—and she now cherished a plan for attiring Middleton in one (when he should be able to be attired), and had even selected the color—a dark wood brown. It would not do for church services, of course; but while he was still an invalid, now— And she lost herself in dreams of satin linings. Her fancy, however, did not tinge her own attire; she was still clad in the green delaine.

On the day after the fire Margaret had left the river.

Though otherwise unhurt, she was suf-

fering from nervous shock, and knew that she should be of no use as a nurse, at least for the present. Dr. Kirby and Mrs. Moore had reached the hotel, and Winthrop was to remain there with them. She could not travel far, so she crossed over to East Angels.

When she reached the house, late in the evening, Aunt Katrina's tearful eyes and suffering voice greeted her: "Oh, Margaret! Margaret! what a shock you *have* given me!"

Celestine, however (there were certain emergencies when Celestine did not scruple to interrupt Aunt Katrina), appeared promptly upon the scene from somewhere, took Margaret up in her arms as though she had been a child, and carried her off to her bedroom.

"Oh, Miss Margaret!" she said, weeping over her one or two big tears as she laid her down on the bed — "oh, Miss Margaret!"

"There's nothing the matter with me, Minerva, except that I am tired," Margaret answered.

And she did look tired. She was so tired that she had not laughed over Celestine's idea of taking her up and carrying her; she was glad to be carried.

But having shed her tears, Celestine was now the nurse again. "Don't speak another word," she said, peremptorily. And then, with careful hands, she undressed Margaret and put her to bed.

At the end of the third day Margaret was able to present herself again in Aunt Katrina's sitting-room.

"Well, I suppose you've got to get it over *some* time," was Celestine's reluctant assent.

"But how in the world, Margaret, did you ever come to go back to that house all alone, *late* at night, and without letting any one know?" demanded Aunt Katrina, in the course of her cross-examination. "I've tried to conceal what I thought of such a wild freak—from Betty, for instance. But it has been hard work."

The unfailing Betty was at East Angels again. She had wished very much to go over to the river to assist poor Penelope; but Kate had sent for her—Kate had been so much affected by the shock—and so, of course, she had given up her own desire, and come down to stay with her friend.

"It was not late," Margaret answered; "it was early. I changed my mind about sleeping at the hotel; I thought I should rather sleep in my own house, after all, so I went back. Then when I found that Mr. Moore had already gone to bed, early though it was, I decided not to disturb him."

"What a piece of craziness, the whole affair! And to think, too, that at your age you should have gone wandering about with lighted matches! Well, I am glad that *I* at least have no such tastes. When I say I am going to sleep in a place, I sleep there, and you have no idea what sacrifices I have made sometimes, when travelling, to keep my word — keep it merely to myself: it *is* so much better to do what you say you're going to, and not keep changing your mind. I can never be thankful enough that Lanse was not there; *he* could never have escaped so easily as you did, poor fellow, because he can not walk well even now. It really seems almost providential, his having gone off on that journey just at that time. And as to the wandering about with matches, Margaret (for it all comes back to that), it's an excellent rule for people who have those manias never to allow themselves to get out of bed (until the next morning, of course) after once they're in. Now do promise me that you will make it yours, at least as long as you are staying here. Otherwise I shall be so nervous."

"I wasn't in bed at all," said Margaret.

"A lounge is the same thing: don't quibble," said Aunt Katrina, severely.

Here Betty, hurrying in, fell on Margaret's neck and kissed her, holding her closely in her affectionate arms. "Oh, my dearest child! restored to us from that *dreadful* danger, thank God! To think how near you came— Oh, my dear, dear girl!" She kissed her again, and got out her handkerchief to dry her brimming eyes. "We're going to have prayers in the church, my dear—*thanksgiving*."

"What a pity it is, Betty, that you are so demonstrative! You can be glad to see Margaret without boohooing, can't you? And when I have such a headache, too."

"I am very sorry, Kate, I'm sure," Betty answered. She sat down on the sofa beside Margaret; as there was a table in front of her which concealed the movement, she put out her hand furtively and took Margaret's in hers, holding it with tenderness, and giving it every now and

then a gentle pressure. This was the first time she had seen her (Celestine had allowed no one to cross the threshold); she could not restrain the expression of the motherly affection she felt for this sweet, pale woman who had been so near death.

In the mean while she talked as usual, or rather listened as usual, to her dear Kate. This was not duplicity on Betty's part; on principle, she never opposed Kate now—she was such an invalid, poor dear! In Betty's secret heart lurked the settled conviction that if Kate would only "let her figure go," and be just "natural," as she (Betty) was, it would be "so much better for her." People's figures altered as they grew older; it was useless to say they did not. Betty's opinion was that no one, without recourse to art, could retain a good waist after forty-five. Dear Kate was over sixty (though she did not look it); really it was scarcely seemly to be so girted in.

If dear Kate could have suspected these opinions, there is no doubt but that she would have risen from her couch, figure and all, and turned her uncinctured Elizabeth bodily from the room.

On the fourth day Winthrop came over from the river.

Learning from Celestine that his aunt was in fairly comfortable condition (in spite of her "shock"), he had fifteen minutes of serious conversation with her. He told the truth about Lansing Harold's relations with his wife, as well as his relations with another person.

Aunt Katrina was much overcome: this time the "shock" was real. She cared more for Lanse than for any one. Much as she cared for him, she had always admired him even more. She cried—really cried; her handsome face became reddened and disfigured, and she did not think of it. "He was such a *dear* little boy—my own dear little boy," she said, sobbing bitterly. Then she rallied. "If he had had another sort of wife, he would have been different."

"That's what is always said about such men. In any case, there's nothing gained by going back to that now."

"*I* think something is gained: justice is gained—justice for Lanse. And plenty of men make their wives horribly miserable through long years—a whole lifetime—and never desert them: the wives would be glad if they would! I think Lanse is better than *that*. And, mark my words, Evert, Margaret *Cruger* has not suffered."

"Whether she has or not, she is going to leave us, she tells me."

"What?" said Aunt Katrina, quickly, turning toward him her altered countenance. He scarcely knew it, with its reddened eyes and slightly spotted look. Aunt Katrina's eyes were always so serene, her fine complexion was always so white and smooth.

"She thinks of going north; she talks of opening that old house of hers in the country, and living there."

"And *me?*" said Aunt Katrina, in angry amazement. "Does she cut herself free from *me* in that way? In *my* state of health?"

"It appears so."

Aunt Katrina remained speechless. Pure dismay was now conquering every other feeling.

"The truth is, Aunt Katrina, you have not been kind enough to Margaret, ever."

"Kind!" ejaculated the lady.

"No. She has done everything for you for years, and you have constantly ill-treated her."

"Ill-treated! Good heavens!"

"She has therefore decided—and I am not much surprised—that she would rather have a home of her own."

"And you abet her in this?"

"Not at all: I think she had much better stay with you. I am only explaining to you how she feels."

"I don't know that I care to understand Margaret *Cruger's* feelings."

"Exactly; you don't. And therefore she is going."

Aunt Katrina was evidently struggling with her own thoughts. He left her to the contest.

At last, "Poor child!" she said, sighing, as she gently pressed a handkerchief to different parts of her disordered countenance—"poor child!"

Winthrop waited for further developments: he knew they would come.

"It is natural that I should have been cold to her, perhaps, feeling as I did so keenly how unqualified she was to make a congenial home for Lanse. But, as you say, probably she can not help it; it is her disposition: she was born so. And now, to think what she must be feeling. She has, in her way, a strict conscience, and to-day she faces the fact that, by her own utter want of sympathy (which I suppose

she really can not help), she has driven him away a *second* time, sent him a *second* time into bad courses. I realize, indeed, that it is the moment when I ought to do everything I can for her, when I should stifle my own feelings, and treat her with the greatest tenderness. Don't you agree with me?"

"Fully. But even then I don't know that you can induce her to stay."

"Really—the more I think of it, the more sorry I feel for her. She is deeply to be pitied. I can imagine how crushed *I* should have felt, how humiliated, if Peter had deserted me. But if he *had* done so, I should have gone immediately, of course, to stay with some older relative—it is the only proper way. You might represent to Margaret how much better it would look if she should continue, as before, to reside with me. To be sure, she isn't a beautiful woman at all—she's by far too pale and thin—but she's rather young, all the same, to live quite by herself."

"Perhaps this time she won't take so much pains about the 'look' of anything; perhaps she will let people know the real facts. She has always concealed them heretofore."

"They would only be her own condemnation, in any case; everybody would perfectly understand that it was some lack in *her*," answered Aunt Katrina, with decision. "But I think you had better speak to her, and immediately. It is so much more desirable, on her own account, that she should remain with me. I don't fancy she cares much for *you*, or she would never have tried to engage you to that odious Garda Thorne; still, you are a relative, after a fashion, and she ought to listen to you. You might tell her," she added, her voice falling into a pathetic key, "that probably I shall not be left to her *long*."

"My dear aunt, you will outlive us all," said Winthrop, rising. "I will see her, and do what I can," he added, as he left the room.

At first he could not find Margaret. She was not in any of the usual places. He began to fear that she was in her own room, and that he should not find her at all. At last he met Celestine. "Do you know where Mrs. Harold is?" he said.

"Well, Mr. Evert, she's in the garden," Celestine answered, with some reluctance. "I've fixed her up there nicely in an easy-chair on a rug, and I've told everybody to keep away, so that she can just rest—that's what she most needs. I've let her have *one* book—an easy-looking story in good print that didn't seem exciting. And I'm going out after her in about an hour, to bring her in."

"I won't be any more exciting than the easy-looking story, Minerva; I promise you that."

Celestine watched him go: she was not pleased, but she could not help herself. She shook her head forebodingly, with her lips pursed up. Then she went about her business—as she would herself have said.

Margaret was sitting under the great rose-tree, in the easy-chair Celestine had mentioned, a rug spread under her feet. She had a parasol beside her, but the tree gave a sufficient shade. Over her head Celestine had folded artistically a black lace Spanish veil. Celestine could not help being artistic.

"I thought perhaps we should see you to-day," Margaret said.

"Yes; it has not been possible to come before. But of course you have had my letters?—I mean about Mr. Moore. I have written twice a day. Is that the book Minerva said was an easy-looking one, not exciting—*Adam Bede*? What do you suppose she calls exciting?"

"The *Wide, Wide World*, I presume."

He sat down on the bench near her. Carlos Mateo stalked out of the bushes at a little distance, surveyed them, and then, with great dignity, secluded himself again.

"He misses Garda," Margaret said.

"I suppose Garda is still pursuing her triumphant career over there?"

"I don't know what you mean by triumphant. She is very happy."

"That's what I mean; it's extremely triumphant to be so happy, isn't it?"

"I am sure I don't know."

"You mean you have never been either?—Margaret, I have come out here to speak about your going away. Are you still thinking of going?"

"Yes; as soon as I am a little stronger."

"Aunt Katrina has sent me to plead with you: of course that's the last thing she calls it, but it's pleading all the same. I don't make any plea for her, because I don't think that, as far as you are concerned, she deserves the least fragment of one; but I will say that I have told her the whole truth about Lanse at last, and that

it has been a great blow to her. I have never seen her so much overcome. But she has rallied, and has taken her line. Her line is the tenderest pity for you, *because* you must feel it all to be so entirely your own fault! You see how much that allows her? But she is so exceedingly anxious, abjectly anxious, to keep you with her, that I think you need fear no unpleasant manifestations of it."

"Aunt Katrina does not need me in reality. And for myself a change is indispensable."

"But it is so safe for you here—so quiet and protected. It is a species of home, after all. I like to see you, as you are at this moment, sitting in this old garden; it seems to me so much pleasanter for you—with this lovely restful air to breathe—than that bustling, driving New York."

"It may be so. But I need change."

"You cling to that." He paused. "I believe you simply mean freedom."

"Yes, I do mean it. But we are going over the same ground we have already been over once; that is quite useless."

"Everything is changed to me since then," said Winthrop, abruptly. "I have seen you brought back from the very threshold of death. I can not pretend to be the same."

"I am the same."

"Yes; you didn't see *yourself*—"

"Don't talk about it, please. It is true that, personally, I do not realize it at all. But when I think of Mr. Moore I do, and it makes me shudder."

"I am a beast!" said Winthrop.

She had put her head back against the cushions of the chair, with her face turned from him. He could see the deep blue shadows under her eyes.

"It is nothing; it is over now."

"Why shouldn't you begin the freedom? Yes; but begin it here," he went on, returning to his argument. "Aunt Katrina has taken a new line about you. Why shouldn't you take one about her, and about everything? The people here are tiresome, of course; but people are tiresome everywhere, sooner or later, unless one leads a life of just dipping in, never staying long enough in any one place to get much below the surface. You could set up your own horses, your own servants, your own rooms; you could rearrange half the house to please yourself; you could carry it all out calmly, and, as regards Aunt Katrina at least, with a high hand. She wouldn't make a murmur, I'm confident. And you could easily take some pleasant trips too from here—to New Orleans, to Key West, and Cuba. There's a great deal to see. And if you are tired (as I should think you might well be) of always saying where you are going and where you have been, how long you have staid or intend to stay, and why, you could lay down a rule that no one should ask you a question. If they should continue to do it, you might throw something at them, and not reply." His plan seemed to him so good as he unfolded it that it made him jocular.

She returned no answer of any sort.

"You don't care at all for what I think or wish."

"No, I do not."

He looked at her as she sat there with face averted. His expression was that of angry helplessness. "All I want," he went on, trying to curb his irritation, "is to feel that you are safe."

"I shall be safe wherever I am."

"No, you won't; a woman like you can not be alone. Of course you will do all that is best and proper. But you are far too beautiful to be knocking about the world by yourself."

"Aren't you confusing me a little with Garda?"

"Your sarcasms have no effect; if I were as innocent in other matters as I am with regard to that effulgent young person, I should be almost perfect. But don't let us speak of her; I wish to speak of you."

"I am tired of the subject." She looked toward the distant gate as if in search of Celestine.

"She won't be here for some time yet. Bear with me a little, Margaret; don't be so impatient of the few minutes I have secured with you. What we're deciding now is important—your whole future course."

"It is already decided."

He dashed his hand down upon his knee. "There's no use trying to argue with women. A woman never sees the force of any argument, no matter how strong it may be."

"Like our soldiers at the beginning of the war, she doesn't know when she's beaten, I suppose," Margaret answered. Her face had a very weary look. But there were in it no indications of yielding.

"You appear to be determined to go," he began again, after a pause. "If you do go, Aunt Katrina will have the mental exercise of learning to get on without either of us."

She looked up quickly; his eyes were turned away now, straying over the tangled foliage of the vine-clad crape-myrtles.

"I am sick of everything here," he went on — "East Angels, Gracias, the whole of it. If you are tired of seeing the same few people always day after day, what must I be, after the busy life I have led? There are two cousins of Aunt Katrina's who might come down here for a while; and I dare say they would come if I should ask them. With these ladies to manage the house, with her excellent Dr. Reginald and her devoted Betty, with Celestine and Looth, Aunt Katrina ought to be tolerably comfortable. For myself I shouldn't go abroad again—I leave such luxuries to Lanse; I should probably take up to a certain extent some old business interests, and employ myself in that way. In addition I have a plan for setting up a—I hardly know what to call it—a scientific school, if you like, on a small scale; it should be for students who haven't much money. But I should be a student with them myself."

Margaret had listened with keen attention. But she did not answer immediately; when she did reply, she spoke quietly, almost indifferently. "Yes, I should think you would be glad to go north again, you have been tied down here so long. I am sure we can assume now that there is no present danger in Aunt Katrina's case. Both of us certainly were not needed for her, and therefore, as you did not speak of going, I thought I could. But now that you have spoken, now that I see you do wish to go, I feel differently; I give *you* the chance. The change I wished for I will create here. I will create it by buying this house from you; that will be a change; I can amuse myself restoring it—if one can say that, when it's not a church."

"You *would* do that?" said Winthrop, eagerly. Then he colored. "I see; it means that you will stay if *I* will go!"

"It means, I think, that both of us can not go—that is, ought not; and as you are the man, and therefore more tired of the dullness than I am, probably, I give you the opportunity. I shall do very well here if I have the place to think about; I shall have the old fields cultivated; perhaps I shall start a new orange grove. Of course I shall lose some money; but I can employ the negroes about here, and I shall like that. As to the household arrangements, Aunt Katrina would be staying with me, not I with her; that would make everything different."

"Yes; I could not come here as I do now, bag and baggage."

"I should not ask you," she answered, smiling. "I believe in your heart you like no woman to lead a really independent life."

"You're right, I do not. They're not fitted for it."

"Oh—"

"And they're not happy in it."

"It's so good of you to think of our happiness."

"All this is of no consequence, Margaret; it's quite beside the mark. The real issue is this: if I stay, you go; if I go, you will stay."

"I thought you didn't like repetitions; you're always so severe on poor Aunt Betty when she indulges in a few."

"You've got the upper hand, and you know it, and are glorying," he said, sullenly.

"Glorying!" said Margaret, with a sudden drop in her voice.

"I am always the one to tire you, and use you up; and I never mean to; it's a fatality."

"If you would mind your words, you wouldn't tire me. I *am* tired; let us say no more about it; let us call it finished."

"You mean my going?"

"Yes; and my having the house."

"I would do a great deal to keep you here, there's no doubt of that. If I must, I must, I suppose; you may have the place, though I'm fond of it still."

"It must be quite fair?" she said, looking at him hesitatingly.

"You mean that I am not to come back here and hang about in the neighborhood? Oh, rest content; I've had enough of the Seminole to last me a lifetime. And De Torrez would not let me in at Madam Giron's."

"How is he?"

"He's well; he has taken to farming; he is trying to make some money for his aunt. He will make no money. But possibly his responsibilities—he takes them

very seriously, though he stands about the fields in the same tight polished boots—possibly they may help him to forget Garda."

"He will never forget her, I fear."

"You are not going to allow me the least delay, I am already sure of that," he went on, giving no more thought to the poor Ernesto.

"I should rather that it would be soon."

"Of course." He got up. "How you hate me!" he said, in a low tone. "You wouldn't do me an injury; but you can not forget. I don't wonder at it; you've been a martyr to a bad husband, to your own ideas of loyalty to him, and I for years have done everything I could to make your life harder, more desolate, even than it was."

Margaret looked steadily down, her eyes were fixed upon the fringe of the wrap thrown round her.

"But you will let me try to atone?" he went on.

The gate clicked; Celestine was coming toward them.

"It shall be as you have decided," he said, hastening his words. "And it *is* wiser; I know that better than you do. For myself, I shall go to work; a man can always do that. I won't stop longer now."

He walked toward the gate with rapid step; it closed behind him. Celestine, coming up, found her patient looking anything but rested. The next moment she put her hand over her eyes; physical weakness had conquered her.

"Just what I expected; men haven't a spark of gumption," said Celestine, indignantly. "He might have seen you weren't fit for talking; anybody could have seen. There, Miss Margaret, there; don't feel so bad, you'll soon be stronger now." And Celestine put one arm round her charge tenderly.

The touch made Margaret's tears flow faster; leaning her head against her faithful New England friend, she cried and cried as if her heart would break.

"You're clean tuckered out, I declare," said Celestine, half crying herself. "Everybody plagues you—I never see the like! And they all seem to think they've got a right to. Just get real mad, now, Miss Margaret, for once; and *stay* so. My! wouldn't they be surprised?"

Margaret began at length to dry her eyes.

"Well, now, it done you good, after all, I expect, just to let it all out," said Celestine, encouragingly. "Come in, now; come in to the house, my lamb, and let me put you to bed; you're fit for no other place *this* day, or my name's not Poindexter." It was the only time Minerva had been known to use a term of endearment.

Winthrop went back to the river early the next morning, and remained there with Mr. Moore until the return to the Gracias rectory. Then he went north.

Soon afterward Aunt Katrina announced that he had begun to interest himself again "in iron."

"The last thing I should have suggested for him," remarked Dr. Kirby, dryly. "Why didn't he try oil?"

"Oh, but oil is so disagreeable, it has such an odor," said Aunt Katrina, remonstratingly. "And they say it's going all over the world, too, in those blue barrels, and the odor is known as 'the American smell'—dreadful!"

"I was alluding to disposition, my dear madam."

"Oh—iron? yes; disposition? What has that got to do with it? You are so clever that it is sure to be something good," said Katrina, in her agreeable, if somewhat thick-headed, way.

"Should I send *you* to the Graces, madam, to learn anything? Mr. Winthrop seems to me to possess already quite enough firmness, without recourse to the firmest of our metals as a background."

"Background?—excellent. I shall tell him that. His mine, you know," said Katrina.

This was three months before. Margaret was now the owner of East Angels.

On the evening when she had returned from the landing with her ferns, and had found Dr. Kirby talking with Aunt Katrina, she went to her own room; here she threw off the long, closely fitting overgarment of dark silk, and gave it and the Gainsborough hat to her maid. She had a maid now.

"If you please, Mrs. Harold, there are seven letters for you to-night; they are on the dressing-table."

"Very well; you need not wait, Hester; I shall not need you at present."

The woman went out with noiseless step. Margaret turned over the letters, glancing at the superscriptions rather languidly. Three of them she was sure, from

the look of the handwriting—a professional hand, not a private one—contained circulars, probably appeals for some charitable object. Not infrequently, too, she received letters from those desultory but ardently occupied persons who write letters to all sorts of people they do not know, a branch of the mania being writing to newspapers—one of her remaining letters she thought belonged to this class; her name, as subscriber, on the books of many charitable and educational societies drew down upon her this correspondence. She did not care much for what the mails brought her at present, excepting Garda's short and rapturous notes with various foreign headings. Winthrop had ceased to write of late, as she did not answer his letters.

But the last envelope of the pile—it is always the last letter that strikes the blow—was inscribed in a handwriting that made her heart stop beating. "Mrs. Lansing Harold" was scrawled there, in rather large, rough letters. And within, at the end of the second page—there were only two filled—the same name was signed without the "Mrs."

Lanse had come back to America. He was coming back to Florida. He was on his way at that moment to Fernandina, having selected that place because he had learned that she had "burned down the house on the point," which, he thought she would allow him to say, was "inconsiderate." He had made up his mind not to take her by surprise. He would go to Fernandina, and wait there. He was a cripple, indeed, this time, and forever. No hope of a cure, as there had been before. It wasn't paralysis; it was something with a long name, which apparently meant that he was to spend the rest of his days in bed, with the occasional variation of an arm-chair. This last journey of his abroad had been a huge mistake from beginning to end (the only one he had ever made—he must say that). But he didn't suppose she would care to hear the particulars, and he should much prefer that she should not hear them; it wasn't a subject for *her*. He had come home this time for good and all. It would never be possible for him to run away again; she might depend upon that. In such afflictions a man, of course, counted upon his wife. But he wished to be perfectly reasonable, and therefore he would live wherever she pleased—with his nurses, his water-pillows, and his back rest; yes, he had come to that. At present it wasn't at all clear to him what he was going to do to amuse himself. He could use his hands, and he had thought of learning to make *fish nets*. But perhaps she could think of something better? And then, with a forcible allusion to the difficulties of his present progress southward, and a characteristic summing up of the merits of the hotel where he, with his two attendants, was resting for a day, the short two pages ended, ended abruptly with his name.

His wife had sunk into a chair; she sat staring at it.

CHAPTER XXVII.

It was a week later. Margaret had gone out to walk on the pine-barrens.

She had walked far, though her step had been slow. It seemed to her that her step would always be slow now; her effort must be to keep it steady. At length she reached a point where there rose on the broad green level a little mound-like island of a different growth. Its top was covered with palmetto-trees; they were leaning forward, looking about, and tossing up their beautiful plumes against the sky after their usual fashion. She made her way to the summit. Though the height of the little hill was low, the view one obtained there was extensive, like that from a small light-house in the midst of a wide salt-marsh. Where she stood there was a cleared space—the ground had been burned over not long before. On this brown surface the crosiers of new ferns were shooting up gayly and unrolling themselves; and when tired of the broad barren, her eyes rested on their little fresh stalks, green and woolly, though she no longer stooped to gather them. She did not come home now laden with flowers and vines to plant in the old East Angels garden. The life she had been trying to build up there, to make in some degree interesting for herself, as well as beneficial to the freed, rather mystified, and wholly idle negroes, whose cabins stood near the old fields which were now her own—this life had been suddenly stopped. A completely different one was demanding her. She had been very free, but now she was called back—called back to the duties of a wife whose husband is an invalid; one

who did not require, it was true, the personal ministrations of a nurse, but who expected a constant presence, a peculiar obedience and deference, which kept a hold upon all the hours, and most of the little hopes and tastes as well, and virtually blighted them.

Oh, blessed, twice blessed, are the women who have no very deep feelings of any kind! they are so much happier, and they are also better! This was what she was saying to herself over and over again, as, with one arm round a slender tree, so that she could lean her head against it, she stood there alone on the palmetto island, looking over the plain. Not to care in reality very deeply, too deeply, for anything or any one, and with that to be kind and gentle—this was by far the happiest nature for women to have, and of such the good were made. Mothers should pray for this disposition for their daughters. Anything else led to bitter pain.

She thought of her own mother, of whom she had no recollection. "If you had lived, mother, perhaps I should have been saved from this; perhaps I should not now be so wretched." This was her silent cry.

She heard a sound; some one was coming through the high bushes below. A moment more, and the person appeared. It was Evert Winthrop.

"*You?*" she said, breathlessly. "When did you come? And how could you know where I was?"

"For once I've been fortunate; I have never been so before where you were concerned. I reached East Angels an hour ago; Celestine said you were out on the barren somewhere, and Telano happened to know the road you had taken. Then I met some negro children who had seen you pass; and, further on, a boy who knew you had come this way: he brought me here. But I saw you a mile off myself; you are very conspicuous in that light dress on the top of this mound."

"We had no idea you were coming," she began, trying to collect herself.

"I couldn't let you know beforehand, because I came myself as quickly as a letter could have come. As soon as I knew you would need help, I started."

"Help?"

"Yes; about Lanse."

"Lanse is not here."

"Oh, I know where he is; he is in Fernandina; established there in the best rooms the hotel affords, with three attendants, and everything comfortable. But this time he did not tell me all his plans, confidingly, as before; he arrived in New York, staid there a few days, and then came on southward, without letting me know a word of it. I heard of him, though, almost immediately, and I started at once."

Margaret did not reply.

"You will need help," he went on.

"No, I think not."

"Then he has not written to you?—has made no demands? I shall think better of him than I had expected to think, if that is the case. I supposed, from his coming directly south, that he had intentions of molesting you."

"It would not be molesting."

"*Has* he written to you?"

"Yes."

"What demands, then, does he make—is it money?"

"He wishes me to come back to him, as I did before. But he will live wherever I prefer to live. He is quite willing to leave the choice of the place to me." She spoke slowly, as though she were repeating something she had been trying to learn.

"Very good. I suppose you told him that wherever you might prefer to live, there would at least be no place there for Lansing Harold?"

"I haven't told him anything yet. He was willing to wait—he wrote that he would give me a month."

"A month for what?"

"For my answer," she said, drearily.

"It won't take a month. That is what I have come down for—to answer in your place."

She now began to look for the best way to descend.

"I sent the boy who brought me here to East Angels for the phaeton; it will come before long; you won't have to walk back. Now, Margaret, let us have no more useless words; of course you do not dream of doing as Lanse wishes?"

"Yes, I think I shall do it."

"Do you mean to tell me that you wish to go back to that man—after all he has done?"

"I do not wish to. But I must."

"You *shall* not!" he burst out. His face, usually so calm, was surprisingly altered; it was reddened and darkened.

"Nothing you can say will make any

difference," she answered, in the same monotonous tone. Even his rage could not alter the helpless melancholy of her voice.

"Do you think he deserves it—deserves anything? You actually put a premium on loose conduct. You reward him for it, while—while other men, who are *trying*, at least, to lead decent lives, are thrust aside."

"He is my husband."

"So good a one!"

"That has nothing to do with it."

"*Nothing?*"

"No; not with my duty."

"I believe you have lost your wits; you are demented," he said, violently.

"Oh, I wish I *were* demented! Then my troubles would be over."

The despair of these words softened him. She had turned away; he followed her. "Margaret, listen to reason. In some cases it *is* right that a wife should go back to her husband, almost no matter what he has done. But yours is not one of them. It would kill you."

"No more than it did before." She began to walk about the space of open ground restlessly.

"But it's worse for you now."

"It's exactly the same."

"He left you a *second* time."

"I have only to thank him for that, haven't I? I am so much happier when he is away. Over on the river—when I found that he had gone, that it was really true—I could scarcely hide my joy; I had to hide myself to do it. It was the rapture of being free."

"The law, you know, would free you forever."

"I shall never take advantage of it."

"Do you think you know better than the law?"

"Yes; the law only knows part of the truth. The plea would not do for me."

"This is pure excitement. Womanlike, you have wrought yourself up to this new view; but it is without a grain of foundation in either justice or commonsense."

"It isn't a new view. I have always known what I should do. That was the reason I wished to keep the house on the river—so that it could be ready in case he should come back. For I felt that he might come at any time. I was never deceived about his getting well. I have thought it all over again and again; there isn't a loop-hole of escape for me. Let us say no more."

"I shall say a great deal more."

She put out both hands toward him, with a desperate repelling gesture. "Oh, *leave* me!" she cried.

"I shall not leave you until you have given me an explanation that is reasonable; so far, you have not done it. Time and time again you have put me off. To-day you shall not."

Her own cry had seemed to restore to her her self-control, and his words strengthened it. "Very well," she said. She folded her arms in her mantle. "What explanations do you wish?" she asked, coldly.

"Why are you going back to Lansing Harold, when you are not in the least forced to go?"

"I am forced; my marriage forces me."

"Not after the ill treatment you have received from him."

"He has never ill-treated me personally; in many ways he has never been unkind; many men called good husbands are much more so. He does not drink. If he drank, that would be an excuse for me—an excuse to leave him; but he does not. I have never had a fear of that sort. He has never struck me or threatened me in his life. And I have no children to think of—whether his influence over them would be bad. That too would have been an excuse; but it can not be mine. He leaves me my personal liberty, as he left it to me before. In addition, he is now hopelessly crippled—he has sent me his physician's letter to prove it; his case is there pronounced a life-long one; he will never walk, or be any better than he is now. Are these explanations sufficient? or do you require more?"

"No explanations can ever be sufficient," Winthrop answered. He stood looking at her. "Oh, Margaret, it is such a fearful sacrifice!" He had abandoned for the moment both his anger and his efforts at argument with her.

"Yes; but that is what life is, isn't it?" she said, her voice trembling a little in spite of herself.

"No, it's not. And it shouldn't be. Why should an utterly selfish man of that kind, who has forfeited every claim upon you a hundred times over — why should he be allowed to dictate to you, to wither your whole existence? Yes; I am beginning again, I know it; but I can

not help it! It is true that I have always talked against separations—preached against them. But that was before my own feelings were brought in, and it makes a wonderful difference! When a woman you care for is at the mercy of a bad man, you take a different view. And you want to seize your old preaching-self, and knock him against the wall! It is *not* right that you should go back to Lanse; it is wicked, as murder is wicked. He does not strike you—that may be; but the life will kill you just as surely as though he should give you every day, with his own hand, a dose of slow poison. You have an excessively sensitive and nervous disposition—you pretend you have not, but you have; you would not be able to throw it off—the yoke he would put upon you; you would not be able to rise above it, become indifferent to it. You are not physically strong—it would wear upon you, wear you out at last; you would die, and *he* would live on! And, besides, remember this: it isn't as though he really depended upon you for personal care; he doesn't need you, as far as that goes; he says so. Give him your money, if you like; give him houses and nurses and servants, every luxury, all you have. But do not, do not give him yourself."

She remained silent. She had steeled herself, so it seemed, against anything he could say.

"You are counting the minutes before the phaeton comes," he went on; "that is your only thought—to get away. Very well, then, you shall have the whole, which otherwise I would have kept from you: I love you, Margaret; I have loved you for a long time. If it is horrible to you that I should say it, and force you, too, to hear, bear this in mind: though I say it, I ask for nothing, I do not put myself forward. I tell you because I want you to understand how near your best interests are to me—how I consider them. I deserve some mercy. I have tried hard to hold myself in check—did I say a word all that night in the swamp? You may imagine whether I am happy, loving you hopelessly as I do. It began long ago; when I thought I disliked you so bitterly, that was the beginning; it was a dislike, or rather a pain, which came from your being (as I then supposed you were) so different from the sweet woman it seemed to me you ought to be—ought to be with that face and voice. I watched you; I was very severe in all I said of you; but all the time I loved you: it was stronger than I. I feel no shame in telling it; it has made me a better man—not so cold, not so hard, not so sure of my own infallible perfection! And now, if you will only tell me that you won't go back to Lanse, I will go. And I will stay away, too. I will not try to see you. I will not even write. And this shall last as long as you say, Margaret—for years; even always, if it must be so. What can I do or say more?"

She had stood perfectly still, looking at the ground, while he poured forth these urgent words: she might have been a statue.

"There's an icy stubbornness about you," he began again. "What is it I ask? One promise, and for your own good too, and then I go out into the world again, bearing my pain as best I can, leaving you behind, and free. I don't believe you know what that pain is, because I don't believe you know, or can understand even, how much I love you. I am almost ashamed to put it into words—I am no longer a boy; and yet it is very beautiful to me too. I had no idea I could love in that way—an unreasoning, headlong feeling. There's no extravagant thing, Margaret—such as I have always laughed at—that I would not do at this moment. And to feel your cheek against mine—I would die to-morrow."

He had not moved toward her, but she shrank back even from his present distance. White-faced, with frightened eyes, she turned; she looked as if she were going to rush away like a hunted hare.

"Don't go. I will not say another word. I only wished you to know how it was with me; it is better that you should know. Don't try to go down on that side; this is the best way."

He wished to help her, but she would not allow it. She pushed the close bushes aside herself with trembling hands, and made her way through them alone. They reached the barren and stood waiting; the phaeton was in sight.

"I can not bear to see you so frightened," he said.

"I believe you are sorry for me," he went on—his voice was gentle now. "And that is why you are afraid to speak—lest you should show it."

She gave him one quick glance; her eyes were full of tears.

"That is it, you are sorry. I thank you for that; and I shall think from it that you have forgiven me those years when I made your life so hard—that, at least, you no longer hate me."

The phaeton was rapidly approaching now.

"I am going to trust you, Margaret; and I believe that I can. You will not speak. You think I ought not to have spoken. But if I leave you—go away and do not return—perhaps you will do—at least it will be showing you that I am in earnest, that I will, and *can*, keep my promise."

The phaeton drew up before them; Telano, and the little black boy who had acted as messenger, jumped out.

"You must not come with me," she murmured.

"You are to drive, Telano," Winthrop said, as he helped her take her place; "I shall walk."

He stood there; the phaeton disappeared among the pines. The little darky was perched, in some way best known to himself, on the seat with Telano, behind; take it altogether, the two drives and the dimes he had received, it was the happiest day of his life.

Winthrop walked northward.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"I SAID I would not write. And I will not, after I once know that your definite refusal has been sent. It does not seem to me that I am asking much; it can not long be kept a secret in any case, and, in my opinion, should not be. I wish you would let Aunt Katrina write me all that has happened; she won't do *you* any too much justice—you can be sure of that. I left Gracias that same day, as I said I would. I have come back here and am going on with all my usual occupations. It's dull work, but I can keep at it."

This letter of Winthrop's was from New York. He had been there two weeks, and there were now but ten days left of the month which Margaret had said her husband had allowed for her answer. He did not speak of this in his letter. But it occupied all his thoughts.

On the day when he could have had a reply from East Angels, there was no letter from the South. He waited twenty-four hours to allow for delays or accident.

Still nothing.

Margaret did not then intend to reply; it was a case where she would have written immediately (or asked Aunt Katrina to write), if she had intended to reply at all.

"I am not worthy even to be spoken to, it seems; I am the mud under her feet. But it shall not be so easy as she thinks!"

He took the next train bound for Washington, Richmond, and the St. John's River. It was the third time he had made the long journey within the space of four weeks.

He was in such a fever now—fever of irritation and anxiety—that he did not any longer try to keep up his trust in her, to be certain, as he had endeavored to be during the intervening time, that she had been influenced by what he had said, or by her own more deliberate reflections, and that in any case, whether he was to be informed of it or kept in ignorance, she was not going back to Lanse. It now seemed to him possible that, in her strange self-sacrificing sense of duty, she might go. And he ground his teeth at the thought.

The leisurely train was crossing the pine lands of North Carolina, making such long waits at grassy little stations to take on wood that those passengers who had a taste for botany had time to explore the surrounding country for flowers. A new thought came to him: it was that he need not have counted so carefully the days of the month, or depended upon that. Perhaps she had not waited for the whole time to pass; perhaps she had gone to Fernandina, was already there.

"But in that case Aunt Katrina would certainly have written; she would have been delighted to tell it," was the instant mental answer of his more individual self.

"She might have been afraid to; you have been sufficiently plain with her lately with regard to your own ideas of Lanse," was the response of the first voice, which, though part of himself also, was not quite so near; in opposition, if the phrase may be used.

Winthrop felt that he should like to strangle both mute speakers. And the train also, because it crept.

"Oh, can you tell me—will I reach Fayetteville before dark?" said a girl behind him. He knew it was a girl by the

voice. She was speaking, apparently, to some one who shared her seat.

This person, an older woman (again judging by the tone), was well informed as to the methods of reaching Fayetteville, the trains, and the hours. This matter settled, they went on talking.

"I have been up in the mountains teaching," the older woman presently remarked.

"Oh," said the girl, sympathetically (falling inflection).

"I have been there a year, and I *think* when I came away I left light behind."

"*Oh* yes."

"At present I have no situation, though I have one in view. I am a Georgian, but I am not going directly home. I am going to make a visit not far from here. This new situation—they are most anxious to have me, but I say to myself, 'Will I do the most good there? Is it a place where my influence will carry the most weight?' For we should all do the best we can with our talents; it is a duty. I do the best I can with mine."

"Oh *yes*, I reckon so. And you speak so beautifully too. Perhaps you've spoken? I mean before people?"

"Never in public," answered the other voice, reprovingly. "To my pupils, but never in public. I think a woman should always keep her life secluded; she should be the comfort and the ornament of a purely private home. *We* do not exhibit our charms—which should be sacred to the privacy of the boudoir—in the glare of great lecture-rooms; *we* prefer to be, and to *remain*, the low-voiced, retiring mothers of a race of giant sons whom the Muse of History will immortalize in the characters of soldier, statesman, and divine."

"Oh yes," said the girl's voice again, in good-natured, if inattentive, acquiescence.

Winthrop glanced back. The young girl was charmingly pretty, with a sweet indifference in her eyes which seemed to come partly from indolence. The older woman—she was over fifty—was of a martial aspect, broad-shouldered, large-boned, and tall. Her upper lip was that of a warrior, her high cheek-bones and abbreviated nose had an air of resolute determination. Comfort and ornament of a purely private home, as she had just proclaimed herself, it seemed almost as if her powers would be wasted there. She was a woman to lead an army through a breach without flinching. The giant sons in her case were presumably imaginary, for she gave her name to her companion as they parted: "Miss Louisa Mearns—they *call* me Lulette." Her voice was very soft and sweet.

"Southerner, of course, with those lovely tones," was Winthrop's mental comment as she passed, stepping rather delicately, and, tall as she was, without any stride. "But she's got a thorough soul of Maine, though she doesn't dream of it, and a genuine New Hampshire body too. There must have been transmigration somewhere among her ancestors." And then from sheer weariness and restlessness he went into another car.

"I say, Hawks, let's get out and push behind. It will be good exercise for us—'spand the chest, and we'll get our trunks to Wilmington a sight quicker," was called across the aisle by one commercial traveller to another.

This specimen of Northern humor was evidently despised by all the Southerners present. In the first place, they considered the train quite fast enough, and they were not accustomed in any case to listen to jocular remarks from people they did not know; they still belonged, in fact, most of them, to the era of travelling in private carriages. The few Northerners in the car, exhausted by the dawdling progress across the green pretty country, by the desultory methods of the negroes who threw on wood, by the inexplicable backings and halts, appreciated the drummer's jest. They did not smile—not they; two of them turned and gave a dry look in the direction of the irreverent youth, during which moment their set facial wrinkles were somewhat relaxed; then, exchanging a brief returning glance with each other, which probably, though not in the least visibly, conveyed sympathy, they returned to their morning papers.

Winthrop's feeling was that this train would be in North Carolina a week. But it got on. It traversed South Carolina and Georgia; it passed through the cotton country; it crossed beautiful rivers rolling slowly toward the sea; then it made a wide detour round Okefinokee swamp, and at last brought him again to the margin of the broad St. John's. It seemed to him that half a lifetime had passed since he left it.

He reached East Angels in the afternoon. The old gray-white house was no longer

his own; though the lower door stood open, he knocked. Cindy appeared. Yes, Mrs. Rutherford and Mrs. Harold were both at home; they were in Mrs. Rutherford's sitting-room upstairs. But when she had preceded him and opened the door of that apartment, only Aunt Katrina was there.

"Mercy, Evert! where did you come from?" she exclaimed, in a key rather higher than her usual calm tones. It seemed to him that she looked frightened.

"From New York, of course. You are alone? Where is Margaret?" He spoke abruptly.

"Oh, she's *here*," responded Aunt Katrina, quickly, in a re-assuring voice.

But her emphasis told him that it might not be "here" long; it might be some other word. Would that word be "Fernandina"?

At any rate, Margaret was not yet gone.

"What do you mean by 'here'? She's not in the room."

"She doesn't spend every moment with me; I want *some* time for my own reading and meditation. She's in the garden, or the drawing-room, I suppose—somewhere about."

"Aunt Katrina, tell me in so many words—is she going back to Lanse?"

"Why—er—why, yes, I believe so." Aunt Katrina's voice fairly faltered.

"You have had a hand in this; you have urged her."

"Well, Evert, she's Lanse's wife, you know."

"Where is she?"

"I have told you already that I don't know."

"Not gone?" he said, with quick-returning suspicion.

"Oh dear no! What are you thinking of?"

"I'm thinking that I can not trust either of you. When is she going, then?"

"Well, there has been a good deal about that. Back and forth, you know; letters and—"

"*When?*" he repeated, imperatively.

"To-morrow," answered Aunt Katrina, in almost the same tone as his own. "How you do storm about, Evert!"

But he had left the room almost before her words were finished.

Margaret was not in the drawing-room; she was not in the garden. He met Pablo. "Do you know where Mrs. Harold is?" he said.

"She's in der yorrange grove, sah. I ben dar myse'f lookin' arter der place a little, as I has ter, en I see her dar." Pablo meant the old grove—his grove; the new grove was on the other side of the house, and was as ugly as a new grove always is.

Down to this hour old Pablo had never become satiated with the delight of working in the old grove at his own pleasure and according to Southern methods alone. Poor little Melissa Whiting's voice had long been stilled, but Pablo was rioting yet.

The old grove was in bloom. It was not so productive now as it had been in Mrs. Thorne's day, but it was much more beautiful. Pablo's rioting had not included steady labor of any sort; there had been no pruning, and very little digging; the aisles were green and luxuriant, the ground undisturbed. The perfume of the blossoms filled the air; on some of the trees blossoms and ripe fruit were hanging together.

Winthrop walked on under the bright foliage and bride-like bloom. But there was no sign of Margaret.

"Of course she would not be here," he thought, "or at least she would not stay; it's far too sweet."

At length he saw her light dress. She was just beyond the grove's border. Here there was an old nondescript pillar, crowned by a clumsy vase; as both were made of coquina, there was not much shape left in either of them. She was leaning against this ornament, with her back to the grove; one arm lay across the top. She wore no gloves, and he could see her pretty hand with its single ring, the band of plain gold. In front of her there was a little glade, green and quiet; in its centre was the low curb of an old well, overgrown with jasmine. She appeared to be looking at it.

His footsteps had made no sound on the soft earth; he came upon her before she discovered him.

"I don't think you can be much surprised to see me," he said. "You have waited here to the last hour of your allotted time. You might have gone days ago, and then I should not have seen you at all; but you have waited. It looks quite as if you expected me to come; as if you wished to give me one more final thrust before you joined your excellent husband. Of course I deserve nothing better; I appreciate that."

AFRICA'S AWAKENING.

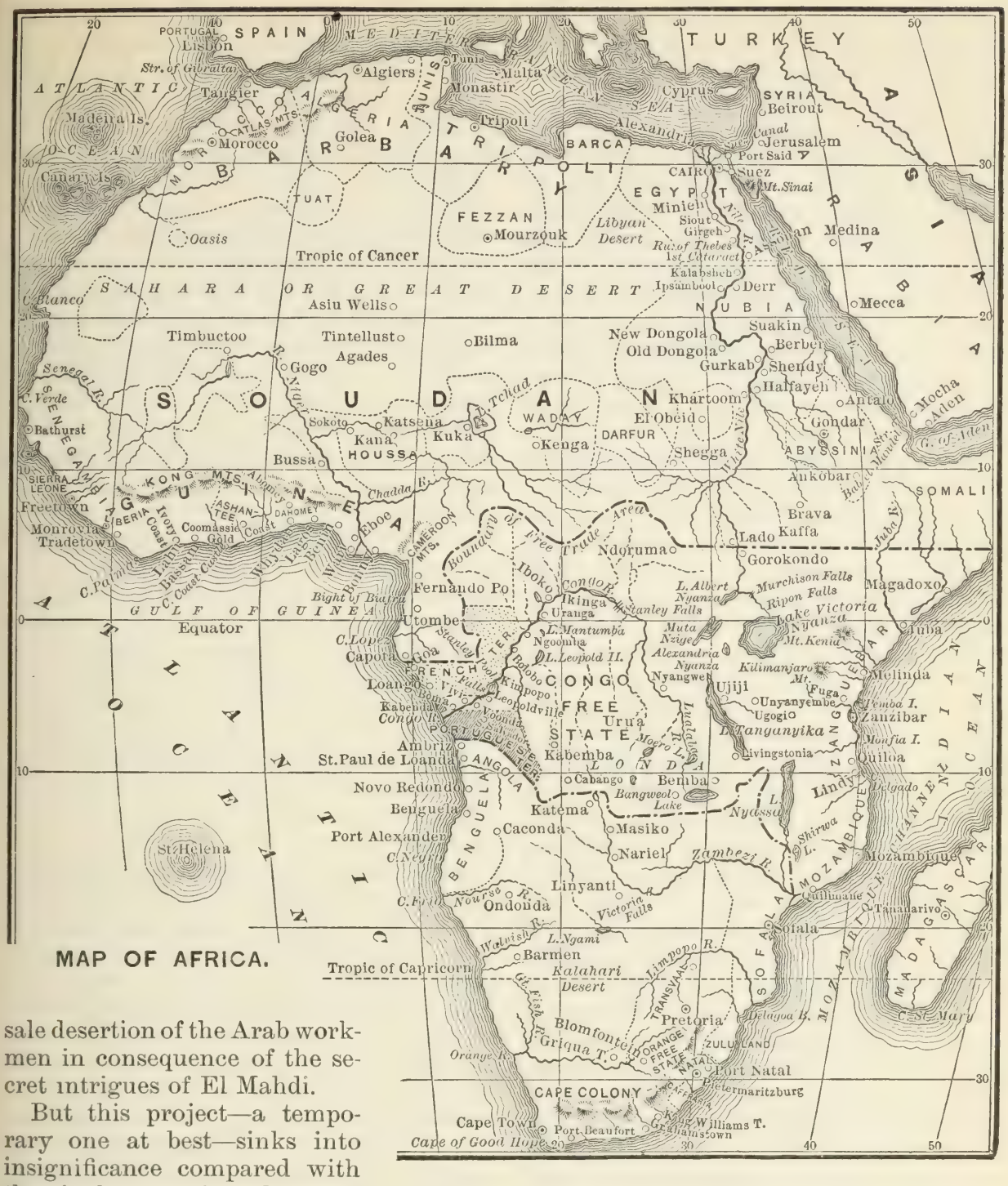
BY DAVID KER.

THE prospects of African civilization are aptly summed up in the elder Prince Gortschakoff's terse definition of the equally undeveloped vastness of Siberia as "a good bill payable at a long date." Vast as are the results achieved during the last few years, they are as nothing to the work which still remains to be done; but the outer world is at all events beginning to learn for the first time what Africa really is, and what she really needs. As lately as 1830, civilization hailed as a great discovery the announcement that "John and Richard Landor, having voyaged down the Niger from Yauri to the sea, have satisfactorily ascertained that it is *not* the Congo!" Even after this amazing revelation, and, indeed, almost up to the date of Stanley's famous "finding of Livingstone," the few Europeans who thought of Africa at all thought of it as a vast sandy desert, with a floating population consisting chiefly of hungry lions and robbers more ferocious still, the latter being in the habit of "careering over the waste" on swift horses without any obvious cause for their hurry, living comfortably where there was nothing to eat, and amassing stores of ill-gotten wealth where there was no one to rob.

But the great tidal wave of civilization which is now bursting into the Dark Continent has swept away these delusions at once and forever. The supposed "desert" proves to contain wide tracts of alluvial soil as fertile as the Cashmere Valley, forests vast enough to swallow up all the woods of northern Russia, lakes to which Ladoga and Onega would be mere pools, mountains as high as the stateliest peaks of the Alps or the Caucasus, and rivers forming a series of watery high-roads as magnificent as those of Siberia itself, with the additional advantage of having no winter to impede them. Indeed, the future history of Africa will be written along the lines traced by the Nile, the Niger, and the Congo, as certainly as that of Central Asia has followed the course of the Syr-Darya and the Oxus; and with these three great natural highways any survey of Africa's development must necessarily begin.

Among the countless blessings of war must be reckoned its power of teaching geography and its aptitude for developing railways. Thousands who but for the Afghan frontier quarrel would have gone to their graves ignorant of the very existence of Penjdeh, Bala Murghab, or Pul-i-Khisti, are now as familiar with those civilized and interesting spots as with Central Park or Coney Island, while the Soudan war has set on foot two railroads (the Suakin-Berber and the Upper Nile Valley), which the historian of the twentieth century will class among the most important achievements of the nineteenth. The first of these undertakings, however, is intended not to supersede, but to assist, the navigation of the Nile, which matches its two great brothers, the Niger and the Congo, in the number and violence of the rapids that obstruct its course. Its commencement was interwoven with the dreams of Soudanese conquest and traffic which haunted the ex-Khedive of Egypt, Ismail Pasha, who, growing impatient at the slow progress of the railroad that he was pushing along the left bank of the Nile through upper Egypt into Nubia, resolved, like the Irish novel-reader, "to begin in the middle, and finish the beginning at the end." The new departure was made from Wadi Halfa, a Nubian town 550 miles below Berber by the winding river route, and upward of 600 from the Mediterranean in a straight line. Thence the track was completed as far as Sarras, when some new caprice diverted the attention of its volatile patron, who left the work unfinished.

It was recommenced by England in 1884, a few months after Gordon's arrival at Khartoom, and fifteen miles out of sixty-two were completed on the Ferket section, which avoids the perilous Dal rapids. The work was vigorously pushed on during the summer by order of General Wolseley, who asserted that by constructing tramways around the cataracts of Fatmeh and Khaibar, and laying about 220 miles of track along various parts of the upper Nile, a line of communication available at all seasons might be established between Wadi Halfa and Korti, the future headquarters of the British army during the Soudan campaign. But the works at Ferket came to an abrupt halt in the early fall from lack of material, while the construction of the higher sections was stopped short on the 28th of October by a whole-



MAP OF AFRICA.

sale desertion of the Arab workmen in consequence of the secret intrigues of El Mahdi.

But this project—a temporary one at best—sinks into insignificance compared with the rival enterprise advocated more than twenty years ago by no less an authority than Sir Samuel Baker. At first sight, indeed, the deliberate announcement of a scheme for raising the level of the Nile so high as to annihilate all its cataracts by burying fathoms deep the obstructions that cause them, while fertilizing with the rich deposit of its waters a desert as large as the combined area of France and Germany, might well appear startling even to a generation which has hewed its way through the isthmus of Suez and has begun to pierce that of Panama. But its feasibility is obvious to any one who remembers that although the actual feeders of the Nile are the two great equatorial lakes which are now famous as the Victoria and Albert Nyanza, the real sources of its yearly overflow are the great tributaries sent down into it by Africa's Switzerland, Abyssinia.

In order to appreciate the full significance of this fact, let us suppose ourselves standing beside the Atbara, near Collodabad (160 miles southeast of its junction with the Nile), on a hot, cloudless June morning, when the sultry air and the cracked, parching earth seem alike heavy with the torpid silence of utter exhaustion. Long weeks of drought have done

their work, and in the channel through which the splendid river flowed swift and deep only a few months ago the dry sand now glares white in the scorching sunshine. All around, far as the eye can reach, the stony grimness of the great Bishareen Desert, stretching unbroken up to the Blue Nile on the west and the Red Sea on the east, wearies the eye with its hideous sameness; and miles away to the southeast the four pyramidal bluffs of granite around Gozerajup, marking the southernmost limit of the Nubian wilderness, loom distortedly through a quivering film of intense heat, like the reek from the mouth of a furnace.

Suddenly a hollow rumble, like distant thunder, blends with the warning shriek of "El Bahr! el Bahr!" (the river! the river!) from the Arabs who are rushing frantically up the crumbling sides of the gully; and we have barely time to draw breath when the whole valley around us is one whirl of foaming, leaping, roaring waters, 500 yards wide by 20 feet deep, and black as ink with the rich soil which, washed down from the slopes of the Abyssinian hills, gives to the Atbara its Arabic name of "Bahr el Aswat" (the black river). The tributaries of the Nile come down in their might to re-enforce her wasting stream with the free mountain torrents which no sun can dry. Away, away rushes the life-giving flood on its long journey toward the swarthy Egyptian husbandmen, who are watching for its coming a thousand miles to the northward. Ten leagues above the spot where the white, flat-roofed houses of Berber look out from a garland of living green* over the hot, brassy yellow of the Nubian Desert, this last affluent bursts into the shrunken Nile. The bare, rocky ridges behind Abu-Hamed, the high, steep bank whence Korti peers through its clustering trees at the perilous shoals below, the great red cliff that sentinels the crumbling and half-ruined hovels of Old Dongola, are one by one left behind. Onward still, past the tall, white, spear-pointed minarets that rise above the dark green palms of New Dongola, beneath which, forty years ago, played a bare-limbed Arab boy who was one day to call himself El Mahdi; past the mighty crags of basalt, more than 200 feet in height, which start up out of the thick coffee-brown stream beside Wadi Halfa; past the stern cliffs of red granite beyond it, and the brown huts of Korosko, where the black loam of the river seems divided by a ruled line from the tawny sand of the desert—till at length the slender masts of the white-winged Arab boats are seen bristling around the muddy landing-place of Assouan, and the rushing river pours itself in a fertilizing deluge over the interminable plains of Egypt.

Is it possible, then, to strike a balance between these alternate extremes of lavish abundance and bitter scarcity, or to convert to their proper use these countless tons of fertilizing deposit which the Nile sweeps down into the sea, to form there a line of sand banks along the whole Egyptian coast, and gradually block up not only the mouths of the great river itself, but the entrance of the Suez Canal likewise? Sir Samuel Baker, the greatest living authority upon the Nile and its capabilities, declares that all this can be done, and his plan is too characteristically bold and simple to be stated in any words but his own:

"The Nile is a powerful horse without harness; but with a bridle in his mouth the fertility of Egypt might be increased to a vast extent. With a river that supplies an unlimited quantity of water and mud at a particular season, having a fall of 1500 feet in 1000 miles, a supply could be afforded to a prodigious area, which would be fertilized not only by irrigation, but by the annual deposit of soil from the water being allowed to remain upon the surface. The establishment of a series of dams across the Nile would raise its level at certain points, whence the water might be led by canals into the natural depressions. These would form reservoirs, from which the enormous volume of water heavily charged with soil (which now rushes uselessly into the sea) might be conducted through the deserts of Nubia and Libya, to transform them into *cotton fields that would render England independent of America.* This great work might be commenced by a single dam above the first cataract at Assouan, at a spot where the river is walled in by granite hills. Here the water could be raised to an exceedingly high level, which

* This eight-acre garden of date-palms, citrons, and lemons, still fresh as when first planted by wise old Halleem Effendi many years ago, is the most striking possible proof how much may be achieved by culture and irrigation even in a seemingly hopeless desert.

would command an immense tract of country. Similar dams might be constructed at convenient intervals, and by raising the level of the Nile sixty feet at every dam, the cataracts would no longer exist, as the rocks forming the obstructions would be buried in the depths of the river. Stone being plentiful throughout the Nile Valley, the engineering difficulties would be trifling, while sluice-gates and canals at the various dams would conduct the shipping either up or down the stream."

Gigantic as the scheme may appear which thus aims at the fertilization of the whole Soudan at one blow, it is merely the repetition on a magnificent scale of what the Egyptians themselves have already achieved on a small one. The barrage constructed between Cairo and Alexandria by the first Viceroy, Mehemet Ali Pasha, had precisely the same effect in raising the level of the Nile and pouring its waters into the irrigating canals of the surrounding country. Any traveller who has ascended the upper Nile by boat from Berber to Khartoom within the last two or three years must have seen at almost every mile of his voyage the huge, clumsy, creaking *sakyeh* (water-wheel) thirty feet in diameter, and worked by two oxen, which, as it turns, fills with the soft river water the buckets hung to its frame-work by ropes of dried grass, and then empties them again into the hollowed palm trunk which serves as a conduit pipe to carry the stream into the irrigating trenches around. Higher up the Nile Valley he would find this rude contrivance replaced by one even more primitive, viz., the traditional *shadoof*, or earthen pitcher, raised and lowered, like an ordinary well bucket, by a cord attached to a stout horizontal spar. The rule, or rather misrule, of the Egyptian government is sufficiently characterized by the one fact that instead of aiding and encouraging these feeble attempts at improvement, it has actually laid a heavy impost upon the irrigation which is the very life of the land, each *sakyeh* paying a yearly tax of 760 Egyptian piastres (nearly $35), and each *shadoof* 330 ($15). But the effect produced even by these puny and barbarous methods amply proves what mighty results may be expected from a regular and universal system of culture, armed with all the resources of science, and supported by all the wealth of civilization.

Sir Samuel's bold prophecy of the conversion of the Nubian and Libyan deserts into cotton fields is no poetical exaggeration. At Assouan, at Port Said, at Berber, along both sides of the Suez Canal, luxuriant vegetation may now be seen growing upon soil brought from a distance, and spread over the parched and lifeless sands of the great eastern desert. During the late American war, Egypt supplied England with a vast quantity of excellent cotton, the only drawback being the inevitable diminution of the corn crop by the sudden withdrawal of so large a surface from the limited area of lower Egypt for purposes of cotton raising. But when the cotton plantations of the Nile shall extend from the border of upper Egypt to that of Abyssinia, middle and lower Egypt will be left free for the exclusive rearing of those splendid harvests which fed the Roman republic 2000 years ago.

The cotton culture which succeeded so well at the mouth of the Nile twenty-three years since has an equally promising field at the opposite extremity of the main stream, in the wide plain through which its two great branches rush to join each other at Khartoom. The tributary streams of the Rahad and the Atbara, diverging from the same point of the great Abyssinian mountain wall, inclose a triangle of rich level prairie, which any one who has travelled in northwestern Afghanistan may picture to himself by recalling the triangular plain of Badgheis similarly flanked by the Murghab and the Heri-Rud, with Herat at its apex instead of Gallabat. The whole southern part of this district—which farther resembles the Badgheis province in forming a kind of "debatable land" between Abyssinia and the Egyptian Soudan—is one vast alluvial flat, with a regular rain-fall every year from June till the middle of September, and a soil as admirably adapted for cotton growing as that of the finest plantation on the Mississippi. True, that wretched Eastern misgovernment which regards every fine province as a butcher regards a fat ox has done its utmost to ruin this splendid region, the ill-fated inhabitants of which have long been used to raise just enough produce for their own subsistence, knowing that any surplus would be instantly seized by the rapacious government. No one who has seen the Egyptian soldiers carrying off the daughters of the Arab peasantry, tearing down their huts for fire-wood, extorting black-mail

from them over and above the grinding official taxation, can wonder at the success of El Mahdi's rebellion. A very few years ago the bare rumor of Egyptian troops approaching sufficed to make all the inhabitants of a Soudanese village gather their families, their live stock, and whatever they could most easily carry away, and fly to the hills or the desert, leaving their unreaped corn and deserted homes at the mercy of the Khedive's blood-hounds. But despite all that the Gallabat Plain has suffered and is still suffering from human crime and human folly, the long trains of camels which one meets on the Rahad and the upper Atbara, each bearing 400 or 500 pounds of cotton or tobacco to the Abyssinian markets, show what may be expected of it when freed from the double burden of native barbarism and Egyptian tyranny. The duty of removing this burden lies at present between England, as the holder of Suakin, and Italy, as the holder of Massowah. Both have set their faces inland, and England has already taken her first stride toward the promised land of the eastern Soudan by commencing the second of the two great Nile railways, viz.. that from Suakin to Berber.

The preference originally given to the northernmost of the two routes from the Red Sea coast to Berber, as "better watered" than the southern route *viâ* Sinkat, can not but sound ironical to those who remember how many of the eleven "wells" that dot its dreary 239 miles of desert are mere mud-holes, the liquid scooped from which is far more like anchovy sauce than water. But a very slight effort of scientific boring would remedy this drawback, and the line itself presents only two engineering difficulties worth mentioning. After the crossing of the first low ridge at Tambouk, twenty-seven miles west of Suakin, the ground slopes gradually upward to its highest point at the Haratri Pass, forty-two miles farther on. This rocky defile, rising steeply to a height of 2850 feet, will undoubtedly require some labor, but beyond it the ground descends again by a tolerably easy slope of sixty miles to the Ariab Oasis. Beyond Ariab comes the only other obstacle of any consequence, viz., a perfectly waterless tract of fifty-three miles, followed by a five-mile belt of that deep soft sand which all Egyptian and Anglo-Indian engineers know to their cost; but this once passed, a tolerably level plateau stretches unbroken all the way to Berber.

Were Sir Samuel Baker's projected dams across the Nile supplemented by a similar dam on the Atbara, the whole Bishareen Desert from Gozerajup as far north as Berber (a distance of more than 200 miles) might be made as fertile as the Gallabat Plain itself, and might load every freight-car on the Suakin-Berber Railway with first-rate cotton and corn. But it is perhaps reserved for Italy to build another railway of even greater importance—from the Red Sea harbor of Massowah due west across the 215 miles of hill and valley between it and Kassala, the greatest trading centre of the Soudan after Khartoom, and the capital of the Hadendowa Arabs, who have been held at bay there for nearly two years by a handful of brave men behind a mud wall which one well-served battery could level in a day. The possession of Massowah itself, the natural outlet of Abyssinia, is an incalculable advantage. The settlement of Assab Bay, immediately to the northwest of the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, purchased by Italy from the Danakil chiefs in 1870, and transformed ten years later into something like a commercial station by the enterprise of Messrs. Rubattino and Co., is too remote and too completely shut in by deserts ever to become a great gateway of African commerce. But Massowah, the Venice of the Red Sea, built on an island at the northern end of the spacious bay of Arkiko, protected against storms by the Dhalak islets, and linked to the mainland by a causeway a mile long, has capabilities far beyond the apparent promise of its rabble of circular mud burrows thatched with corn stalks, and huddled around a few larger buildings of stone or coral. The 5000 Greeks and Italians who now people its narrow, crooked, dirty lanes are the germ of a mighty future. Abyssinia, cut off from the sea, like her European counterpart, Montenegro, by a small strip of foreign territory, has long looked as wistfully at Massowah, and the Bogos Plateau which divides it from her, as the Black Mountaineers once looked at Antivari and the adjacent coast of Dalmatia; and the establishment of safe and speedy communications thence into the heart of the country would increase a hundredfold the already promising local traffic. As long ago as 1862, when the Abyssinian tributaries of the Nile were fully explored for the first time, the mar-

ket rates at Kassala were as follows: Cotton, $1 the *kantar* (100 pounds); gum-arabic, ditto; coffee, 5 cents per pound; corn, 8 piastres (40 cents) the *rachel* of 500 pounds. At Gallabat,* the other great centre of the border trade between Abyssinia and the Soudan (about 180 miles due south of Kassala), a fat ox could then be had for $7, a fine fowl for two cents, and eggs at the rate of nine for two cents and a half. Such a country is surely worth opening to civilized commerce, especially when coupled with the possibility of converting the now useless and desert tract between Kassala and Khartoom into one great crop of that magnificent *dhurra* (corn) which grows to a height of ten, twelve, or even fifteen feet, and in which I have more than once lost my way as completely as in an actual forest. Once freed from the nightmare of Egyptian extortion which has paralyzed it ever since Turkey ceded it to the Khedive in 1866, once brought into direct contact with the most productive regions of the interior, Massowah's prosperity will advance with giant strides. The mountains to the south of the Tacazze will give up their hidden treasures of copper and malachite, and the huge gray peak of Allatakoora will look down upon long trains of freight-cars bearing to the Massowah warehouses the gum-arabic of Kordofan, the beeswax of Abyssinia, the coffee of the border foot-hills, the senna gathered in the Bishareen Deserts, the corn and cotton grown on the plain of Gallabat, and the hides and ivory brought down by the bold hunters of the Hamran.

But even this does not exhaust the glorious possibilities which are now dawning upon eastern Africa. The same raising of the Nile's level which can achieve these splendid results will also make the great river navigable from its mouth right up to Gondokoro (within a short journey of the great equatorial lakes which form its actual source), sweeping away at one blow the multiplied obstacles that broke Romolo Gessi's heart, and baffled for a whole year even the iron will and indomitable perseverance of Gordon. When this vast watery highway of more than 2000 miles shall be open into the very heart of equatorial Africa, European civilization will pour in a full tide over the barbarous regions upon which it has hitherto fallen only drop by drop. And now another overland high-road is fast advancing from the south to meet this great avenue of the north. The establishment of steam navigation on the Zambezi, on its tributary the Shiré (which connects it with Lake Nyassa), and on the great lake itself, has formed a line of communication which, when supplemented by the completion of the wagon road that has already traversed more than 160 of the 200 miles between Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika, will open a direct and easy route from the Mozambique coast to within a comparatively short distance of Lake Victoria Nyanza, and the starting-point of the Nile. This final gap once bridged over, Africa will be spanned by an unbroken highway from the mouth of the Zambezi to the roadstead of Alexandria, and across fifty degrees of latitude the Indian Ocean will clasp hands with the Mediterranean.

Let us now glance at the Niger, which, although passingly mentioned by Herodotus, and located with tolerable correctness by Strabo and other classic geographers, is a mere infant in African history as compared with the hoary antiquity of the Nile. Up to a comparatively recent date it was confounded by some with the Congo, by others with the Senegal, and by not a few with an affluent of the Nile itself. Not till 1869 were its head-waters fully explored by Winwood Reade, a relative of the famous English novelist, whose vivid picture of African life in one of his later works probably gained much of its force from the graphic details of his younger namesake. Reade's explorations, combined with the previous researches of Major Laing, Caillé, Barth, and the Landor brothers, gave the outer world a tolerably clear idea of the length, course, and navigable capabilities of this great tropical artery, in which lies the future of western Africa, M. De Lesseps's imaginative scheme for flooding the whole Sahara into a smaller Atlantic having apparently but one drawback, viz., that of being impossible.

The course of the Niger—which flows northeastward toward the Sahara Desert as far as Kaabra (the river port of Timbuctoo), and then slants downward again with equal suddenness to the southeast, forming the exact figure of a gigantic V turned upside down — spans the whole

* Gallabat is one of the many towns surnamed "El Metemmah" (the capital), the constant recurrence of which title (frequently but erroneously written "Metemneh") is a fruitful source of confusion.

breadth of the fertile tract between the Sahara and the Gulf of Guinea. This tract has an average width of 800 miles, over the whole extent of which the vast tropical rain-fall has spread that rank and riotous luxuriance of vegetation which is the only too certain home of that deadly malaria that the hardiest foreigner can not face unharmed. Rising on the eastern slope of Mount Loma, 1300 feet above the sea (which divides its source from that of its great western rival, the Senegal), it traverses the territories of several ferocious and utterly barbaric tribes, by whom it is called simply "the river," its various names of Joliba, Mayo, Eghirreou, and Quorra being merely the same word in different dialects. The craggy mountains gradually melt into long wave-like ridges, giving place in their turn to gentle slopes, which will be eagerly utilized by the coffee-planters of the future. About 200 miles from its source the broadening river passes Sego, the capital of the Bambarras, a kind of African Rotterdam, divided into four nearly equal parts by canals, across which ferry-boats are constantly plying. Beyond this place the ground becomes appropriately flat and swampy, stray tobacco plantations mingle with the long grass that fringes the banks, and isolated clumps of trees begin to dot the northern horizon—the outposts of the great army of forests behind them. Those two huge gray towers away to the northeast, around which hundreds of swallows are fluttering incessantly, must belong to the great mosque of Jenné, another thriving seat of west African business, situated on a large wooded island in mid-stream. This is the first of a long train of green islets of considerable size, and in many cases thickly dotted with native huts, which stud the whole middle course of the Niger. Beyond Jenné we pass from the Bambarra to the Masina country, the woods on either side growing thicker and higher with every mile of our advance, till at length Lake Debo is left behind, and amid a perfect cobweb of streams and water-courses, half buried in tamarind-trees and wild grass, the small grayish-white houses of Kaabra are seen curving around the bend of the river, with great piles of corn and dried herbage stacked on their flat roofs. Five miles to the northwest of this primitive port a vast triangular patch of dark gray upon the glaring white sand of the great plain beyond the river marks the spot where Timbuctoo, the Palmyra of western Africa, stands looking northward into the voiceless, lifeless desolation of the eternal desert.

The greatness of Timbuctoo, although attested in some degree by the crumbling remains of its once formidable rampart, is emphatically a thing of the past, and the pillared galleries of its great mosque are the sole vestige of taste and refinement that still lingers amid these countless hovels of dried mud or intertwisted straw and reeds, which, starting up amid unsightly heaps of filth and rubbish, represent the great city that once possessed its own scientists and its own philosophers, as well as a library of 1600 manuscript volumes. Here the contrast between the two sides of the river becomes absolutely startling in its intensity. To the south of it lie clustering trees, matted thickets, bristling maize fields, deep still pools fringed with long rank grass, over which clouds of water-fowl are circling with shrill cries. To the north stretches a grim waste of bare, scorching sands, upon which nothing can grow save a few stunted, skeleton trees, the cruel spikes of the mimosa. Like the Styx of Grecian legend, this dark stream parts the world of life from the world of death; and when, not many miles farther on, it turns suddenly round to commence its long journey back to the south, one might well imagine it to be shrinking away in horror from the accursed spot, and flying for refuge to the life-brimming forests and the everlasting sea.

With every mile of increasing distance from the terrible Sahara the river seems to gather fresh strength and life. From Bammakoo down to Kaabra it is barely a mile in breadth, and flows at the rate of about five miles an hour, while its low banks, constantly flooded in the rainy season, are as flat and uninteresting as a "society novel." But as it speeds southward it grows wider, stronger, deeper, while the surrounding jungles of thorn bushes and wild grass give place to mighty forests, in whose shadowy aisles even the burning African sunshine is toned down to a rich summer gloom of purple twilight. By the time it reaches Yauri—once the greatest city of western Africa, encircled with a wall twenty miles in circumference—it has attained a breadth of two miles, and rushes along with a swiftness and violence that already give the adventurous voyager a foretaste of the perilous rapids that

await him near Boossa, where poor Mungo Park was treacherously murdered in 1805. And now the soil grows softer and deeper, the rank abundance of vegetation more and more overwhelming in its deadly fullness of life, as the great river nears the point where its noblest tributary, the Benooweh (the "Blue Nile" of western Africa), rushes into it from the northeast. Only 250 miles now remain to be traversed, and the mighty stream, hurrying onward as if impatient to reach the end, terminates its weary journey of 2500 miles by pouring itself through countless channels into the Bight of Biafra.

The position of the Niger's head-waters within 200 miles of the Sierra Leone coast—whence Winwood Reade's expedition actually reached them in 1869—naturally suggested the possibility of carrying a railway thither from Freetown, in order to connect that port with the still important though decaying commercial centre of Sego, and to draw into this new channel the great internal trade of which Timbuctoo is the centre. Others suggested that the proposed railway should run due northward up the Assini River to one of the Niger's tributaries, while others still preferred the idea of a line slanting northeastward from the coast to Yauri, thereby avoiding the formidable Boussa Rapids. This last plan (which was warmly approved by several veteran explorers, including Mr. Stanley himself) was much talked of after the Ashantee war of 1873-4, and again after Captain Burton's famous assertion of the existence of extensive gold fields in those regions—a statement amply borne out by the abundance of gold ornaments found in Coomassie (the Ashantee capital) by its British captors, and the name of "Gold Coast" applied to a large section of the Guinea sea-board. But while this project was serving the purpose for which such schemes are apparently created, viz., that of giving to many worthy people the pleasure of talking over a thing instead of doing it, the restless ambition of a rival power anticipated it by a counter-stroke.

The French possessors of the lower Senegal had not overlooked the fact that only a single mountain range lay between its head-waters and those of the Niger, and the same idea of "tapping" the local commerce of the great river by a railway from the coast had occurred to *them* likewise. The proposed route was fully surveyed in 1880–1 by an expedition from St. Louis, the French station at the mouth of the Senegal; and in December, 1882, the first few miles of the new railroad were actually opened for traffic. But even this small success could not be achieved without a passing exercise of that truly French mode of persuasion which was employed not many months later to conciliate the "barbarians" of Tonquin and Madagascar. The King of Kayor—a small principality bordering the French possessions on the right or northern bank of the Senegal—having been perverse enough to object to the passage of the railroad through his territory, a detachment of infantry was sent to enlighten the "insolent savage" by burning his village and carrying off his horses and cattle.

But even should this enterprise realize all the high-flown expectations entertained of it, England will still have a rich and spacious field of commerce in the lower Niger and its famous tributary the Benooweh, which, rising in the unexplored heights that tower nearly 8000 feet above the sea along the ridge of Mount Atlantika, flows westward to the Niger through a vast tract of fertile country, capable of magnificent development. Although the belief which gave to the Benooweh its other name of Tchadda, as being an outlet of the African Caspian, Lake Tchad, has proved erroneous, both French and English steamers have found it navigable up to the city of Yola (400 miles above its junction with the Niger), where it has a width of 800 feet. By this route commercial relations might be established between the Guinea ports and Kouka, the capital of the vast inland territory of Bornou. Farther to the northwest the great local market of Sokoto (Sackatoo), past which a river of the same name flows into the Niger, might be similarly linked to this ever-growing net-work of internal communication. Moreover, the British policy of forming a native gendarmerie in West Africa out of the bold and warlike Houssas, who inhabit the seven provinces lying between Sokoto and the Bornou frontier, offers an excellent means of forming closer and more friendly connections with these Frenchmen of the tropics. The four Houssa chiefs who landed at Liverpool on the 5th of last May, in order to learn the drill and discipline of the white men, will carry back to their homes beyond the Niger tales of the latter's power and splen-

dor which will fall upon ears well prepared to receive them. Compared with the ferocious Tuaregs to the north of them, and the brutal Dahomians of the south, the Houssas may almost be called civilized. Their country is well cultivated, many tracts producing two crops a year. Their ordinary habits of life and the appearance of their two-storied houses are as vastly superior to those of the surrounding tribes as the Houssas trim white cotton jacket and loose trousers are to the greasy and far too well peopled blanket which forms the ordinary wear of his ruder neighbors. Sokoto, the nominal capital of the Houssa provinces (signifying literally "halting-place"), is laid out in regular and well-built streets along a sloping ridge, surrounded by a wall more than twenty-five feet high, the twelve gates of which are always closed at sunset. Even more striking is the appearance of Kano (the New York of Houssa as Sokoto is its Washington), which, despite its unhealthy situation in the midst of an enormous swamp, ranks as one of the greatest commercial centres of equatorial Africa. Its thirty-foot wall, fifteen miles in circuit, has fifteen gates of wood covered with sheet-iron. Its inhabitants, who are estimated at 40,000, follow the Moorish fashion in their houses, which have store-rooms and a central hall of audience on the ground-floor, while the sleeping apartments occupy the upper story. The slaves, who form a full half of the population, are treated with comparative kindness, many of them being even set free at the Ramadan festival, or on the occasion of their master's death. The great market, despite its primitive currency of cowrie shells at 200 to the dollar, is clean and well kept, and presided over by a special officer, who lets out the stalls and fixes the price of the merchandise, which comprises live stock of every kind, fruit and provisions, salt from the pits of Bhilma in the northern Tuareg Desert, and miscellaneous goods from Barbary, Egypt, and even Europe.

Through the Houssa warriors who have taken her pay and visited her shores England has now an admirable chance of establishing commercial relations with this splendid country, and organizing a direct route of traffic from Sokoto to the coast *viâ* the lower Niger. The possible advantages of such an enterprise can hardly be overrated. It would be grossly unfair to judge of West African commerce as a whole by the statistics of so exceptionally unfavorable a year as the present one, which I therefore forbear to quote; but facts are not wanting to show what science and capital might achieve in this great store-house of unused treasures. The Sokoto Valley itself, and the adjacent tracts of Houssa territory, already rank as one of the finest corn-growing districts in western Africa, and may become tenfold more productive under an improved system of drainage and cultivation. The sloping hills between Sokoto and Kano offer a field for coffee-planting unsurpassed even by the famous Coffee Mountains to the east of Mocha. The tobacco plantations along the middle course of the Niger already give promise of future abundance. Indigo, though still poor and scanty, appears to be so rather from the want of proper culture than from any unfitness for the soil of the Niger basin. The ground-nuts, which are so abundant on the upper Gambia, yield an oil equal to the finest olive oil of southern Europe. Gum is equally plentiful and equally excellent. The "Ivory Coast" still deserves its name (as the traders of Sierra Leone and Liberia can bear witness) by the number of splendid tusks brought down to it from the interior. But more important than all is the precious palm oil for which the west coast of Africa has been celebrated for generations past, the supply appearing to be literally inexhaustible, inasmuch as the oil palm stretches across the whole breadth of the great central forest zone already mentioned, extending as far south as the tenth parallel of southern latitude. All these various sources of traffic will be developed, and supplemented by the scientific cultivation of the rice which already grows abundantly in the swampy Niger delta and the adjacent districts.

The third of Africa's great watery highways—the Congo—has one advantage at the very outset, which many critics appear to have quite overlooked. Among all the countless ports that stud the vast stretch of sea-board between Sierra Leone and St. Paul de Loanda, the only safe and convenient anchorage is that afforded by the inlet just within the mouth of the Congo, where, according to Stanley's friend Mr. Johnston, who inspected it three years ago, "a whole navy might ride at anchor in water deep enough for large vessels

within fifty yards of the shore," and completely sheltered by the peninsula of Banana Point. This advantage is not likely to be wasted, one glance at the map being sufficient to show how unmistakably the great river is the natural outlet of all South Africa. The possibility of connecting the Congo with the Nile, and thus laying open the whole continent from the South Atlantic to the Mediterranean, can not be fairly considered till it shall be fully ascertained whether the Wellé (which Schweinfurth in 1870 found flowing westward within 100 miles of the White Nile's nearest affluent) is a tributary of the Congo or not; but the German scheme of bridging South Africa from east to west by connecting the Congo's head-waters with Zanzibar is not only admitted to be feasible, but actually commenced. The cession to Germany by the International African Association of all the territory east of the upper Congo bordering on Lakes Tanganyika and Victoria Nyanza has lately been supplemented by the announcement that "the first stage route from the Congo to Zanzibar will be laid out by Germany through a company in eastern Africa, established under an imperial charter." In a word, everything seems ripe for the "tramway" which Mr. Stanley himself declares to be "the one thing that is needed for Africa," and his own evidence is conclusive as to the magnificent results which may be expected from the adequate development of such a region as Zanzibar: "Cloves, cinnamon, tortoise-shell, pepper, copal gum, ivory, orchilla weed, India rubber, and hides have been exported for years; but this catalogue does not indicate a tithe of what might be produced by the judicious investment of capital. The cocoa-nut palm flourishes at Zanzibar Island and on the mainland, the oil palm thrives luxuriantly in Pemba, and sugar-cane will grow everywhere. Caoutchouc remains undeveloped in the maritime belts of woodland, and the acacia forests, with their wealth of gums, are nearly untouched. Rice is sown on the Rufiji banks, and yields abundantly; cotton would thrive in any of the rich river bottoms; and then there are the grains, millet, Indian corn, and many others, the culture of which (though only in a languid way) the natives understand. The cattle, coffee, and goats of the interior also await the energetic man of capital and the commercial genius."

Germany's new overland high-road will cross at the southern end of Lake Tanganyika the route already mentioned as being carried northward by England from Lake Nyassa and the Zambezi, and will then, in all probability, run either due west to Lake Moero, or southwest by south to Lake Bangweolo, on the southern shore of which died, twelve years ago, with only a few trusty native followers around him, a gaunt, gray-haired, weary old man whose name was David Livingstone. On that wild mountain plateau, 3688 feet above the sea, where the life of the veteran explorer found its end, that of the great river takes its rise. Leaping down from the northern slope of the Chibalé Mountains, it plunges into the broad bright lake, to re-issue with new strength and a new name, like Spenser's transformed knight from the holy well. Thence it rushes down to Lake Moero, nearly 700 feet lower, where it assumes a third alias, changing from the Luapula to the Luvwa, while a subsequent dive into Lake Ulengé transforms this harlequin of a river for the fourth time, under the now famous title of Lualaba.

About fifty miles below Lake Ulengé the river is joined by the Luama, which Stanley and his little band of heroes, after struggling along its bank for 220 weary miles, saw from the crest of a low ridge pouring a stream 400 yards wide into the pale gray current (more than three-quarters of a mile broad at this point) of the magnificent Lualaba. And now for many a mile to come the river bears out the lucid description given of it to Stanley by Abed Ben Jumah: "It flows north and north and north, and there is no end to it." It passes the town of Nyangwe—the westernmost station of the Arab traders from Zanzibar, 338 miles west of Lake Tanganyika—built on a high reddish bank forty feet above the river, in two distinct sections, between which lies a swampy hollow thickly planted with rice. It turns away from the green sloping hills of Uzura and Manyema into a black mass of dismal forest, rank with a foul and hideous abundance of vegetable life, the perfect embodiment of that tremendous inertia of untamed nature against which all the energies of man are as nothing. It sweeps by the gloomy mouth of the Ruiki and the banana-planted slopes of Vinya Njara, where it "rained poisoned arrows all night" upon the great explorer in a series of fights

worthy to be classed with Thermopylæ or Bunker Hill. It eddies among countless wooded islands, which stud more and more thickly the ever-widening stream. Onward, onward still, over the seven successive cataracts of Stanley Falls, past the mouth of the Aruwimi (identified by some with Schweinfurth's Wellé), where the worn, half-starved, fainting pioneers fought against overwhelming numbers a three days' battle of which America may well be proud; and then westward to the memorable spot where the old chief of Rubunga answered Stanley's question as to the name of the river with "Ikutuya* Congo" (it is called the Congo).

No one who knows what an African forest really is will be likely to undervalue either the obstacles already overcome on the Congo, or those which still remain to be encountered. The African explorer has no deadlier foe than these dreadful jungles—too dense to be passed through, too full of moisture to be burned up, and too quick of growth to be cut down—all through which, the moment the sun sets, you see the white fever mist begin to curl venomously upward from the rank spongy soil below, like vapor from a boiling caldron. "Ferns, spear-grass, water-cane, and orchidaceous plants," says Mr. Stanley, "mixed with wild vines, cable thicknesses of the *Ficus elastica*, mimosas, acacias, tamarinds, llianas, palms of various species (the wild date, the oil palm, and the fan), rattans, and a hundred other varieties, are all struggling for every inch of space, and swarming upward with a luxuriance and density that only this extraordinary hot-house atmosphere could nourish. Gloom, slopping moisture, unhealthy, reeking atmosphere, monotonous scenery; nothing but the eternal interlaced branches, and the tall aspiring stems, rising from a tangle through which one has to burrow and crawl, like a wild animal, on hands and feet." This gloomy labyrinth is represented by a mass of rudely drawn tree-tops on the quaint old English map of 1626 (attached to John Ogilby's curious and now very rare work upon Africa), which, singularly enough, locates with tolerable exactness not only the upper Nile and its great parent lake, the Victoria Nyanza, but also the course of the Congo itself, which is marked as issuing from "Lake Zaire"—evidently a confusion of Lakes Moero and Bangweolo with Tanganyika—making an enormous bend to the northward, and flowing down to the sea in one unbroken stream, called from first to last "the Zaire or Congo River."

But a river 2900 miles in length, swollen by affluents to which the Seine and the Hudson would be mere brooks, and pouring itself into the sea through a mouth seven miles wide, with a current of six knots an hour, must one day take rank among the great commercial highways of the world, whatever its forests and cataracts may do to obstruct it. To give a full summary of the Congo's commercial future would be to write Mr. Stanley's latest work over again; but the results already achieved and those which are now in process of achievement may be briefly stated in his own words:

"From the mouth of the Congo a steamer drawing fifteen feet of water can steam up the river 110 miles, and opposite to this point (the head of the estuary) we have built stations on both sides of the river, that on the north or right bank (*i. e.*, Vivi) being the principal. Hence, in order to avoid the Yellala Falls, we take a land journey of 52 miles to a point where we have built another station. We then take boats, and steam or row 88 miles to a point opposite which there are stations constructed on each side of the river. Then comes another land journey of 95 miles to reach our lately built town of Leopoldsville, at the entrance of Stanley Pool. Hence we steam up uninterruptedly a distance of 1060 English miles. With a short road past Stanley Falls, we could proceed 350 miles farther up the river, and then a portage of two miles would give us 650 more. In addition to these distances upon the Congo itself, its larger affluents make up a total navigable length of more than 2000 miles. Along the main stream we have constructed thirteen stations in the most likely places, among peaceful tribes, with whom we are on terms of familiar intercourse, and who have welcomed us as brothers."

* Curiously enough, this same word, with precisely the same meaning, figured prominently in a Zulu translation of the *Pilgrim's Progress* shown me by the late Bishop Colenso when I visited him at Ekukanyené, on my way back from Zululand. Moreover, the dialect of the lower Congo contains several Zulu words (*e. g.*, "kulu," old, "dizulu," sky or heaven, etc.) identical with those used by Cetywayo's spearmen on the opposite side of the continent, thousands of miles away—a coincidence which I leave to the consideration of better philologists than myself.—D. K.

The importance of these measures, which practically bridge over the gap dividing the inland trade of the upper Congo from the coast trade of its lower course, can hardly be overrated. Even in 1883 the annual value of the local traffic was estimated at $14,000,000; and now that the Berlin Conference of 1884 has disposed of the absurd claims of Portugal, and established freedom of trade throughout the entire basin of the Congo, it may reasonably be expected to develop apace. Bounded on the north by the water-shed of the Nile, on the south by that of the Zambezi and the Logé, on the east by Lake Tanganyika, and on the west by the Atlantic Ocean, this vast tract comprises almost the whole southern portion of Central Africa, having a length of 1400 miles by a breadth of 1200, and an area of 1,300,000 square miles. Its population, though a mere nothing to that which it may support with ease at no very distant date, is already very considerable. In one section of the upper Congo Mr. Stanley counted fourteen tolerably large villages within a very limited space; and the most reliable among the many estimates of the total population rates it as high as 40,000,000.

The lower Congo enjoys the priceless advantage of traversing an intermediate zone admirably fitted for cultivation, separating two opposing tracts, in one of which cultivation is rendered impossible by absolute want of water, and in the other by a permanent excess of it. The great mass of forest and swamp covering the basin of the Niger and almost the whole of the west coast stretches southward as far as the mouth of the Ogoway River, about fifty miles south of the equator. Here it gradually begins to melt away, the rivers being still thickly wooded, while the open country assumes the form of wide green savannahs, dappled with clumps of trees, and representing the "park-like region" so often and so enthusiastically referred to by Mr. Johnston. This in its turn gives place by degrees to the scantier vegetation of the Portuguese provinces of Benguela and Mossamedes, growing thinner and ever thinner as it recedes from the limit of the oil palms at the tenth parallel of south latitude, till the last trace of vegetable life vanishes on the border of the great Kalahari Desert, which lies immediately north of the Orange River and Cape Colony.

It is through the great natural park above mentioned that the Congo flows downward to the sea, with all the commercial advantages that can be given to it by a magnificent climate and a soil of unexampled fertility. Among the products of the Congo basin enumerated by Mr. Stanley are palm oil, cassava, plantains and other fruits, palm wine, copper, iron, vermilion, camwood, tobacco, sugar-cane, beans, maize, millet, sweet-potatoes and other vegetables, mats of palm fibre, nuts, fish, eggs, pigs, goats, India rubber, and ivory. The last article is so abundant on the upper Congo that in one of the villages of the savage region near the mouth of the Aruwimi an "ivory temple" is said to exist, formed of a light roof supported by thirty-three entire tusks, many of which are of enormous size. The chief local imports are cotton, hardware, cloth, salt, crockery, guns, and powder, the three first-named articles being in especial demand, and forming in some districts the actual currency of the country, so far as it can be said to have any. "At the present time," says Mr. Stanley, "the quantity of cheap cottons sold every year in the Congo markets amounts to 6,250,000 yards; and supposing every inhabitant of the Congo basin to have just one Sunday dress every new year, 320,000,000 yards would be required."

Stanley Pool, 346 miles from the river's mouth, 24 miles long by 16 broad, studded with islands of considerable size, completely sheltered by hills varying from 1000 to 3000 feet in height, and itself 1147 feet above the sea-level, is as fine a haven of local traffic as Adam Smith himself could have desired. Not without reason did the same observant eye which singled out the hill-top now crowned by the neat little station of Vivi select the western gateway of Stanley Pool as a fit site for Leopoldsville (the virtual capital of the new Congo State), at which its would-be rival, Brazzaville—rashly built in an unhealthy and inconvenient spot on the right bank, some years ago, by the French pioneer De Brazza—looks gloomily through its clustering trees across the broad brown current of the river. The proposed connection of Leopoldsville with Vivi by a railway 235 miles long, avoiding the formidable rapids of Yellala, Isangila, etc., will practically unite the upper and lower Congo, and will undoubtedly give an enormous impetus to the commerce of the whole basin, the yearly value of which, when fully de-

veloped, is estimated by Mr. Stanley himself as high as $350,000,000.

But these splendid results are not to be achieved (as many who ought to know better appear to think) by a single determined effort. "You can not expect to civilize a whole continent at one blow," said Mr. James Irvine, of Liverpool, with whom I had a very interesting talk shortly before my departure for the Congo, and who, having lived for years on the west coast of Africa, and had abundant experience of the natives and their ways, is fairly entitled to speak with authority on this point. "I give this African undertaking twenty-five or thirty years to get into what you might call proper working order. There can be no doubt whatever that the establishment of fair trade is the right way to put an end to these tribal wars that do so much mischief, for when once the natives can get what they want by trading, they'll have nothing to fight about. But to regard Africa as a second Peru, where fortunes are to be picked up like pebbles, is simply absurd. Africa will unquestionably be enormously remunerative by-and-by; but in the mean while there is one great stumbling-block in the way, which nothing but time can remove."

"You mean the climate, I suppose?" said I.

"Well, the climate counts for something, of course. You know what the old song says:

'Beware, beware of the Bight of Benin;
For one that comes out, there were forty went in.'

However, the Congo's nothing like so bad as the Niger. Johnston, as you remember, was there for sixteen months, and only had one touch of fever worth mentioning. The main difficulties lie not so much in the climate as in the natives themselves. Folks at home are apt to fancy that you have only to show a black man something better than what he's already got, in order to make him accept it gladly; but they forget that you must first convince him that it *is* better, which can't be done all in one moment. But apart from the fact of the natives having so few wants that, until they develop a bit, your profits must be small and your expenses great, there are two great obstacles to Africa's development. The first is (as Stanley and Burton both said when I talked it over with them) the difficulty of getting rid of rum and the slave-trade, which are the curse of the whole continent. The second is that you have to deal with men as hasty and capricious as children, who will run away from the very sight of you to-day, and swarm round you like flies to-morrow. The goods which are snapped at by one tribe are of no use whatever among the next. Then, too, this universal eagerness for trade draws them away from agriculture, and so adds a fresh hinderance to the development of the country."

All this is perfectly true; but when once these preliminary obstacles shall have been swept away, the great work will advance with ever-increasing rapidity. Many men are still alive among us whose fathers could remember a time when pathless forests, haunted by murderous savages, covered the whole of that beautiful region through which passenger trains now run safely and smoothly from Lake George to Albany and New York. So, too, it may be with Africa. The close of the twentieth century may find King Luteté the Fourth "running" for the postmastership of Manyanga, and King Kamrasi the Fifth practicing as a hotel-keeper a more extended and remunerative system of robbery than that which his great ancestor carried on as a brigand. Some Ki-Nshasha Motley will then write the last volume of his *Rise of the Congo Republic* amid an admiring circle of Watwa subscribers. Sir Cannibal Longknife, the President of the Nyangwe Board of Trade, will receive deputations of Arab "drummers" from the great business houses of Timbuctoo and Gondokoro, while every newspaper of the Congo basin, from the *Lake Bangweolo Daily Canoe*, to the *Banana Point Evening Caravan*, will teem with descriptions of the latest fashionable arrivals at the hotels of Vivi and Isangila, the unveiling of a famous Ba-Ngala sculptor's statue of President Stanley, or the show of British and American manufactures at the Leopoldsville Industrial Exposition of the year 2001.

NOTE.—The present summary makes no attempt at a survey of the sugar-cane culture and other industries of the British colonies at the Cape, which, cut off from the great overland route by vast deserts, and hampered in their development by excessive drought in the case of Cape Colony, excessive rain in that of Natal, and the rooted indolence of the Kaffir population in both, can not claim any leading part in the advance of Africa as a whole, despite the local importance of the Natal railways as the natural outlet of the Transvaal.—D. K.



VIEW FROM THE VIADUCT.

THE CITY OF CLEVELAND.

BY EDMUND KIRKE.

TRAVELLING in 1796 was not what it is to-day. A journey which now is accomplished in a few hours, then occupied as many days, and in thinly settled portions of the country was often attended with hardships and dangers that led the stoutest-hearted to prefer a seat by their own firesides. This was, at least, the experience of a young New Hampshire farmer, who in the year I have mentioned set out to find for himself a home a thousand miles or more nearer to the setting sun. He was named James Kingsbury, and though born in Connecticut, had been reared among the granite hills, where the annual crop of stones is so large that the sheep's noses are said to be sharpened to enable them to nibble the thin grass that grows between them. He had heard of a country around the Great Lakes where the climate, being tempered by vast bodies of water, was mild and genial, and the soil so fertile that it only needed to be "tickled with a hoe to laugh into a harvest," and he determined to cast his lot in that delightful region.

The Revolution had left the country in poverty, and Kingsbury was no better off than the most of his neighbors, but though not yet thirty years of age, he had

already attained to the rank of Colonel in the militia—a position which in those days implied character and a certain degree of social consideration. But he had a young family growing up around him, and it was probably more on their account than his own that he left the security of a settled district for the unknown hazards of a new country. Whatever may have been his motive, it is certain that in the early spring of 1796 he set out from Alstead, New Hampshire, with his wife and three children—the oldest not four years old—to find a home in what was then the far distant West.

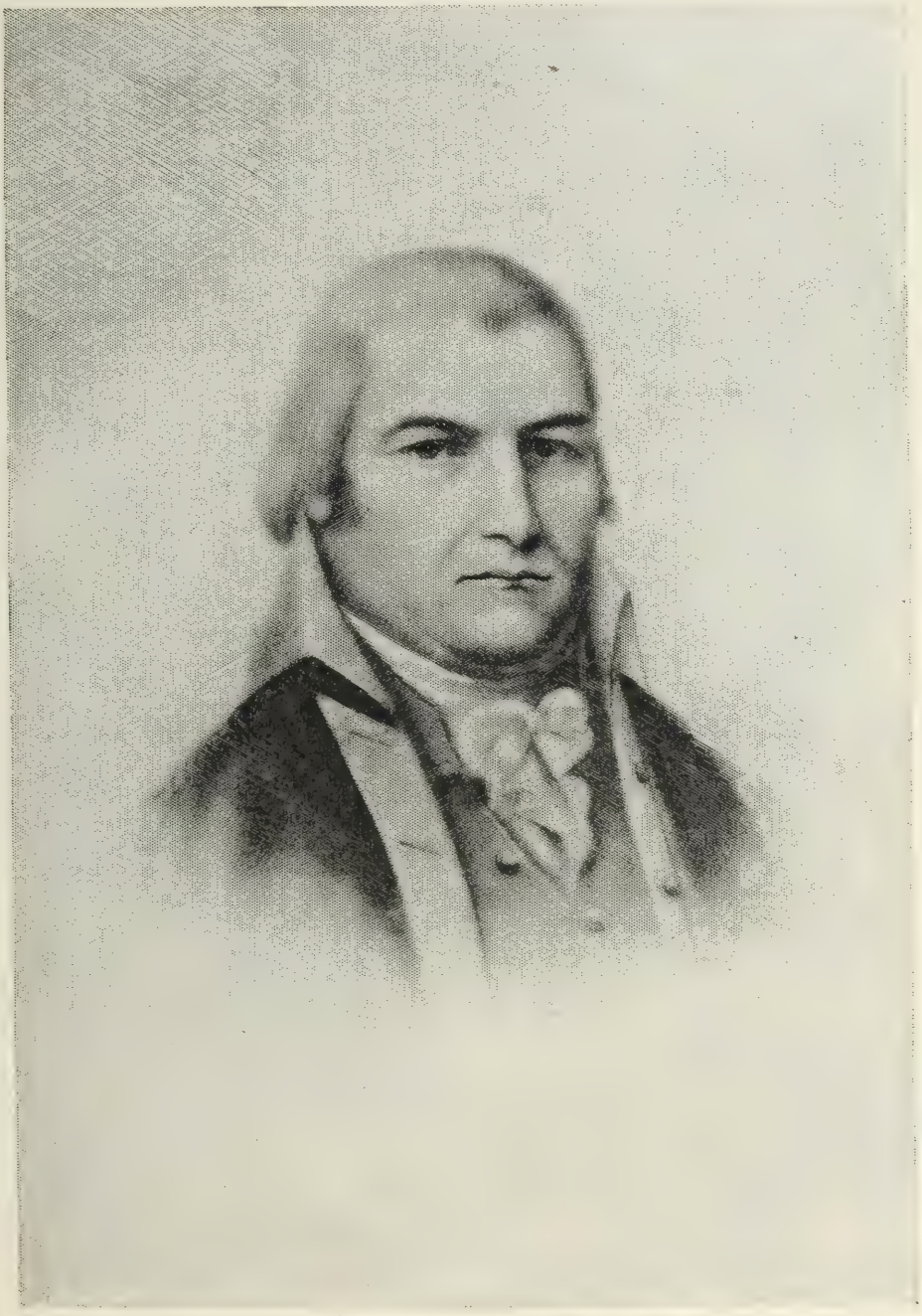
He travelled by "private conveyance," taking with him a young brother of his wife to aid him on the journey. His outfit was a stout farm wagon drawn by a yoke of oxen, and laden with household goods and provisions; a horse to carry his wife and two younger children; a cow to supply milk during the journey; and for defense a rusty Queen's-arm musket, with which an older brother had in 1777 done effective service at Bennington. His first destination was Oswego, and after leaving Albany his route lay through a wild forest, where the road was merely a bridle-path blazed through the woods—the trail used from time immemorial by the Indians. Here no inn or friendly farm-house invited the traveller to lodge overnight, and the little company was forced to camp out among the trees, the woman and children sleeping in the wagon, while the man and the boy took turns in watching the fire, which had to be kept in a constant blaze to frighten away the wolves and panthers with which the forest was infested. Thirty days they journeyed in this manner, travelling perhaps ten miles in a day, before they came in sight of the little collection of log huts which then composed what is now the important port of Oswego.

Here Kingsbury found a scanty array of shipping, from among which he sought to find a craft suitable to navigate a lake subject at this season to violent storms, and at all times unsafe for any but skillful seamen. Nothing better presented itself than an open flat-bottomed boat, rigged with a single sail, and capable of carrying his family and household goods, but sure to have its gravity upset if freighted with animals ignorant of the science of equilibration. In this, however, Kingsbury embarked, closely hugging the land, and never venturing out in threatening weather, the young lad meanwhile mounted upon his horse, and making his way through the woods along the shore with the cow and the oxen. At night the boat would be drawn up on the beach, and the camping-out experiences would be repeated. In this slow and toilsome way he journeyed another thirty days, when he arrived at Fort Niagara, which was the end of his route on Lake Ontario. Here the order of proceeding was reversed. The boat which had carried the wagon was now to be carried by that vehicle over the thirty miles of portage to Lake Erie. Here the little craft was again launched—trundled from the wagon into the lake—and here, at the future Buffalo, Kingsbury fell in with a gentleman who was to decide not only his destination, but his worldly destiny.

This was General Moses Cleveland—the Moses that was to lead a considerable part of Connecticut into the Ohio wilderness, and to come down to us as the founder of one of the most beautiful cities in the Union—Cleveland, Ohio. He was agent and director of the Connecticut Land Company, which had recently bought of that State the Western Reserve—a tract of about 3,500,000 acres, extending westward from Pennsylvania along the shore of Lake Erie, and "reserved" to Connecticut by the United States as its portion of the public domain. Cleveland was travelling in the wake of a surveying party of fifty, who had but recently gone forward to survey and lay out into townships and cities this immense tract, in readiness for the tide of emigration which was expected to follow. He had never seen his wide possessions, and they had never been explored; hence he could have given Kingsbury no reliable description of the country; but it is certain that he induced him to locate upon the reservation. In doing so, Kingsbury became the first white settler in northern Ohio.

Cleveland's first destination was Conneaut, a future village, near the junction of the lake and the line of Pennsylvania. Here Kingsbury selected a piece of ground on which the surveyors had already erected a cabin, and then broke up the soil and planted a few acres to serve his family for another season. During the winter that was approaching he expected to subsist on the provisions he had brought with him, eked out by what could be spared from the stores of the surveyors,

whom he found at Conneaut, but who were soon to leave for a larger and more important town which was to be laid out at the westward. To the site of this town, which had been fixed upon by the company in Connecticut as the capital of the reservation, Cleveland made an ex-



MOSES CLEVELAND.

cursion with a small party soon after his arrival at Conneaut. The location had been determined on without any knowledge of the topography of the country, and merely because it was at the mouth of the Cuyahoga River.

The little party coasted closely along a shore everywhere overhung by a dense green forest, which was beautifully mirrored in the waters below, and before many hours came upon a narrow opening between two low banks of sand. Pushing their canoes into this opening, they found a narrow channel, widening gradually to the south, and bordered on the east by wooded bluffs, and on the west by broad flat marshes overgrown with reeds and coarse grass. Near the entrance the beach was a miry sponge, and they had to proceed some distance up the muddy stream before they could find a patch of solid

ground large enough to sustain a landing. While they were doing this, the squarely built, swarthy man who held the tiller of the leading boat had time to reflect upon the folly of locating a town without knowing something of the topography of the country. As the bow of his boat touched the land he sprang on shore, and clambering up the wooded slope at the east, looked off upon a broad level expanse rising gently from the lake, and stretching away as far as his eye could reach to southward. At a glance he saw that this was the true site for his future city, and the low ground along the river merely the water gateway that should admit to it the vast commerce of the future. Of this future he had great expectations, but he did not live to see them realized. Dying within ten years, and while Cleveland was still a mere hamlet of log houses, he beheld its future greatness only from the Pisgah of a somewhat active imagination.

Leaving a few men to erect a storehouse and cabin for the coming surveyors, Cleveland returned to Conneaut; and in the course of a short two months the city which is to bear his name to a late posterity came into existence—on paper. The map which was then made on the ground, by pasting together several sheets and parts of sheets of foolscap, was found a few years ago among the papers of ex-Governor Holley, of Connecticut, a son of one of the Cleveland surveyors. It is dated October 1, 1796; but the streets indicated upon it bear the same names and have the same locations as those now in existence.

Soon after the surveyors left Conneaut, Kingsbury was called by important business to return to his former home in New Hampshire. It must have been necessity which took him away, for he had to leave his wife and little ones, with only a lad of thirteen, exposed to the hazards of a wide forest frequented by roving bands of savages. Going on horseback by the shortest route—overland from Buffalo to Albany—he expected to return by the 1st of December; but the time came without him, or any tidings of him, for no mails as yet travelled west of Fort Stanwix, near Utica. The winter set in early with great severity. Snow fell deep late in November, and well-nigh blockaded the lonely cabin, and soon the little family ran short of provisions, and the cattle of fodder. Till the snow came, the Indians had brought the family game; but with the first very cold weather they had fled, with the birds, southward, and now the lone woman and her children seemed left to perish there in the heart of the wilderness. To add to her trials, another child was then born into the household. But even then, thus sick and alone and shut out from all human succor, this heroic woman did not lose hope or courage, for she trusted in a Providence who hears even the cry of the ravens. She knew that, if alive, her husband would soon come to her rescue; but day after day she watched and waited for him, measuring carefully her scanty store of food, and listening with anxious ear to every sound that broke the stillness of the forest; but the days lengthened into weeks, and still he did not come.

She ministered to herself as well as she could, and at the end of a fortnight managed to drag herself about the cabin; and during this time another furious storm broke over the little cabin, lasting, without intermission, twenty-one days, and piling still higher the heavy drifts that everywhere covered the forest. Could her husband survive, exposed to such a frozen tempest? or if he did, was there hope he could reach her, buried as she was under drifts as high as the roof of her dwelling? Terrible and desolate was the outlook to the lonely woman; but her faith and trust and courage did not even then forsake her, and at last her patient waiting was rewarded. It was Christmas Eve when the storm cleared away, and a gleam of sunshine broke at last through the long overhanging clouds. She went to the window to watch the welcome light, and then she caught sight of her husband, struggling painfully through the heavy drifts on his way to the cabin. He was on foot, and only an Indian guide was with him. Slowly he came on, but at last he reached the house, and, scarcely able to speak, fell exhausted in the opened doorway.

The reason of his long delay was soon made known to the overjoyed woman. He had no sooner arrived at his old home than he was stricken down with a fever, the seeds of which he had carried from the malarial swamps of Conneaut. As soon as able to mount his horse he had set out to return; but the heavy snows in western New York had so impeded his progress that he did not reach Buffalo till the 3d of December. There, though scarce-



TRAVELLING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

ly able to sit his horse, he had halted only long enough to secure an Indian guide—for the snow had obliterated the trail, and none but a native could find the way through the forest in such weather. They had set out together on the following day; and thus he had been exposed, day and night, for three long weeks, to the storm that she had heard howl so furiously around the little cabin. The drifts in many places had been higher than his horse's head; in one of them the animal had perished, and he would have shared its fate but for the fidelity of the faithful Indian.

The rest of this "winter's tale" may be briefly related. The revulsion of feeling consequent on the return of her husband prostrated Mrs. Kingsbury. She was herself now attacked with the fever, and unable to give her child its natural nourishment. The life of the infant then hung upon that of the half-starved cow, whose sole subsistence was the small twigs of the linn, elm, and beech, which had been gathered for the winter's fodder. It was a fortnight before Kingsbury was enough recovered to move about, and then he had to face another journey. The stock of provisions had now become all but exhausted, and no supply could be obtained nearer than Erie, twenty-five miles distant. The intense cold which had succeeded the storm had thickly incrusted the snow, and over it, on foot and alone, he dragged a hand-sled laden with the precious eatables. Flour could not be procured, and only a bushel of wheat; but on this, cracked and boiled, they managed to keep their souls and bodies together.

But a great calamity soon befell the lonely household. Among the browse for the cattle, the young lad had gathered some twigs of the oak, not knowing that they were poison to dumb creatures. Of these the cow had eaten, and died; and thus the little child was doomed to starvation. Day after day, and night after night, the little thing wailed its life away, and that father and mother, powerless to help, were forced to listen. At last its wailing ceased; and then the man and the boy made for it a rude coffin from a pine box which had been left by the surveyors, and scooped for it a narrow bed amid the snow. Lifting it upon his shoulder, the father bore the little body from the house, and the mother lifted herself up in her bed to catch a last glimpse of it as he laid it away in a little mound not far from the dwelling. She watched him as he lowered it into the ground, and then she heard falling upon it the frozen sods that were to hide it from her eyes forever. With that sound she fell back unconscious, only to awake a fortnight later ignorant of all that had happened. Now the strange thing that we call life was in her only a flickering flame, which, if not quickly fed, would soon burn out in its socket. This the husband saw, and loading the old Queen's-arm, which is still a sacred relic in the family, he gathered up his little remaining strength and went out to secure some of the animal food that was necessary to the saving of his wife's life.

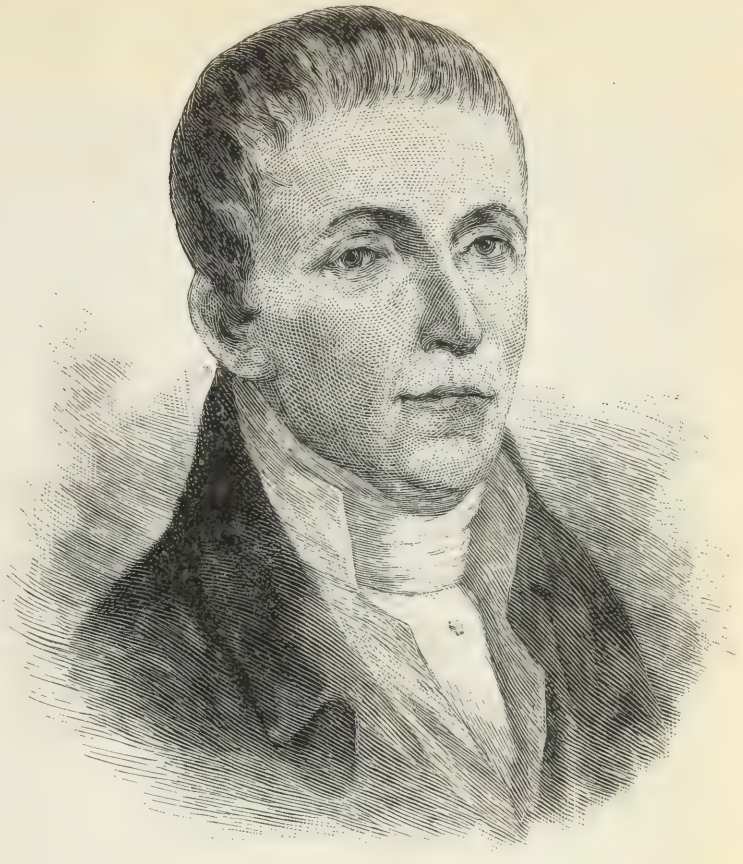
The severe weather had relaxed, and now, instead of cold blasts from the frozen lake, had come milder breezes from the south, bringing with them a few lonely birds into the forest. But the birds were shy, and Kingsbury would be fortunate to get within shooting distance. He trudged wearily on into the woods, but he saw no game, and at last, almost despondent, he sat down upon a fallen tree in the midst of a snow-bank. Soon a solitary pigeon came and perched itself upon the topmost branch of a tall tree at the utmost range of his musket. It seemed a hopeless chance; but he lifted his weapon and fired, and the bird fell, and he went home with it rejoicing. When he gave the broth to his wife she revived, and opening her eyes, asked, in a feeble tone, "James, where did you get this?" They were the first words she had spoken for a fortnight.

Such was the first winter of the first white settler in northern Ohio. It is not strange that, when the surveyors, coming to complete their work in the spring, told him that some of them intended to locate at the new city they had laid out at the westward, he should have decided to leave that desolate wilderness and build his cabin where he could occasionally see a human face of his own complexion. He did this, and thus became, in June, 1797, the first permanent settler in Cleveland, Ohio.

But he did not again make the mistake of locating near a marsh-bordered stream where the air was laden with malarial palsy. He moved back a mile and more from the Cuyahoga to a deserted cabin left by some Indian traders, who are supposed to have been there in 1786. This

he occupied till he could build a cabin of his own, which he soon did, on a spot directly east of the public square, and not far from the present site of the Post-office. On the ground near by—now occupied by the City Hall and Catholic Cathedral—he planted a crop of corn, and thus provided against a repetition of the experiences of the previous winter.

Kingsbury's first neighbor, and the second settler at Cleveland, was one Lorenzo Carter, who soon afterward built a cabin at the mouth of the river, near the hut and store-house of the surveyors. These two families, in all nine persons, comprised the total population of Cleveland in 1797. In the following year four families were added to the settlement; but after that date the town increased very slowly, numbering in 1810 only fifty-seven persons, and as late as 1820 not more than one hundred and fifty. This snail-paced progress, due to a sterile soil and a malarial atmosphere, was, however, not shared by the adjacent country. More healthy and productive, this grew with amazing rapidity; and the consequence was that Cleveland, though small in itself, soon came to be of some importance as the mart and port of entry of a thriving farming region. This fact may justify a brief reference to the character, habits, and manner of life of its early settlers.



LORENZO CARTER.

In 1800, Governor St. Clair appointed Kingsbury Judge of the Court of Common Pleas and Quarter Session of the county; and in the following year there came to reside in the place Samuel Huntington, a nephew of Governor Huntington, of Connecticut, and himself soon afterward Governor of Ohio. He was a man of cultivation, well descended, and eminent at the bar, and Kingsbury was a man highly esteemed; but in local influence they were both overshadowed by Lorenzo Carter, who had built his rough log cabin at the mouth of the river. This man was a genuine type of the pioneer. Though rude and uncultured, he was generous, kind-hearted, and neighborly. He had a shrewd, active intellect, great physical strength, and a keen though crude sense of justice; and these qualities, combined with a somewhat aggressive and domineering temper, gave him great ascendency over the simple-minded settlers and rude aborigines. As early as 1798 a whiskey distillery had been put up by a man named Bryant near the mouth of the river, and the Indians flocked to it in crowds for supplies of fire-water. Carter's house was near by, the Indians met him, and he soon acquired an influence over them greater than that of their own chieftains. His word became law among them, and so it soon was with the white settlers. Where there is no regular administration of justice it is natural that the strongest should rule; but what was known as "Carter's law" had control in Cleveland long after a regularly organized court existed in the county. But the court sat at Warren, fifty miles away, and was not at first attended with such a degree of state as was calculated to impress very much awe upon the community. The first session is said to have been held in the open air, between two corn-cribs, Judge Kingsbury occupying a rude

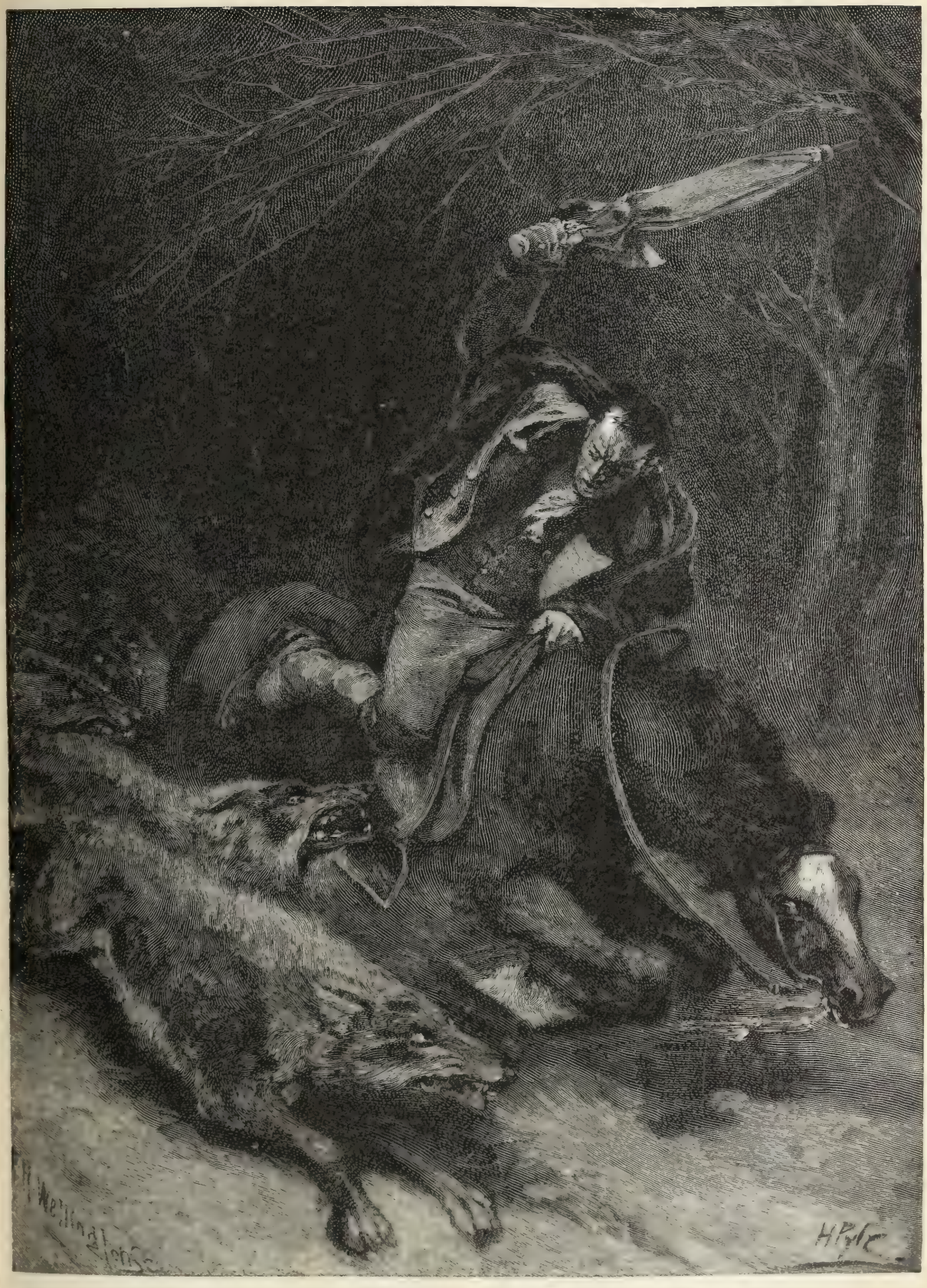
bench beneath a tree, the jurors sitting around on the grass, and the prisoners looking on from between the slats of the corn-cribs. On other occasions court was held in a barn, as being the most commodious building in the town.

Carter's law was administered with quite as little state, but it had the advantage of being more accessible and of much speedier execution. One or two instances will serve as illustrations. In 1807 a farm hand who had been working for a neighbor suddenly decamped, and his disappearance was reported to Carter as a strange thing, for he had stolen nothing, and had left behind some unpaid wages. "No man can leave this town in that manner," said Carter, at once mounting his horse and going after the runaway. Overtaking him, he bade the man return to the settlement; but he declined, protesting that he owed no one anything, and had a right to go and come as he pleased. Upon this, Carter poised his rifle, and gave the runaway his choice between returning peaceably, or being shot and left in the road, a prey to the turkey-buzzards. The man knew that Carter had a way of suiting his actions to his words, and he sensibly returned, received his wages, and continued a good citizen.

But Carter's law produced its most salutary effects among the Indians. On one occasion a large band of Ottawas and Chippewas had gathered on the west shore of the river, while a smaller gang of Senecas were encamped on the eastern bank, and in their mingling together a Seneca had killed an Ottawa. The deed was done at night-fall, and early on the following morning the combined Ottawas and Chippewas were seen arrayed in war-paint, and about to descend in vengeance upon the little band of Senecas. This being reported to Carter, he went among them, and by the promise of a gallon of whiskey, succeeded in compromising for the offense of the Seneca. Unfortunately the distillery was not in operation at the time, and the whiskey could not be delivered before the day following. But the Indians were impatient, and not disposed to wait the slow movements of the distiller. Again they put on their war-paint, and now they threatened extermination to both the whites and the Senecas. For a time it seemed as if nothing could appease their wrath, and that Cleveland was about to be sacrificed for the lack of a single gallon of corn whiskey. But, at the risk of his life, Carter went again among the infuriated savages, and again they took his word —this time, however, insisting upon two gallons of fire-water. Carter took good care that the distiller was not again tardy, and so the town, which had been kept awake by fear for a couple of nights, went again to peaceful slumbers.

Whiskey in the hands of Carter was a powerful persuader with the red man, as was shown on still another occasion. Cleveland had been made a county-seat in 1809, and this brought courts and justice nearer than fifty miles, and would be naturally expected to abolish Carter's law altogether. It did do this in a measure, but the sturdy pioneer had still so much influence as to be called upon in every sudden emergency. In 1812, an Indian was tried and condemned to death by the regular tribunal. Before being led to execution he boasted to Carter and others that he would show the white people how an Indian could die. He seemed to enjoy the ceremony of being drawn through the streets, to the sound of music, amid a crowd of people; but when he had ascended the scaffold, and the black cap was being drawn over his head, his fortitude forsook him, and he refused to be executed upon any consideration. In vain the sheriff appealed to his sense of manhood, and reminded him of his boast that he would die like a brave Indian. "Me will not die," was the only answer. Before resorting to unseemly force, the sheriff turned to Carter, who now ascended the scaffold, and said a few words to the Indian in his native language. Instantly the fellow wilted, and promised to die like a gentleman if Carter would give him just one-half pint of whiskey. The whiskey was sent for, but having imbibed it the Indian again refused to be executed. The sheriff was about to resort to force, but Carter suggested another glass of whiskey. The Indian accepted it, and then leaped fearlessly into eternity.

Whatever may be thought of his mode of conciliating the Indians, there is no question that Carter's popularity among them was a principal means of securing to the early settlers of Cleveland a freedom from savage molestation that was not enjoyed by other frontier settlements. There were among the early settlers men of greater cultivation and far higher character than Carter; but when he died, in



GOVERNOR HUNTINGTON ATTACKED BY WOLVES.

1814, he was universally regretted. Every one felt the community "could have better spared a better man."

More dreaded than the savages were the numerous wolves, bears, and panthers with which in those early days the woods were infested. They prowled about the highways, and often invaded the farm-yard of the settler. No one thought of going out at night unarmed, and though the dwelling-house was always unfastened—there being no fear of human intruders—a loaded musket hung constantly over the door as a defense from wild animals. As late as 1813 a large part of the town was covered with trees, and a forest of huge chestnuts skirted Superior Street, so dense as to completely shut the lake from the view of passers-by on the road. Near the corner of Euclid and Willson avenues was an extensive swamp, which was a favorite resort of wolves, and here, on one occasion, Governor Huntington was attacked by a pack of these hungry animals. He was mounted on a swift horse, and was returning from a circuit after dark, with no weapon but an umbrella, when in the midst of this swamp he was set upon by a score of these ferocious beasts. He laid about him right and left with his umbrella, and thus succeeded, not in beating off the attack, but in so frightening his horse that the latter outstripped the wolves and bore his rider off in safety.

But the panther was more dreaded than the wolf. He lurked everywhere about the wooded paths to spring upon the unwary traveller. Stretched along the overhanging branch of some tree, or concealed in the bushes by the way-side, he sought to take his prey unawares, and woe to the wayfarer who, after dark, had not both his eyes and his ears about him. In 1805, one of these creatures was killed in Euclid Avenue which measured nine feet from his nose to the tip of his tail. The bear, however, though less ferocious, was more troublesome than the panther. In broad daylight he entered dwellings and lapped up the housewife's cream, and at night he invaded barn-yards and pig-sties, and made a feast of the calves and young porkers. If detected and pursued on such occasions, he would quietly walk off with a juvenile swine in his mouth, every now and then turning back and eying his pursuers with a cool impudence that defied everything but a well-loaded rifle. The passer to-day along Euclid Avenue, who witnesses everywhere about him the evidences of culture, refinement, and the highest civilization, finds it hard to realize that within three-fourths of a century it has been a lair of wild beasts, when a steady arm and a trusty rifle were the settlers' only safeguards.

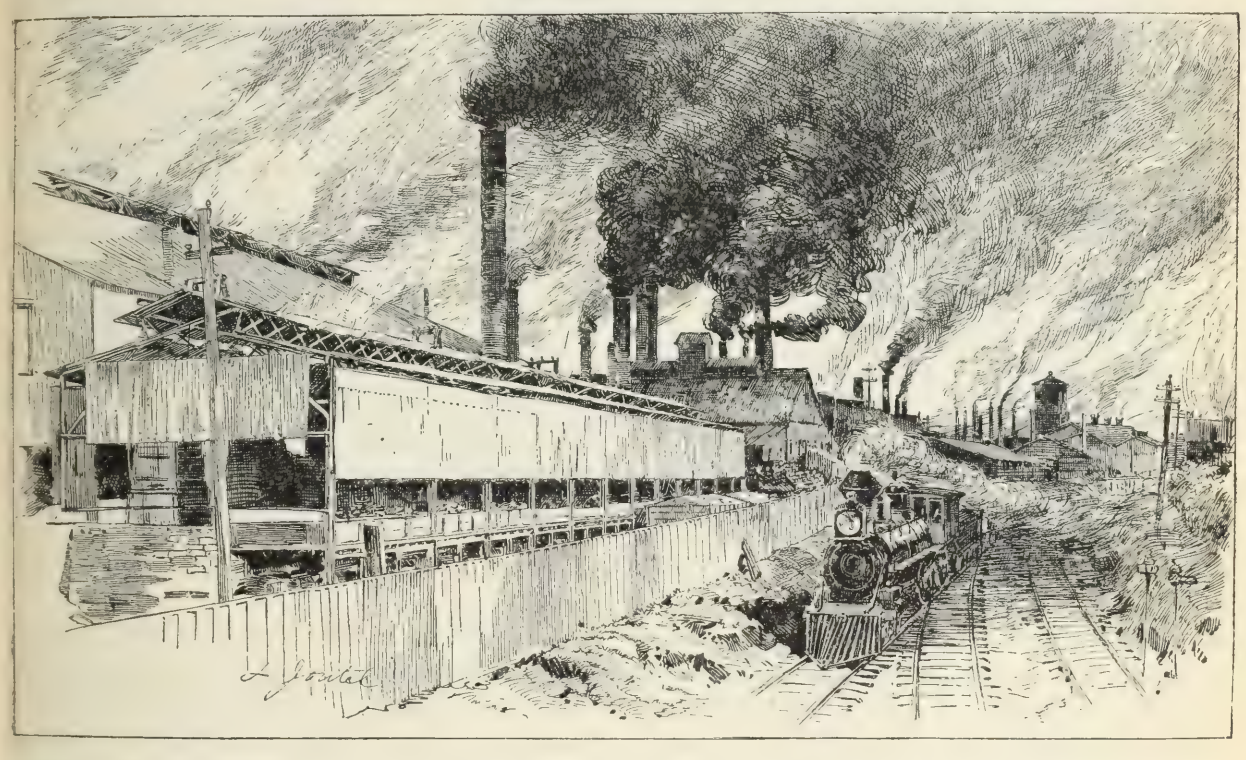
But we shall mistake if we suppose that in such a condition of things the settler's life was not one of comfort and enjoyment. When danger has grown familiar to us, it has lost half its terrors. Men are known to walk unconcerned into a powder mill with a lighted candle. The settler carried into the Western wilds the same free, elastic spirit he had known in his old home in New England. In fact, his life was the same, modified only by his primitive surroundings. But it was not the life of the rural New England of this generation. He wore no broadcloth, and she was not clad in silks, satins, and laces. His coat and trousers were of homespun gray, and she was arrayed in a cottonade gown, somewhat scant in the skirts, but hermetically sealed across the bosom, and adorned with an unaffected modesty that enchanted the beholder.

And this was their best apparel, in which they went to balls, attended meeting, and now and then listened to a Fourth of July oration, wherein the eagle expanded his wings and screamed in the most approved fashion. Balls were frequent, and to them the lads and lasses gathered from all the country round, mingling in the "mazy dance," and cutting the "pigeon-wing" to the tune of "Hi! Betty Martin," played by the old-fashioned fiddle, till the stars faded away in the morning. "Billing and cooing," it is said, filled up the intervals of the dance; but there being of that no positive testimony, it can not be stated as a historical fact. That interesting exercise is more likely to have occurred in some more secluded quarter—under green boughs, with an overhanging moon, or in the chimney-corner, while the old folks were snoring soundly in the adjoining apartment. That it did actually occur may, however, be safely affirmed, not only on good circumstantial evidence, but from the positive testimony of a white-haired veteran who not long ago related his own experience of those old days, at a gathering of the early settlers of this part of Ohio. The old gentleman gave so good a picture of those primitive times, which will never again be repeated in any section of this

country, that I am tempted to transcribe a portion of his experiences.

Said the old gentleman: "The boys and girls who were predisposed to matrimony used to sit up together on Sunday nights, dressed in their Sunday clothes. They occupied usually a corner of the only family room of the cabin, while the bed of the old folks occupied the opposite corner, with blankets suspended around it for so as to produce a slight parental hacking cough. All this accords, in a great degree, with my own experience."

Then the ancient patriarch related his own courtship, told how he courted a girl of the "true Plymouth Rock stamp," who lived twenty miles away. As the course of true love never did run smooth, her mother objected to the match, and though he pleaded with her most pathetically, she



ROLLING-MILL.

curtains. About eight o'clock the younger children climbed the ladder in the corner, and went to bed in their bunks under the garret roof; and about an hour later father and mother retired behind the blanket-curtains, leaving the 'sparkers' sitting, at a respectful distance apart, before a capacious wood-fire-place, and looking thoughtfully into the cheerful flame, or perhaps into the future. The sparkers, however, soon broke the silence by stirring up the fire with a wooden shovel or poker, first one and then the other, and every time they resumed their seats, somehow the chairs manifested unusual attraction for closer contiguity. If chilly, the sparkers would sit close together to keep warm; if dark, to keep the bears off. Then came some whispering, with a hearty 'smack,' which broke the cabin stillness and disturbed the gentle breathing behind the suspended blankets, refused to melt "worth a cent." Then he went about for a time "sighing like a furnace," and then he sent his father to the court of the old lady to contract an alliance, offensive and defensive, but with no better success. He, however, kept on courting the girl till he loved everything on her father's farm, and at last his perseverance was rewarded, and the wedding day was fixed. The ague and fever was on him, and now, as the "day of days" approached, he often detected himself feeling his pulse, in fear that the disease might increase, and add to the fever already consuming him. But he was married without accident, and election soon coming off, he offered his vote at the polls. It was rejected because of his youthful appearance, and this his wife took much to heart. On the morning of the next election day she presented him with a small counterpart of himself. The news had

preceded him at the polls, and his vote was not again questioned, though he was not yet of the legal age.

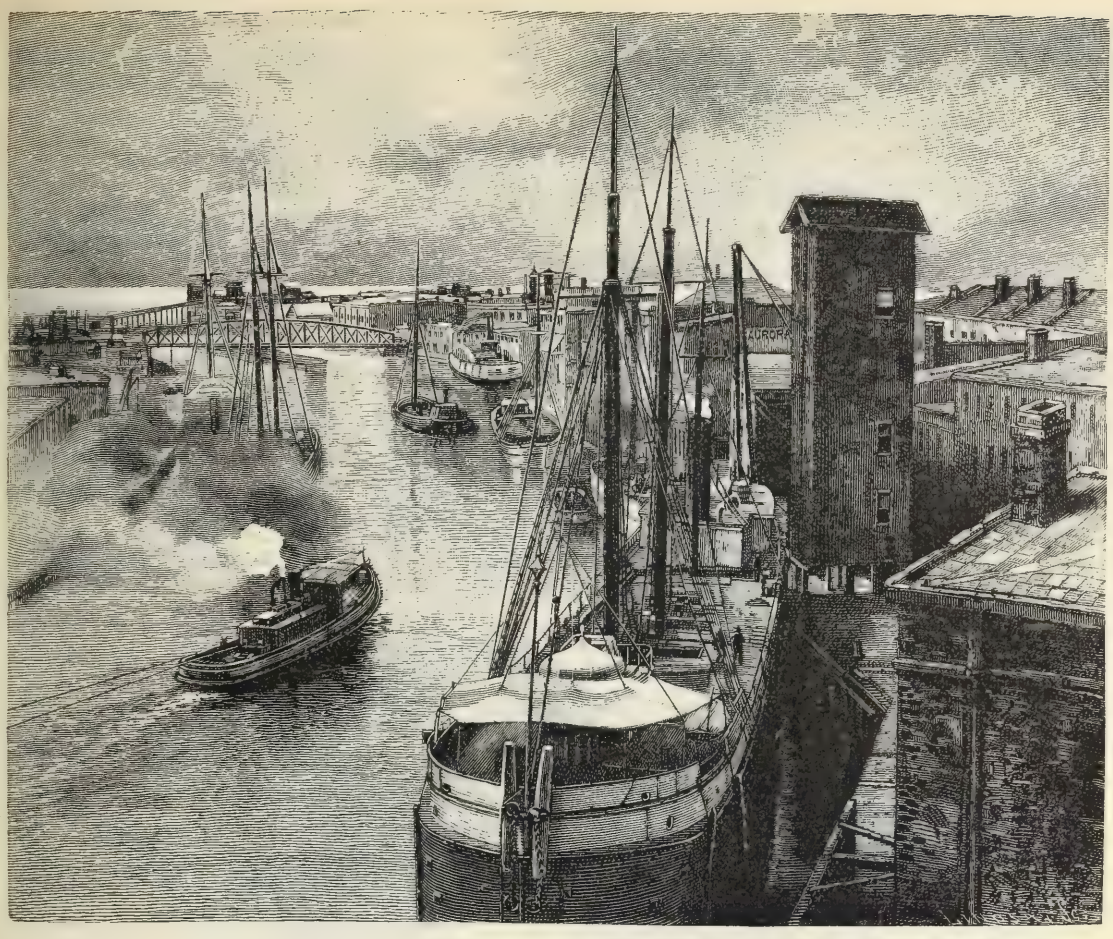
They were a stalwart race of men, and a glorious race of women. All of New England blood, they had the Yankee's adaptedness to circumstances, and his universal genius. The men could repair a plough, build a house, or drive a sharp bargain, and at the same time chop logic, discuss theology, or deliver a Fourth of July oration; while the women could brew and bake, turn a spinning-wheel, and make their children's clothes; or entertain guests, execute embroidery, or sing Watts's hymns in a way to set the birds a-listening. And all these things they did with equal ease, as if born to the vocation. What would be thought nowadays of a young maiden who, single-handed, should worst a bear in a deadly encounter, or who, in her father's absence, should shingle the roof and nail the clapboards upon his unfinished dwelling, and all the while be as much of a lady as any countess? But such were the Ohio girls of 1800 to 1820, and they were the mothers of the men who built the city of Cleveland—for the town was built by men, and not made by nature. Other places on the south shore of Lake Erie have as great natural advantages; but no other has had its men, and hence Cleveland has outstripped them all in commerce, wealth, and population.

In 1817 New York began the construction of the Erie Canal, and soon afterward Ohio conceived the idea of a similar work to connect Lake Erie with the Ohio River. Cleveland was then an insignificant village of about one hundred and fifty people; but its leading men had the foresight to see the advantage of making it the northern terminus of the great waterway, and they planned and worked to that end until it was accomplished. In 1827 the canal was completed as far as Akron, and this opened to Cleveland a rich farming section, already thickly settled and overflowing with surplus products. This surplus was brought to Cleveland, and merchandise was wanted in exchange; and thus sprang up a business which in a little more than one decade amounted to the annual sum of twenty million dollars. The lake commerce of Cleveland, which began in 1808 with Lorenzo Carter's sloop *Zephyr*, of thirty tons, now aggregates an annual tonnage of one and a half millions. In the second year after the opening of the canal it brought to the city 500,000 bushels of wheat, 100,000 barrels of flour, 1,000,000 pounds of butter, and of other produce a like proportion; and in the second year following (1830), the United States census found in the town 1075 people.

Among the earliest receipts by the canal was a boat-load of coal, for which an enterprising mine owner hoped to find a market in Cleveland. A wagon-load of it was hawked about the town, and attention called to its superior quality and great



ON THE RIVER.



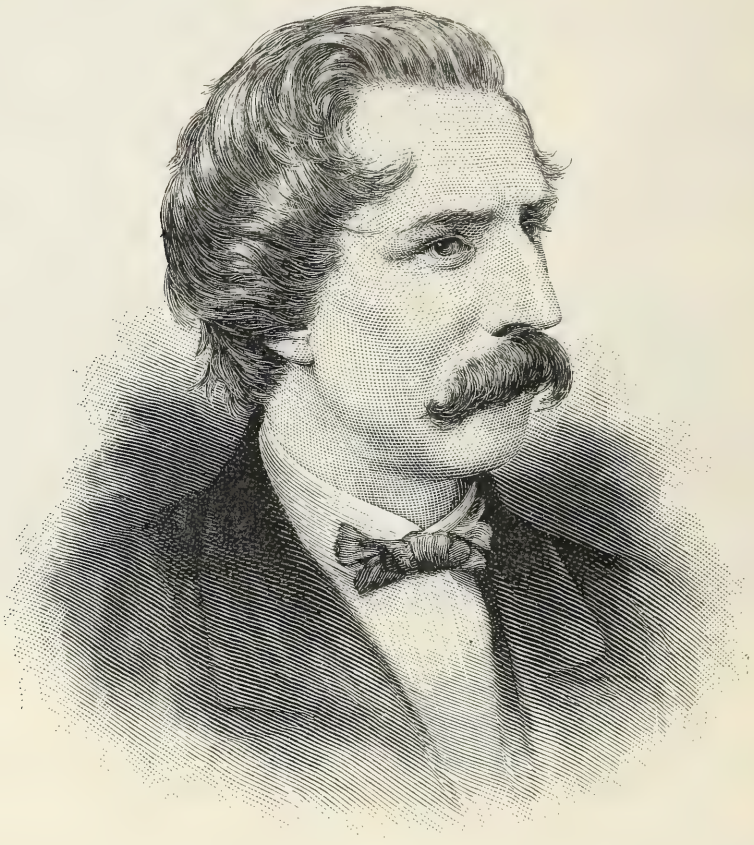
THE RIVER FROM THE VIADUCT.

value as fuel. But the towns-people eyed it with disfavor. It was filthy, inconvenient to handle, emitted an offensive smoke, and not a few questioned if "stone" could be made to burn at all. With wood growing at their very doorways, what sense would there be in going a long distance for a fuel neither so clean nor so pleasant as the old-fashioned oak or hickory? All day long the wagon went the rounds without a single buyer; but after a time a good-natured innkeeper did consent to try a small quantity at two dollars per ton. This was the beginning of the coal trade of Cleveland, which now exceeds one million tons annually.

In 1832 the canal was finished to the Ohio River, and about the same time the advance-guard of that New England exodus which set in with the opening of the Erie Canal began to reach Cleveland and the outlying country. Its commerce grew with amazing rapidity. It numbered, in 1846, 10,135 people, and in 1852, 25,670; and this rapid growth was altogether due to the foresight of the man who conceived the idea of making it the northern terminus of the Ohio Canal. His name, I think, was Alfred Kelley, the first president of Cleveland village.

But about 1852 the commerce of Cleveland received a check, and its lake supremacy was threatened. The opening of through lines of railway had now begun to carry past its doors the produce on which its leading men had expected it to grow into a great commercial city. But these men were equal to the emergency. It occurred to them that the town was located about midway between the iron mines of Lake Superior and the coal fields of Ohio and Pennsylvania. They would bring the two together, and convert Cleveland into a great manufacturing city. This project resolved upon, they went about it with surprising energy. They erected foundries and factories, and set on foot a railroad down the Mahoning Valley, which should connect their furnaces with the immense coal fields of that region. This road was completed in 1857, and ever since the position of Cleveland has been assured as the great iron centre of the West. There is not here space to note the successive steps by which the place has since risen from a small town

to a great city, but its progress is clearly indicated in the following figures from the United States census tables. In 1860 it had a population of 43,838; in 1870, 92,829; in 1880, 160,146; and by the best estimates it numbers at the present date upward of 200,000.



CHARLES F. BROWNE ("ARTEMUS WARD").

If we stand on the precise spot where General Cleveland landed on that summer day in 1796, and look about us for a moment, we shall be able to form some idea of the great wealth and immense activity of this teeming hive of human industry. At our feet is an irregular valley, from a half to three-fourths of a mile wide, and following the windings of the river, which here doubles on itself several times, thus affording a long line of dock front within the city limits. The outer edges of this valley are flanked by high bluffs, on which are built the main portions of the town; but here, along the bed of the river, is the industrial heart of Cleveland. Looking up the valley, we see hundreds of acres, stretching from the lake shore to the southern boundary of the city, which are covered by ship and lumber yards, planing and flouring mills, iron foundries and factories, oil and chemical works, brick-yards, and other manufactories impossible to enumerate. Here ten thousand machines move night and day in ceaseless hum, sending away, upon the numerous rail tracks which everywhere interlace the district, iron in its various forms to the value of $70,000,000, and other products amounting to $30,000,000; that is to say, a total value of $100,000,000 yearly—an amount equal to the whole taxable property of the city. Six great lines of railway dip into this valley, bringing to it uncounted tons of raw material, and bearing from it, in thousands of cars, its immense manufactured product, ready for use and consumption. The spectacle is confusing. The frequent scream of the steam-whistle, the ceaseless whir of the heavy machinery, the constant coming and going of the loaded trains, with the harsh grating of their iron wheels, all this gets into one's head, till it turns around, and if he is a quiet man, and somewhat given to day-dreaming, he longs to be wafted back some three-fourths of a century to a seat at the hospitable board of Major Carter in the old

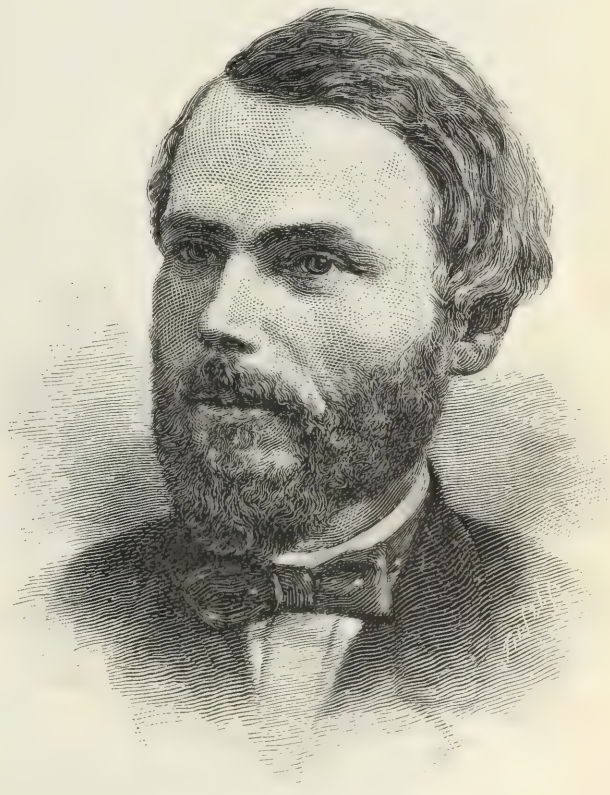
log cabin that stood just yonder. If the old pioneer comes down here now, and has eyes to see what is going on about his old home, what must be his sensations!

Branching from this valley to the right is another valley skirting a narrow stream, which for a mile and a half is crowded with woollen factories, slaughter and packing houses, and similar establishments; and farther up the Cuyahoga, along the margin of another brook, is still another valley which pours a ceaseless tide of manufactured products into the immense commerce of Cleveland. This last stream is called Kingsbury Run, and it is the only memorial that I know of which has been dedicated to the worthy first settler.

Here, at the mouth of Kingsbury Run, are the works of the Standard Oil Company, covering several acres, and turning out, when in full operation, 10,000 barrels of oil daily. This concern is a marvel of commercial enterprise. Starting about the time that petroleum was discovered in Pennsylvania, as a private firm, with a capital of only $20,000, it has grown into a mammoth corporation having branches in half a dozen States, employing thousands of men, and handling nine-tenths of the oil product that goes to Europe. It is said to have bought out and frozen out a hundred rival establishments, to have made its own terms with railroads and yet enriched them by its traffic; and to now control the crude oil market of Pennsylvania, and the refined oil market of the world. Its blue barrels are to be seen all over Europe. It is stated that the profits of the company up to 1883 had been $77,105,322. Some of its business methods have been criticised; but however unscrupulous they may have been, the company is a wonderful exhibition of what business energy and sagacity may accomplish in this country.

Another gigantic business that has its home in this valley is that of the Cleveland Rolling-Mill, which owes its origin and wonderful success to the almost unaided efforts of the late Henry Chisholm, who came to America from Scotland, at the age of twenty, with scarcely a dollar in his pocket. By industry and energy he had, at the age of thirty-five, accumulated about twenty-five thousand dollars, and with this in 1857 he laid the foundation of this establishment, which is now one of the largest of its kind in the world, owning mines and mills in several of the States, and having, all told, a working force of 8000 men, 5000 of whom are employed in this valley. The rolling-mill has a capacity of 100,000 tons of steel rails per year, with four furnaces for the production of Bessemer metal. The aggregate business of the establishment amounts to $25,000,000 per annum.

Spanning this busy valley, and connecting the eastern and western halves of Cleveland, is a gigantic work, which has no parallel in any Western city. It is a stone causeway sixty-four feet wide, three-

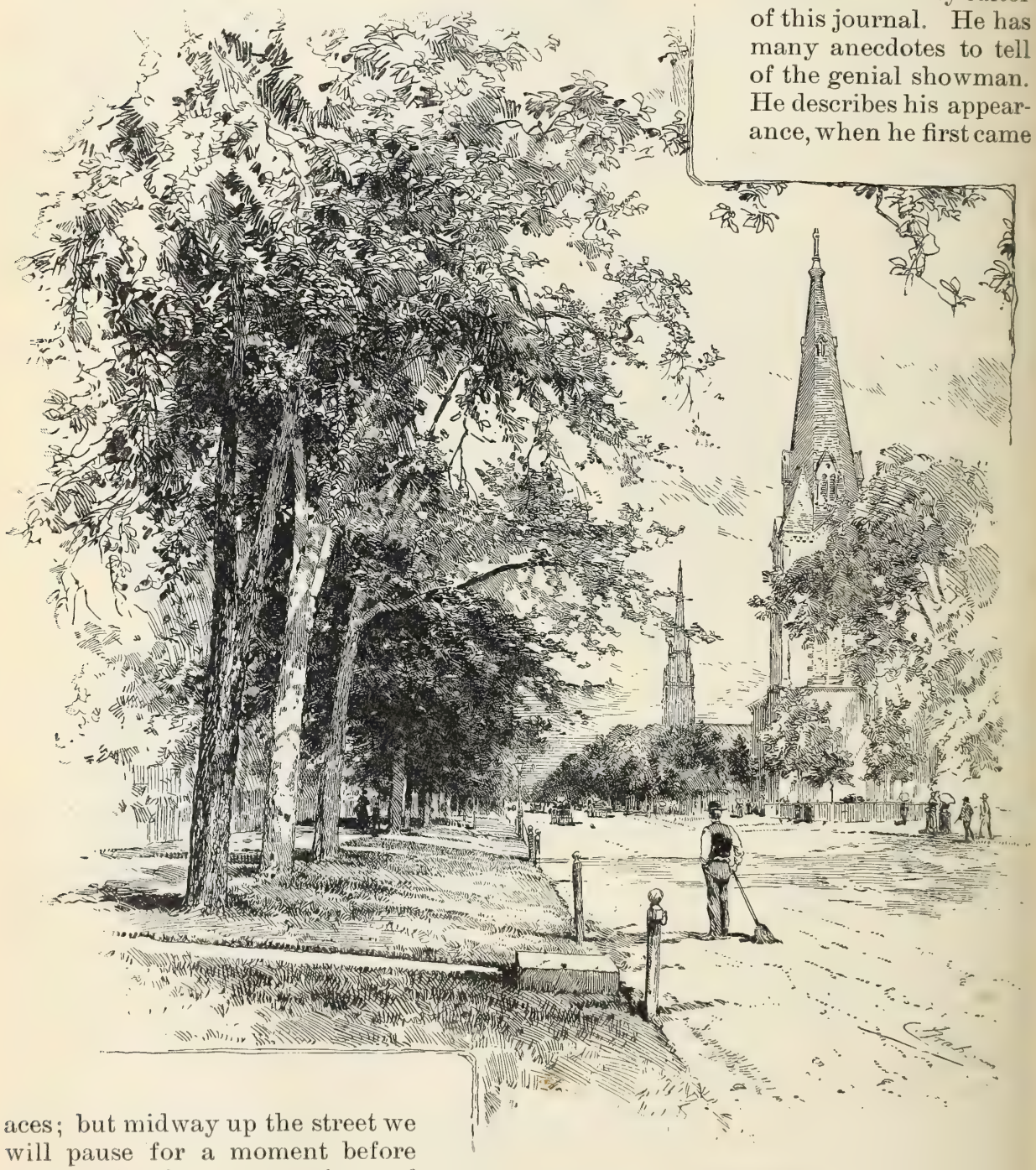


LEONARD CASE.

fifths of a mile long, and carried over the Cuyahoga at a height of sixty-eight feet above the water. Its cost has exceeded two million dollars—an expenditure, in proportion to population, larger than that upon the Brooklyn Bridge.

If now we retrace our steps to the heart of the city, we shall see where the men live and transact their business who give life and movement to this busy hive of in-

dustry. Superior Street, the principal business thoroughfare, was laid out when land here was a drug in the market at one dollar an acre, and hence it is not surprising that the original surveyors made it a hundred and thirty-two feet wide. It is lined with stores, banks, and warehouses, some of which are business palaces; but midway up the street we will pause for a moment before one of the least pretentious of these buildings.

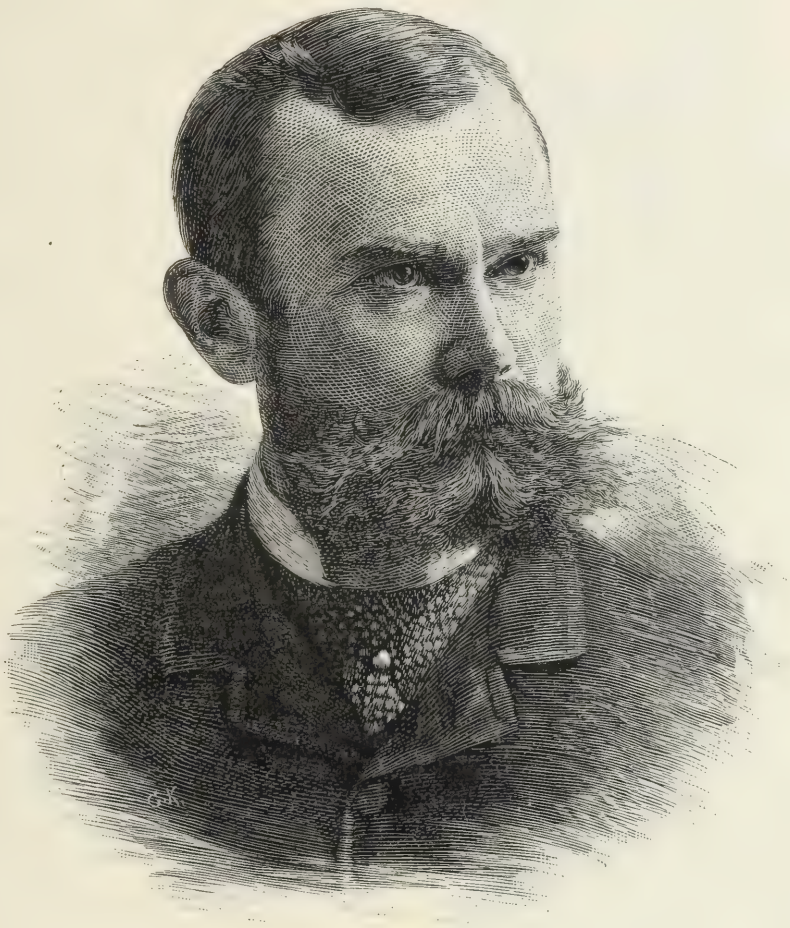


EUCLID AVENUE.

Calling upon Mr. Lincoln on one of the darkest days in the late war, I was surprised to see upon his mantel-piece a couple of volumes—one a small Bible, the other, *Artemus Ward, his Book*. "Do you read Artemus Ward?" I asked him. "I don't read anybody else," he answered, with a smile on his care-worn face; "he is inimitable." In the plain building before which we are standing the inimitable showman first set up his "wax figgers"; and if we enter here we may encounter the assistant editor of the *Plaindealer*, who was the associate and intimate friend of "A. Ward" when the latter was the city editor of this journal. He has many anecdotes to tell of the genial showman. He describes his appearance, when he first came to the office, as decidedly rustic. He was, he says, long and lank, with flowing hair, and loosely fitting coat, and trousers too short in the legs and bagging at the knees. His humor was irrepressible, and always

bubbling over, and he kept all about him in a constant state of merriment. He was a wag—nothing but a wag—but in that line a genius. He could see only the ludicrous side of a subject. Going away once on a short vacation, he engaged this gentleman to perform his work during his absence. He carefully instructed him as to his duties, and in doing so drew from his pocket a tow string about a foot and a half long, and told him he must furnish that amount of copy per day, leaving on his desk the measure as a reminder of the quantity. About this time he was called upon to respond to a toast to the Press at a Ben Franklin festival held in Cleveland. He rose to his feet, hung his head for a few moments in silence, and then sat down, having said nothing. In his account of the festival in the next day's *Plaindealer* his speech was reported by a blank space of about half a column of eloquent silence.

This gentleman remembers that soon after "A. Ward" entered the lecture field he was invited by a theatrical manager in San Francisco to deliver a course in California. The season being close at hand, the manager asked him by telegraph: "What will you take for forty nights in California? Answer immediately." Ward answered immediately, by telegraph, "Brandy and water." The joke was noised throughout the State, and the result was, when Artemus went there to lecture on his own account, he was met everywhere with overflowing houses. While engaged in lecturing in the West, he wrote this gentleman the following epistle:



JOHN HAY.

"My dear George,—I want you to do me a favor. I relied on one of my men to save me the press notices. He didn't. Will you collect them for me at once, and send them to me at the Bates House? Now this is taxing your good-nature, but you'll do it for me—won't you, George? Do you know that you remind me more and more of the noble Romans? I don't know who they were, but you remind me of them; you do, indeed. And could I have appealed to one of those noble Romans to cut out some press notices for me in vain? I guess not. Go on, young man, go on. Deal kindly

with the aged. Remember that we are here for only a little while, and that riches take unto themselves wings and fly away. Intoxicate the shunning bowl. Support your county paper. Love the Lord, and send me those notices. Write likewise. And now, kind sir, farewell. Farewell.

"'When other lips and other hearts—'

"Your'n, my pretty gazelle,

"A. WARD."

Passing along Superior Street, we soon come to the public square laid out by the original surveyors. It is now called Monumental Park, from the fact that in one corner of it, on a high pedestal, stands a statue of Commodore Perry, in the attitude he is supposed to have occupied when about to charge upon the British squadron. The battle took place at Put-in-Bay, some miles to the westward, but it is said that the day before it was fought the fleet lay to off Cleveland, and was boarded by Judge Kingsbury, who had been engaged to furnish it supplies. Having told him that he was in hourly expectation of encountering the enemy, Perry added, "What would you do, judge, if he should heave in sight before you leave the ship?" "Do, sir?" answered the judge, already venerable for his gray hairs—"I would fight. I can do it as well as the best of you." The enemy did not heave in sight, and so the judge missed being one of the heroes of Lake Erie, and died peacefully in his bed at the great age of eighty.

It is said that the monument stands on the precise spot where Major Carter administered his last glass of whiskey to the refractory Indian, and where, too, in 1808, occurred the first sham fight and general training ever witnessed in Cleveland. The company numbered about fifty rank and file, and the men were arrayed in all sorts of costumes, and armed with all kinds of weapons, from a peeled club to a rusty musket. The captain wore a gaudy uniform, and a cocked hat surmounted by a rooster's tail. He gave his commands in a stentorian voice, and with a pompous stride in pace with the martial music. After putting his men through all sorts of evolutions, he bade them to charge upon the enemy. They did so. It was a whiskey barrel. And when the encounter was over, not one of them was able to tell whether he was dead or wounded.

The Park as originally laid out was a square plot of ten acres, but by the extension through it of two streets it has been divided into four smaller parks, one of which is occupied by the monument, another by a stone oratorium for Fourth of July and other orators, and the two others are ornamented with fountains and small lakes, tastefully fringed with flowers and flowering shrubs. It is in the heart of the business portion of the city, and near it are the Post-office and other buildings.

Before the present Post-office was erect-



A PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE.

ed, its site was occupied by a low wooden building, which was the meeting-place of perhaps the most unique club existing in this country. All may remember the story of "The First and Last Dinner," in which it is related how twelve friends of about the same age agreed one day, when met together at the Star and Garter Inn in Richmond, to institute an annual dinner among themselves, which each one should yearly attend until he was removed by death. The club should never admit any but the original members, and when one should die, his plate should be laid and his vacant chair be set at the table as if he were still with the remaining eleven. And this should go on, as one after another dropped out of his place, till the last one, the sole survivor of the twelve, should take his solitary seat in the silent room, and with the eleven empty plates and vacant chairs around him, should quaff his lonely glass of wine to the memory of his departed associates. This weird fancy of a fictitious story-teller has been rendered into actual fact in the intensely practical and prosaic city of Cleveland. Thirteen of the prominent citizens of the town met in 1836—nearly fifty years ago—in that old building, and formed a club, to include none but themselves, and to go out of existence with the life of the last member. There, in a quaint, old-fashioned room, furnished with a dozen or more chairs and a large round table, and ornamented with a few pictures, an old-fashioned fender and andirons, and a huge mantel, on which stood a couple of second-hand bottles doing duty as candlesticks, they came together week after week and year after year to play whist and chess, discuss important subjects, and talk over the news of the day. In 1858 all of them were living. The old building was christened "The Ark," and this name was transferred to the club, its members being called "Arkites." When the old house was demolished to make room for the Post-office, Mr. Leonard Case, one of the members, deeded rooms in Case Hall for the free use of the club till its last survivor should be no more. One of the members, an infirm, white-haired man of seventy-five, not long ago said to me, with a tremulous shake of the head, "We are all old men now; Mr. Case and five of the rest have gone, and very soon the last one of us will sit here alone."

From Monumental Park the leading streets ramify, not with the regularity of the Detroit avenues, but in somewhat the same manner—branching off from a central hub like the spokes of a gigantic half-wheel, and spreading over the whole eastern part of the city. The most attractive of these streets is Euclid Avenue, which starts diagonally from the southwest corner of the square, runs to the city limits, and for many miles beyond through a most beautiful country. The portion nearer the Park is occupied generally for business purposes, and here are the Academy of Music, in which Clara Morris made her first appearance before the foot-lights, and other noticeable buildings. Beyond



RUINED TOWER IN WADE PARK.

the business quarter the avenue is lined with private residences of such elegance as to well entitle it to its reputation of being the most beautiful street in the country. For a distance of fully three miles it is finely paved, level as a floor, and bordered by lawns of velvety softness. Each house stands at a distance from the street, and all have grounds more or less spacious, which are ornamented with shrubs and beds of flowers, and every here and there dotted with stately trees which stood there when the bear and the panther crouched amid their branches. No sameness wearies the eye, for there is everywhere variety both in the architecture and the treatment of the landscape.



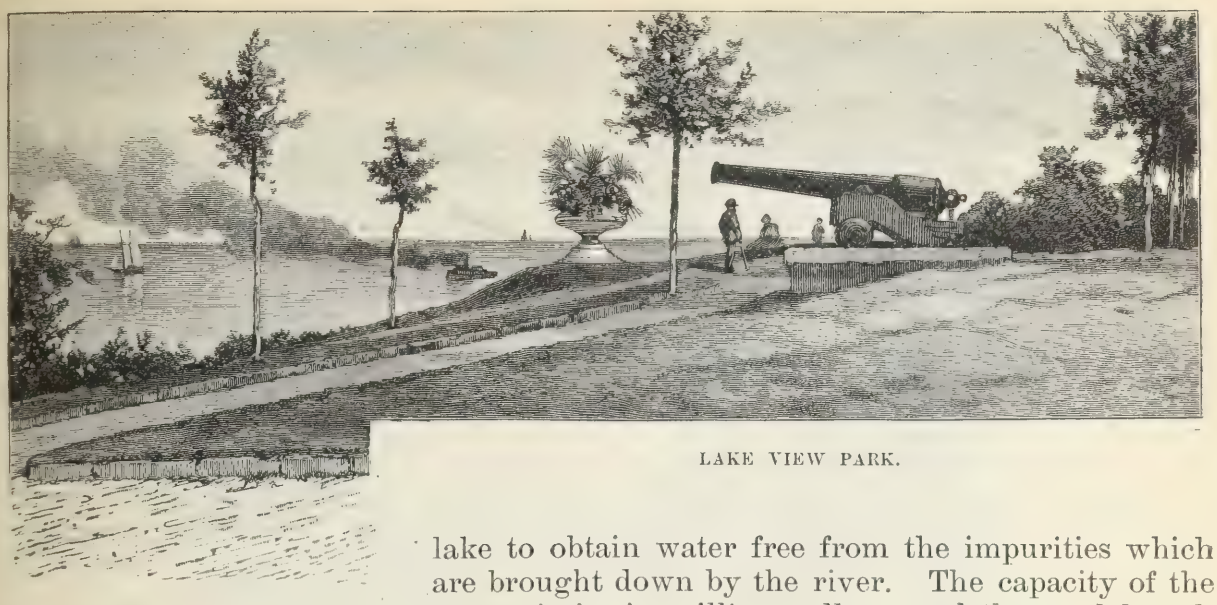
LAKE IN THE CEMETERY.

Beyond these republican palaces is an exquisite private park, on which large sums of money and great skill in landscape gardening have been expended. It occupies a deep ravine and the adjoining uplands, and is threaded by walks and drives under wide-spreading trees, or amid a dense shrubbery whose fragrance perfumes all the air. The public-spirited projector of this park, Mr. J. H. Wade, the well-known electrician, is to convey it to the city as soon as a few preliminary conditions are fulfilled by the municipality.

Opposite this park, and overlooking the lake, is Lake View Cemetery, where Garfield's body is laid, and where the monument is to be erected to his memory. It occupies a tract of rather more than three hundred acres of beautifully diversified surface, and is being developed with so much taste and judgment that it will eventually be the equal of any cemetery in the country.

Abreast of the business portion of the town, and on the shore of the lake, the city has recently converted a strip of waste ground into a most attractive park, which is also called Lake View. It was an unsightly bluff, seamed with gullies, and covered with wretched shanties; but the city took it in hand, planted trees, piled up rock-work, converted springs into fountains, and ragged gullies into beautiful ponds, and now it is one of the most attractive spots of the kind to be found anywhere. Every pleasant evening it is crowded with people who come here to inhale the cool breeze from the lake, and to watch the white sails and smoking steamers as they come and go on the blue water.

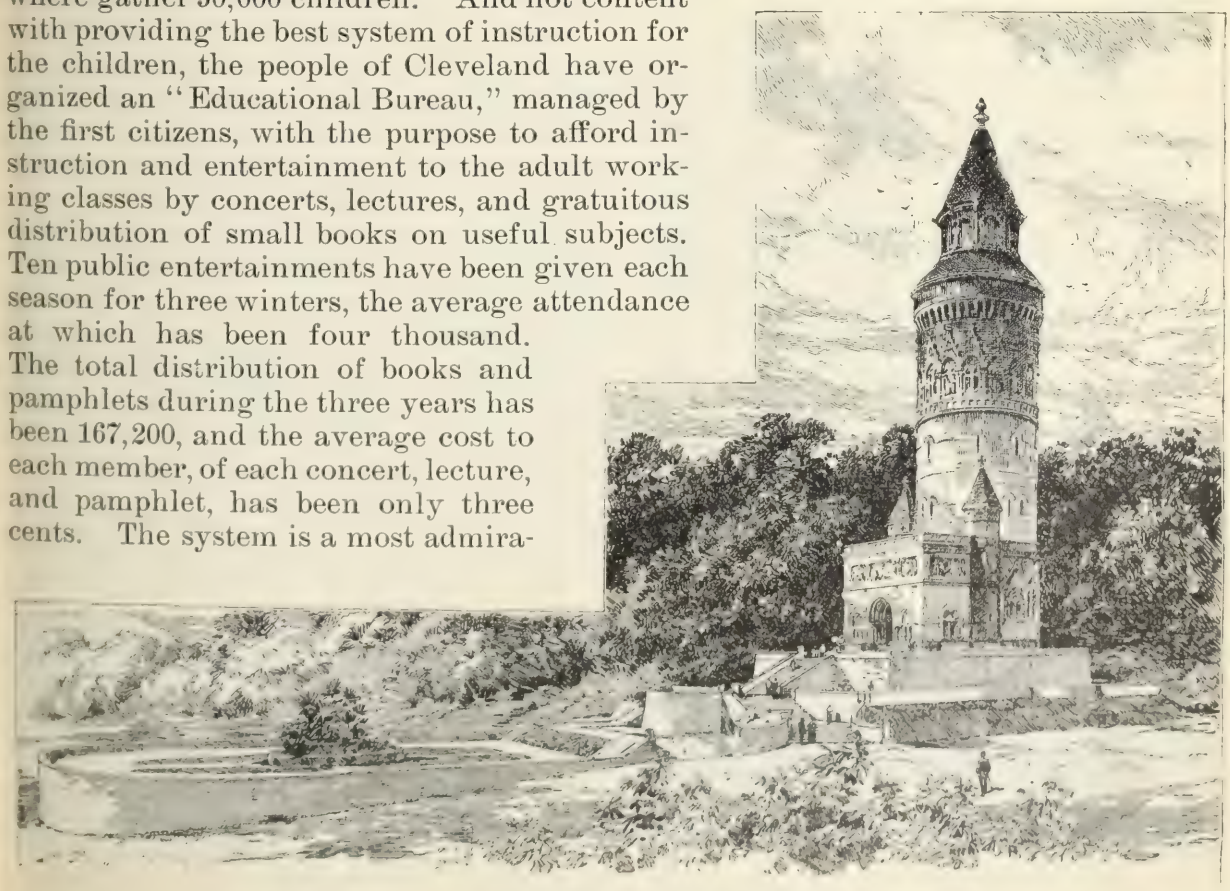
Of the western portion of the city, on the opposite side of the Cuyahoga, I can speak but briefly. The part nearest the river was originally the farm of Lorenzo Carter, and by his son was in 1830 sold to a company of speculators, who laid it out in streets, and here built what was called Ohio City. In 1854 it was annexed to Cleveland, and it now contains 60,000 inhabitants. Here is located a new city park, and the distributing reservoir of the Water Department. This is fed by a tunnel five feet in vertical diameter, which, sunk ninety feet below the surface, runs a mile and a quarter into the



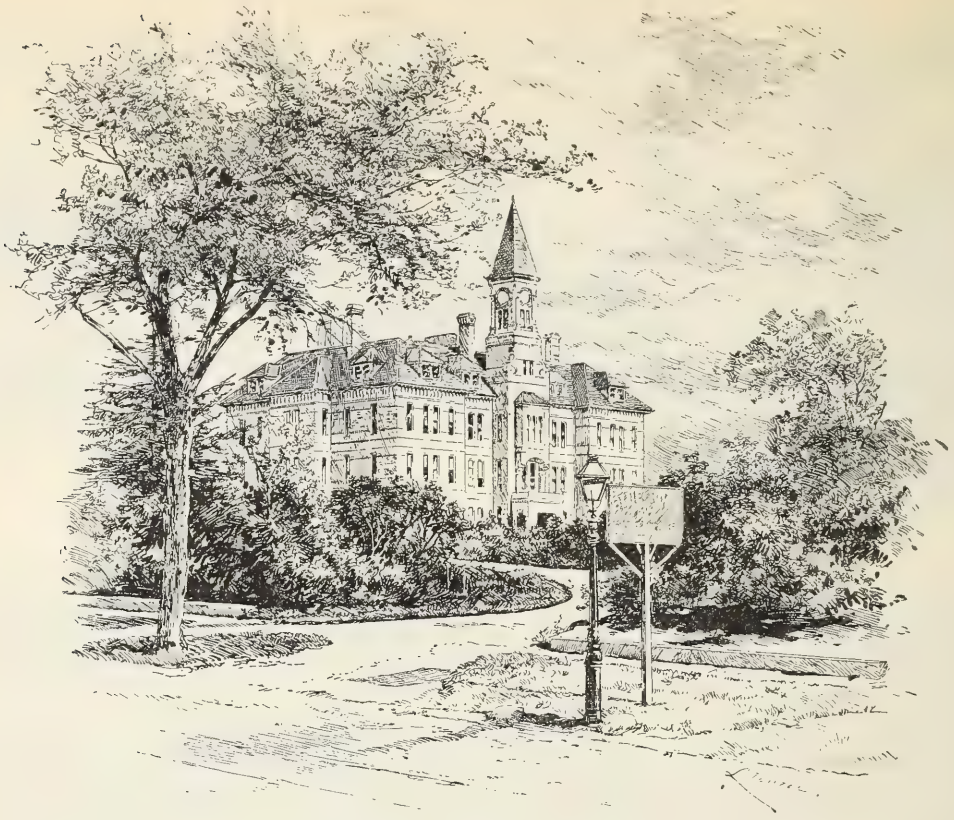
LAKE VIEW PARK.

lake to obtain water free from the impurities which are brought down by the river. The capacity of the reservoir is six million gallons, and the total length of pipe laid, one hundred miles. The entire cost of works and pipe, from the crib in, has been nearly two million dollars.

As was to be expected of pilgrims from Connecticut, the first thought of the first settlers was for churches and schools for themselves and their children. Accordingly we find that as early as 1800 they invited here from their native State the Rev. Joseph Badger, a Congregational missionary, who went about among them, and preached in the open air or in the settlers' houses; and that two years later, Anna Spofford, the daughter of one of the first comers, gathered the little ones of the township into the "parlor" of Major Carter's log cabin, and taught their young ideas how to shoot in the right direction. This open-air church has grown into one hundred and fifty sacred edifices, some of them of the highest architectural beauty; and that one improvised school, into scores of educational palaces, where gather 50,000 children. And not content with providing the best system of instruction for the children, the people of Cleveland have organized an "Educational Bureau," managed by the first citizens, with the purpose to afford instruction and entertainment to the adult working classes by concerts, lectures, and gratuitous distribution of small books on useful subjects. Ten public entertainments have been given each season for three winters, the average attendance at which has been four thousand. The total distribution of books and pamphlets during the three years has been 167,200, and the average cost to each member, of each concert, lecture, and pamphlet, has been only three cents. The system is a most admira-



THE GARFIELD MONUMENT.



SCHOOL OF APPLIED SCIENCE.

ble one, and it deserves to be copied in other cities. The School of Applied Science is another of Cleveland's educational features.

Growing naturally out of the many churches of Cleveland are a host of benevolent institutions—hospitals, orphan asylums, retreats for the aged, children's homes, and Friendly Inns, in which latter the poor may find free reading-rooms, with the best of papers, magazines, and books; and also good meals and comfortable lodgings at a cost of merely enough to pay the expenses of the establishment.

Cleveland can not be called a literary centre, its men being of the class not of writers, but of workers; and yet it has been the home of several authors who have achieved distinction. Beside Artemus Ward, of whom I have spoken, it was at one time the residence of William Dean Howells, the most popular among living American novelists. Constance Fenimore Woolson, the author of "Anne" and "East Angels," was born in New Hampshire, but Cleveland has been the home of her girlhood and early womanhood. Here too resides John Hay, the widely known author of "Little Breeches" and "Castilian Days."

As every man is different in form, feature, and character from every other man, so in all these respects every town is different from every other town. In the youth of towns this individuality is more marked and observable than when, in their older years, foreign elements have blended with the native, and they have become more cosmopolitan. But even then, down at the root, in the inner spirit, the native



THE CRIB.

element controls, and gives its peculiar characteristics to the engrafted branches. So it is with Cleveland. A large foreign element has blended with the native, and somewhat modified its surface character, but the prominent features are still Yankee, and Connecticut Yankee at that. As Connecticut was sown with culled grain from Massachusetts, so northern Ohio was sown with culled grain from Connecticut, and this seed has produced a crop the like of which can be found nowhere else in this country. None of the first settlers are now living, but hundreds still linger on the Western Reserve whose memories go back to the time when Cleveland was an inconsiderable hamlet of not more than twenty houses. Some of these old worthies I have met, and one needs to meet them to realize what kind of men sprang from the loins of the New England of the year 1800.

Such a race accounts fully for the present generation which has builded Cleveland. If one were asked what is the prominent characteristic of these men of to-day, I think he would have to say, A large-minded and large-hearted liberality that does not stop to count any expenditure which may result in public good or benefit Cleveland. Scores of living men might be mentioned who would justify this remark. I may not speak of them; they are too many; but I may refer to two or three who are not living. One of these was Leonard Case, whose benefactions were simply princely; another was the late Henry Chisholm, whose benevolence flowed in a constant but unobtrusive stream, and who cared for the interests and studied the improvement of his army of 8000 workmen as if they had all been his own children; another was Joseph Perkins, who has recently died, mourned by the whole community; and still another was Amasa Stone, who while living gave half a million to Western Reserve College, and in dying left immense sums to educational and charitable institutions. And such men are still left in Cleveland. Now and then they are to be found in other cities, but here they are numerous enough to give character and tone to the whole community. With such men, and with its population increasing, its manufactures growing, and its trade expanding year by year in an almost unprecedented manner, it is not hazardous to predict that Cleveland will number five hundred thousand people by the close of this century.

DOGS AND THEIR MANAGEMENT.

BY HUGH DALZIEL.

THE dog stands in a closer relationship to man, in social life, than does any other of our domestic animals. Like the cat, the dog is admitted to our dwellings; and developing much stronger personal attachment than the former (in which affection is anchored on locality), and also being more demonstrative, he, for these and other reasons, is made a companion of, and in this way the mutual liking, which rests on the solid foundation of mutual interest, grows into something higher —into sentiments of esteem, involving on both sides sacrifices which strengthen the bond of union, and in the process slowly but surely raises the dog nearer to our own intellectual status, as he is led more and more to exercise those mental faculties with which he is more than any other of the lower animals endowed.

I think it will be admitted by all who reflect that self-interest first led man to adopt the dog. His usefulness as an assistant in the chase still remains the same as when savage man first subjugated to his purposes this fleet and cunning hunter, although now regulated by elaborate laws, established that our pleasure in his hunting qualities may be increased. In the management of our flocks and herds, the protection of person and property, and even as the mere object on which to lavish an exuberance of affection, we are still indebted to the dog, and in return it is a plain duty devolving on us that we should take some pains to understand his nature, physical and mental, that we may fairly, justly, and in the light of knowledge make him the return service which is his due.

A new phase of selfish appropriation of the dog has been developed in recent years by the establishment of exhibitions of these animals. These institutions have called into being, or have brought to the front, a class of men who keep dogs, often



LADY GIFFARD'S MALTESE TERRIERS.

spending much money upon them, but with no love and but little understanding of the animals, the sole object being to secure to themselves a fame or a notoriety through their dogs that they appear instinctively to know it would be hopeless for them to seek in channels opened up by their own merits. To use so noble an animal to pander to human vanity is indeed to rate the dog very low, and as I have never seen other than harm from the existence of the class of men referred to, I sincerely wish they could be eliminated, and the business left to those who are capable of appreciating the dog, and whose desire it is to improve each breed and ameliorate the condition of the whole race by spreading far and wide a true knowledge of his nature and requirements.

There is another class to which I must briefly refer, and that is the people who dislike dogs from fear and other causes. I regret the existence of this class, but I neither wonder at nor blame them for their objections to my favorite animal. In the vast majority of cases dog haters have been made so by self-styled dog lovers of the order—of the very large order—who, resting satisfied if their dog gives them pleasure, ignore the eternal law of duty to their neighbor, and through selfishness, ignorance, or idleness, leave their dogs untaught and undisciplined to exercise their worst instincts, and consequently to be a common nuisance, and frequently a source of serious danger.

If I could persuade those who have a nervous dread of dogs to get a puppy and bring it up, and educate it to good habits and proper behavior, they would lose all fear of dogs in general, and find in their pet and scholar a rich return for the investment of that affection and sympathy with animal life, as a part of nature, which grows with exercise, and is its own reward.

Before entering upon details of treatment, I wish to repeat and emphasize the lesson I so earnestly desire to inculcate:

that the man who makes a dog his own undertakes duties and responsibilities which he can not discharge himself from except by performance, and that can only be properly done by intelligent study of the animal's nature and requirements, and the adjustment of his conduct to these; and fortunately for the dog owner, in this as in most things, pleasure waits upon and rewards the performance of duty. Our duties to the dog may be described as threefold, and for convenience of treatment in this paper I will so arrange them.

First, there are the physical wants of the animal to be provided for, from the time the little whining creature is taken from its dam, whimperingly protesting against the enforced separation, till the end of his short life comes, and the question has to be decided, shall nature be allowed to slowly and painfully close the scene, or shall man in mercy use his prerogative and anticipate the end? Heartlessness is often in a hurry in the latter respect, and is quaintly rebuked in the old rhyme:

"Bowusky Bright was a sharp little cur;
He always would bark if a mouse did but stir;
But now he's grown old, and no longer can bark,
He's condemned by the parson to be hanged by the clerk."

The second division of the treatment refers to the training to orderly habits and to the higher education of the dog. The puppy does not take quite so kindly to this as to his breakfast and the rare fun of chasing the chickens, and if, as I hope, some American boys read this, they will acknowledge they could find a similar disposition not far from home; for if not, I shall think American boys as objectionable little prigs as Sandford and Merton. The education of the dog is a duty the owner owes to himself and his neighbors, and is a remunerative investment.

Third and last, it is incumbent upon us to use our knowledge and our care to save the dog from the sufferings of disease as far as our power permits.

The variation in the number of puppies in one litter is necessarily very great, and is accounted for by the vast difference in size of the several varieties. Tiny little toys seldom produce more than two or three at one time, whereas in the large breeds over twenty in a litter has frequently been recorded; four to ten, varying with the size of the breed, may be taken as the average. The period of gestation is sixty-three days, and that is important for every one to know who breeds dogs, for by noting the date when puppies are due, much suffering and probable loss and disappointment may be prevented by giving the bitch a little laxative medicine and food, and preparing for her a comfortable bed in some secluded place. There should be no hurry in feeding the dam, but, as soon as she will take it, strong meat broth, thickened with stale bread, alternately with bread and lukewarm milk and a portion of cooked meat, forms the most suitable diet. Some mothers refuse to leave their young for days, but if after twenty-four hours she refuses to be coaxed, she should be gently forced out for ten minutes' exercise, and from that time forward twice a day, increasing the time of her absence from the pups each day.

It is usual to wean the pups at about five weeks, and that is done by the simple process of removing them to some place where the dam can not gain access to them, and in many cases the pups are at that age distributed to purchasers or friends who propose rearing them. When the secretion of milk is profuse, it is dangerous to take all the pups away at once, for milk fever may be produced, or the milk ducts may get dammed up, local inflammation follow, and ultimately an ugly and troublesome tumor result. In such cases, and when the puppies die, the milk should be drawn off regularly, cooling saline aperients in small repeated doses given, and the external milk organs freely hardened with vinegar and water, or rubbed three times a day with a liniment made of equal parts of camphorated oil, spirits of hartshorn and whiskey, or other spirits of equal strength. On the other hand, some mothers get so exhausted by suckling that very severe and sometimes fatal fits attack them. Those of such a constitution should have their pups taken away to be fed by hand or put to a foster-mother, and the dam should be made warm and comfortable, kept quiet for a few days, and frequently fed, the diet including a portion of lean raw meat.

We will now suppose that one of the interesting little strangers, having had his little milky blue eyes opened on the world for about three weeks, finds himself away from his little nest-fellows, with whom he struggled and fought with puppyish growlings to secure more than his share

of the maternal nourishment. He whines and cries the moment he is left alone, but hushes and puts his little rag of a tongue out and licks you to beseech kindness the moment you caress him and he feels the warmth of your hand or body. Suppose it to be a rough-coated St. Bernard puppy; as he is pulled about and tumbled over by the children he looks like a ball of animated wool, as, grumbling at the upset, he yet toddles back for a bit more of the rough play, and so in a few weeks or months "Barnie" is a party in all their frolics, playing hide and seek and other romping games with as much gusto as the children. Meantime the puppy must have his sleeping-place appointed, and due consideration taken for his proper and systematic feeding. To deal with the feeding first, it may be observed that long before the puppy is weaned it will have taken to lapping milk and other liquids, and even to eating soft food and trying its milk-teeth on hard substances.

The puppy, when just weaned, should be fed four, five, or even six times a day, and from two months to four months of age, four times; after that three times, to the age of nine to twelve months, according to the breed — the smaller varieties reaching maturity soonest; after that twice a day is enough, a full meal being given each time, until maturity is reached. Regularity as to time is important in feeding, both because it assists health and is a considerable help in inculcating orderly and cleanly habits. Minute calculations have been made as to the amount of food required by a dog, with the result of conflicting statements of opinion, ranging from one-twentieth to one-twelfth of his own weight per day, and it is often stated in this form—one ounce of food for every pound the dog weighs. Experience convinces me that in the matter of quantity of food the scales are better dispensed with, using instead the dog's appetite as the correct measure; I therefore always advise that a dog should have as much at a meal as he will eat freely, and that when he stops to turn it over and pick out bits here and there, the dish should be removed.

In large kennels of fox-hounds the character of each hound is known, and the judicious huntsman feeds each one so as to keep him at his best working weight and condition. It may be new and instructive to many readers to be introduced to a pack of fox-hounds at dinner. Just before the opening of the hunting season, and when, of course, every hound was in preparation for the hard work of the winter, I visited the kennels of the Albrighton Hunt, Shropshire, England, which consisted of fifty-six and a half couples. After steady walks round the paddock, in lots, and at regular intervals, during which one after another, called by name, came up to receive a needed grooming and rubbing along the lines of the principal muscles of back, shoulders, and thighs with the hound glove, feeding-time arrived.

In an inclosed court-yard, the flagged floor of which was as clean as water could make it, stood grouped in impatient expectancy about twenty-five couples of hungry hounds; yet there was no disorder, not even a sound except an occasional beseeching note as a more than ordinarily hungry one snuffed the savory mess cooling in the troughs in the adjoining feeding-room, by the door of which the huntsman now stationed himself. "Merryman," "Marksman," "Mayboy," is called out, and not the crowd that with beseeching eyes surround the master, and look longingly through the half-open door, enter, but three hounds make their way through the pack, and begin to feed in earnest, and these are rapidly joined by others as they are severally invited by name to the feast. And now comes the test of discipline, the proof also of absolute obedience to a superior will. "Out, Marksman," is called; and after making one final and hurried plunge to get a last gulp of the relished dinner, Marksman trots out to have his dripping chops licked by his hungry fellows who have not yet been bidden to the feast. And so the process goes on in perfect order till all are fed; the underfilled ones, scanned by the huntsman's critical eye, are sent in again for a second course; and presently all are ordered to kennel for rest and digestion.

There is no reason why kennels of non-sporting dogs, owned for exhibition purposes, and the few yard and house dogs often kept for protection, ornament, and pleasure, should not be under as complete control, rendering as absolute an obedience as is insisted on and is the rule in a pack of hounds; yet such discipline in the former is rarely seen, and for no other reason than that the owners or their kennel men will not take the trouble.

The composition and quality of the

food is the next point claiming consideration. In reference to the first point, I think it necessary to refer to theories propounded by Dr. Billings, V.S., of Boston, Massachusetts, in two lectures delivered in that city, and reproduced with apparent approval by that section of the American press which specially deals with canine matters. I have not the text before me, so can not quote with verbal accuracy; but, briefly stated, Dr. Billings, founding his argument on the admitted fact that the dog is a carnivorous animal, declared he should be fed entirely on flesh, and even went so far as to say that farinaceous food was poison to the dog. The English practice for centuries—from the time of that excellent huntsman and discourser on dogs and their treatment, Edmund de Langley, of the early part of the fourteenth century, confirmed by such practical writers as Turberville and Gervase Markham, of the sixteenth, Cox, Jacobs, and others, of the seventeenth, and all the masters of hounds, huntsmen, gamekeepers, kennel men, and every other person who has kept a dog since—is dead against Dr. Billings's theory, which, indeed, should rather be named a "crotchet." For dogs there is no more wholesome food than the mixed scraps from the table, consisting of meat, bones, bread, and vegetables, and when there are more dogs kept than there are bones and scraps for, the broken victuals should be taken as the standard of the component parts of that which has to be further provided.

In regard to pet dogs kept by ladies, the great mistake often made is to overfeed and feed too richly. It is a mistaken kindness to feed dogs on rich, fat-producing diet; and to give sugar and sweet cakes and puddings is to certainly destroy the powers of the digestive and assimilative organs; and anything that produces excessive fatness will bring on asthma, to which disease pugs and other short-faced pets are especially prone. Occasionally we meet with, in all breeds, a dog that is a dainty feeder. These have to be coaxed to eat, a little at a time being given, and a tonic of iron and quinine with gentian given daily for a week or two at a time.

Kennelling is a most important matter to attend to in keeping dogs in a good state of health; and also from consideration for their comfort, which it is our duty to study. Kennels must be regulated by the number of dogs to be kept, but the same principles should regulate the construction, the objects to keep in view being to secure warmth with ventilation, sunshine in the yard, easy access to every part for cleansing purposes, and comfortable dormitories. The sleeping benches should be of wood, constructed to take to pieces easily; and the whole work should be on hinges, so as to fold and hook back during the day, when the straw should be taken out and shaken up so that the fresh air may go well through it. The front should be boarded, to prevent the dogs getting underneath the bed. The flooring should be of concrete, or other hard, non-absorbent materials, that thorough cleanliness may be insured; earth, brick, and wooden floors absorb the voidings, and soon bring the kennel to an unsanitary state, which no use of disinfectants will overcome. Where a constant flow of water through the kennel yard can be had, it is of great advantage, and in lieu of this frequent supplies of fresh water should be given and placed in the shade, and so that the dogs do not foul it. It is a very old and general practice to place a piece of roll sulphur in the water for the purpose of warding off distemper, mange, and a host of other ills. As, however, sulphur is insoluble in water, it has no effect, and in fact a paving-stone would do as well. There is, moreover, this serious objection, that the lump of brimstone often furnishes an excuse to the lazy attendant for not cleaning the water dish out, which is a most important thing to be done.

The kennels shown in the engraving on page 593 are those of J. Sidney Turner, M.D., Upper Norwood, Surrey, England, and are used for some ten or a dozen mastiffs. They are simple in construction, the dormitories backing to a wall with a south aspect, so that the dogs get the benefit of sunshine and pure air in the court-yard—matters of importance to all, and especially to puppies. The style of kennel represented can be constructed at a moderate cost, and made to suit from a single dog up to any number. The old wooden kennel to which dogs are generally chained, and which is usually placed in some out-of-the-way corner, is just better than no shelter at all, and when used should be painted white, or, still better, have a double roof, to render it bearably warm when the summer sun beats on it; and in severe winters it should be covered with bagging

or other warm material, and well supplied inside with hay, which is warmer than straw.

It is far better not to chain a dog, but in some cases there is no choice. Keeping on the chain spoils the shape of a dog, and it also in most cases spoils his temper; there is also the objection that his exercise is apt to be neglected, and without that few dogs will long remain in good health. Those who keep only one or two house dogs, and let them have pretty full liberty, seldom need to trouble about exercising them, as, unless of indolent natures or getting overfed, they will take enough for health; in the latter cases, however, exercise should be enforced, and a spin of ten miles with a horse is not too much for any dog in health, except mere toys or very heavy animals, and to these the speed of travel must be adapted and the distance somewhat reduced. Even lap-dogs should have regular exercise for health's sake, and a carriage drive is not a proper substitute for a good run. It is unkind to a pet dog to have it constantly carried and nursed till it partially loses the use of its limbs, and the toe-nails grow like those of a caged canary, and have to be cut to prevent them, as they curl round in their growth, from piercing the pad, rendered soft by want of use.

As the small pet dogs favored by ladies require special treatment, I will enumerate a few of the varieties, and refer to the proper means of keeping them in good order and condition. Of the long-haired ladies' pets the two principal ones are the Maltese terrier and the Yorkshire terrier; the first-named a pure white, with long, soft, silken hair touching the ground as the dog stands or runs about; so long is the hair on the head that when brushed out it falls over eyes, nose, and the whole face in a thick veil, but it is usually kept neatly plaited and tied with ribbon.

The Maltese are very scarce, and in England for some years back Lady Giffard, Brightley, Surrey, has invariably taken all the prizes at our shows. These beautiful little creatures are very intelligent and most obedient, as well as affectionate, as I can vouch for from an intimate acquaintance with them; indeed, I know no dogs better trained to good behavior than Lady Giffard's Maltese terriers, and that is a great charm in a pet dog. They are also strong in constitution and long-lived; one named Becridoline, now living, is eighteen years old. The weight of these dogs is from four to five pounds.

The Yorkshire terrier seems to be well known in New York, and when in good coat he is a very handsome little dog, the various shades of blue of the body color contrasting well with the rich warm tan of the head and legs. These dogs are bred and reared by the cotton and woollen operatives of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and are with much time and patience brought to a state of beauty of coat really wonderful. The secret of growing the coat is in keeping the hind-feet of the dog incased in chamois leather boots, so that in scratching he can not break the hair, as he would do with his claws if they were bare. Add to this treatment the frequent application to the hair and skin of cocoa-nut oil, and the constant careful brushing with specially made brushes of thin, long, and rather soft bristles, and it will be seen how difficult it is for any one not in the trade to keep dogs of that kind in really good form. Toy spaniels—of which the Blenheim (red and white) and the King Charles (black with tan markings) are the best, are flat-coated, with finely feathered ears, legs, and tail—are much more easily kept nice, and I think only require to be better known to be the prime favorite pet dog with American ladies. We have them the smooth-coated white, blue and tan, and black and tan terriers of small size, often objectionably bare of hair about head and neck. These are often of delicate constitution and very sensitive to cold, requiring to be clothed except in the warmest weather.

All of these, and others that might be enumerated, require to be washed regularly; once a week is generally sufficient. Carbolic acid soaps and all containing poisons should be avoided, the only soap I know of fit to be used on delicate dogs such as now referred to is that made by Spratt's patent, as its insecticide properties are due to a vegetable extract innocuous to the dog. Water about blood heat should be used, and the drying should be thoroughly done in a warm room, and the long-haired ones at once combed and brushed, and then allowed to play and roll on a carpeted floor.

Such dogs should be fed twice a day, with a varied diet of bread and milk, a little meat, gravy, bread, and green vegetables; sweets, of which most dogs become very fond, they are better without, but a

rough bone that they can not break up is very beneficial, or chicken bones that they are able to break small may be given, as they aid digestion. The grooming of the larger and stronger, or, as we may call them, the out-of-door dogs, must be of a much more vigorous character. When a dog returns to the kennel from his exercise he should at once have the dirt brushed off with what stablemen call a "dandy" brush, and if there is dirt in the feet, it is better to wash and carefully dry them, for if grit is left between the toes it not merely annoys the dog, but is likely to set up local inflammation, difficult to subdue because of constant excitement in using the feet. Long-coated dogs, such as St. Bernards and collies, ought not to be combed, except where the hair from neglect may have become matted, for these dogs are provided with a thick under-coat of soft woolly hair, which the long outer hair hides, and the comb tears out this under-jacket, thereby greatly damaging the utility and the beauty of the coat as a whole.

Nothing is better for dressing dogs, rough or smooth, from fox-terriers up to mastiffs, than a hard swab of straw such as grooms often use to rub down a horse; after applying this with unsparing "elbow-grease," the dog may be polished off with a hound glove, which is simply a flesh glove of horse-hair or less harsh material, the softer selected to suit fine, delicate-skinned dogs—a feature in which dogs vary very much. The grooming should in all cases follow the lines of the principal muscles. Having carefully wiped the head well from nose to occiput with a soft towel, the harder glove or swab of straw should be applied steadily along the muscles of the neck, then down the shoulders and fore-legs, next vigorously along the muscles of the back, along the sides of the spine, never bearing on the centre of the back; give special heed to the muscles connecting the ribs and hind-quarters, and also to those of the thighs. In large dogs especially the thigh muscles are apt to be weak, partially atrophied, and giving that appearance known in kennel parlance as "cat-hammed." In such cases, before used in conjunction with the dry rubbing, the brisk application of a mixture in equal parts of soap liniment and compound camphor liniment daily often proves of great benefit in developing muscle. After grooming, feed; and after feeding, let the dog rest.

Two more phases of the treatment of dogs remain to be considered. These are, training to good behavior, and the prevention and treatment of the more common diseases from which the dog suffers, and which so often carry him off at the most promising part of his life.

Those who would rear dogs to be something more than mere consumers of food, and to be, as chance may direct, cleanly or uncleanly, a nuisance or a pleasure, a protection or a danger, a sagacious and bold defender of person and property or an unreliable and ferocious brute—in fact, useless or useful for the various purposes to which they may wish to apply him—must take the trouble to study the mental character of the species in general, and still more narrowly the bent and capacity of the individual. It is a mistaken opinion I have very often brought under my notice—and its popular adoption is easily to be accounted for—that because certain breeds have become noted for possessing certain qualities in a high degree, therefore it is only necessary to buy a mastiff to have a safe defender, a collie to protect and in every way tend a flock of sheep, or such a tricky dog as a poodle to stand on his head or dance a polka, without trouble being taken to teach either of them his special duties. All such expectations are doomed to disappointment, for although from a breed or a strain of dogs which have been long used for certain work and instructed and practiced in it, and with the additional immense advantage that generally only those that had displayed the greatest cleverness are bred from, a special aptitude for that work is inherited, and becomes a secondary instinct, which we see exemplified when a young pointer of good parentage stands to game the first time he is taken into the field, or when a young collie runs around a flock of sheep, whereas a dog of another breed would run at them, yet these dogs will not become proficient in their duties without teaching. Indeed, if untrained, it often happens that other habits, natural to the dog and representing a stronger and primary instinct, will develop, and obliterate the one we expected to grow.

Dogs admitted to breakfast or dining room should never be fed or given pieces during the meal, for if so indulged they become troublesome, and are apt to be specially so to visitors, for they are sharp

enough to know with whom they may take liberties.

Another fault of ill-mannered dogs, and pet dogs in particular, is the habit many have of yelping at and even snapping at strangers, so that a visitor may feel much disposed to give Floss or Pompey a kick, when he with more politeness than honesty lavishes praises on its beauty. To prevent these annoyances and many others caused by the conduct of a pet or companion dog, one thing must be deeply fixed in the dog's mind, for it is the basis of all lessons, and that is that he must at all times render at command prompt and absolute obedience. In teaching this you may at the same time be giving initiatory lessons in duties he may have to learn when a little older. Take the young scholar into a room where you can be alone with him (you will thereby have the best chance of monopolizing his attention); place a cloth or mat at one side of the room, and placing him on it, and with menacing hand and gesture, order him to "lie down," walk backward to your seat at the other side of the room, still menacing and repeating your order. Of course Master Puppy will not lie still; he does not want to lie still, and does not yet see why he should. He must, however, be taught; so with patience and perseverance the lesson must be repeated time after time; but it is *most important* that this lesson, or any other, should not be so prolonged as to disgust the dog. Go back to the lesson daily, three times a day if you can, until the stronger will prevails, and the dog will lie still watching your every movement till you call him to you, and when that success has been reached, praise him without stint, and give up the lesson for the time; but return to it again and again until he is steady and reliable in obedience to order.

Now the lessons of obedience may be extended—one at a time—to such as "lie down," when he must be taught to drop or crouch wherever he may be, and when he does not, the hand must be used to press him down, always gently but firmly. Next give him something to lie by and take charge of, and when he obeys, pay with praise as surely as you censure disobedience. As soon as, by means of these simple lessons, he has mastered the idea that he *must* do what he is told, teaching him to carry, to fetch, to seek lost, and to watch over property given into his charge, even when you are absent, together with much more I need not enumerate, will become comparatively easy.

I will now very briefly refer to the dog's behavior out-of-doors, and to the correction of a few practices he is inclined to, but which do not meet the approval of many masters. I am presuming the dog has been thoroughly taught to come to call, and to lie down to order; but a dog much confined is under a strong temptation, when first let out, to have a gallop on his own account, and in his wild career, barking as he goes, regardless of voice or whistle, frightening old ladies, chasing cats, or perhaps getting chased himself by a bigger dog, and turned over and worried in the mire. All this can be prevented by letting him have a preliminary scamper, and if that is impossible, as it often is in towns, take him in leash for a time. The dog that is vexatiously noisy when let out can be managed by a little manœuvre, for as he has been already taught to carry, he has only to be employed in that way when first let out, as he manifestly can not bark with his mouth full.

A dog should not be allowed to pick up and eat anything in the street or at home that is not given to him, and that he has not distinct permission to eat. The enforcement of such a rule is no hardship on a well-fed dog, and it is a safeguard against poison, to which so many fall victims through the carelessness or maliciousness of people.

As I object to the whip being used except in the most extreme cases, I recommend marching the delinquent straight home, treating him to a good douching and a term of solitary confinement. All dogs are by nature predaceous, although in some, from long disuse, the instinct appears to be lost; it is, however, only dormant; and the timid toy dog that would run away from a sheep will chase and kill a chicken or a young rabbit. Some breeds are strongly disposed to worry and kill sheep and goats. The havoc a couple of dogs thus disposed (they usually hunt in couples) will cause is terrific, as, like ravenous wolves, they kill sheep by the score, as though for the mere love of slaughter, as they can not devour what they kill. The habit, once established, is seldom cured, and such dogs should be destroyed. Even dog-fanciers, often unrea-

soning and unreasonable men, should see this, for it would be a mistake to breed from animals that had so far reverted to a savage state. Often in sheep and fowl killing the young dog begins in play and ends in earnest; he means to have a romp, but in the excitement of the fun the latent demon of destruction is roused, and he indulges it. There are many heroic measures for the cure of these habits paraded with loud trumpetings from time to time in the sporting papers. The dog, having been taught to come "to heel" at call of voice or whistle, take him repeatedly where poultry, sheep, and goats are, and keeping strict watch on his movements, looking well to the excitement he will probably display, give the order "to heel," and use sternly the warning, "ware sheep" or "ware fowls," as the case may be, as he shows a disposition to give chase. If the dog has previously offended, take him through the flock in leash a few times, impressing on his memory the warning words.

Another bad habit of some dogs is to run barking and snapping at the heels of horses; and it is utterly astonishing how complacently some dog owners look on while their untaught curs indulge in this practice, fraught as it is with great danger to property and life. Such people are not fit to be trusted with a dog. The cure for this habit will be evident to those who have read thus far, and in this and all cases of bad and dangerous habits the incurable dog should be killed without hesitation.

Turning now to a subject totally different from the physical and mental and, we may say, moral development of the animal, we come face to face with another class of difficulties that beset the dog owner—the diseases that give so much trouble and cause so much loss. It is, of course, impossible to do more in the limits of this paper than name a few of these ailments, selecting the most common, and to briefly describe the most easily recognized symptoms that indicate them, and to hint at the methods of prevention and cure.

To preserve continuity, and also for convenience, I will begin with the ailments of puppies. First, we have the feverishness and fretfulness incident to teething, and that lasts, or rather recurs at intervals as the deciduous teeth give place to the permanent ones, up to about the age of six and a half months, at which age the dog should have the whole set of permanent teeth, of which articles—that he knows so well how to make use of—nature has allotted him forty-two. It often happens that when the longer milk-teeth are being replaced by the stronger and permanent ones, the deciduous ones do not give place readily, and the local excitement becomes general and so great that the puppy has a fit; there is little danger in these fits, and a dose of castor-oil and such laxative food as well-boiled bullock's liver will prevent a return; it is, however, necessary, if both milk-teeth and the corresponding permanent ones are showing together, to extract the former. Having referred to fits, it may be as well to finish the subject, as, although not confined to puppyhood, it is during that stage of life they are most common.

With few exceptions fits are more alarming than dangerous. To see the lively, playful young dog, overflowing with health and exuberance of spirits, in a moment thrown on its side by an unseen force, and lying convulsed, the limbs moving involuntarily, the jaws champing, and the mouth filled with froth, often tinged with blood from the tongue being lacerated, is certainly alarming, and yet there need be no fear. Nothing more should be done than to gently place the sufferer in a position in which he can not hurt himself in his struggles. In a minute or two the dog will probably be quite well. But it sometimes happens that he recovers his physical powers before complete consciousness, and makes a bolt of it, running without definite object, and exhibiting a wild and dazed look. This is a most dangerous time for the poor dog, for persons ignorant on the subject are much given, under the circumstances, to raise the cry of "Mad dog!" and that generally means another canine victim to ignorance.

It can not be too widely known—and the humane dog lover should spread the knowledge—that fits, as usually understood by the populace, are not merely not a sign of rabies, or dog madness, but that mad dogs are not subject to fits, although they suffer from recurrent paroxysms of rage, and become paralyzed. Many a dog has been cruelly done to death because a fit of temporary duration has been interpreted as evidence of madness. When the dog has recovered he should be taken home, a dose of castor-oil administered,

and, a few hours after, bromide of potassium in water, six grains to a forty-pound dog. The cause of the fit should be investigated, and with few exceptions that will be found to be teething, distemper, or intestinal worms, and in the vast majority of cases the last.

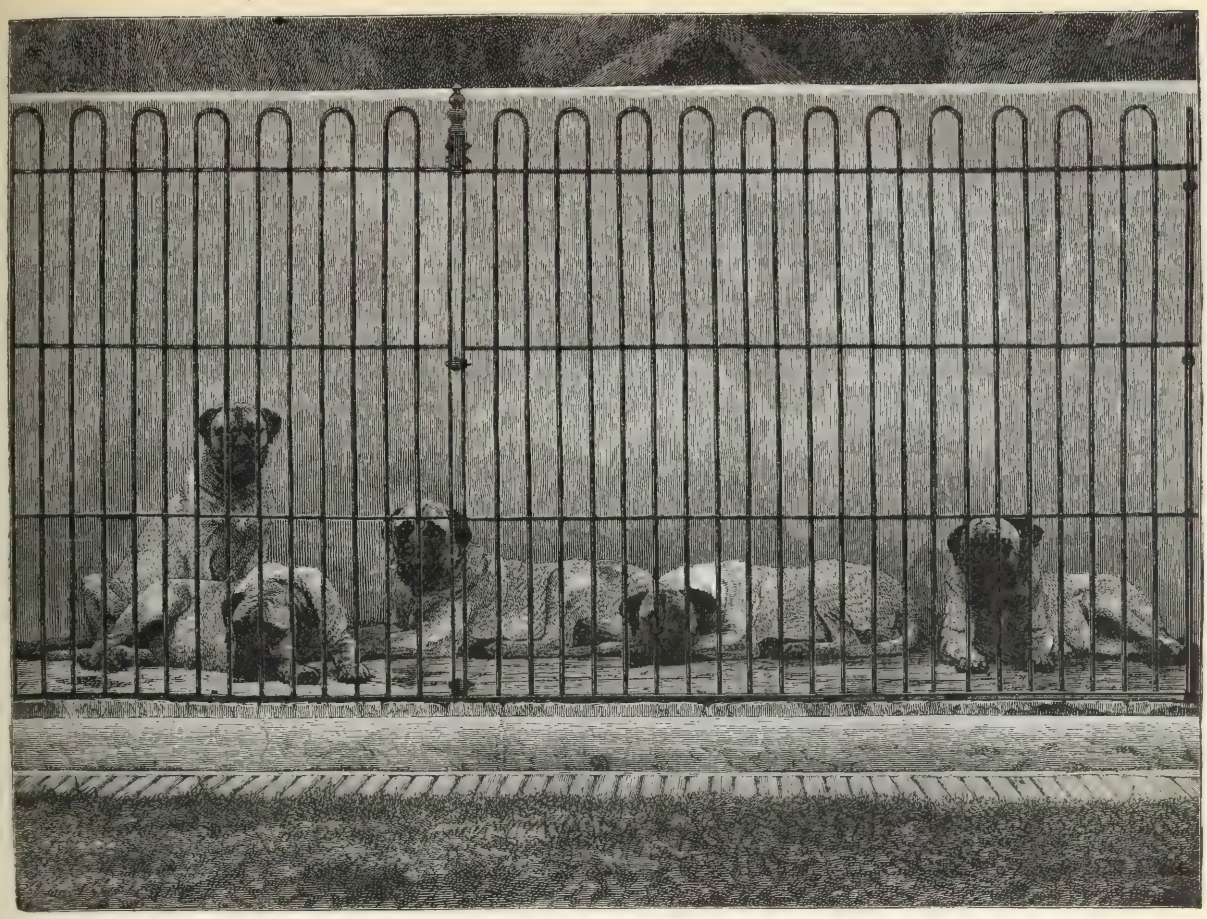
Distemper is one of the diseases incident to puppyhood, and is the most difficult for the dog owner to manage, from the fact that it assumes several very distinct forms, according to which of the organs is most directly and strongly attacked. It would be out of place here to attempt to deal with the subject fully and in detail. I will therefore briefly notice the more common symptoms and phases of the disease, and suggest what I consider the best home treatment. When the dog is first seized he shows it by want of appetite for food, but considerable thirst, disinclination to play or exercise, and general lassitude; the eyes are dull, the nose hot. These feverish symptoms are succeeded by running at the nose and eyes; as the disease proceeds, the discharge becomes more purulent, the dog rapidly loses flesh, and is reduced to helplessness; added to this the bowels are affected, diarrhœa of a severe character often sets in, and the dog becomes very offensive. In some cases the liver seems to be the principal seat of the disease, and in this case the dog is generally costive rather than purged. The eyes, inside of the ears, and the skin of the thighs and belly are yellow. When the brain is affected, the fact is generally indicated by fits, and this form is a very dangerous one, for even if the dog recovers, he is generally left with chorea, or, in kennel language, "the trembles." Distemper should, in the first instance, be treated as a catarrhal fever, and my own plan is to give a mild dose of purgative medicine, preceded by an emetic of ipecacuanha wine, and following these measures some such febrifuge medicine as the following: chlorate of potash, sixty grains; sweet spirits of nitre, two drams; Mindererus spiritus (solution of acetate of ammonia), two ounces; tincture of henbane, one dram; syrup of squills, two ounces; water, two ounces—mixed. The dose for a pointer dog six months old is a tablespoonful every four hours, and dogs of a different size and age in proportion. When the dog is violently purged, the ordinary household remedies may be used, half the adult dose being given to a six-months-old pointer. When fits occur, shave the hair from the back of the head and apply a strong blister of vinegar and mustard; and when the liver is affected, as shown by the yellowness of the eyes and skin, give a strong purge and apply the blister to the right side.

In a majority of cases, if a keen watch be kept on the health of the dog, and the fever medicine recommended at once resorted to, the more dangerous complications will be prevented. Far more than medicine, good nursing helps to pull dogs through distemper. Keep the patient warm, in an equable temperature not under sixty, where there is plenty of fresh air without draught, let the most scrupulous cleanliness be observed, and support the strength with strong food in small quantities often administered.

Dogs suffer much from both external and internal parasites. Of the former the flea is the most common, and may be destroyed by washing the dog in a weak decoction of quassia-wood, made by boiling half a pound in two gallons of water for ten minutes, afterward rinsing the dog with pure water. Puppies and sometimes old dogs suffer from lice and ticks. These disgusting-looking creatures cause their hosts great annoyance; but they are easily destroyed by rubbing into the roots of the hair dry white precipitate (ammonia chloride of mercury), and brushing it out in two hours afterward. There is no danger in using it.

A still more troublesome external parasite is the mange insect, which burrows in the skin, denudes the dog of hair, and, by the intolerable itching it causes, gives him no rest, so that he becomes lean, gaunt, filthy-looking, and an offensive object to our senses of sight and smell. There are endless advertised remedies for this truly loathsome disease, and some of them are very good. In my own treatment of dogs afflicted with it I generally use a lotion made by boiling half a pound of quicklime with two pounds of flowers of sulphur in two gallons of water down to one gallon. When cold, the clear liquid should be poured into vessels and kept well corked. The mangy dog being well rubbed with it night and morning for three days will generally be found cured.

The internal parasites, which embrace from thirty to forty varieties of worms, are a far more serious evil in the kennel than the external parasites. Those often-



KENNEL BELONGING TO DR. J. SIDNEY TURNER, UPPER NORWOOD, SURREY, ENGLAND.
From a photograph by T. Holloway, Anerley, S. E.

est met with are the tape-worm and round worm, and they are the source of many evils and the cause of a large percentage of deaths. Some writers, including those who at the present time are often quoted as authorities, attribute the presence of worms to feeding with cow's milk, and have gravely recommended goat's milk to be substituted, that, it is asserted, being, unlike cow's milk, free from the ova of worms. Five minutes' consultation of the works of Dr. Spencer Cobbold would show these people that the theory is wholly imaginary, and that would be a quicker and cheaper way of solving their difficulty than experimenting with a herd of goats and a kennel of puppies. It also happens, in disproof of the above too popular theory, that pups appear to be born with worms in their intestines; at least it is a well-known fact that at an age when they have had no other sustenance than the milk of the dam, of those that die, on being dissected, some are found with the smaller intestines blocked with coils of worms. Breeders should take a hint from this fact, and administer vermifuges to their brood bitches.

The most ordinary symptoms indicating worms are irregularity of the appetite and also of action of the bowels, hot, dry nose, and harsh standing coat. The results produced by these parasites are various and generally serious—irritability of temper, emaciation of body, not infrequent paralysis of hind-quarters, and very often an annoying skin disease, difficult to manage, which, as it differs in its cause from other skin diseases, further differs in not being contagious. It may be as well to say here that several forms of skin disease—nearly all except those due to the action of external parasites—have their origin in disturbance of the digestive and assimilative organs, and it is in that way worms are often the primary cause of eczema. The same result may of course follow, worms not being present, and in such cases a saline purge of Epsom salt and an entire change of diet for a week will often effect a cure. If the dog has been chiefly fed on bread or biscuit, give for a week little else than lean raw meat, or *vicè versa*. In the state of the skin referred to the following lotion invariably allays the irritation: pure crystallized carbolic acid, one and a half drams; glycerine, one and a half ounces;

laudanum, two ounces; carbonate of potash, three drams; water, one quart. The skin should be well wetted with it twice a day or oftener.

Remedies for expelling worms are legion. Every kennel man and every dog-breaker has an infallible cure, which is, of course, a profound secret; but such men, alike ignorant of diseases and of drugs, should not be allowed to ape the veterinarian, for great evil is often done by the injudicious use of medicines, which is not immediately apparent.

One of the safest and best vermifuges is the Arica nut; but a sound, heavy nut must be selected, for unsound, worm-eaten nuts are inert; give after keeping the dog without food for from six to twenty-four hours, according to age; the dose is, for young puppies, one grain, to two grains for mature dogs, per pound weight, up to a maximum dose of two drams for the largest dogs.

Another very troublesome disease is known generally as canker of the ear. It is easily recognized by the dog pawing his ear and violently shaking his head. As the disease proceeds, a dark and offensive exudation from the meatus is observed, and the pain and discomfort give the dog no rest. The best treatment is to give a dose of saline aperient every third day for a fortnight, and keeping the ear clean by bathing freely with warm water. Pour into it twice a day a tea-spoonful of this mixture: Goulard's extract (liquor plumbi subacetatis), half an ounce; olive oil, two and a half ounces.

It was my intention in this article to consider at length that dreadful disease rabies, or canine madness, but I have only room to refer to it in a few brief remarks.

A mad dog on the rampage, frothing at the mouth and covered with foam, is a creature of the imagination.

Mad dogs are not afraid of water; under the influence of the disease they will plunge their mouths into water to cool the burning fauces. The term hydrophobia is therefore a misnomer applied to this disease in the dog, although correctly describing a symptom in the disease communicated to man by the bite of a mad dog. The bite of a healthy dog, even should he become rabid the week after, can not possibly produce hydrophobia in the person bitten. Nothing but the virus of rabies can communicate the disease to man. Seizure with a fit of an epileptic character, convulsion of the body, kicking with the whole or some of the limbs, champing of the jaws, and frothing at the mouth are not only not symptoms of rabies, but may in nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand cases, if not in every case, be considered as proof that the dog is not mad. I have neither seen, heard of, nor read of a mad dog suffering from such a fit except in the very last stages of the disease.

The true and unerring symptoms are: change in the natural disposition and temper; excitement on seeing anything bright and glistening, such as patent-leather, polished metal, etc.; a disposition to retire behind dark objects; a peculiar gleam in and unsteadiness of the eye; disposition to gnaw inedible things, such as straw, stones, carpet, wood, his own chain, etc.; snapping at imaginary objects; unusual excitement on hearing strange or sudden noises; indiscriminate attacks on every other dog (in a usually quiet, well-behaved dog this conduct should alone excite strong suspicion); change in the tone of voice, the bark becoming harsh, husky, and hollow in sound.

Even one of these symptoms should put the owner on his guard and on the *qui vive* for others, and a combination of several or all of them may be considered certain evidence of his madness. The first duty, then, is to isolate the dog, and keep him confined, waiting the development of other symptoms and examination by a veterinary surgeon; and if the services of the latter are not obtainable, keep the patient supplied with food and water, and watch the progress of the disease. If he howls dismally, persists in gnawing inedible bodies, is seized with paroxysms of rage, or becomes paralyzed to any extent, although death would certainly ensue within twelve days or so, probably less, from the time the seizure was first observed, it will be most merciful to the animal to end his sufferings by killing him.

There is no known cure for this terrible malady, and it is fortunate that it is comparatively rare. Under these circumstances it is pleasant to record that a gleam of sunshine on this dismal subject comes to us from France, where M. Pasteur has been prosecuting researches into the nature of this disease, which has baffled the learned of every country for more than two thousand years.



LASGIRD.

WITH THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

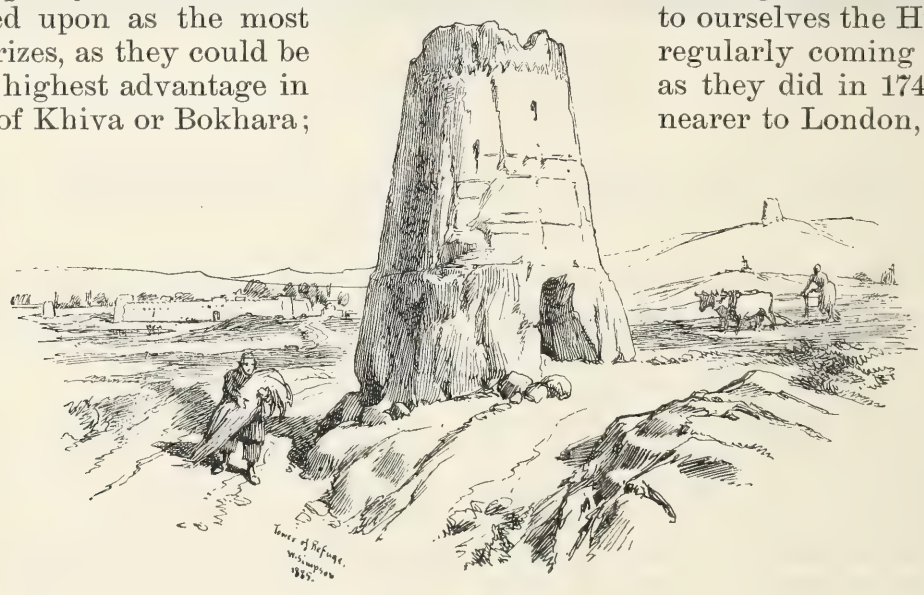
BY WILLIAM SIMPSON.

THE present condition of Central Asia, as well as of the countries around it, can scarcely be understood without giving some account of the Turkoman raids. For a long period of time this raiding system has gone on, but, owing to the out-of-the-way position of the region, the people of the West knew little or nothing of what was taking place. It is only lately that a few daring travellers have ventured, at great risk to themselves, into the Dasht-i-Turkoman, as the great plain of Central Asia is called, and revealed to us a slight knowledge of its present condition. Having gone with the Afghan Frontier Commission through Persia to the banks of the Heri-Rud and the Murghab, I thus passed over one of the favorite raiding grounds, and had the opportunity of seeing the results which it produced, and of realizing to a certain extent the appalling character of the system. The raiding of the Turkomans was essentially a slave-dealing system, founded on the assumption of a right of property in human flesh and blood. Men, women, and children were carried off to Khiva and Bokhara, thus placing the impassable desert between them and their homes, so that escape was all but impossible—this security producing a corresponding value in the slave markets of these places.

These predatory excursions were known as "chapows" by the Persians, and as "alamans" by the Turkomans. The number of men engaged in one of them depended much on the character of the leader: if he had a previous reputation for success in such expeditions, large numbers would flock to him when a new raid was projected; at times as many as five or six thousand men would engage in one of these expeditions. Horses were put under a peculiar diet and training to fit them for the necessary endurance, for it must be understood that the Turkoman's horse formed the essential part of the raider, where long rides and sudden surprises were the main tactics of the game. As the Thugs of India converted their system of murder into a kind of worship, so the Ishans, or Mohammedan mollahs, gave a religious sanction to the foray by blessing it before starting. At first the "alaman" would move slowly across the desert; but as soon as the Persian frontier

was passed, it made long and stealthy marches by unfrequented routes, avoiding all large towns, till the selected district was reached. Small parties were then detached; these in the dusk of the early dawn crept under the cover of hollows or rising ground toward villages, on which they came down with a lightning sweep, so as to catch the men or women at work in the fields, or by the surprise to seize the cattle before they could be driven in. Men, women, and children, as well as horses, cattle, and sheep, were all fish to the Turkomans' net, and whatever was taken they carried off to the main body of the alaman, who guarded the plunder while the detachments carried on the work. If a village could be taken, then every living thing in it became spoil; whatever the robber's horse could carry, or whatever could be forced to move on its own legs, was borne away. Young girls—if they were pretty—and children were looked upon as the most valuable prizes, as they could be sold to the highest advantage in the bazars of Khiva or Bokhara; it was also considered a lucky stroke when any one of wealth or rank was caught, a heavy ransom being expected for his release. We were told of one raid in which 130,000 sheep, goats, and other animals had been swept away; this large number has much the appearance of an exaggeration, but supposing we subtract a large discount from the figures—say twenty-five or even fifty per cent.—the sum will yet present a calamitous loss to the people who were despoiled. When the operations on the ground selected were completed, the alaman began its retreat, generally taking another route from that by which it came. If not too much overburdened with spoil, the plundering would go on during the return march. When a successful expedition had been made, and each returned rich from robbery and crime, there was great rejoicing in the auls, or collections of kibitkas, which form the villages of Turkestan; the Ishans again came forth and uttered prayers of thanks to Allah for all the good things which had come to them.

Sir Peter Lumsden and the portion of the Afghan Boundary Commission which started from London had to pass through Persia, and we had not marched far from Tehran when indications of this raiding system began to appear. The capital of Persia is about 600 miles due west from the frontier on the Heri-Rud, and the raiders were in the habit of carrying their expeditions up to less than 100 miles of the seat of government. To realize this state of things we have to picture to ourselves the Highlanders regularly coming to Derby, as they did in 1745, or even nearer to London, and plundering the whole region as they came and went, to give us an idea of the condition of Persia up to the present day, for it is only a couple of years since the raiding ceased. The Turkomans were not without daring, but this state of things must be looked upon not so much as an illustration of their character, but rather as showing the imbecility of the Persian government, which either permitted such things to take place or connived at them through its subordinates on the frontier. The people had to do the best they could to protect themselves. Villages, through insufficiency of numbers, could not oppose large bands of well-



TOWER OF REFUGE.



GREAT HIGHWAY OF CENTRAL ASIA.

armed marauders; but strong walls could be constructed as a means of defense. Mud is the building material in Persia, and in a dry climate it fulfills every necessary requirement; we found the village walls were made of this, and often of great thickness, so that a breach could not be easily made. Through this there was only one small entrance, so low that a Turkoman on horseback could not pass through, which, had it been large, he might possibly have done when in chase of those flying for refuge, and the village might have been taken through this means. The door in many instances was of stone, so that it could not be destroyed by fire. The raiders never thought of laying siege in any way to a place. They made a sudden dash; if it failed, they went off to try the same process on the next village; hence all that the villagers required was refuge and safety from these momentary assaults.

We found a remarkable instance of a village with the necessary defensive conditions on our route; it is called Lasgird, and it is within 100 miles, to the eastward, of Tehran, thus illustrating how near to the capital protection was essential. In plan the outer wall was a circle, this being an exceptional feature; its antiquity may be presumed, as the marking out of the circular form is ascribed to *Las* or *Last*, a son of Noah—a character not generally known to Biblical students—*gird* having a meaning something like ring or girdle, being that which goes round or incloses. This circular wall may be about 20 or 30 feet thick, and it rises in a solid form to perhaps 30 or 40 feet; on this the houses are built in two irregular tiers all round. Perched at this height, the people were out of all danger, while the only entrance was closed by a massive granite door 45 by 37 inches, and about 7 inches thick, working on pivots, like the old stone doors found still existing in the Hauran. The central part of the inclosure was filled up with a honey-combed mass of houses which were used for the storage of grain, and for receiving the horses, cattle, sheep, etc. The means of communication round this strange structure was by a balcony formed of projecting trees, rudely trimmed, covered or interlaced with branches, and then laid over with mud, and without any external protecting railing. On this dangerous and rickety support we saw wo-

men, children, sheep, and goats moving about; the goats may have been quite at home, but what percentage of children tumbled down every year we did not learn: such accidents seemed to us—strangers—as something inevitable under the conditions. When a raid took place, all that could manage to get inside were safe; there was no intermediate position; it was necessary to be either in or out; to be inside was salvation, on the outside was destruction. Where there were hills or rising ground near the villages, towers were constructed, and men kept constant watch. When the cloud of dust was seen in the distance—a sure indication of horsemen in a dry climate—muskets were fired to give warning, beasts were driven into the village, and every one sought the protection of walls. In many cases the fields were too distant for those working in them to have time to run to the village, so towers of refuge had to be erected; these could either be entered by a ladder, which was drawn up afterward, or by a narrow opening, through which it would have been certain destruction for the pursuer to attempt to follow. The mills for grinding corn had to be placed wherever a stream of water could be found, and I noticed that there was a tower of refuge attached to each of them, and it was so placed that the miller could run up into it without having to go outside.

Such were the conditions under which agriculture had to be carried on. Commerce had also to struggle against the same difficulties. If the raiders got information of a rich caravan of merchandise or of pilgrims passing between Tehran and Meshed, they lay in wait for it at some convenient spot, where its capture became almost a certainty. To insure safety, caravans always went in large numbers, and an escort went with them, but merchants, mule-drivers, pilgrims, and escort were all impressed with such terror of the Turkomans that their powers of defense might be compared to that of sheep when the hungry wolves make an attack. A piece of artillery was often sent, which, like artillery in battle, might have carried a moral power along with it, but practically nothing could have been more useless. Its moral effect on those belonging to the caravan was that they looked upon it as something in the light of a talisman, which had the virtue of counteracting all the powers of evil; if the cry of an "alaman" was raised, the mob of pilgrims and merchants at once crowded round the gun as a place of security, and supposing the gunners had retained the necessary courage to have fired it—a most doubtful supposition under the circumstances—the effort would have been an impossibility.

At regular stations on the road, caravansaries exist for the accommodation of travellers; these are large structures, generally built of brick, and with a strong door which could be secured, and the Turkomans defied. These places could receive camels, horses, and all beasts of burden, as well as men and women; they are what might be called the "hotels" of the East, and in the season when the pilgrims visit "Meshed the Holy" those on this route become crowded with a varied mass of humanity, which presents a fine field of study to all who are interested in Eastern habits and customs. The journey from Tehran to Meshed occupies the most part of a month, and in the days of Turkoman alamans it was a time passed in constant terror and alarm; but the desire among Sheah Mohammedans to visit the tomb of the Imam Reza is so great that thousands of men, women, and children yearly risked all the difficulties and dangers of the route. It will be easily understood that commercial operations could not flourish under such opposing influences; the wonder is that any trade could have existed under such an order of things. Caravans with merchandise never ceased to pass; but business under such circumstances must have been of a very limited kind. We had on our way a tangible evidence of the amount of mercantile activity which goes on; this was the postman between Tehran and Meshed: he passed only once a week between these two places, and he could carry all the correspondence, not only of these two important cities, but also of the region between, which is over 500 miles—about the distance from London to Aberdeen—in the saddle-bags of the horse he rode, and he never seemed to be overburdened by his load.

The road we travelled on eastward from Tehran is an ancient one, and in addition to the interest it presented to us in connection with the raiding system, it had historical associations which belong to a far past date. From the earliest times it must have been the great highway of Central Asia. The Dasht-i-Kuvir, or Great



PENJDEH.

Salt Desert, comes close up to it on the south, and the Elburz range is on the northern side. The road passes along close to the base of the hills, thus avoiding them; and as the desert on the other side is impassable, this road is almost the only line of communication between east and west through Persia. By this route Alexander pushed his conquests to Bactria and India; in the opposite direction the hordes of Genghiz-Khan brought death and devastation westward. Timour-Lung must have trodden over the same ground. At a later date the cruel Nadir Shah marched his army on this line when he invaded India and slaughtered the inhabitants of Delhi. The road led to "far Cathay," and Marco Polo must have made its acquaintance in his travels. It was from the earliest times the route of commerce as well as of conquest, and caravans bearing the productions of India, China, and the far East have for many long ages toiled along this dusty way.

Meshed is only about 100 miles from what used to be the Turkoman frontier. It was rather a surprise to find it such a large and important city in such near proximity to the home of the terrible raiders, but, as already explained, these scourges never attacked large towns; hence Meshed enjoyed a condition of safety. It is the capital of Khorassan; the Governor-General of that province resides there, and he has always a body of troops at his disposal. The great importance of Meshed results from the tomb of the Imam Reza being within its walls. Thousands of Sheah pilgrims come every year to worship at this shrine. The rich spend money, and the poor are fed at the expense of the saint, who, although dead nearly a thousand years ago, is enormously wealthy. He possesses villages and lands in every part of Persia, the revenue from which amounts to a large sum every year.

Mirza Abdul Wahab Khan, the Governor-General of Khorassan, received the Afghan Frontier Commission with much ceremony on its arrival at Meshed. The istikhbal, or procession of welcome, met Sir Peter Lumsden a mile or so outside of the city, bringing carriages with it, in which the members of the Commission were driven to a camp of magnificent tents pitched in a garden. Here the chief cook of the Governor-General had a splendid breakfast in readiness, in which Persian pillaus and other dishes peculiar to the country appeared in such profusion that, although we all had appetites in good condition from the early morning march, our powers were not sufficient for the occasion, and dishes had to be removed untouched.

In the plain around Meshed there are villages with people living in them, but our first march eastward brought us to a region where they had long ceased to exist. Here and there ruined walls and mounds told that a population had lived upon the ground. This had been so long



PUL-I-KHISTI AND AK TAPA.—[SEE PAGE 603.]

ago that the soil had returned to the condition of a jungle, and it was only by discovering the old irrigation channels—and time had left only the faintest traces of them in many parts—that we felt certain of former cultivation. Between Tehran and Meshed we had seen the thick walls of defense around each village, and the towers of refuge in the fields, all telling of danger and of the precarious conditions of life; men told us of the raids, and many who had been made prisoners and carried off recounted their experiences to us. To the eastward of Meshed, as we neared the once dreaded Turkoman country, the change was marked: we found that human beings had long ceased to live here, and the powers of destruction had been so great that a desert only was left. All the way to Sarakhs, and from that south along the Heri-Rud to Kuhsan, which is close to Herat, not a single village is to be seen. Herat is two hundred miles from Sarakhs, and nearly the whole of that space is a desert. Scarcely a soul is met with over this large extent of ground. Once or twice we passed shepherds with their flocks, but it is only within the last year or so that they have ventured where the danger was once so great.

Our way eastward to Sarakhs was along the Keshef-Rud, a stream which flows into the Heri-Rud at Pul-i-Khatun. At Ak Durbund there is a wretched mud fort, in which we found about half a dozen scarecrows, which in Persia are supposed to be soldiers. Here the valley of the Keshef-Rud had become narrow, and there were towers on the hills, with walls between them, which had been intended to prevent the raiders from passing—a purpose in which success had not been attained.

After passing Ak Durbund we left the Keshef-Rud, and struck northeast on the direct line to Sarakhs; this soon brought us to high ground, from which we looked down on the Heri-Rud, and where I got the first glimpse of the great plain of Central Asia. Having for some weeks before been passing through the desolation caused by the inhuman forays of the Turkomans, every day bringing us to some further illustration of their doings or tale of their cruelties, here at last we could gaze down on the source from which they came. It recalled the ascent of Vesuvius after having seen the remains of Pompeii and Herculaneum. I was looking on the crater from which torrents of human lava had poured out, carrying

PUBLIC LI
WEISER, ID

ruin and death on their way. On a line eastward were the low undulations where the northern slopes of the Paropamisan range sank into the flat level of the great Dasht-i-Turkoman, the line of which extended away to the north as straight against the sky as the horizon of the sea. This straight line recalled the theory that the plain of Central Asia had been at some far remote period the basin of an inland ocean, when this, with the Caspian and the Euxine, was probably but one sheet of water. As we gazed upon the scene it was peaceful enough; not a living soul was to be seen, for a desert had been produced. While standing on this spot and thinking of what the past had been, and knowing the changes which had lately occurred, I began to realize the fact that the present time is a turning-point in relation to this portion of the earth's surface. A great and important chapter in the history of the human species had been closed; a new order of things was about to begin. This part of Asia had become a den of thieves and murderers; it had become all but separated from the rest of the world; civilization had been shut out; its people had grown to be a nation of Ishmaelites, their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them. Law and order were now to appear; safety for men and property would be the rule in the future; commerce, with all its train of what is new and progressive, would soon take the place of war and man-stealing; and better conditions would result, not only for those who had suffered, but also for those who had been the cause of the suffering.

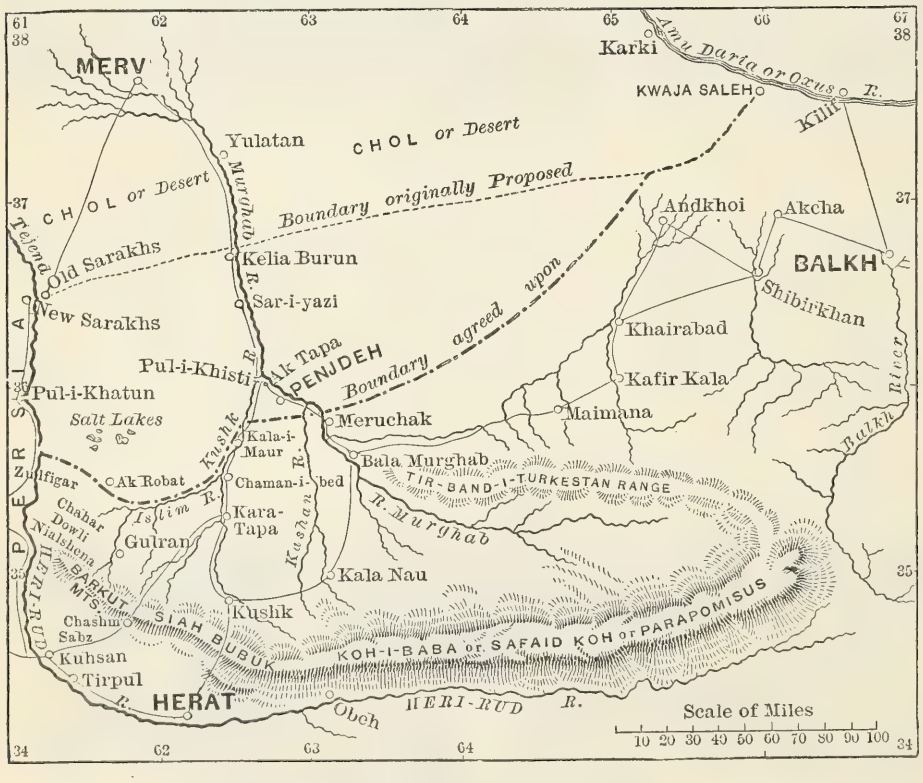
The honor of suppressing this raiding system and all its manifold evils is due to Russia. She may have other objects in view as the ultimate aim of her extension into Central Asia, but for the accomplishment of this she deserves the gratitude of the whole civilized world. The occupation of Bokhara and Khiva extinguished the two great markets for the sale of slaves; after Geok Tepé was taken, and Merv was held by the Russians, the alamans became an impossibility. While the raiding system went on, all the countries round were demoralized, so that any development or progress was out of the question; but now they will have a chance of a settled condition, and their prosperity is certain. The only influence in that quarter that can be seen at present as likely to disturb the future is in the probable schemes of Russia in relation to Afghanistan and India, and perhaps the annexation of territory in Persia.

Sir Peter Lumsden arrived at Sarakhs on the 8th of November. He thus duly appeared at the place of meeting where the Russian Commission ought also to have been, according to the arrangement. We made a halt there of a couple of days. Our camp was at New Sarakhs, which is on the Persian frontier, the Heri-Rud being the boundary line. At the time of our visit the bed of the river was dry. It is a peculiarity of many of the streams hereabouts that in places the water sinks below the surface during the dry season, and comes up again beyond. The Heri-Rud disappears about ten miles above Sarakhs, and when it re-appears, further on to the north, it is called the Tejend. In the spring, when the snow on the Koh-i-Baba begins to melt, the supply of water makes a continuous stream. Old Sarakhs is about a mile or so from the east bank of the river. New Sarakhs was constructed only a few years back by the



OLD SARAKHS.

Persians. The work well illustrates the character of all things military among that people. Instead of making a place capable of resisting the modern means of attack, this fortress, which is within three-quarters of a mile from the boundary line, is formed of high mud walls—a primitive style of fortification which has existed in this part of the world from the earliest times, and the original type of which may be seen in the Assyrian sculptures. Old Sarakhs had been occupied by the Russians only about four or five months before our arrival, and the troops were in a small camp formed of kibitkas. General Komaroff, who is the head authority in the trans-Caspian province, had come on a visit, so I rode over to ask permission to make sketches of the old place. The general received me most graciously, and



THE NEW RUSSIAN-AFGHAN FRONTIER.

sent a couple of Akhal Teké horsemen as my attendants. Colonel Alikhanoff was with the general. He most kindly invited me to pay him a visit at Merv, of which he is the Governor—an invitation which I greatly regret it was out of my power to accept at the moment, our stay being so short. All that remains of Old Sarakhs is a large mound, square in form, and covered with bricks. Scattered around it are portions of mud walls, and a number of rude huts made of reeds, in which the Turkomans of to-day live. The only building left is an old tomb, called Ugle Baba, said to be the tomb of Abel. On the west of New Sarakhs there is a similar tomb, which tradition declares to be that of Cain. These are no doubt connected with another tradition that Adam had his garden at Sarakhs, and came up every morning from Serendib, or Ceylon, to work in it. As the Mohammedans have legendary stories about Adam with Ceylon and Adam's Peak there, this should, I think, be ascribed to them, but General Komaroff told me that there were a number of traditions associating Noah with Merv, and he believes in some early Jewish connection as the source from which these legends originated. These, with the Jewish origin of the Afghans, and a number of similar inquiries, must be left to the future investigations of archæologists.

On leaving Sarakhs we moved south along the western bank of the Heri-Rud, which brought us to Pul-i-Khatun: *pul* in Persian means "bridge," and *khatun* is "lady." It is supposed that the bridge at this place is as old as the period of Timour, and that it was built by one of the ladies of his family; it is constructed of brick, with six arches, and although much decayed, it would be still serviceable if the central arch were not broken. About thirty miles further south we could see the entrance to the Zulfigar Pass on the eastern side of the river; it is a grand gorge among bleak, rocky hills. Zulfigar was the name of Ali's sword; it means "the two-edged," and was given to him by Mohammed. The weapon seems to have been as wonderful as the "Excalibur" of Arthur, for the pass was produced by a stroke from it. Ali, who has been all but deified by the Sheahs, never could

have been in his lifetime further east than the Euphrates Valley; still faith has created legends about him which extend as far as Ali Musjid in the Khyber. From Sarakhs to Herat is about 200 miles, and nearly the whole distance is now a desert; it is known as "the District of the 350 Ruined Villages." As far as Kuhsan, which is about sixty miles from Herat, we found no habitation, and with the exception of a shepherd here and there—for they now venture over the ground with their flocks—we scarcely saw a human being on our way. This desert condition has resulted from the raiding; the most of the ground might be as fertile as the Herat Valley is celebrated for being, and no doubt but it was so before the villages were destroyed and the people exterminated.

At Kuhsan we met the Indian camp and that portion of the Commission which had come with it. They had, under the charge of Colonel Ridgeway, made a remarkable march north through the deserts of Beluchistan and Seistan. With it was the Survey Department, which has done a large amount of good work, and given us accurate maps, which we had not before. It was now nearing the end of November, and winter-quarters for the camp had to be thought of. It was arranged that the main body of the camp should move eastward to the Murghab, while Sir Peter Lumsden, with a light camp, struck away in a northeast direction to visit Penjdeh. This took us across the district of Badghis, once a province of the old kingdom of Ariana, to the Kushk, the principal tributary of the Murghab. We descended that stream to Ak Tapa and Pul-i-Khisti, or "the bridge of bricks." It was here that the fight took place afterward between the Afghans and the Russians at the end of March; it is now generally spoken of as Penjdeh, but the old remains of that place are in reality about six miles to the south, on the Murghab. *Ak Tapa* means the "white mound," from a large heaped-up mass of earth which is there; these mounds are a peculiarity of the sites of old cities in this part of the world, and there is some difficulty in determining their original purpose. There is no doubt but they are old, and it has been suggested that they were the "high places" on which the Guebres placed their fire altars. One theory is that they were tombs. The most probable explanation is that they were heaped up to form strong places of defense, and were the citadels of a primitive period. Scattered round these mounds are lower heaps and ridges marking the remains of the town. The building material in this part of the world was, as it is to-day, principally mud, or sun-dried brick, which is the same; and earth heaps are all that is now to be seen of the remains of cities. There are no



SARIK TURKOMAN WOMAN.

ancient temples which tell their tales of the past, such as those which are to be seen in Greece, Egypt, or India. The structures were of dust, and into dust they have returned. Ak Tapa was the largest of the mounds which we saw, and the ground round it is filled with fragments of pottery, showing that a town had existed at some far back date. If the Tapa was a defensive work, its great size would show that the strategic importance of the place had been no new discovery on the part of the Russians; it derives this importance from the command it gives of the upper portion of the Murghab Valley as well as the Kushk, the line of the latter leading straight south upon Herat, and forming part of the direct road to that place from Merv. From the absence of water, no force of any size could move south except upon the Heri-Rud or the Murghab and the Kushk. When Russia chooses to attack Herat, she will now be able to utilize both lines, and march two armies upon that place.

We found the Sarik Turkomans in occupation of the Murghab Valley from near Ak Tapa all the way south to Meruchak, a distance of nearly thirty miles. They were living, not in houses, but in kibitkas, which are a kind of hut formed of wicker-work and pelts; these are movable, and are peculiar to the people of Turkestan, who are all more or less nomadic. The kibitka does not require a central pole like a tent, which allows of the fire-place being in the middle of the structure, and the smoke escapes by a hole in the top, the light being admitted by the same aperture. No tables or chairs are used; all sit on carpets in the Oriental fashion, and the making of these carpets is one of the occupations of the women. These articles, although produced by the most primitive means, are of the most beautiful kind. The only thing to be regretted about them in the present day is that bright colors of a fugitive kind have found their way into Central Asia from Europe, which have had a tendency to destroy the artistic harmony of design, and at the same time to deprive them of the old value they possessed from the permanency of their dyes. The raiding having been now entirely suppressed, the Sariks, who had been as much given to that as their neighbors, have taken to agriculture, and we found them busy with the plough, while groups were clearing out the old irrigation channels, and bringing more ground under cultivation. We found a village or two of them in the Kushk Valley, in which they were extending their operations. I find that writers and speakers at home suppose that the region is a desert. This is only so far true at the present day from the land having been, from causes explained in this article, out of cultivation for many years. It is important to understand that the country need not necessarily be a desert; in former times it was not so; on the contrary, it was rich and fruitful, with a large population. About the middle of the third century B.C., Antiochus Theodorus, the grandson of Seleucus, was called "the Governor of the Thousand Cities of Bactria." It could not have been a desert at that period; Bactria itself, the modern Balkh, now a mass of shapeless mounds, was known as "the Mother of Cities." Merv was called "The Queen of the World." The Bundahis mentions a district which must have been in this part of the world, and states that "in the days of Yim a myriad towns and cities were erected on its pleasant and prosperous territory." The vast quantities of mounds, extending all the way from the Caspian to the base of the Hindu-Kush, attest to the truth of these historical declarations.

There could not have been in the past a more "pleasant and prosperous territory" than what the banks of the Murghab must have presented. The Bundahis speaks of the "Marv River" as "a glorious river in the East"; its water at the present day is clear and bright, of a delicate grayish-blue tint. It is a much longer stream than the Heri-Rud. Merv is wholly indebted to it for its fertility, and the river was known as the Mawr-i-ab, or water of Mawr or Merv. In this we have a much more probable etymology of its name than that usually given, which is explained as being from *murgh*, a "fowl," and *ab*, "water," this being evidently a modern Persian derivation. The valley south of Ak Tapa is what in Scotland would be called a "strath"; that is, the river flows through a flat ground between hills. In many places this level soil is three or four miles wide, and by means of canals the whole space can be cultivated. At Penjdeh—the word meaning "five villages" (this is modern Persian, the ancient name being lost)—the remains extend for miles, and are only known to the natives as "Kona Pendie,"

or old Penjdeh. Captain De Lassoe, one of the officers attached to the English Commission, discovered an extensive and very remarkable group of caves at this place, which were, in all probability, at one time a Buddhist vihara, or monastery. There were a large number of such establishments in Balkh, of which we have descriptions, in the seventh century; and there is every reason to suppose that they existed as far west as Persia. Meruchak is the next place which must have had an importance in the past. It is on the eastern bank of the river, and about twenty-two miles south of the present Penjdeh. The mounds here are very numerous, and the crumbling mud walls belonging to a later town of considerable extent are still in existence, showing that it must have had a large population at no far distant period. The piers of a well-built brick bridge are still standing, and close to them is a ford, by which we crossed the river—an operation which, from the depth of the river, was not without some danger. About eleven miles farther south is a place now known as Karaoul Khaneh, or the "guard-house." Here, again, the old name is lost, and we have nothing left to identify the mounds of an old town which exist at it. From Meruchak to about a mile or so south of Karaoul Khaneh there are no inhabitants; owing to this, the pheasants have increased in great numbers, and our party had splendid shooting, which, it was declared, the best preserves in England could not have exceeded. Another march brought us to Bala Murghab, where we took up our winter-quarters. We arrived there on the 12th of December, and remained till the 15th of February, a little over two months. It was not till the 2d of January that the severe winter came on. There was snow occasionally, but it did not lie long on the ground. The piercing cold blast which sweeps along over Turkestan when the thermometer is far below zero is called "the cimeter of Central Asia"—a name suggestive of a cutting wind.

The camp was moved to a place called Gulran, which was nearer to the Heri-Rud, and not so distant from Meshed and Herat, from which places supplies were drawn. As it appeared that everything connected with the boundary was uncertain, and the coming of the Russian Commissioners seemed as far off as ever, I determined to return home; so toward the end of February I recrossed the Heri-Rud, and came back by way of Meshed and Shahrud to Astrabad. At Bunder Gez, the port of Astrabad on the Caspian, there is a line of steamers, which brought me to Baku, and there I was again on the route by which our party travelled on the outward journey in September. The Caspian and the Black seas are connected by the railway from Batoum to Baku; from Batoum steamers run to Odessa. By this line of communication I returned to Europe, after an absence of about eight months.



A KIBITKA.

A ROSE OF JERICHO.

BY FRANCES L. MACE.

"WHY do you take my garden rose,
Still fresh and glowing, from the vase,
And give a dry and withered stalk
My favorite's dewy place?"

"Lady," he said, "there came a day
When far across the burning plain
Slow crept, as hour by hour went by,
A winding camel train.

"And none in all that wandering band
Who sought with me the Orient's shrine
Concealed beneath the pilgrim's garb
So sad a heart as mine.

"But while with mournful thoughts I mused,
Light blown, as if from fairy bower,
Came fluttering o'er the yellow sand
To me this magic flower.

"I knew its folded petals hid
The breath and bloom of other days,
And that some happier hour might give
Its beauty to my gaze.

"Through all the paths of Palestine,
And wide across the stormy sea,
My cherished rose of Jericho
I brought to home and thee.

"And now the secret of my soul
I to the wizard rose have told,
And if to-morrow's light shall see
Its dusty scroll unrolled,

"If life and bloom and odor come
Again as from a grave set free,
The rose of Jericho will tell
That secret wish to thee."

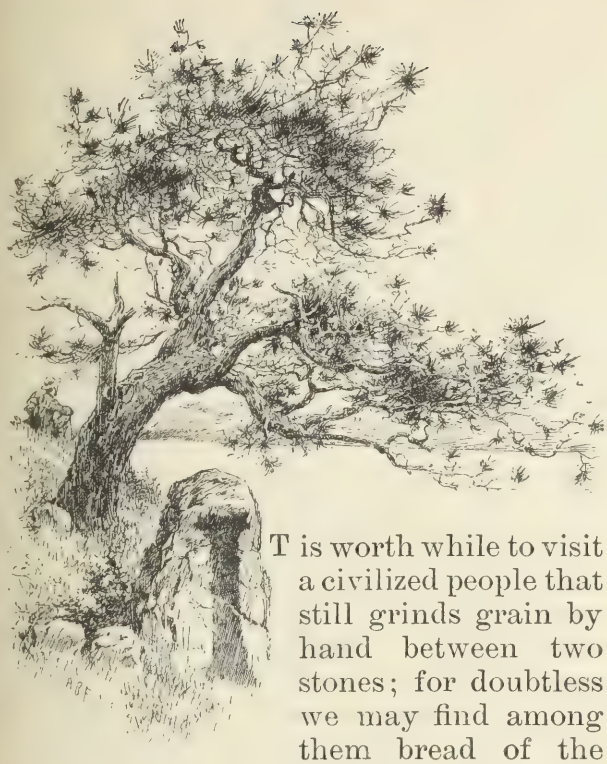
The morning beams; the lady steps,
Expectant, to her garden bower;
Behold, the withered stem upholds
A rare, mysterious flower!

A subtle odor steals abroad;
The petals gleam with golden hue:
It is as if the wanderer's heart
Had opened to her view.

A step draws near; there is no need
For words to tell what roses know;
To utter love's own speech has flowered
The rose of Jericho.

CAPE BRETON FOLK.

BY C. H. FARNHAM.



IT is worth while to visit a civilized people that still grinds grain by hand between two stones; for doubtless we may find among them bread of the primeval flavor, and men and women that are racy and strong. I set out for Cape Breton to see such a people. We are so full of steam and electricity that a deal of fizz and flash blinds us to the charms of simple things. As I sped along on the Intercolonial Railway from Quebec past the watering-places on the St. Lawrence, the beautiful scenery of the Matapediac, the Restigouche, the Bay of Chaleurs, and across New Brunswick, I kept wondering whether I could really enjoy a patriarchal sincerity in life, and I was eager to reach the place where I might test my honesty and sympathy. At last I arrived at Port Mulgrave, and beheld Cape Breton Island across the Strait of Canso. Our two canoes were soon taken from the train and launched on those Eastern waters, and we paddled away down the strait.

The map showed us that Cape Breton is a triangular island at the eastern end of Nova Scotia, about 115 miles long and 90 wide. The southern and central portions, comparatively low and undulating, are cut up by numerous bays, channels, and lakes of ocean water; the northern part is a peninsula, presenting a plateau from 500 to 1000 feet high, some ranges of hills on top of this, numerous streams cutting deep gorges, and bold picturesque shores along the Atlantic and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. As a rule the hill-tops and highlands are covered with forest, and the sloping shores at the water edge of the sea and the lakes are occupied by a strip of farms. The island is divided into two portions by its interior waters and a canal at St. Peter's giving access to the Bras d'Or lakes.

To get at once at the heart of the subject, we pushed on down the winding strait, a mile or two wide, with hilly shores sloping down to the water, and threaded our way through the canal at St. Peter's. Bras d'Or lakes won our admiration at once. We followed at first a narrow winding channel about wooded islands and between hilly shores. They are like mountain lakes, and yet the water is salt, and so deep (from 200 to 500 feet) that ships and great black ocean steamers thread their way through the forest. The sea lies at rest in the Bras d'Or; neither tide nor surf disturbs his sleep; only a strong wind can rouse him there to a suggestion of his boisterous life beyond the encircling wall of hills. Once a whale came in and lost his way, and a man soon captured the monster of the deep far inland among the hills. Great Bras d'Or Lake, with the West and the East bays, is about 40 miles long by 20 broad.

The cultivated shores of this warm sunny basin in a Northern sea present very graceful lines in sloping upward from the blue sea to the forest crowning the mountains, and the common houses and irregular fields are graced with many scattered trees and groves.

We felt everywhere the charm of an unusual beauty in these quiet scenes as we paddled in and out of bays and coves and channels innumerable. Now and then we got a glimpse of some of the people, but we kept on our journey to complete our geography before entering the social world of Cape Breton. After some days of canoeing we boarded at Baddeck the comfortable steamboat *Marion*, to take a hasty run to Sydney. The route was down the Great Bras d'Or, one of the inlets letting the sea into the lakes. Hills steep and high form a long, narrow passage like a river; woods generally cover

the slopes, but here and there houses and irregular fields and snow-white cliffs break out of the dark foliage. When we sailed out on to the Atlantic, our northern horizon was the parapet of the high plateau of Cape Breton, Cape Smoky, and other lofty heads along the shore, ranging off toward Cape North. Sydney presented some fine views of a large and excellent harbor, dotted with shipping; along the shores are villages struggling with domineering coal docks and volumes of smoke from the coal mines, and the two towns offer some quaint sights in their streets. But these more commonplace and commercial features of Cape Breton were not the object of my visit, so we returned with the steamboat to Baddeck, and prepared for our journey among the homes of the people.

Our plan was to walk along the Atlantic shore, by St. Ann's Bay, over Cape Smoky to Ingonish, and on to Cape North; thence to return along the Gulf of St. Lawrence shore by way of Cheticamp, Margaree, and Lake Ainslie. This walk of about two hundred miles would take us through some of the most secluded as well as the most populous settlements of the peasantry. We carried in our knapsacks a photographic camera and a little provision for luncheons in the wild regions.

On issuing from the woods at the head of St. Ann's Bay we saw before us a long stretch of the first part of our walk. The bay begins with a pretty complication of the blue sea with points, coves, and white plaster cliffs among trees. Before it widens to the ocean it runs on in a long narrow harbor between two walls of hills diversified with forests, fertile slopes, and rugged cliffs; on the left hand the wall ends in a bold headland, Cape Smoky, rising from the distant sea-line; on the right the ridge ends in a low point, set off with the hamlet of English Town and a snow-white light-house relieved against the deep blue sea. The region was first occupied by the French, who built some fortifications at English Town to protect their fisheries. When the island passed into the hands of the English, the place was abandoned.

By sundown we reached the neighborhood of English Town, and began to inquire for lodgings. Many a time the people of Cape Breton boasted to me of their hospitality. "Your people were very kind," I said to a good man in Baddeck. "Oh, ay, sir; I'm sure," said he, in perfect confidence; "we all are that." The tramp of the first day, with our heavy packs, had made us tired, and so I was interested in our first approach to these farmers' hearts. At the first house the woman said she was not able to receive us; at the second house, she was unprepared; at the third, she replied to us in Gaelic, and motioned us on our way. "Well, White, the fence-corner, at any rate, will not cast us out." And we discussed the merits of new-mown hay for a bed under the trees. At the fourth and fifth houses Gaelic was given us instead of bread, and we went off gleeful, if hungry, at having so good a story to tell of Cape Breton hospitality. But just at dusk a hay-maker, with his scythe over his shoulder, met us, and showed us to a hospitable house. The wife soon busied herself with our supper, and we passed a social evening to make amends for our many rebuffs. The house was a good example of these Cape Breton homes, having four or five rooms, with clean floors and bare walls. Here and there lay a thick mat made of strips of rags hooked up through burlaps—transmogrified roses in rare raw colors. Order and neatness prevailed; but the dreariness that generally is felt in even the homes of the better class is quite oppressive in these peasant houses. There is nothing picturesque to lend a charm to simplicity. It was before supper that we noted this barrenness; afterward we felt the house to be somnolent rather than irritating.

As we strode away down the road again in the bright morning the air was clear and bracing, the birds sang, the mowers went afield, and the bay was rippled by breezes whisking down over the mountain-tops. The old ferryman in taking us across the bay had more than his hands full to discover our errand thus on foot, and likely so far from home. As we landed near the light-house he called out: "Ye're mineral men; I know ye; so ye may turn to the left hand up there by yon hill, and go down to the silver mines of St. Ann if ye like." We thanked him for a profession we had not before possessed. The road first leads for three or four miles along a very narrow spit of gravel that almost divides the bay by crossing nearly to English Town; then it runs on toward distant Cape Smoky, through the belt of farms sloping down from the for-



inhabitants, of which I can mention only the man and wife with nine small children, three dogs, a hen, and a pet pig. It was a shadowy little place, with a cavernous stone chimney, picturesque with pots and kettles hanging from a crane. The few dishes gleamed out of the dimness of a corner cupboard, and the table and chairs were unmistakably home-made. The woman had been in the hay field all day, but she cheerfully cooked our supper, and gave us the bed usually



THE FERRYMAN.

est-covered hills to the beach. The bay loses itself in the wide Atlantic past Bird Rocks; fishing-boats in the offing rose and fell on the ground-swell, surf boomed on the beach of pebbles, and the salt sea air blew upon us.

By noon-time we happened to meet two boys picking up shells; they said the shells were for burning to get lime for mending the chimney-corner. They invited us home to dinner, but we went on. Then came a troop of men and women from their hay field; none of them spoke to us at first, but after we had addressed them a few words, the father among them became more sociable, and he also asked us to dine. Still another group gave us an invitation, and at last we accepted it. Here was our first evidence of the Cape Breton hospitality we had missed the previous evening; here people came seeking on the highway who might devour. The men sat down first, and the women served us with bannocks and sour milk, potatoes and boiled salt mackerel, bread and butter. It was one of the best meals of our trip; for nine times out of ten we were given only the staple articles of diet—bread, butter, and bitter tea. The people spoke Gaelic to one another, and we got no hint of their talk; but the quiet and kindly spirit of the family sufficed to put us at ease. After dinner we dragged wearily onward, still toward Smoky, until at sundown we gladly entered a poor man's hut for the night. It was full of occupied by the children. The poor are always friendly with nature; the little pig regarded himself as one of the family; and whenever the woman went to get some milk from the pan kept in the bottom of the cupboard, there was a race

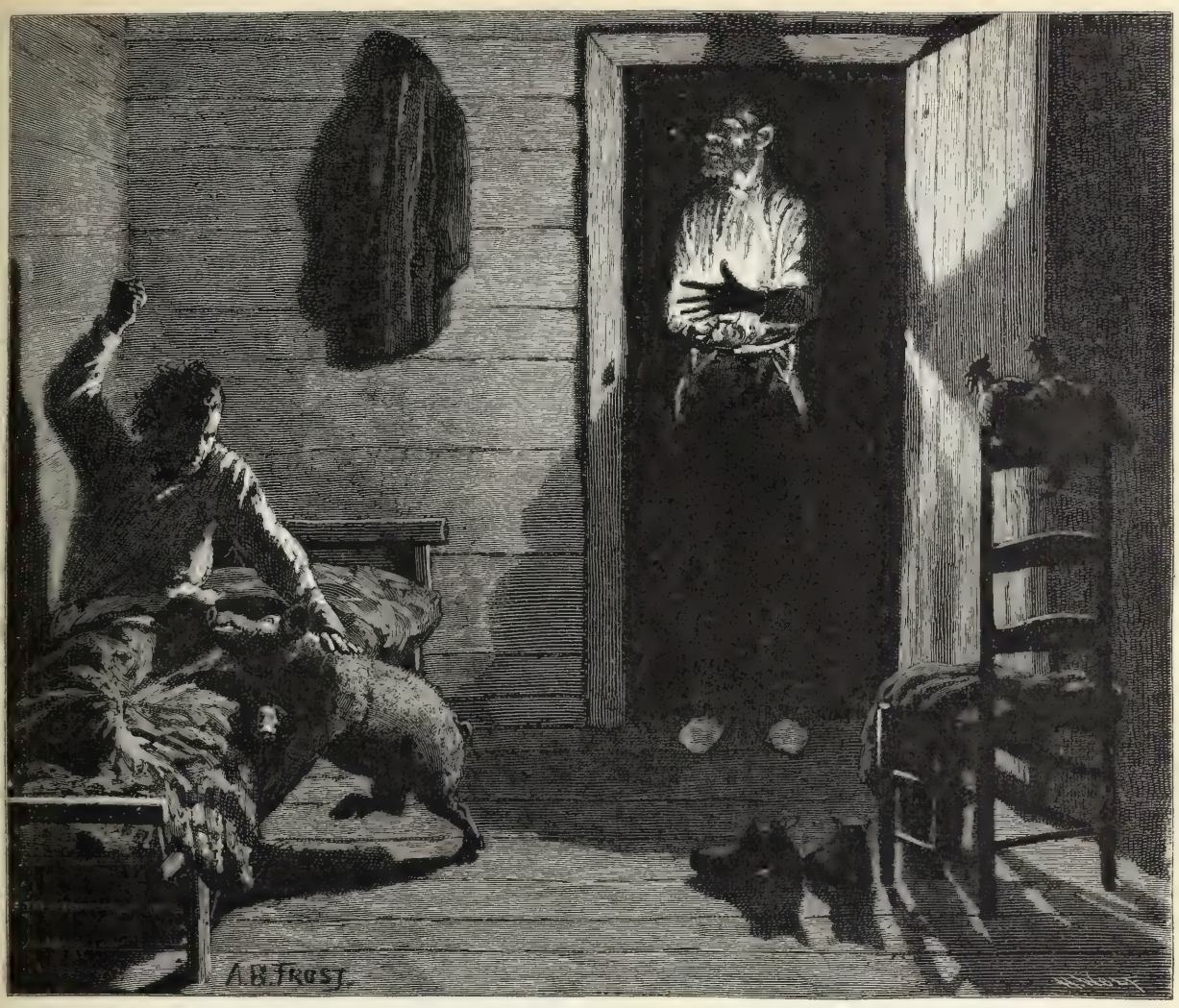
between her, the pig squealing, and the hen with eager neck; the woman generally reached the door first, and then, with much shuffling, just managed to fence the others out with her legs, while they bobbed in and out under her skirts. From this excitement the pig would walk over to the hearth, and such was the comfort he took in the warmth of the fire that he would doze before he had time to lie down, and thus frequently fell asleep supported awhile on four legs and his nose. I noted his habits, because the pig is sometimes a member of the household here in regard to bed and board. A minister at a wedding remained all night, and was given a low cot bed in the living-room. In the night he was startled at finding some one getting into his bed, and soon felt it to be the pig nestling down against his back. He tried to drive it out, but the outraged animal would not go. The noise of the fight brought the householder, and he explained that it was the habit of the pig to come into bed with them on cold nights, and assured the reverend gentleman that it would do no harm.

We now began to be toughened by our walking; the fatigue was less irksome, and the distances were passed over with fewer speculations and inquiries. We reached at last the summit of Cape Smoky, the barrier that for two days had fenced us off from the northward. It was a pleasure to overlook now our route away back to St. Ann, along the strip of farms under the long wall of forest-topped hills, at the lower shore toward Sydney, and over the wide expanse of the ocean dotted with sail and fishing boats. We cooked our luncheon in the shade of a bridge on top of the mountain; and the road was so unfrequented that not a soul passed to take fright, flee to the valley, and report uncanny spirits haunting the gorge.

The foliage in that balmy, moist climate is luxuriant; the trees on a hill-side stand relieved one against another as solid forms. Under this rich canopy of verdure the streams coming down from the high plateau of the island have worn deep, winding, narrow gorges. Here and there an opening lets the sunlight pour its lustre into a tiny glade carpeted with grass under noble trees; but soon the gorge recovers its shadowy mysteries, ferns, moss, lichen-covered logs and rocks, and the laughing brook drowning the fainter voices of the woodland. When in the autumn I loitered through any one of these glens, gorgeous with October colors above the pools and the dank, sombre nooks, it seemed like a long elysian bower filled with a golden mist. We walked that afternoon over Cape Smoky and down such a glen to Ingonish, silent and satisfied, while one picture after another led the fancy riot in sylvan dreams.

A cold northeaster, with rain, met us at Ingonish, with great clouds of mist rolling in from the Atlantic. The bay lies within an amphitheatre of high rugged hills; at one end of them is the noble promontory Cape Smoky, 1100 feet high. A long, narrow, jagged point of rocks, Middle Head, divides the bay into two parts, and a long bar of gravel crossing this point forms a natural breakwater, and makes a pond of North Bay and a good harbor of South Bay. The mists rolling about set off well these bold hills and rocks, and the intricate forms of bays and ponds; but they added little to the comfort of tourists. We watched for a while the life on the wharves and schooners, in the stores, at the fishing establishments, and then began hunting a place for shelter. Cape Breton hospitality seems to be in strata. At one of these bays we met the generous streak; we were taken even to a party, where reels and jigs helped to pass the night. During the festivities the host's gate was most effectually broken up by his nephew in revenge for not being invited; and the rest of the night was passed by the old man in hunting the pieces and the nephew, and imploring blessings on his head. At the other bay we had great difficulty in getting shelter on any terms. We addressed ourselves first to a man who keeps the only hotel in the place. "What are ye?—blacklegs?" "Well, I don't know. We look like them, don't we?" "Faith, ye do." He sent a lad to interview the wife, who manages the estate: she was in ill humor, and so the public-house was closed that day. Finally, after inquiring through the settlement, we found the good vein again, away down at the end of the point, just where we expected it to disappear under the Atlantic. The tedium of a rainy day was relieved by moping about the ruins of the place—traces of cellars, chimneys, and a battery or two—and in gleaning a few facts from a history of Cape Breton.

The civilization of Cape Breton seems



A STRANGE BEDFELLOW.

to have been reserved for the Scotsman. The Spanish, Portuguese, Basques, Bretons, and Normans, who have visited the island to obtain fish and fur, made no colonies. Even the French, holding the island for over a century, did nothing but establish fishing villages at Arichat, St. Peter's, St. Ann's Bay, Ingonish, and build the costly fortress at Louisburg to protect them. Ingonish is said to have had at that time a population of 4000 souls. But although they did nothing to develop the agriculture of Cape Breton, the French attached great importance to it as a nursery for drilling hardy seamen.

When they lost the island, they obtained what consolation they could in possessions on the coast of Newfoundland, where they maintain to this day a large fleet of cod-fishers. The English in taking possession of Cape Breton seem to have continued the French policy. For twenty odd years after the conquest the government refused to grant lands to settlers, one of the motives being to keep those coasts as a nursery for seamen, and therefore to favor fishing and discourage agriculture. Even as late as 1800 there were only a thousand or two of population, chiefly coal-miners and fishermen.

About the beginning of this century the advantages these colonies offered to settlers were much discussed in Scotland; for many of the tenantry there were compelled by the landlords to emigrate. "Many of the Highland chieftains, who had discovered that the raising of cattle and sheep afforded greater profits than the letting of their lands to miserable tenants, were dispossessing the latter of their farms and holdings." The peasants saw "their houses unroofed before their eyes, and they were made to go on board a ship bound for Canada." Some of the young men were glad to visit new scenes, but the most of the peasantry left their country with the most bitter regret. The first ship loaded with emigrants for Cape Breton

came in 1802. "From this time the tide of immigration gathered strength as it advanced, until it reached its highest point in 1817, when it began gradually to decline. The last immigrant ship arrived in 1828." And it may be added that almost all the settlers of Cape Breton, excepting the Acadians, came from the north of Scotland and the Hebrides, the islands of Skye, Barra, Lewis, Mull, Uist, etc. The population thus thrown upon the island, estimated at 25,000, made it a Scotch country. The total population now is about 84,500; 55,000 are Scotch or of Scotch descent, 12,500 Acadians, 15,000 English and mixed races, and about 1500 Indians.

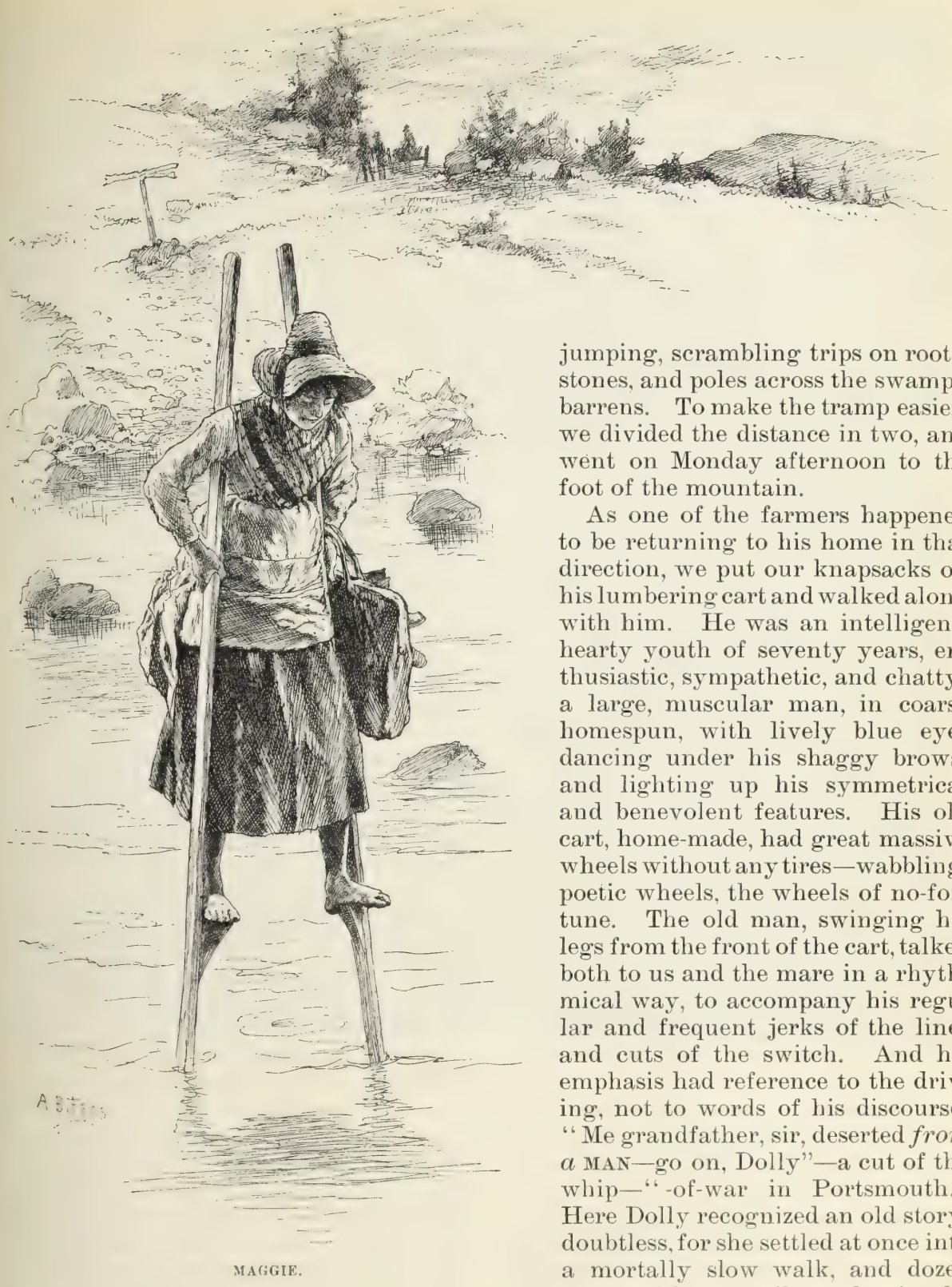
A clear bracing morning sent us forward again with an elastic stride. For about twelve miles the route was a bridle-path, partly over swamps, partly up and down the beds of stony brooks. We were then on top of the barren plateau of Cape Breton, a mossy, burned, desolate region, where bare, bleached skeletons of trees shake in the wind, and the huckleberry alone straggles over the rocks. It is wearisome to pick your way for miles in such ground, jumping from bog to bog, stone to stone, or walking single poles laid as bridges over peat holes. The region, of course, is uninhabited, excepting at the half-way house—a comfortable inn kept open by the government to relieve the mail-carrier and others crossing the barrens, particularly in winter.

Aspy Bay, at the end of a long day's tramp through the wilderness, was doubly charming. It lies between two straight ranges of mountains that meet several miles inland. The western range, presenting to the valley a deeply cloven crest of rounded summits, ends in a lofty peak, Sugar Loaf, the Cape North of the maps, the northern limit of our excursion. From its summit you see a vast expanse of sea, the Magdalen Islands, Cape Ray of Newfoundland, Low Point, near Sydney, and the intricate forms of the adjoining coast. The bay itself is divided by points and transverse bars of sand into North, Middle, and South Ponds.

We entered the valley just as the last load of hay, attended by its group of men and women, entered the open barn; we passed through many cozy little nooks, where meadows lay like verdant lakes along the foot of the wooded mountains and about the base of white cliffs.



A FISHING VILLAGE.



MAGGIE.

We had now reached Cape North, the northern limit of our journey, and having found again the good streak of Cape Breton hospitality at the North Pond, we passed very pleasantly a social, quiet Sabbath. Our course here turned westward, to begin the homestretch along the Gulf side of the island. But to reach that shore we had before us another of those jumping, scrambling trips on roots, stones, and poles across the swampy barrens. To make the tramp easier, we divided the distance in two, and went on Monday afternoon to the foot of the mountain.

As one of the farmers happened to be returning to his home in that direction, we put our knapsacks on his lumbering cart and walked along with him. He was an intelligent, hearty youth of seventy years, enthusiastic, sympathetic, and chatty; a large, muscular man, in coarse homespun, with lively blue eyes dancing under his shaggy brows, and lighting up his symmetrical and benevolent features. His old cart, home-made, had great massive wheels without any tires—wabbling, poetic wheels, the wheels of no-fortune. The old man, swinging his legs from the front of the cart, talked both to us and the mare in a rhythmical way, to accompany his regular and frequent jerks of the lines and cuts of the switch. And his emphasis had reference to the driving, not to words of his discourse. "Me grandfather, sir, deserted *from a* MAN—go on, Dolly"—a cut of the whip—"-of-war in Portsmouth." Here Dolly recognized an old story, doubtless, for she settled at once into a mortally slow walk, and dozed along with tranquil eye despite the lines and the switch. "And he got on first-rate in the Revolution, *he* DID"—jerk, jerk—"and got to be an aide-de-camp *to General*—Dolly, I say"—cut—"Gates, and he helped to Burgoyne's surrender, he did. The States, that's the *place*, SIR." Jerk, jerk. "Ye get on there! Republics for me! They need 'em in Europe too." Here the switch broke, the story and Dolly stopped short,

and he jumped down to cut another. "She knows, sir. Ye see, I'm very forgetful, for I'm consider'ble of an arguin' man, either on religion or politics, and when I get to talkin' I go off and forget me whip. So I take only a switch—they're handy along the road." I thought him candid, for he had on three of his fingers a white, a red, and a blue string of yarn, as memoranda. "I've got the needles and the tea and the barrel of flour, so I'll cut off these strings. It's a good way to remember, that." While he stopped to trim the gad, a pretty Scotch lass came up with us, carrying a carpet-bag; she exchanged a few words in Gaelic with the old man, who welcomed her cordially, and bade her put her bag on the cart. She did so, but refused to confide her new shoes and stockings to its smooth bottom; so Maggie—that was her name—walked on barefooted, free and unconscious in her short petticoat, and carried her shoes and stockings in her red handkerchief. Her dress was in the carpet-bag. She was going home from a wedding. We soon went on again, still more blithely, with a new gad, and a bright-eyed maid with us. Meanwhile the scenery was as charming as our companions. The straight line of mountains seemed like a gigantic wall of rich foliage, almost overhanging the fields of the valley. The sugar-loafed peaks were capped with dense masses of mist hurrying inland, and the amphitheatrical gorges high up, very dark, seemed like great caverns among the clouds. A roaring wind, strong and salt from the sea, tossed the trees along the heights, and bowed the grass and heavily laden raspberry bushes by the road-side. The walk had a rare charm; we journeyed with quiet and quaint and genial spirits, under the breath of a storm and the frown of a cloud-capped mountain.

To my great regret we came at last to a fork in the road, and the lass took her bag to go down to the river.

"Where," I asked, "does that road go to, Maggie?"

"It goes to the Strait of Canso, sir, and on to Montana—that's where my brother John is workin' on a ranch—and I don't know where else it goes."

"But I see no boat on the river; how will you cross?"

"I'll walk, sir."

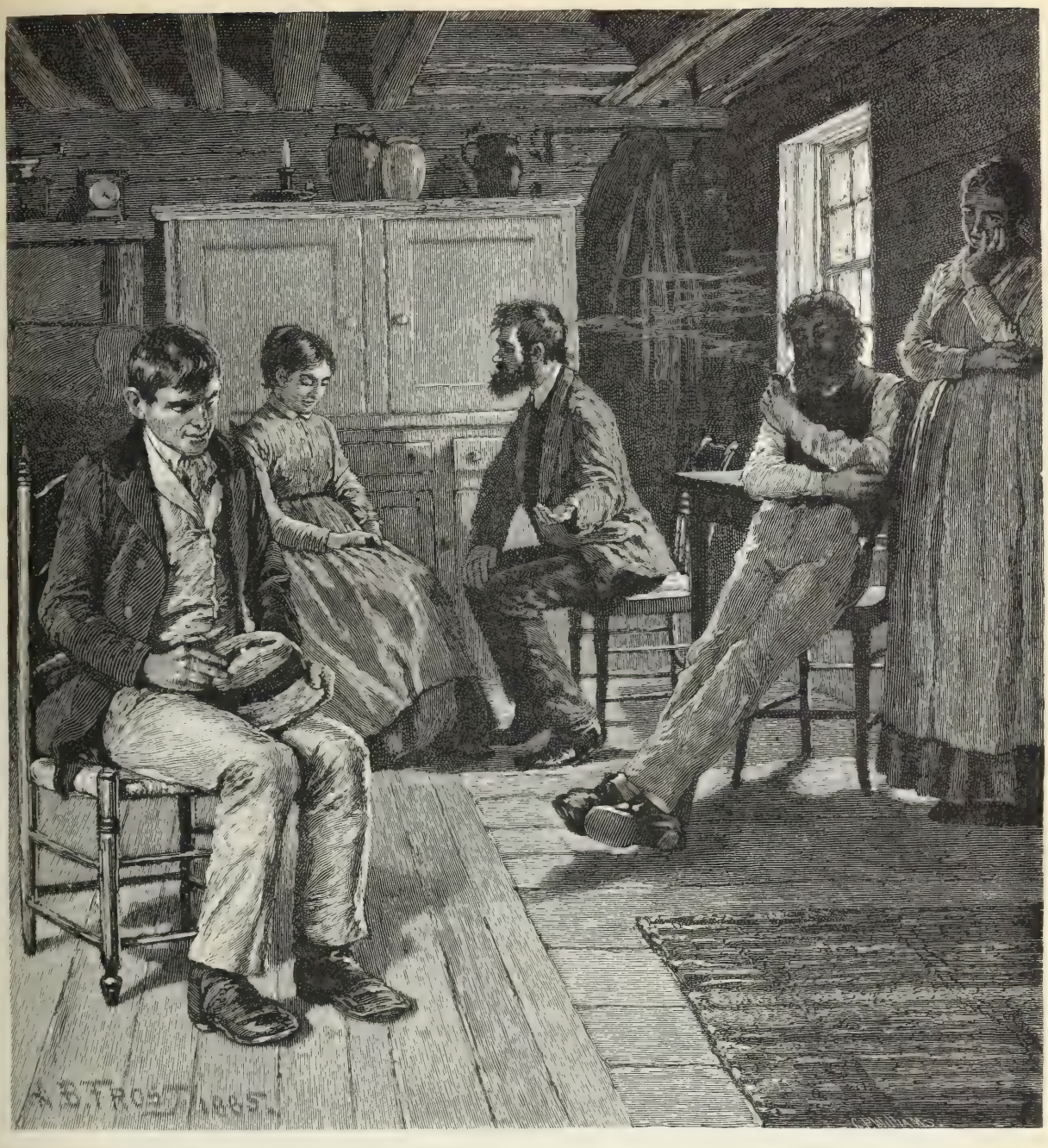
"But you'll get wet, or perhaps drowned."

"Ach, no, sir! I'll not get wet at all; I'll go over on stilts."

And sure enough, taking her bag in one hand, she mounted the stilts, gave us a parting smile from the water's edge, and went safely across.

When we arrived at the old man's house we could not refuse to visit his thrifty little orchard, only a few years old, although he has had the farm all his life; then we must take some bread and tea, though it was only three o'clock. And finally the kind old man walked two miles with us to put us on a short-cut. As twilight came we entered the angle where the two ranges of mountains meet, so confined that the river can scarcely pass; the wind still roared in the forest, and pressed against our temples; but the clouds broke away, so that strong lights mingled with the shadows at sunset all along that high, straight wall of peaks and gorges.

We now had arrived on the northwestern or Gulf side of the island, and turned our heads homeward toward Baddeck. We had not seen the extreme end of Cape Breton, Lowland Cove, a place actually beyond the reach of the tax-collector, partly because the route is too long and difficult, and partly because the untutored folk are too tall and difficult for him to overcome, nor the island of St. Paul, much dreaded by all vessels passing between Cape Breton and Newfoundland. The path soon led us up from the beach and across more barrens, and at last came out on the shoulder of Cap Rouge. All at once the light of a ruddy sunset filled the Gulf with great splendor, and we stood on a pinnacle in the midst of it; it illuminated the sea, blue and flecked with white-caps, the surf and flying spray leaping at the long jagged coast-line of crags and rocks far below us, the little farm-houses and the narrow strip of fields running along the top of the bluffs, and back of this the range of dark bold peaks and gorges leading away to a far-off headland, Cape Mabou. As the day ended we found shelter with one of the Acadian fishing farmers; but as this peculiar people is not the subject of this paper, I pass on through Cheticamp and Friar's Head to the Scotch settlements. The Margaree, a charming pastoral valley, is considered the garden of Cape Breton; in freshets the stream overflows its banks, and thus keeps up the virgin fertility of the soil. You feel here



COURTING BY PROXY.

that the farmer is not on the edge of want, and that his life may be easy and happy. The long narrow valley winding along with the river down to the harbor, between two ranges of wooded hills, was alive with hay-making; the click of mowing-machines seemed a familiar voice to us; carts passed to and fro between the fields and the barns, or the "barracks," and men and women alike worked busily while the sun shone. We happed to arrive just after a wedding that was the topic of talk, and we soon gathered some notions of the unique scenes connected with marriage.

Courtship is by no means a necessary preliminary to marriage. The wedding just then under discussion was a little more eventful than common in the number, but not in the kind, of incidents. To begin at the beginning: When a young man decides that he will marry, he often first builds a house; and it is no trivial matter here, where most of the lumber is sawn by hand in a pit. A man may be said to be in earnest when he begins his suit with months of such hard labor—and that, too, from a disinterested motive, not having the faintest idea, perhaps, as to who will be the mistress of the house. We saw a number of such expectant buildings, in all states and of many ages;

for some, failing to get a tenant, stood without windows or doors, the image of a desolate and empty heart. John ——, a young man duly prepared and determined to marry, had set out the previous week with his spokesman to get a wife. He had no particular preference for any one, but they decided to go first to the house of Mary ——, one of the brightest girls of the parish, whom he had often noted, but with whom he had never spoken. When they entered the house, a hint of their object was given to Mary, and she retired from the sitting-room. The spokesman then delivered his speech, in which he praised the personal qualities, the fortune, the social position, of his friend, and asked the hand of Mary for him. As the father had no objection to the offer, he at once consented to leave the matter to his daughter. She was called in, and the spokesman conferred quietly a while with her in a corner, and she consented to the marriage. The spokesman then led her out to the middle of the floor, and John came from his corner and took her by the hand; thus the "contract" was accepted, under the usual penalty of forfeiting twenty dollars in case the engagement was broken. The evening was spent in dancing; but if any of the deacons had had wind of the affair, it is probable that they would have come and changed the festivity into a prayer-meeting.

The young man afterward engaged the priest to publish the banns for the first and last time on the following Sabbath. But Mary had her own plans in all this: she knew that the affair would reach the ears of Sandy ——, for whom she had a strong preference, and perhaps bring him promptly to a proposal. Sandy did come, and the upshot of it was that he and his father went late on Saturday night, roused the priest, and had Sandy's name substituted in the banns for that of applicant number one.

This new shuffling of the cards was common enough, so that it caused but a passing smile among the friends of the parties most interested. But a certain young man who heard the banns went home in such depression that he asked his father for ten dollars. When questioned he explained that the girl whom he had always intended to marry was to become the bride of Sandy ——, and he was going away to the States. "Well, and why don't ye carry her off and marry her yersel, Malcolm? I'll give ye the upper farm this minute. Go, get yer brother, see the girl, and bring her home here. We'll keep her safe." Now it happened that Malcolm was the richest of the three applicants, besides being, I will suppose for charity's sake, a good fellow. Suffice it to say that they brought the girl home, bag and baggage, by stealth, that Sunday night, and mounted a guard that prevented the success of any stratagem on either her part or the part of others, and they were married on the following Tuesday.

These persons were by no means of the lower ranks: the girl was described to me by an old fisherman as a "noble-minded-lookin' girl, sir; a fine specimen of the Highland craft." A man is all the more highly esteemed for such a feat. The rejected fellow does not lose heart; he generally keeps on with his negotiations, day after day, house after house, until he finds a partner. An intelligent woman, while admitting the general predominance of worldly interests in these matters, and the suddenness with which marriages were very often made, said that unhappy families are nevertheless rare among this people.

The domestic life of the couple even today in most of the peasants' homes will be exceedingly primitive; the woman will do the spinning, weaving, and knitting required by the family; and the man will make nearly everything needed in the house and on the farm. A farm and a family will require about two hundred dollars' worth of feed, food, and sundries, and this amount represents the average production of the little farms of Cape Breton, together with the fishing that many do at odd times. In the spring, actual want is sometimes felt by many families until fishing begins and the cows give milk once more. But the island is generally free from paupers.

We were off again early in the morning over the hills. The valley of northeast Margaree was a lake of snow-white mists, half in the shadow of the eastern hills; the Sugar Loaf Mountain rose above it all as a dark blue island. The freshness of the morning seemed to have entered the people, for the road was alive with advancing groups, all decked in their sombre best, some on horseback, many walking with elastic steps. They all talked in Gaelic, in rather low but cheerful voices; and a

certain dignity prevailed even among the boys. It seemed that the country folk were on their way to the "Gathering of the Clans," a rare national picnic. When we arrived on the shores of beautiful Lake Ainslie, a large concourse of people had already met in an open field marked by two flags, a space inclosed by a rope for athletic games, two small platforms for dancing, and a booth for the sale of spruce-beer, crackers, and cheese. The average picnic here offers this programme:



AT THE WELL.

1. 8 o'clock A.M.—Drive along the road to the ground.

2. 9 o'clock.—Talking, swinging, and waiting to swing.

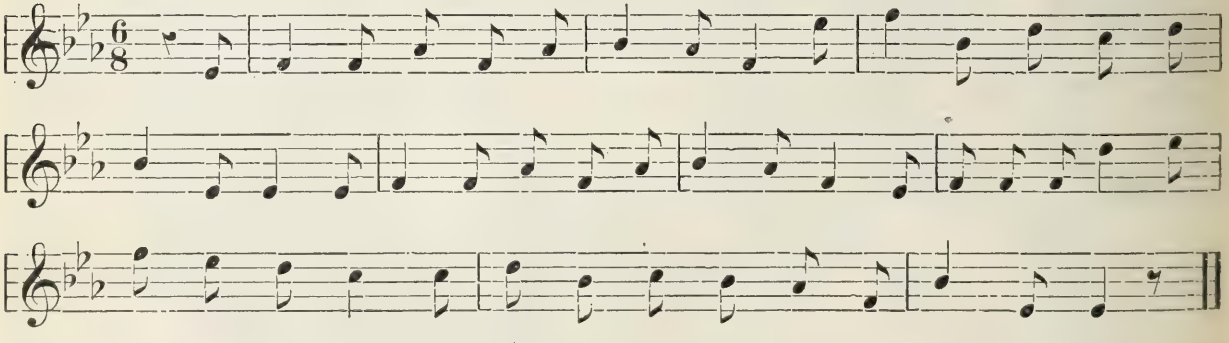
3. 12 M.—Cold temperance lunch.

4. 1 P.M.—Second part of talking, swinging, and waiting to swing.

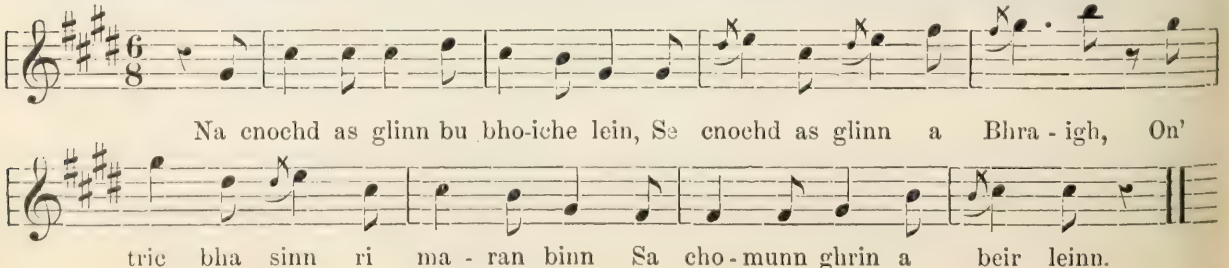
5. 8 P.M.—Drive along the road homeward.

But this "Gathering of the Clans," although a private speculation for collecting money wherewith to build a house, was a more important event. It was advertised that a noted professional wrestler would contend with an equally able young man of the lake, and that the affair would present many other attractions. From 9 A.M. until 3 P.M. the entertainment consisted of dancing and waiting for the professional wrestler. Each of the platforms had about it a large crowd looking at the reels and jigs and the piper. The dancing went on all day vigorously.

The most impressive figure of all was the piper. The pipes go well with the national emblem: they are a very thistle in your ear. Their weird, barbaric strains are certainly inspiriting and martial, but you must be a Scotchman to love them. One of the pipers, a very tall, very dark, very shaggy man, sat straight up with a rigid neck, stiff figure, puffed-out cheeks, and looked like the presiding genius of some awful heathen rite. But he was one of the gentlest of men. I afterward spent a day with him noting some of the native airs of Cape Breton. The following is a good example:



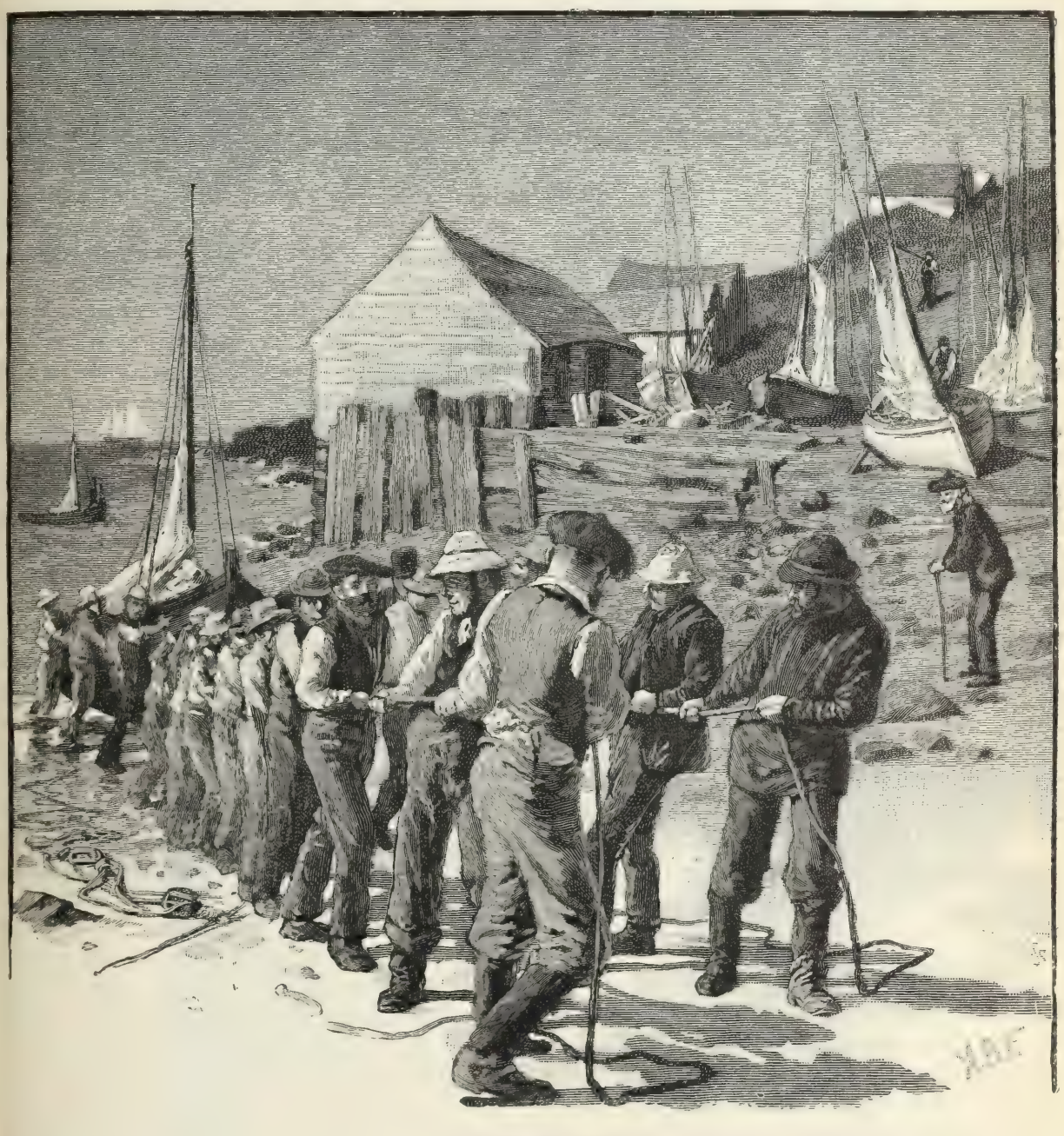
And another musician gave me this air and Gaelic song of his own composition, in which he celebrates the pastoral charms of the southwest Margaree:



We enjoyed a drive about Cape Mabou with some gentlemen of the lake, and on the way we not only had some fine views, but also some account of the manners and customs of the people. I have already described the ceremonies connected with courtship and marriage. The last scenes of life also present some interest. A wake, whether among the Presbyterians or the Catholics, gathers a great crowd in the house of the deceased; during two days the family is constantly at hard work, night and day, serving successive meals to those who arrive. It is considered a marked offense not to come to a wake, and, when there, not to eat and drink abundantly. Two or three funerals near together have actually ruined a family. The pious and aged in the room where the corpse lies generally occupy their time in reading and praying, while the young, in another room, solace their grief by eating, drinking, and flirting. Many are more or less drunk when the procession moves on or collects about the grave, and generally it is then that the fight occurs which seems a part of every good funeral.

Although amusements are being suppressed as much as possible by the pious, yet now and then at Hallowe'en the "fouerach" is still eaten—a mixture of raw oat-meal stirred in cream in which is a ring to be found. New-Year's Eve is rarely noticed; the young, armed with sticks, sometimes collect in silence about a house, and then all at once fall to beating it on all sides. The noise seldom fails

to arouse the host; when he comes to the door he asks what they wish, and demands that they make a rhyme in their reply before he will admit them for a treat. Christmas generally passes without merriment or sentiment; to quote one of the most liberal-minded of the ministers, "We find no countenance given to it in the Bible, either by precept or example, and we are very much of the opinion that it is of popish, if not of heathen, origin."



HAULING IN FISH.

At last the road brought us once more on to the Gulf shore of the island, north of Cape Mabou. The coast here rises very abruptly almost to the legal height of mountains. Here and there a deep gorge cleaves the ragged rocky shores down at the water, runs upward in a wooded glen, and at last expands in an amphitheatre of knolls, vales, fields, and forest high up on the mountain-top. The grass-grown road over the bald capes between the gorges is a mere groove, whence the wagon seems always to be slipping. You walk, and observe the stones it loosens roll away down to the sea; they seem to lure your feet to follow them. The surf sounds far below; the Gulf stretches away northward even beyond the pale blue line of Prince Ed-

ward Island, and westward along the rugged bluffs. You look straight into the arctic cave of the Northeaster; he rushes over these sheer bleak heights with demoniac roarings, and everything must cower before his rage. The life of the region seemed to be personated by a withered old man, whose ragged homespun hung on him as on a skeleton, and whose unkempt locks flew about with the wind. He bent low over his scythe, and with tragic eagerness tried to mow the few spears of wiry grass sticking up out of the barren earth. A little more steepness, and he had rolled into the sea as the stones did; a little more wind, and he had been whirled away as the leaves in November.

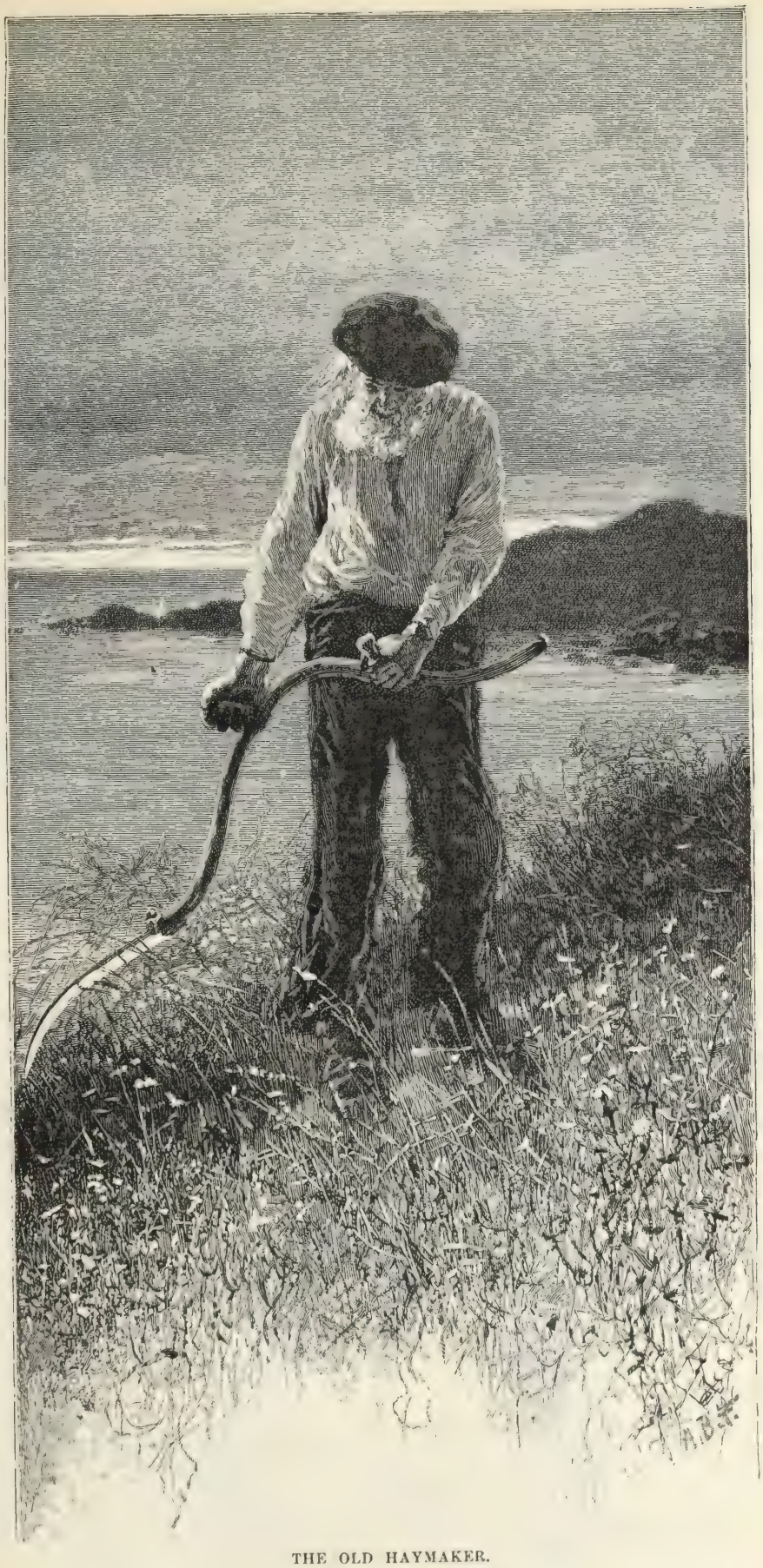
Night seemed more in harmony with such bleak poverty than the glory of sunset; it enshrouded us all as we threaded our way homeward, inland, up one of the glens. Finally the moon arose, broke through the trees, and lit up here and there an ethereal picture hung against the background of night in the forest—a pool of the brook, overhung with dewy ferns and silvered cobwebs. Then we came out on the high, wide, open barrens under the stars, and later followed down another shadowy glen, and regained Lake Ainslie.

We set out now on the last stretch of our walk to Whycocomah, on the Bras d'Or lakes.

Whycocomah was doubly charming after the bleakness of the sea-coast and the fatigue of travel. White here left me, but I settled down in the comfortable inn to continue my rambles in Cape Breton throughout the Indian summer. It is one of the prettiest places on the island. Paddling into the little bay one stormy day, I saw that clouds covered the summits of the hills close about, so that the upper forests were all in very dark shadow against the white mists, while the sloping fields and the village below seemed thus to be shut into a verdant cavern; the bay, of a leaden gloom, gleamed with seething white-caps; the place seemed a Highland lake in a storm, a place fit for these Scotchmen banished to the New World.

From Salt Mountain you look over Great Bras d'Or Lake, with its intricate intermingling of land and water, and its horizon of distant hills; but a more perfect picture is seen from the hill north of the village. Islands, long thin points, channels, bays, hills, and valleys come together in a charming composition. When you return to the village you relish the more limited picture, the quiet street straggling along one of the many coves, and the blacksmith's door alive with this quaint people. It has the charm of seclusion, and of the lack of anything very striking. When a great sea-going vessel comes into this cove among the hills to load with birch timber, you feel surprised by the outside world, where something may be going on.
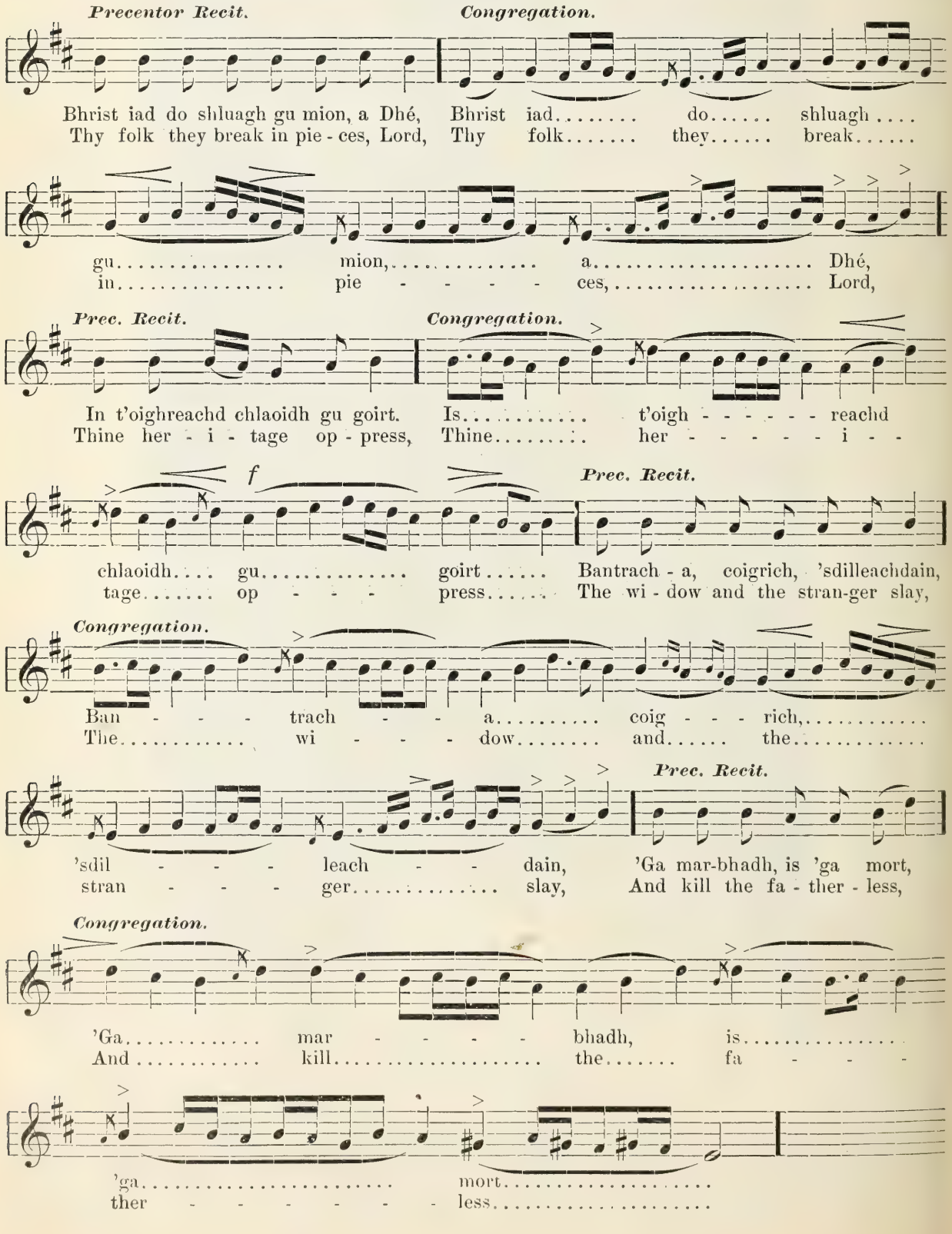
The open-air sacrament is probably the most impressive ceremony to be seen among these Scotch Presbyterians, and I was glad to set off for English Town and the north shore of St. Ann's Bay once more to witness one of these characteristic scenes. Some years ago these sacraments were held on successive Sundays in adjoining parishes, and entire congregations attended them, but now they are held at the same date in distant localities, to prevent them drawing such large and disorderly companies. The sacraments are very much cherished by the old people, who enjoy the devotions, as well as the yearly occasion it gives for social intercourse; by very many worldly-minded, for making horse trades, and the preliminaries of more important transactions; and by the young people for the fun they afford. The services, in both Gaelic and English, were held on opposite sides of a little meadow inclosed by trees and the road, and divided by a merry brook. In the centre was the "tent" for the ministers — a sentry-box with a wide window. In front of this were a very narrow long table, a bench on each side of it, and several benches near the tent. There were also three posts, each bearing on top a little box for the reception of contributions, and many who passed dropped coppers into them. The crowd was in sombre black, with now and then the pin-back dress and the bonnet of a servant-girl returned from the States for a summer visit among her people. The older women wore a plain white cap under a black sun-bonnet or black kerchief. Thus the crowd was a gathering of austere and simple homespun folk. For a while they walked about greeting friends whom they had not seen perhaps for a year. But the greeting was sober: sisters even did not kiss; many met at first in silence, with teeth set and eyes fixed, and shook hands vigorously a long time with the motion of sawing wood.



THE OLD HAYMAKER.

The sacrament in the open air originated with the Covenanters, when they met by stealth in the fields or woods for their forbidden worship. It was thus established in the Lowlands with the organization of Protestantism, and it still continues to be

a characteristic feature of the Highlands after its discontinuation in the Lowlands. The sacrament begins always at eleven on Thursday. This day is regarded as one of preparation; the spirit of it is that of fasting and humiliation, expressed in the usual services; the singing of the psalms of David, prayers, and a sermon—all in Gaelic. The singing is what first impressed me as perfectly unique. The tunes have well-known names, such as "Elgin," "St. Paul," "Bangor," "London," "Martyrs"; but the actual compositions and the rendering are unlike any other music on earth. Three prompters or precentors stood under the window of the tent, and took their turns at leading the singing; that is to say, one of them sang rapidly as an improvised recitative each line of the psalm, and the congregation then repeated each line after him, singing in unison the successive phrases of the tune. Here are the words



and music of "Martyrs." But the effect of this singing can not be imagined from seeing the score, or from a rendering of it according to the usual musical expression. The precentor sings in a low and exceedingly plaintive voice, a soft pronunciation, and a timid expression; his recitatives are as austere as Gregorian chants, but full of little notes and slurs, and by contrast his phrases are rendered still more touching after the mass of sound coming from the people. The congregation also sings with softness; but as individuals have their own time, discords prevail, the long syllables are drawn out beyond measure, with a nasal drawl, and the shorter ones are clipped off and swallowed. But the ordinary irritation produced by these defects is not felt. In the complete absence of rhythm you feel less the defects of time; in fact, so drawling is the execution that you just abandon all requirements of time, and accept the effects of intonation alone. These Gaelic psalms often have an extraordinary effect; when the people at times happen to unite their plaintive voices on certain long notes and slurs, the multitude sends up a subdued wail that is wonderfully touching. The preaching was not less interesting than the singing. One of the worthy ministers seemed to me of a type perfectly suited to the scene. He was a patriarch in years, in fatherly kindness, in serenity and simplicity. His cherubic face, set in a frame of gray hair and beard, seemed to be made for smiling; but some interior power had won half of him over to severity—at least it seemed so at times when one brow, one eye, one side of the mouth, all contracted with an expression of gloom. Standing up in the little sentry-box with his hands clasped over his rotundity, he waited in silence for some moments, until he had established himself in a slow swaying motion from side to side: this swinging seemed essential to all these Cape Breton speakers and singers. Soon he started, in a very low voice, a hemming, a word, and a hesitation all together, and the hesitation often triumphed, made him wait again until more swinging had evolved a sugges-



CROOKED SPADE.



HAND-MILL.

tion. The great silver-bowed spectacles finally came up from the depths of a pocket, and after two or three attempts scaled the heights, and planted themselves astride his nose. The discourse was then pursued in its regular form; the voice continued to the end very low, confidential, winning. Judging him by his English sermons, ideas were as rare as the angels' visits that seemed reflected from time to time on the old man's benevolent face; so, to fill in, the last words or phrase of a sentence may be sometimes repeated three, even four times; the connections were made by these lapped joints. The pauses were frequently longer than his short phrases; but the swing, the driving power, held out; the majestic slowness did not fail, even though, as I saw, it should rain during the entire day. He preached eternity.

The people, meanwhile, filled the few benches, and sat and lay about on the ground in groups without much order; some in the shade of umbrellas, the men all bare-headed. It was, indeed, a day of fasting and prayer: the services lasted from eleven till five o'clock, when we all went to dinner at the farm-houses in the neighborhood.

The sacrament puts a serious burden on the households near the grounds. Hundreds of visitors live at these homes during four or five days, from fifty to seventy-five being quartered in each small house. The garret floor is turned into two great beds, one for the men and another for the women; the barn also is sometimes occupied. The family is busy for many days baking and preparing for the arrival of such a company; the cost is a serious embarrassment to many, and yet the traditions and hospitality of the race prevent them from accepting pay for the entertainment. The house to which I was invited was thronged; the tables were served abundantly all the remain-

der of the afternoon with potatoes, salt fish, butter, bread, milk, bannocks, tea. There were none of the graces of politeness; intercourse went on in a hap-hazard way, and took care of itself as it might among a very primitive peasantry. But in spite of crudeness, the mood of the company was attractive to me; they seemed to be subdued with religious sentiment, and yet warmed by strong social feeling.

Communion Sabbath is the most important day of the sacrament in both a religious and a social point of view. At an early hour the roads were thronged with men and women on foot, on horseback, in open buggies; and by ten o'clock the grounds were well filled with people shaking hands, passing salutations; some were arranging quietly the preliminaries of horse trades and other transactions, and all were enjoying the one unfailing public gathering of the year. The enjoyment, however, had to be detected beneath a very grave mien and low-voiced talk. The crowd that day, having a larger proportion of the young and the worldly people, was more mixed in its composition, but the elements kept pretty distinct, for the devout and the elderly formed the group nearest the "tent," while those of lesser degrees of piety made concentric circles thereabout. While the usual services went on, many groups of lads and lasses on the outskirts exchanged notes, threw one another motto candies, and even kept up conversations in under-tones. I was told that at a sacrament some young men once established themselves in a wagon near by, and burlesqued the communion service with crackers and the whiskey bottle. Now and then an elder walked about the ground and called for order. The arrival of a wagon aroused ever dozer, and turned every head toward the road. A glance at the assembly, even at the most solemn moments of the service, left one ignorant of the fact that anything of interest was going on at the central point, for all classes had the singular habit of sitting or lying or standing with their faces turned in any direction. It seemed in this respect to be a picnic of deaf-mutes. The occasion showed in a striking way the hardihood of this people, their indifference to discomfort, the force of tradition among them, and, in some cases, the absorbing sincerity of their piety. All day long it rained, a cold east wind from the Banks of Newfoundland swept up the valley in gusts, and the chill was well-nigh unendurable to me. And yet the good patriarch preached on in his eternal way; the services kept their usual proportions; for nearly six hours men and women of three generations sat on the wet ground, the men all bare-headed, most of the people without the shelter of even an umbrella or a water-proof. Even when bad weather prevails during all five days of the sacrament it does not shorten the sermons. After the customary services of prayers, psalms, and sermon, the minister "fenced the table"; that is, he spoke to the effect of excluding those who were not communicants, and encouraging those who held "tokens" to come forward. When the communicants had taken their seats and the "elements" had been placed on the table, the minister came down from the "tent" and read before them the institution of the sacrament, 1st Corinthians, chapter xi., verses 23 to 29. Meanwhile a deacon collected the "tokens" from those at the table. After a prayer and an address, the minister broke bread and gave it to those nearest him, and passed them wine, and then three deacons or elders served the bread and wine along the rest of the tables. Externally it was a company of distressed, abject mourners soaked in the gusts of cold rain, the men's heads covered by handkerchiefs, the women's by black shawls. But they seemed entirely absorbed by their interior experiences, the tortures of conscience, the hopes and terrors of their faith. The sacrament closed with the usual services on Monday, and the crowds then dispersed to their homes.

BRIEF—AS WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

THE imperial will of Napoleon III. decreed, and the ruthless hand of Baron Haussmann traced, a broad street to connect the two great monuments of the histrionic art of France—the Comédie Française and the Opéra—and the resulting Avenue de l'Opéra, not finished until long after the Emperor and the Prefect

who planned it had fallen from power forever, is now a full artery of finance and of fashion. On the right-hand side of this thoroughfare, as one walks from the home of French comedy to the temple of French music, and not far from the Rue de la Paix, there is a restaurant called the Café de Paris; and here in a private room, one afternoon early in June, were gathered three Americans, just about to begin their lunch. They had fallen into the French habit of getting through the morning with no other nourishment than a roll and a cup of coffee, so that they were wont to find themselves ready for a more ample mid-day breakfast shortly after twelve. The low ceiling of the *entre-sol* seemed to make the room in which they sat smaller than it was in reality; but there was ample space for the fourth member of the party, for whom they were then waiting. The melon was on the table, and the *sole à la Mornay*—a specialty of the Café de Paris—had been ordered, but still Dr. Cheever did not come.

Mr. Laurence Laughton crossed over to the window by Mrs. Rudolph Vernon. "I hope you are not very hungry?" he said.

"But I am," she answered; "I am famished."

"So am I," added her husband.

"Your conduct is unreasonable, and your feelings are reprehensible," retorted Mr. Laughton. "As a lady, Mrs. Vernon has no right to an appetite; and as a poet, Mr. Vernon should scorn the gross joys of the table."

"The idea!" answered Mrs. Vernon. "Just as if a woman could live on air! Why, Uncle Larry, I am hungry enough to eat you."

Uncle Larry arose quietly, and slyly put the table between himself and the young lady who had thus proclaimed her cannibalistic capacity. But this movement brought him close to her husband, who seized the opportunity.

"I say, Laughton," he began, "it is all very well to be a poet, but I am a practical man too, and as a practical man I am simply starving."

"Well," said Uncle Larry, "you will enjoy that *sole à la Mornay* all the more. If it is as good now as it was last year, it is a poem, and it is worthy to be embalmed in verse. I believe that is the phrase they use, isn't it?"

"And it's a disgusting expression too, I say," interposed Mrs. Vernon. "I don't like to think of Rudolph as an undertaker. It's bad enough to have a doctor for a brother."

"By-the-way, my dear," interrupted her husband, "are you sure that you told the doctor to meet us here?"

"Of course I am," she answered. "He went to the banker's for letters from home while I was putting on my hat to go out, and he sent back a message to say that he had business, and couldn't go to the Salon with us, and I told the messenger to tell him to meet us here to lunch at one o'clock."

"And it is now nearly half past," said Rudolph Vernon, looking at his watch.

"Suppose we don't wait for him?" suggested Mrs. Vernon. "You know, Rudolph, that if you go without food it upsets you dreadfully."

"Well," said Uncle Larry, "I confess I heard the dumb dinner-bell of hunger some time ago."

"Dumb dinner-bell of hunger?" repeated the poet, thoughtfully. "It is a neat figure, but scarcely sufficiently dignified for use—except, perhaps, in comic verse."

"I should think you would find the pictures in the Salon very valuable to you," ventured Uncle Larry. "And it is a pity that the doctor did not get there this morning. Some of the paintings might have been useful to him—as studies in anatomy."

"They were very indelicate, I thought," said Mrs. Vernon.

"But I get ideas from them," continued her poet-husband. "I took notes for two first-rate sonnets."

"I saw one picture which suggested a poem to me," remarked Uncle Larry, with a quiet smile.

"Indeed?" queried Mr. Rudolph Vernon.

"It was one of Henner's, and it was just like all the other Henners I ever saw. It represented a young lady—before the bath. And it seemed to me a perfect illustration of the nursery rhyme:

> "'Oh, mother, may I go in and swim?'
> 'Oh yes, my darling daughter:
> Just hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
> And do not go near the water.'"

"How absurd!" laughed Mrs. Vernon.

"Well," said Uncle Larry, "it may be absurd, but it is singularly exact. Henner's nymphs have always hung their

clothes up, but they never are in the water. Now I believe that—"

But Uncle Larry's artistic creed was cut short by the entrance of Dr. Cheever.

"I hope you have not waited for me?" he began, in a deep, grave voice befitting a physician of his wisdom and reputation.

"But we have!" cried his sister. "What ever did keep you so long?"

"I was called out unexpectedly," he answered, quietly, "and the case proved more important than I had supposed." Something in his manner warned his sister not to press him further with questions.

"Now you *are* here," said Uncle Larry, "we will proceed with our breakfast-at-the-fork, as the French call it."

"Do you think melon is wholesome to begin a meal with?" asked Vernon.

"Why not?" answered the doctor. "The French eat it then, and they are not as dyspeptic as we are."

"The French don't eat pie!" said Uncle Larry, laconically. "We do. In fact, I have sometimes thought that the typical American might be defined as a travelling interrogation mark with the dyspepsia."

"I wonder," remarked the doctor, as the waiter removed the melon and brought in the *sole à la Mornay*—"I wonder that nobody has ever attempted to explain *Hamlet* by the suggestion that the young Prince Hamlet has acute chronic dyspepsia."

"By-the-way, Uncle Larry," asked Mrs. Vernon, "you never told me how you liked *Hamlet* at the Opéra last night?"

"Well," said Uncle Larry, "a Hamlet who is a Frenchman and who sings, is to me the abomination of desolation. But it is such a great play that even French singing can not spoil it."

"The construction of the last act is very feeble," remarked the professional poet, critically.

"Very violent, you mean," suggested his wife.

"In art, violence is feebleness. And the fifth act of *Hamlet* is the acme of turbulent muddle."

Uncle Larry and Dr. Cheever exchanged quick glances as Vernon continued:

"I do not deny that it is a great play, a prophetic play even, and deeply philosophical. Indeed, nowhere is the *Weltschmerz* and the *Zeitgeist* more plainly voiced than in *Hamlet;* but, for all that, the construction of the last act is grossly inartistic."

"The idea of Ophelia's singing as she floats down the river is absurd," said Mrs. Vernon, supporting her husband and remembering more accurately the opera of M. Ambroise Thomas than the tragedy of William Shakespeare.

"People talk about Shakespeare's greatness," continued Rudolph Vernon, "and he was great; but look at the chance he had. He came in the nick of time, when men and women had passions, and before all the words were worn out. I'd like to see what Shakespeare would do now, when men and women have milk in their veins instead of blood, and when nearly all the fine words in the language are second-hand."

"You do not believe in a modern Hamlet, then?" asked Dr. Cheever.

"No; nor in a modern Ophelia. Women do not go mad and drown themselves nowadays. If they are jilted by Hamlet, they marry Guildenstern or Rosencrantz, or, better yet, young Fortinbras."

"Oh, Rudolph, how can you be so unjust!" was his wife's protest. "I am sure that women love with as much passion and self-sacrifice as ever. Why, at Madame Parlier's Institute for Young Ladies I knew two or three girls quite capable of loving as Juliet did and of dying like Juliet."

"You are fortunate in your acquaintance," answered her husband, "more fortunate by far than I, for I do not know any Romeo."

"Man's love to-day has more common-sense," Dr. Cheever suggested.

"Exactly, more common-sense, and therefore less passion, and a smaller possibility of tragedy. Shakespeare had the inside track, and it is no use for us modern poets to hope to equal him."

"I like to think about the fatality of love, and I hate to hear you say that there are no Romeos in our time," said Mrs. Vernon. "It seems to take the romance out of life."

"But there isn't any romance in life any longer," rejoined her husband; "that's my contention. We have and we can have no Hamlet, no Ophelia, no Juliet—especially no Romeo."

Uncle Larry laughed, and suggested:

"You think a modern lover more likely to take pepsin pills than a deadly poison."

"I do indeed," was the poet's answer. "Man now thinks more of his stomach than of his heart, and where is the poetry in indigestion, I'd like to know?"

"Well, I don't know," said Uncle Larry, as the smile faded from his face. "I believe in the fatality of love even in the nineteenth century. I have seen one man in love with a passion as profound as any Romeo's, and his end was as tragic."

"Then he was a man born out of time," urged Rudolph Vernon.

"That may be," answered Uncle Larry. "He was a man born to sorrow, and yet he had the happiest nature and the largest heart of any man I ever knew."

"Is he dead?" asked Mrs. Vernon, with a woman's sympathy. "When did he die?"

"It is nearly two years since I read the sudden news of his death one summer afternoon. It is two years, and yet he has been in my mind all the morning. It may be because I found his last letter to me yesterday in my portfolio, and I had to read it again. So to-day I seem to see his pale handsome face and his bright dark eyes. He had the nobility of soul which makes the true hero of tragedy."

"But there is no tragedy to-day, as there is no comedy," argued Rudolph Vernon. "Instead, we have only *la tragédie bourgeoise* and *la comédie larmoyante.*"

"I do not think you would say that if you knew his story—the story of his heart and the cause of its breaking," replied Laurence Laughton. "To me that is as tragic as anything that ever happened."

"I do not doubt that," retorted Vernon, hastily. "The story of your friend's broken heart may be as tragic as anything that ever *happened;* but in real life little or nothing happens in the way it ought to happen artistically."

"That was Balzac's theory," said Dr. Cheever, in his deep voice.

"You remind one of the French painter Boucher, was it, or Watteau, who complained that nature put him out," said Uncle Larry.

"Balzac's or Boucher's, the theory is sound for all that," contended the poet. "In real life we have only the raw material, and it is crude and harsh, and it has no beginning and no end—in an artistic sense, I mean. It is wholly lacking in symmetry and proportion. And as modern real life is nearest to us, it is the least artistic and the most unfinished."

"Tell him your story, Mr. Laughton, and confute him on the spot," suggested the doctor.

"Yes, do tell us, Uncle Larry," said Mrs. Vernon; "and then, if it really is tragic, you know, why, perhaps Rudolph can use it in a poem after all."

"I'm open to conviction, of course," admitted Vernon, "and I'd like to hear about your friend's taking off, but I am free to say that I do not believe it is a rounded and harmonious whole. As I said, in real life we can get of necessity only fragments out of a man's life, and a cross section of a fragment is not art."

Laurence Laughton hesitated a moment. The waiter brought in the coffee, and the gentlemen lighted their cigars.

"It seems almost like sacrilege to the dead to tell Ralph Dexter's story merely to prove a point," Laughton began, taking a sharp pull at his tiny cigar. "But it will free my mind to tell the tale, and it gives me occasion to speak well of him. He was the son of an old friend who had been very kind to me when I was a boy, and I tried to pay to the son the debt of gratitude due to the father. His mother died when he was born, and as an only child his father gave him a double share of love, for himself and for his mother. But when he was only seven years old the battle of Gettysburg was fought, and Lieutenant-Colonel Dexter took command of our regiment after Colonel Delancey Jones had been killed in the first day's fight. As we pressed forward to repel Pickett's charge, Dexter fell from his horse, mortally wounded. He took my hand as I bent over him, and said, 'Take care of Ralph.' The boy was his last thought, and those were his last words. He had left a will appointing me the boy's guardian, and I do not believe that ever did guardian and ward get on better together than Ralph and I. He was a bright boy, strong, wholesome, manly—a true boy, as he was to be a true man. He worshipped the memory of his father, and in remembrance of his father's death he wanted to be a soldier. At a competitive examination he won his appointment to a cadetship at West Point. He enjoyed his four years of hard work there, and he was graduated first in his class, going into the Engineers at once as a second lieutenant. Side by side with his enthusiasm for the soldier's calling lay a strong interest in science, and in getting into the Engineers he had accomplished the utmost of his hopes. He had been a happy boy; he had passed four happy years at West Point;

and he began life with the prospect of happiness full before him."

As Laughton paused to light his cigar, which he had suffered to go out, Mrs. Vernon interjected, "Why, you said it was to be a tragedy, but it begins like a comedy. I can almost hear wedding bells in the distance."

"Where is the heroine of your tragedy?" asked Vernon.

"Well," said Uncle Larry, inhaling a mouthful of smoke, "the heroine is at hand."

"I'm glad of that," remarked Mrs. Vernon, soaking a lump of sugar in her coffee-spoon. "I don't like stories of men only; I want to hear about a woman."

"I do not think you will like the woman when you hear about her," answered Laughton.

"Why, was she ugly?" asked the lady.

"No; she was almost the most beautiful woman I ever saw; and I have heard you say that she was beautiful."

"Why, Uncle Larry, have I ever seen her?" inquired Mrs. Vernon, eagerly. "When was it? and where?"

"You have seen her, but you do not know her," answered Laughton.

"Oh, how mysterious! Now go on and tell me all about it, and where your friend met her, and what happened." And Mrs. Vernon lifted her lump of sugar to her lips and settled back on the divan which ran along one wall of the little room.

"Ralph Dexter got leave of absence in the latter part of the summer of 1881, and he came east for a change. Some friends were going to Mount Desert, and he joined them in a trip to that fascinating Summer School of Philosophy. His friends went away after a week, but he staid on. The Duchess of Washington Square—you know Mrs. Martin, of course?" And Laughton paused for an answer.

"Oh dear yes," laughed Mrs. Vernon. "Everybody knows the Duchess."

"Then you know that she is a born match-maker?"

"Indeed I do! Why, it was she who introduced Rudolph to me. The dear old soul!" answered Mrs. Vernon.

"Well," said Uncle Larry, "then you will not be surprised to be told that she seized on Ralph Dexter as soon as he arrived, and insisted on introducing him to the most beautiful girl in Mount Desert."

"What was her name?" asked Mrs. Vernon, innocently.

"Her name was Sibylla."

"Sibylla? That does not help me out. *I* never heard of a Sibylla. Did you?" asked Mrs. Vernon, turning to Dr. Cheever.

"I have met a lady of that name—quite recently," answered the doctor, and there seemed to be a certain significance in his tone.

"What was she like?" queried the poet.

"I'm not a good hand at an inventory of a woman's charms, but I'll do it as well as I can. She was a blonde with dark eyes. Her face was absolutely perfect in its Greek purity and regularity. Her neck and arms were worthy of the hand of Phidias or Praxiteles; and magnificent as she seemed, she had a certain marble statuesqueness which makes the allusion even more exact than it is complimentary. In fact, she was not a woman one could compliment on her looks, for her beauty was of so high an order that all praise seemed inadequate and paltry. I heard Mat Hitchcock once say that she walked like a goddess and danced like an angel."

"And where did this paragon of perfection come from?" asked Mrs. Vernon, unenthusiastically.

"From a little town in the interior of New York. Her parents were poor, and they had stinted themselves to send her to a fashionable school in New York. Then she had rich relatives, and it was a wealthy aunt who had taken her to Mount Desert."

"And your friend Ralph Dexter was the Pygmalion who sought to warm this cold beauty into life?" This was the question of the poet.

"Yes," answered Uncle Larry; "he fell in love with her the instant he laid eyes on her, and to him love was no plaything or pastime; it was a passion to endure till death. After three brief weeks of delight in her presence, Ralph had to go back to his post. He left a throng of other admirers around her, and he had had no chance to tell her of his love. To her, their slight intimacy was nothing more than a summer flirtation; to him, it was a matter of life and death. He returned to his work, thinking that she did not care for him, and he toiled hard to see if he could not forget, or at least forego her. But it was no use. At Christmas he gave it up, and ran over to New York to see her. She was away in the country, but she came back the last day of the year, and he went

to wish her a happy New-Year. Cupid sometimes pays a New-Year's call, although calling has gone out of fashion in New York; and Ralph Dexter came to me after he left her, with a glow in his face and a look in his eyes which told me he had hope. How handsome he was as he stood in my study, with his back to the fire, telling me the desire of his heart! What a fine, manly fellow he was! Perhaps she had seen this; perhaps she had caught from him the contagion of emotion; perhaps she had really recognized and respected the depth and the nobility of his nature, and the strength of his passion. The next day he saw her again for a few minutes only, but they were enough for him to ask her to be his wife, and for her to accept him as her future husband. They agreed that the engagement should not be announced, for he would not be with her again for months, and as an engaged girl she would not have so good a time."

"Well!" interrupted Mrs. Vernon, "she was frank, at all events."

"She jilted him, I suppose?" asked Rudolph Vernon.

"She married him," answered Uncle Larry, calmly.

Dr. Cheever looked up with a glance of surprise and said: "She married him? Sibylla married Ralph? Are you sure?"

"I am quite sure."

"I did not know that," replied the doctor, resuming his attitude of silent attention.

"I didn't know you knew anything at all about it," said the doctor's sister. "At least you never told me anything."

Dr. Cheever smiled gravely and said nothing. Uncle Larry continued:

"Early in the spring Ralph Dexter received an appointment he had long wished. He was detailed to take charge of a special survey of the cañons of the Colorado River, a task which would take him several summers, while his winters would be employed in working up the observations made during the warm weather. He wrote to me that the department would allow him to do this winter work either in Washington or at Newport."

"I think Newport is just as pleasant in winter as it is in summer," said Mrs. Vernon.

"Ralph thought so too," answered Laurence Laughton, "and he knew that Sibylla was fond of Newport—as she was of everything rich and fashionable. Late in the spring he came to New York. He had ten days to make ready for his long summer in the midst of the marvels of the West. He came here with a fixed idea—to get her to marry him before he went away to his work. You see, he loved her so much that his heart sank at the fear of losing her. He trusted her, but he wanted to make sure. All he wished was to have her bound to him firmly. How he got her consent I can not imagine, but I suppose the hot fire of his manly love must have thawed her icy heart. He succeeded somehow or other, and the morning of his last day in New York he came to me and told me that she had promised to slip out with him that afternoon to old Dr. Van Zandt's to be married quietly at the rectory. No one was to know of this. It was, in fact, to be only a legal confirmation or ratification of their engagement. The wedding, to which all the world would be invited, was fixed for the following December."

"And so they were married privately?" asked Mrs. Vernon.

"Yes. I was standing on my doorstep, basking in the pleasant sunshine of a beautiful afternoon in May, as Ralph Dexter came up the steps, as radiantly happy as ever man was. 'Uncle Larry,' said he, as he wrung my hand with a grip of steel, 'I have been married nearly half an hour.' 'Where's the bride?' I asked. 'She has gone home to dress for a swell dinner to-night. I've said good-by to her. I sha'n't see her again for nearly six months. But I do not mind the parting now, for she is mine—mine by the law and the gospel. Uncle Larry, come to Delmonico's and dine with me; I'll treat. Let's have a wedding feast.' We had our dinner, and I let him talk about her through the long spring evening, as we walked up and down Fifth Avenue. He poured out his heart to me. There never was a man so happy or so miserable. He had married her, but he had to leave her almost at the steps of the altar. The parting was painful, but he was full of hope and heart, and he trusted her. To hear him talk about her would have made you think that there was only one woman in the whole wide world, and that there never had been her equal. Romeo was not more rhapsodic, nor was Juliet more beautiful than she, though the fair maid of Verona had the advantage of a

warm heart, which Sibylla lacked. He told me his dreams and his plans. He had a share in a mine in Colorado, and he was perfecting a new process for reducing ore, a patent for which he expected in a few days. These were in the future. For the present he had his pay and allowances and the income of the little property his mother had left, and these together were enough for them to live on. He had had an unexpected legacy from an uncle, and of this he had said nothing to Sibylla, for he wished to surprise her with the tiny little cottage he meant to buy her in the outskirts of Newport. There they would live together and be happy in the winter; while in the summer, while he was away at his field-work, she was to invite her mother and her sister to bear her company. Now I knew her mother, and I knew she had no heart, but only a hard ambition in the place where the heart ought to be. I thought the less Sibylla had to do with her mother, the better for Ralph's chance of happiness. But I said nothing. I never had hinted a doubt of the girl, and, in fact, all my doubts had been killed by the wedding. I never even told him he had better make the best showing he could before her. And I have often wondered whether the end would have been different if he had told her of the house at Newport. But I said nothing; I let him talk, and he talked of her, and of her only, until at last I lost sight of him as he stood on the platform of the sleeping-car of the Pacific express. I watched the train out of the station, and I have never seen Ralph Dexter again from that day to this —at least, I think not."

At this last remark, added in a lower tone, Dr. Cheever shot a quick glance of interest at the speaker. He took his cigar from his mouth as though he was about to say something, but apparently he thought better of it, and he returned the cigar to his lips silently.

It was Rudolph Vernon who spoke: "I can't say that I see anything tragic in your story yet, or even any elements of a possible tragedy. But go on—say your say out. I will reserve criticism until you have told the tale."

"Yes, go on, Uncle Larry. What happened?" asked Mrs. Vernon.

"For several months nothing happened. I had a letter now and again from Ralph, who was working hard by day and dreaming dreams by night. Private business kept me from spending the summer in Europe. Perhaps it was just as well I was at home, for early in July old Dr. Van Zandt had a stroke, and he never left his bed again. When he died, toward the end of August, there was much to be done to get the affairs of the church in order, and most of this work was put on my shoulders as senior warden. I had been down to the Safe Deposit Vaults one hot day, about the first of September, and I bought the first edition of the *Gotham Gazette* to read on my way up-town in the elevated. The first telegram which caught my eye announced the death of Ralph Dexter!"

"Poor fellow!" was Mrs. Vernon's involuntary comment.

"Was it an accident?" asked her brother.

Uncle Larry hesitated a second, and then answered: "All that the telegram told me was the barren fact of his death. It seems he had insisted on scaling the precipitous side of a cañon; before he had ascended more than a few feet he slipped, and fell head-first into the rushing river below, and in a second the current bore him beyond all reach of help. At first I was stunned by the shock. I could not believe that the brave boy I had known since he was a baby had had the life dashed out of him by the cruel waters of the Colorado. Then I suddenly thought of his wife. No one knew of their marriage, or even of their engagement, except me—and I doubted if she were aware of my knowledge. I knew her very slightly; I had felt the charm of her beauty, but I had always chilled as she came near me. I questioned if it were not my duty to break the news to her gently before the cold brutality of a newspaper paragraph told her of her husband's lonely death. The evening paper would not reach her until the next morning, and if I took the three-o'clock train I could be in Newport in time to meet her that night. She was staying at the Sargents', and there was to be a ball that very evening. I was always very fond of Sam Sargent's daughter Dorothy, and she had sent me an invitation. I had accepted, although I had been moved afterward to give up the idea of going. With the *Gotham Gazette* in my hand I made up my mind that it was my duty to go to Newport and to break the news of Ralph Dexter's

death as best I could to his unsuspecting wife."

Laurence Laughton paused in the telling of his tale, and threw his little cigar through the open window. He leaned over the table and poured out a tiny glass of brandy. Then he continued:

"Before eleven o'clock that night I was in Newport and at Mr. Sargent's. I asked for Sibylla, and I was told she was in the ball-room. As Sargent's house was not large, he had floored over his lawn, and the ball-room was a tent, hung with flowers, and lighted by the electric light hidden behind Japanese umbrellas. As I entered the tent I thought of Ralph Dexter lying dead and alone, after a struggle with the angry current of the Colorado, while his wife, for whom he would have given his soul, was dancing the German with a French *attaché*. After many vain attempts I got speech of her at last. She took my arm, and I wondered if she could hear the thumping of my heart. We walked up and down a dim piazza more fit for the confidences of a lover than for the message I bore. But if I was excited, she was as calm as ever. As delicately as I could I broke the fatal news."

"How did she take it?" asked Mrs. Vernon.

"She took it coolly. I had thought her cold, but I confess that her placidity astonished me. She never lost command over herself. She showed no feeling whatever. She listened to me quietly, and said: 'Dear me! what a pity! Such a handsome fellow too! and so promising! You were old friends, were you not? It must be a sad blow to you.' This reception fairly staggered me. Plainly enough she never suspected that I knew of her engagement and of her marriage. The careless way in which she brushed aside my news and offered her condolence to me was the last thing I had expected. If it was self-control, it was marvellous; if it was acting, there was never better here on the boards of the Comédie Française; if it was hardness of heart, then it was well for Ralph Dexter that his body lay lifeless on the bank of the Colorado. Just then Sam Sargent came out and joined us. I said nothing, but Sibylla began at once, and told him of Ralph's death. Sargent is a good-hearted fellow, coarse at bottom, it may be, but he can be sympathetic. He knew I loved Ralph, and he asked me for the details of his death with kindness in his voice. She listened, impassive and stately, as I told Sargent the little I knew. I watched her, but she never even changed color. When I had ended, she said: 'I liked Mr. Dexter very much. I used to see a good deal of him at Mount Desert last summer—we went rocking together.' Then she took Sargent's arm and went into the house, leaving me speechless. Her indifference was appalling, and I did not know what to think."

"A very remarkable young woman, I must say," declared Rudolph Vernon.

"That's just like a man," said Mrs. Vernon, indignantly. "Do you suppose she wanted to reveal the secrets of her heart to a stranger? Of course she did not. She kept calm before you and the rest of you men, but when she was alone she dropped the mask of composure and cried all night."

"I might have given her the benefit of the doubt for a little while, at all events, if—"

"If what?" insisted Mrs. Vernon, with a true woman's instinct of sex defense.

"If I had not met Miss Dorothy Sargent, who came to me in great distress. 'Oh, Uncle Larry,' she said, 'what am I to do? Papa is going to marry again, and he's old enough to be her father too, for she was at school with me, and I was a class ahead of her, and she wasn't clever either. I've no use for a step-mother younger than I am myself, have I? And don't you think he's big enough to know better?' I was in no mood to talk of marrying and of giving in marriage, but I did ask her whom it was her father proposed to marry."

"It wasn't that Sibylla, was it?" asked Mrs. Vernon.

"It was."

"But she had refused him?"

"She had accepted him."

"But she was a married woman!"

"No one knew that. And at any rate she had accepted Sam Sargent. Now you know what manner of man Sam Sargent is. He is a Wall Street speculator, a man of a coarse nature, covered with a layer of refinement, a man of exceeding shrewdness, a man who worshipped success however attained. He's here in Paris now; he was in a box opposite us at the Opéra last night. Think of a woman's putting aside Ralph Dexter to take Sam Sargent!

She had found out that she wanted wealth and the luxury it gives, and she turned from Ralph to Sargent. She had no strength of character—worse yet, no heart. She was as weak as water, and as treacherous."

"You don't mean to tell me that that woman actually contemplated bigamy?" demanded Vernon.

"Well, I don't know what else to call it," answered Uncle Larry; "but she did not look on it that way. She thought that her marriage to Ralph was an idle form, known only to the clergyman and to themselves. Dr. Van Zandt was dead. She knew Ralph would not claim her against her will, and she believed that if she destroyed her marriage certificate—the only tangible evidence of her wedding—that she could undo the past and be a free woman."

"That's feminine logic with a vengeance," said Rudolph Vernon.

"But if the certificate was destroyed, why shouldn't she remarry?" asked Mrs. Vernon, innocently.

"When I got back to New York two days later," pursued Laughton, "I found on my desk a letter from Ralph Dexter. I was reading it over again last night, after we returned from the Opéra. I will read it to you, if you like."

"Yes, do, Uncle Larry," begged Mrs. Vernon.

Uncle Larry took the letter from his pocket, and read it as well as he could, for his voice trembled, and more than once he almost broke down.

"In Camp on the Colorado,
"*August* 30, 1882.

"Dear Uncle Larry,—I got back to the camp last night, after a little paseata up in the hills for three weeks, and I found your welcome letter awaiting me. I was pretty tired, for we had been in the saddle thirty-four hours on a stretch, but I read it through before I took off my coat. I had hoped for a letter from Some One Else, but I was disappointed; there must be a breakdown in the mail route somewhere. Then I read over again the paragraph in your letter referring to her; and then I tumbled into bed and slept eighteen hours on end. It was nearly noon the next day when I awoke, refreshed and a new man. In truth, I am a new man, improved and made over by the patent process of Cupid and Co. I wake up every morning thanking God for my youth and my strength, and, above all, for the joy of my life. I am as happy as any man ever was. My work is a delight to me, and my future is a dream of bliss. It is no wonder that I build castles in the air; but I remember what Thoreau says, and I am trying to put solid foundations under them. The mine is doing splendidly; it is a boom and not a blizzard this year; and with experience and improved machinery we hope for even better luck next season. And I have finer news yet. You are my oldest friend, Uncle Larry, and my best friend—except one, and I know you are not jealous of her—and so I will tell you first. The patent has been granted for my new process for reducing ores. And what is more, a practical man from Leadville, a regular mining sharp, who saw the working drawings at my patent agent's, has written to offer me fifty thousand dollars for a quarter interest. Fifty thousand dollars! Think of that, old man! I am a capitalist, a bloated bondholder, and she shall marry a rich man after all. We'll make a raid on Tiffany's when I arrive in New York in the fall, and you shall help me pick out a pair of solitaires—real solitaires, as the lady said—which will give her ears a chance to rival her eyes in their sparkle.

"Good-by, Uncle Larry, and forever. When you read this I shall be dead and out of her way. What use is life to me if she does not love me? Her letter has come at last, and I know the worst. She dreads poverty, she breaks with me, and I fear she is going to marry another man. This is a bad world, isn't it, Uncle Larry? But I forgive her; I can not help it, for I love her as much as ever. Poor girl, how she must have suffered before she wrote me that letter! If she wants money, she shall have it—she shall have all I hoped to gain. I have no use for it but to make her happy. There's a man in our party here who was a lawyer once, and he is drawing up my will for me. I have made you my executor. You will do this last favor for me, won't you? I leave everything to her, the little money I have in bank, my share in the mine, my three-quarters of the patent—for I have just written to accept the fifty thousand dollars for the quarter. I'd like her to have some money to go on with. You will attend to all these things for me; you have

done so much for me already that I feel I have a right to make this last request. This is a long letter, but I want you to have my last words—my last dying speech and confession. Don't think I am going to be hanged; a man who is born to be drowned can never be hanged; and I am going to be drowned to-morrow. I don't know how or when, but a fall from the rocks is an easy thing to accomplish, and the river will do the rest. If she wishes to marry, I had best take myself out of the way and leave her free. After all, what does it matter? Life is little or nothing—it is only a prologue, or the posy of a ring. It is brief, my lord—as woman's love. I am in haste to be about my business and to put an end to it. The prologue has lasted too long; it is time for the real play to begin, the tragedy of time and eternity, to last until 'the curtain, a funeral pall, comes down with the rush of a storm.' Poor Poe was right for once, though I need no angels to affirm 'that the play is the tragedy, Man, and its hero the conqueror, Worm.' We shall meet again, Uncle Larry, and until that meeting, God be with you, and God help me!

"RALPH DEXTER."

"Did she take the legacy?" asked Rudolph Vernon.

"She did indeed," answered Laughton. "And Sam Sargent organized a company for working the patent, and floated it in London, and cleared half a million or more out of it. And it was lucky he did, because he got squeezed badly in the Transcontinental Telegraph corner last year, and Ralph Dexter's legacy is all the Sargents have left now."

"So she actually married Sargent?" was Mrs. Vernon's doleful remark.

"Why not?" asked Laughton, in return. "Ralph's death left her free to marry whom she pleased."

"Now you have told your tale, you have proved my assertion," said Rudolph Vernon. "In real life the story is incomplete. There is something lacking."

"She will be punished somehow, never fear," was Mrs. Vernon's cheerful assertion.

"I think the punishment has begun already," said Laughton. "Indeed, it followed fast upon the wrong-doing. At first I fear that Ralph's death was almost a relief to her, for it gave her the freedom she wanted. But no sooner was she married than she began to tremble at her work. With all her money she could not bribe her own thoughts to let her alone. She could not stab her own conscience, and kill it with a single blow. If a conscience must be murdered, it takes a long course of slow poisoning to do it. Then one day there came a reaction, and she suddenly changed her mind, and refused to believe that Ralph was dead. She thinks that he is alive and near her. She imagines that he watches her, and sends messages to her by one friend and another. She fancies at times that he hovers about her, an impalpable presence. Then, again, he becomes a tangible entity, a living person, and she declares that she has seen him standing before her, with his eyes fixed on her eyes, as though seeking to read the secret of her soul."

"That's what the doctor here would call a curious hallucination," said Mr. Vernon.

"Well, I don't know," answered Uncle Larry, doubtfully.

"Why, the man's *dead*, isn't he?" asked Mrs. Vernon, with interest.

"As I said before," responded Uncle Larry, "I don't know."

"But what do you think?"

"Well, I don't know what to think," answered Mr. Laughton. "Of course I thought he was dead. Yet his body was never found, though the surveying party searched for it for ten days or more. When I heard how Mrs. Sargent felt and what she fancied, I wondered and I doubted. Now I almost think I have seen him once, or rather twice."

"When?"

"Last night."

"Where?"

"Here—in Paris—at the Opéra. Once as we entered, and then, again, after the third act. The first time was in the lobby; we stood face to face. If the man who confronted me then was not Ralph Dexter, he was strangely like him. I had a queer, uncanny shiver, but the man looked me in the eye, and did not know me, and passed on, and I lost sight of him."

"And the second time?" asked Dr. Cheever, who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation, although he had listened most attentively.

"As the curtain fell on the third act, I looked at Mrs. Sargent, who sat by the side of her husband in a box to the right

of us. I saw in her eyes a look of horror or of fear. I turned my head, and there, on the opposite side of the theatre, stood the same man, Ralph Dexter, or his double. He was gazing intently at Mrs. Sargent. I looked at her again, and I saw her whiten and fall sideways. Her husband caught her in his arms, and they left the box at once. When I sought my dead friend again he was gone."

There was silence after Laughton stopped speaking. Then Rudolph Vernon remarked: "The romance of real life is better rounded than I had thought, but it is still incomplete artistically. There is more behind these facts, and to evolve this unsubstantial but essential something is the duty of the literary artist."

"Perhaps," said Dr. Cheever, slowly—"perhaps a physician may complete the tale as well as an author."

"Why, Richard, what do you know about it?" asked his sister.

"Very little, indeed, and until this morning I knew even less. If I had heard Mr. Laughton's story yesterday, I could have decided more promptly and more intelligently, it may be, but my decision would have been the same."

"Were you called in to attend Mrs. Sargent this morning?" asked his sister. "Oh, why didn't you tell us before?"

"I should not tell you now if the case were not hopeless. I could not go to the Salon with you this morning because I was suddenly summoned to join two French physicians in an examination of Mrs. Sargent's mental condition. There could be no doubt about it, unfortunately; we all agreed; and an hour before I joined you here I signed the order which committed her to an asylum."

THE HOME ACRE.

BY E. P. ROE.

PART I.

LAND hunger is so general that it may be regarded as a natural craving. Artificial modes of life, it is true, can destroy it, but it is apt to re-assert itself in later generations. To tens of thousands of bread-winners in cities a country home is the dream of the future, the crown and reward of their life toil. Increasing numbers are taking what would seem to be the wiser course, and are combining rural pleasures and advantages with their business. As the questions of rapid transit are solved, the welfare of children will turn the scale more and more often against the conventional city house or flat. A home *can* be created in rented dwellings and apartments, but a home for which we have the deed, a cottage surrounded by trees, flowers, lawn, and garden, is the refuge which best satisfies the heart. By means of such a suburban nook we can keep up our relations with Nature and all her varied and health-giving life. The tired man, returning from business, finds that his excited brain will not cease to act. He can enjoy restoring rest in the complete diversion of his thoughts; he can think of this tree or that plant, and how he can fill to advantage unoccupied spaces with other trees, flowers, and vegetables. If there is a Jersey cow to welcome him with her placid trust, a good roadster to whinny for an airing, and a flock of chickens to clamor about his feet for their supper, his jangling nerves will be quieted in spite of all the bulls and bears of Wall Street. Best of all, he will see that his children have air and space in which to grow naturally, healthfully. His fruit trees will testify to his wisdom in providing a country home. For instance, he will observe that if sound plums are left in contact with stung and decaying specimens, they too will be infected; he will see that too close crowding renders the prospect for good fruit doubtful; and, by natural transition of thought, will be glad that his boys and girls are not shut in to the fortuitous associations of hallway and street.

The area of land purchased will depend largely on the desires and purse of the buyer, but about one acre appears to satisfy the majority of people. This amount is not so great that the business man is burdened with care, nor is its limit so small that he is cramped and thwarted by line fences. If he can give to his bit of Eden but little thought and money, he will find that an acre can be so laid out as to entail comparatively small expense in either the

one or the other; if he has the time and taste to make the land his play-ground as well as that of his children, scope is afforded for an almost infinite variety of pleasing labors and interesting experiments. When we come to co-work with Nature, all we do has some of the characteristics of an experiment. The labor of the year is a game of skill, into which also enter the fascinating elements of apparent chance. What a tree, a flower, or vegetable bed will give depends chiefly upon us, yet all the vicissitudes of dew, rain, frost, and sun have their part in the result. We play the game with Nature, and she will usually let us win if we are not careless, ignorant, or stupid. She keeps up our zest by never permitting the game to be played twice under the same conditions. We can no more carry on our garden this season precisely as we did last year than a captain can sail his ship exactly as he did on the preceding voyage. A country home makes even the weather interesting, and the rise and fall of the mercury is watched with scarcely less solicitude than the mutations of the market.

In this paper and in those which may ensue I merely hope to make some useful suggestions and give practical advice—the result of experience, my own and others' —which the reader can carry out and modify according to his judgment.

We will suppose that an acre has been bought, that it is comparatively level, with nothing of especial value upon it—in brief, that the home and its surroundings are still to be created.

It is not within my design to treat of the dwelling, its architecture, etc., but we shall have something to say further on in regard to its location. Before purchasing, the most careful investigations should be made as to the healthfulness of the region and the opportunities for thorough drainage. Having bought the acre, the question of removing all undue accumulations of water on or beneath the surface should be attended to at first. The dry appearance of the soil during much of the year may be misleading. It should be remembered that there are equinoctial storms and melting snows. Superabundant moisture at every period should have channels of immediate escape, for moisture in excess is an injury to plant as well as to family life, while thoroughly and quickly drained land endures drought far better than that which is rendered heavy and sour by water stagnating beneath the surface. Tile drains are usually the cheapest and most effective, but if there are stones and rocks upon the place, they can be utilized and disposed of at the same time by their burial in ditches, and they should be covered so deeply that a plough, although sunk to the beam, can pass over them. Tiles or the top of a stone drain should be at least two feet below the surface. If the ground of the acre is underlaid with a porous subsoil, there is usually an adequate natural drainage.

Making haste slowly is often the quickest way to desired results. It is the usual method to erect the dwelling first, and afterward to subdue and enrich the ground gradually. This, in many instances, may prove the best course, but when it is practicable, I should advise that building be deferred until the land (with the exception of the spaces to be occupied with the house and barn) can be covered with a heavy dressing of barn-yard manure, and that this be ploughed under in the autumn. Such general enriching of the soil may seem a waste in view of the carriage drive and walks yet to be laid out, but this will not prove true. It should be remembered that while certain parts of the place are to be kept bare of surface vegetation, they nevertheless will form a portion of the root pasturage of the shade and fruit trees. The land, also, can be more evenly and deeply ploughed before obstructions are placed upon it, and roots, pestiferous weeds, and stones removed with greatest economy. Moreover, the good initial enriching is capital, hoarded in the soil, to start with. On many new places I have seen trees and plants beginning a feeble and uncertain life, barely existing rather than growing, because their roots found the soil like a table with dishes but without food. If the fertilizer is ploughed under in the autumn, again mixed with the soil by a second ploughing in the spring, it will be decomposed and ready for immediate use by every rootlet in contact with it. Now, as farmers say, the "land is in good heart," and it will cheer its owner's heart to see the growth promptly made by whatever is properly planted. Instead of losing time, he has gained years. Suppose the acre to have been bought in September, and treated as I have indicated, it is ready for a generous reception of plants and trees the following spring.

Possibly at the time of purchase the acre may be covered with coarse grass, weeds, or undergrowth of some kind. In this case, after the initial ploughing, the cultivation for a season of some such crop as corn or potatoes may be of great advantage in clearing the land, and the proceeds of the crop would partially meet expenses. If the aim is merely to subdue and clean the land as quickly as possible, nothing is better than buckwheat, sown thickly, and ploughed under just as it comes into blossom. It is the nature of this rampant-growing grain to kill out everything else and leave the soil light and mellow. If the ground is encumbered with many stones and rocks, the question of clearing it is more complicated. They can be used, and often sold to advantage, for building purposes. In some instances I have seen laboring men clear the most unpromising plots of ground by burying all rocks and stones deeply beneath the surface—men, too, who had no other time for the task except the brief hours before and after their daily toil.

I shall give no distinct plan for laying out the ground. The taste of the owner, or more probably that of his wife, will now come into play. Their ideas also will be modified by many local circumstances, as, for instance, the undulations of the land, if there are any, proximity to neighbors, etc. If little besides shade and lawn is desired, this fact will have a controlling influence; if, on the other hand, the proprietor wishes to make his acre as productive as possible, the house will be built nearer the street, wider open space will be left for the garden, and fruit trees will predominate over those grown merely for shade and beauty. There are few who would care to follow a plan which many others had adopted. Indeed, it would be the natural wish of persons of taste to impart something of their own individuality to their rural home, and the effort to do this would afford much agreeable occupation. Plates giving the elevation and arrangement of country homes can be studied by the evening lamp, visits to places noted for their beauty, simplicity, and good taste will afford motives for many a breezy drive, while useful suggestions from what had been accomplished by others may repay for an extended journey. Such observations and study will cost little more than an agreeable expenditure of time, and surely a home is worth careful thought. It then truly becomes *your* home; something that you have evolved with loving effort.

We will suppose that it is early spring, that the ground has received its second ploughing, and that the carriage drive and the main walks have been marked out on paper, or, better still, on a carefully considered map. There is now so much to do that one is almost bewildered, and the old saying, "Rome was not built in a day," is a good thing to remember. An ordinary succession of labor will bring beauty and comfort in good time, especially if essential or foundation labors are first well performed. Few things will prove more satisfactory than dry, hard, smooth carriage roads and walks. These, with their curves, can be carefully staked out, the surface earth between the stakes to the depth of four or five inches carted to the rear of the place near the stable, or the place where the stable is to be. Of the value of this surface soil we will speak presently, and will remark in passing that it is amply worth the trouble of saving. Its removal leaves the beds of the driveway and walks depressed several inches below the surrounding surface. Fill these shallow excavations with little stones, the larger in the bottom, the smaller on top, and cover all with gravel. You now have roads and walks that will be dry and hard even in oozy March, and you can stroll about your place the moment the heaviest shower is over. The greater first cost will be more than made good by the fact that scarcely a weed can start or grow on pathways thus treated. All they will need is an occasional rounding up and smoothing with a rake.

While this labor is going on you can begin the planting of trees. To this task I would earnestly ask careful attention. Your house can be built in a summer, but it requires a good part of a century to build the best trees into anything like perfection. The usual tendency is to plant much too closely. Observe well-developed trees, and see how wide a space they require. There is naturally an eager wish for shade as soon as possible, and a desire to banish from surroundings an aspect of bareness. These purposes can, it is true, often be accomplished by setting out more trees at first than could mature, and by taking out one and another from time to time when they begin to interfere with each other's growth. One symmetrical, noble

tree, however, is certainly worth more than a dozen distorted, misshapen specimens. If given space, every kind of tree and shrub will develop its own individuality, and herein lies one of their greatest charms. If the oak typifies manhood, the drooping elm is equally suggestive of feminine grace, while the sugar-maple, prodigal of its rich juices, tasselled bloom, and winged seeds, reminds us of wholesome, cheerful natures. Even when dying, its foliage takes on the earliest and richest hues of autumn.

The trees about our door become in a sense our companions. They appeal to the eye, fancy, and feelings of different people differently. Therefore I shall leave the choice of arboreal associates to those who are to plant them—a choice best guided by observation of trees. Why should you not plant those you like the best, those which are the most congenial?

A few suggestions, however, may be useful. I would advise the reader not to be in too great haste to fill up his grounds. While there are trees to which his choice reverts almost instantly, there are probably many other beautiful varieties with which he is not acquainted. If he has kept space for the planting of something new every spring and fall, he has done much to preserve his zest in his rural surroundings, and to give a pleasing direction to his summer observation. He is ever on the alert to discover trees and shrubs that satisfy his taste.

When preparing these papers I visited the grounds of Mr. A. S. Fuller, at Ridgewood, New Jersey, and for an hour or two I broke the tenth commandment in spite of myself. I was surrounded by trees from almost every portion of the northern temperate zone, from Oregon to Japan; and in Mr. Fuller I had a guide whose sympathy with his arboreal pets was only equalled by his knowledge of their characteristics. All who love trees should possess his book, entitled *Practical Forestry*. If it could only be put into the hands of law-makers, and they compelled to learn much of its contents by heart, they would cease to be more or less conscious traitors to their country in allowing the destruction of forests.

Japan appears to be doing as much to adorn our lawns and gardens as our drawing-rooms, and from this and other foreign lands much that is beautiful or curious is coming annually to our shores. At the same time I was convinced of the wisdom of Mr. Fuller's appreciation of our native trees. In few instances would we have to go far from home to find nearly all that we wanted in beautiful variety—maples, dogwoods, scarlet and chestnut oaks, the liquidambar, the whitewood or tulip tree, white birch, and hornbeam, or the hop-tree, not to speak of the evergreens and shrubs indigenous to our forests. Perhaps it is not generally known that the persimmon, so well remembered by old campaigners in Virginia, will grow readily in this latitude. There are forests of this tree around Paterson, New Jersey, and it has been known to endure twenty-seven degrees below zero. It is a handsome tree at any season, and its fruit in November caused much straggling from our line of march in the South. Then there is our clean-boled, graceful beech, whose smooth white bark has received so many tender confidences.

There is one objection to the beech, which also lies against the white oak—it does not drop its leaves within the space of a few autumn days. The bleached foliage is falling all winter long, thus giving the ground near an untidy aspect. With some, the question of absolute neatness is paramount; with others, leaves are clean dirt, and their rustle in the wind does not cease to be music even after they have fallen.

In gratifying our taste for native trees we need not confine ourselves to those indigenous to our own locality. From the nurseries we can obtain specimens that beautify other regions of our broad land, as, for instance, the Kentucky yellow-wood, the papaw, the Judas-tree, and, in the latitude of New Jersey and southward, the holly.

In many instances the purchaser of the acre may find a lasting pleasure in developing a specialty. He may desire to gather about him all the drooping or weeping trees that will grow in his latitude, or he may choose to turn his acre largely into a nut orchard, and delight his children with a harvest which they will gather with all the zest of the frisky red squirrel. If one could succeed in obtaining a bearing tree of Hale's paper-shell hickory-nut, he would have a prize indeed.

In passing from this subject of choice in deciduous trees and shrubs, I would suggest, in addition to visits to woods and copse, to the well-ornamented places of

men who have long gratified a fine taste in this respect, that the reader also make time to see occasionally a nursery like that of S. B. Parsons and Co., at Flushing, New York. There is no teaching like that of the eyes, and the amateur who would do a bit of landscape gardening about his own home learns what he would like and what he can do by seeing shrubs and trees in their various stages of growth and beauty.

As a rule, I have not much sympathy with the effort to set out large trees in the hope of obtaining shade more quickly. The trees have to be trimmed up and cut back so greatly that their symmetry is often destroyed. They are also apt to be checked in their growth so seriously by such removal that a slender sapling, planted at the same time, overtakes and passes them. I prefer a young tree, straight-stemmed, healthy, and typical of its species or variety. Still, when large trees can be removed in winter with a great ball of frozen earth that insures the preservation of the fibrous roots, much time can be saved. It should ever be remembered that prompt, rapid growth of the transplanted tree depends on two things—plenty of small fibrous roots, and a fertile soil to receive them. It usually happens that the purchaser employs a local citizen to aid in putting his ground in order. In every rural neighborhood there are smart men: smart is the proper adjective, for they are neither sagacious nor trustworthy, and there is ever a dismal hiatus between their promises and performance. Such men lie in wait for new-comers, to take advantage of their inexperience and necessary absence. They will assure their confiding employers that they are beyond learning anything new in the planting of trees—which is true, in a sinister sense. They will leave roots exposed to sun and wind; in brief, pay no more attention to them than a baby-farmer would bestow on an infant's appetite, and then, when convenient, thrust them into a hole scarcely large enough for a post. They expect to receive their money long before the dishonest character of their work can be discovered. The number of trees which this class of men have dwarfed or killed outright would make a forest. The result of a well-meaning yet ignorant man's work might be equally unsatisfactory. Therefore the purchaser of the acre should know how a tree should be planted, and see to it himself, or he should by careful inquiry select a man for the task who could bring testimonials from those to whom he had rendered like services in the past.

The hole destined to receive a shade or fruit tree should be at least three feet in diameter and two feet deep. It then should be partially filled with good surface soil, upon which the tree should stand, so that its roots could extend naturally according to their original growth. Good fine loam should be sifted through and over them, and they should not be permitted to come in contact with decaying matter or coarse, unfermented manure. The tree should be set as deeply in the soil as it stood when first taken up. As the earth is thrown gently through and over the roots it should be packed lightly against them with the foot, and water, should the season be rather dry and warm, poured in from time to time to settle the fine soil about them. The surface should be levelled at last with a slight dip toward the tree, so that spring and summer rains may be retained directly about the roots. Then a mulch of coarse manure is helpful, for it keeps the surface moist, and its richness will reach the roots gradually in a diluted form. A mulch of straw, leaves, or coarse hay is better than none at all. After being planted, three stout stakes should be inserted firmly in the earth at the three points of a triangle, the tree being its centre. Then by a rope of straw or some soft material the tree should be braced firmly between the protecting stakes, and thus it is kept from being whipped around by the wind. Should periods of drought ensue during the growing season, it would be well to rake the mulch one side, and saturate the ground around the young tree with an abundance of water, and the mulch afterward spread as before. Such watering is often essential, and it should be thorough.

Speaking of trees, it may so happen that the acre is already in forest. Then, indeed, there should be careful discrimination in the use of the axe. It may be said that a fine tree is in the way of the dwelling. Perhaps the proposed dwelling is in the way of the tree. In England the work of "groving," or thinning out trees, is carried to the perfection of a fine art. One shudders at the havoc which might be made by a stolid laborer. Indeed, to nearly all who could be employed in preparing a wooded acre for habitation, a

tree would be looked upon as little more than so much cord-wood or lumber.

The coniferæ should not be neglected. They are always beautiful, easily managed, and by means of them beautiful effects can be created within comparatively small space. On Mr. Fuller's grounds I saw what might be fittingly termed a small parterre of dwarf evergreens, some of which were twenty-five years old.

What I have said about forming the acquaintance of deciduous trees and shrubs before planting to any great extent, applies with even greater force to the evergreen family. There is a large and beautiful variety from which to choose, and I would suggest that the choice be made chiefly from the dwarf-growing kinds, since the space of one acre is too limited for much indulgence in Norway spruces, the firs, or pines. An hour with a note-book spent in grounds like those of Mr. Fuller would do more in aiding a satisfactory selection than years of reading. Moreover, it should be remembered that many beautiful evergreens, especially those of foreign origin, are but half hardy. The amateur may find that after an exceptionally severe winter some lovely specimen, which has grown to fill a large space in his heart, as well as on his acre, has been killed. There is an ample choice from entirely hardy varieties for every locality, and these, by careful inquiry of trustworthy nurserymen, should be obtained.

Moreover, it should be remembered that few evergreens will thrive in a wet, heavy soil. If nature has not provided thorough drainage by means of a porous subsoil, the work must be done artificially. As a rule, light but not poor soils, and warm exposures, are best adapted to this genus of trees.

I think that all authorities agree substantially that spring in our climate is the best time for the transplanting of evergreens, but they differ between early and advanced spring. The late Mr. A. J. Downing preferred early spring; that is, as soon as the frost is out and the ground dry enough to crumble freely. Mr. A. S. Fuller indorses this opinion. Mr. Josiah Hoopes, author of a valuable work entitled *The Book of Evergreens*, advises that transplanting be deferred to later spring, when the young trees are just beginning their season's growth, and this view has the approval of Hon. Marshall P. Wilder and Mr. S. B. Parsons, Jun., Superintendent of City Parks. Abundant success is undoubtedly achieved at both seasons; but should a hot, dry period ensue after the later planting—early May, for instance—only abundant watering and diligent mulching will save the trees.

It should be carefully remembered that the evergreen families do not possess the vitality of deciduous trees, and are more easily injured or killed by removal. The roots of the former are more sensitive to exposure to dry air and to sunlight, and much more certainty of life and growth is secured if the transfer can be accomplished in cloudy or rainy weather. The roots should *never* be permitted to become dry, and it is well also to sprinkle the foliage at the time of planting. Moreover, do not permit careless workmen to save a few minutes in the digging of the trees. Every fibrous root that can be preserved intact is a promise of life and vigor. If a nursery-man should send me an assortment of evergreens with only the large woody roots left, I should refuse to receive the trees.

What I have said in opposition to the transplanting of large trees applies with greater force to evergreens. Mr. Hoopes writes: "An error into which many unpracticed planters frequently fall is that of planting large trees, and it is one which we consider opposed to sound common-sense. We are aware that the owner of every new place is anxious to produce what is usually known as an *immediate effect*, and therefore he proceeds to plant large evergreens, covering his grounds with great unsightly trees. In almost every case of this kind the lower limbs are apt to die, and thus greatly disfigure the symmetry of the trees. Young, healthy plants, when carefully taken up and as properly replanted, are never subject to this disfigurement, and are almost certain to form handsome specimens."

Any one who has seen the beautiful pyramids, cones, and mounds of green into which so many varieties develop, if permitted to grow according to the laws of their being, should not be induced to purchase old and large trees which nursery-men are often anxious to part with before they become utterly unsalable.

When the evergreens reach the acre, plant them with the same care and on the same general principles indicated for other trees. Let the soil be mellow and good.

Mulch at once, and water abundantly the first summer during dry periods. Be sure that the trees are not set any deeper in the ground than they stood before removal. If the soil of the acre is heavy or poor, go to the road-side or some old pasture and find rich light soil with which to fill in around the roots. If no soil can be found without a large proportion of clay, the addition of a little sand, thoroughly mixed through it, is beneficial. The hole should be ample in size, so that the roots can be spread out according to their natural bent. If the ground, after planting, needs enriching, spread the fertilizer around the trees, not against them, and on the surface only. Never put manure on or very near the roots.

Very pretty and useful purposes can often be served by the employment of certain kinds of evergreens as hedges. I do not like the arbitrary and stiff divisions of a small place which I have often seen. They take away the sense of roominess, and destroy the possibility of pretty little vistas, but when used judiciously as screens they combine much beauty with utility. As part of line fences they are often eminently satisfactory, shutting out prying eyes and inclosing the home within walls of living green. The strong-growing pines and Norway spruce are better adapted to large estates than to the area of an acre. Therefore we would advise the employment of the American arbor vitæ and of hemlock. The hedge of the latter evergreen on Mr. Fuller's place formed one of the most beautiful and symmetrical walls I have ever seen. It was so smooth, even, and impervious that in the distance it appeared like solid emerald.

The ground should be thoroughly prepared for a hedge by deep ploughing or by digging; the trees should be small, young, of even height and size, and they should be planted carefully in line, according to the directions already given for a single specimen; the ground on each side mulched and kept moist during the first summer. In the autumn, rake the mulch away and top-dress the soil on both sides for the space of two or three feet outward from the stems with well-decayed manure. This protects the roots and insures a vigorous growth the coming season. Allow no weeds or even grass to encroach on the young hedge until it is strong and established. For the first year no trimming will be necessary beyond cutting back an occasional branch or top that is growing stronger than the others, and this should be done in early October. During the second season the plants should grow much more strongly, and now the shears are needed in summer. Some branches and top shoots will push far beyond the others. They should be cut back evenly and in accordance with the shape the hedge is to take. The pyramidal form appears to me to be the one most in harmony with nature. In October, the hedge should receive its final shearing for the year, and if there is an apparent deficiency of vigor, the ground on both sides should receive another top-dressing after removing the summer mulch. As the hedge grows older and stronger, the principal shearing will be done in early summer, as this checks growth and causes the close, dense interlacing of branches and formation of foliage wherein the beauty and usefulness of the hedge consist.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE New England Society in New York was organized eighty-one years ago, and for many years it has celebrated the rigor and want of the famous landing at Plymouth with the most sumptuous feast. All the planets and fixed stars and wayward meteors of New England political and professional and literary and official greatness and eloquence have risen above the horizon of that noted table, and have illuminated the heroic story of New England life and illustrated the qualities of New England leadership. Once a year New York has been invited to hear of the glory at which she smiles and of the virtue which she denies.

"New England has much to be proud of," said a New-Yorker jealous of the honor of his State, "but it is remarkable that she should choose to praise the Puritan for the very virtue that he scorned—the love of religious liberty." The same sharp commentator said that he observed that the New-Englander praised New England with a fervor that increased with distance from her borders. But these pleasant gibes do not disturb the American whose feet are planted upon Plymouth Rock. Great

patience, he thinks, may be necessary with those whose feet stand upon a less firm foundation.

"No," sweetly replies the Yankee to the Knickerbocker, "you were not sprung from New England. But cheer up; New York is next to it. From the field of Saratoga you can see the Green Mountains, and the great city itself is not very far from the Connecticut line. You observe, my friend, that even New York is not without its consolations. It is near New England." This comfort is the more soothing because it is administered by the New-Englander who has come to live in New York. His coming is in itself obviously an act of benevolence. He will not selfishly keep New England to himself, but he shares it with the hapless Knickerbocker. He overflows upon him, as it were, with New England, and reminds him of his blessings. It is a benevolence which must stir the Knickerbocker heart with gratitude.

There is one aspect of this Yankee festival in New York which is not always remembered, but which is very interesting and significant. It is an illustration of the tradition and the habit which constitute both the peculiarity and the strength of our political system. It is a manifestation alike of the strength of local feeling and of national pride. The tie that binds the New-Englander to New England is wrought of association and pride and sympathy, and, like all local ties, of mystery. It is strong and imperishable, and yet it does not weaken the other tie to the nation. He does not assert one against the other, as he does not care to distinguish his love of wife and child. The New England dinner in New York has been always a tribute of tender reverence to that part of the country. But it has been always, also, a very well-spring of love and loyalty toward the Union.

To sit at that table is to understand the dual bond of the American. It is a feast which at once renews his local fidelity and refreshes his patriotism. He rises a prouder New-Englander and also a prouder American. In celebrating the one he extols the other, and in defending either he strengthens both. But the dinner is not always composed of praise and pudding. The old skull which was placed upon the royal table to remind the king that even he was mortal is sometimes deftly laid by the Yankee's plate in the speech of the after-dinner orator. The warning strain startles the careless reveller, who supposes that he has discharged the whole duty of man in being born a New-Englander, like a sudden *mene, mene*, blazing upon the pretty panelling of Delmonico's larger hall.

This year it was the Reverend Doctor John Knox—that is to say, Dr. Paxton—whose eloquence shook the roses of the garlanded guests, and filled them with wonder as if they had been Queen Mary's careless maids of honor. He said in effect that it might be well to consider whether Plymouth Rock was not changing from granite to sugar, whether the virtues of the Puritan were not disappearing with his grimness, and whether, instead of the defier of popes, and challenger of kings, and tamer of a continental wilderness, and sturdy founder of a free republic, we had not now a money-getter, an æsthete, a dude, and a dandy.

This was certainly a pretty serious question. The tone of the speech was that of the traditional Puritan, jealous of all pomps and vanities, and suspecting pleasure to be only a treacherous snare. The question, moreover, seemed to have a certain pertinence amid the luxurious circumstance of the feast. The reverend doctor put his point strongly and epigrammatically and eloquently. The guests listened and loudly applauded. The stern old "man of God" was drawn boldly by the orator as the man to whom life was too sober for a smile, and who was too tenaciously fixed upon a great and beneficent purpose to humor finical whims about small objections and obstructions.

The tone of the question was not unlike that of Senator Frye at the Brooklyn dinner on the previous evening, who implied that he suspected that we were inclined to be too mealy-mouthed about the late war. But as the very circumstances of the dinner replied conclusively to the implication of the Senator, so do the facts seem to answer the New York question. The Brooklyn dinner was distinguished by nothing so much as the universal and affectionate tribute to Grant as a true patriot. The sincerity of the sentiment and the warmth of its expression showed how deep and strong is the patriotic feeling for the cause which Grant represents. And it was still more significant because happily Grant represents also the fraternal spirit upon which alone a genuine Union can rest. There was no forgetfulness, as the Senator implied, but there was a remembrance of something else than battle-fields and fighting.

In somewhat the same way our history seems to answer the same doubt of the disappearance of the Puritan. Certainly he survives. Even his intolerance and narrowness are not gone, while his great qualities happily endure. The story of the last half-century in this country is not that of a decadent nation in any part of it. It is the story of the conscience and courage and clear intelligence that in another country and under other conditions made Puritan England. And in its later part it is the tale of such national reunion after discord and civil war as no other age or country ever saw. Even the poor dude, whom the "man of God" might be supposed to regard as a brainless human butterfly, is often made to serve as a word of contempt in angry contests for one of the most positive of Puritan qualities—resolute adhesion to individual conviction.

If Carver and Brewster and Bradford and Winslow should look in upon a New England dinner of to-day, they would not stand like the sad and rebuking figures of the old Romans

in Couture's picture of the "Decadence of Rome," but with the cheerful welcome of great-hearted men who, in another costume and under changed conditions, recognized and blessed their own children.

A late telegram from England stated that the cohesion of the Liberal party in that country depended upon Mr. Gladstone's declaration of his views. How much may depend upon the cohesion of that party every student of public affairs will answer for himself. But the fact of the ascendency of one man without office, or any but intellectual and moral forces at his command, is a suggestive comment upon the assertion which we were recently considering, that no particular man is of importance, and that the currents of tendency take no account of individuals.

The loiterer along the crowded highway of a great city must often think of the apparent truthfulness of the saying that any man is but a dried leaf whirled upon the surface of a stream which sweeps on heedless of leaves and chips and drift of every degree. Think of the great man, says the musing loiterer, who was here yesterday, and is gone to-day. He was a religious leader, but what is changed because he is gone? His church or sect or society remains, and his place is already filled. He was a great political chief for whose word a country waited, and by whose speeches men trimmed their opinions as they dress by a glass. But his party endures, and another voice is even now speaking for it.

Here is the placard of the opera, and Signora Nachtigalli is to sing in the *Sonnambula*, or the *Freischütz*, or the *Taming of the Shrew*, or *Faust*, or the *Meistersinger*, and the young woman and the young man are to go and listen and enjoy, and—and to feel as their fathers and mothers used to feel when they went to the opera and listened and enjoyed. What is changed but the color of the father's hair and the rose bloom of the mother's cheek? But Jenny Lind sang then, or Steffanone, or Bosio, or Benedetti, or Salvi. Still, what is changed? The singers are gone, like the wood-thrushes of last summer. But listen, and this next summer you shall find the woods full of songsters. The opera goes on. It is the *Queen of Sheba* to-day, and not *Lucia*. It is not Jenny Lind, or Malibran, or Sontag. No, it is—it is—somebody else. But however virtuous the old fellows with gray beards and long memories may be, shall there be no cakes and ale?—fresh cake too, and newly frosted, and ale for which Sir John would gladly have exchanged his sack.

If it had not been Jenny Lind it would have been somebody else. Forty years ago, as the *flâneur* seated himself at the *Italiens* in Paris, he smiled and whispered to himself, softly: "It was Rubini; it is Mario. It was Pasta; it is Grisi." Forty years ago, as the musing loiterer lingered along Broadway, it was Midas whom he saw walking up from down-town; to-day it is Crœsus walking or driving. Does the name matter? If it had not been Midas it would have been Plutus. Trade and enterprise and financial skill will always produce their representatives. Music did not die with Mozart, nor Toryism with Pitt, nor poetry with Byron. Has not Thackeray told us that when there is an Hour with a large H, there is sure to appear the Man with a big M?

So the airy argument flies, and the nothingness of the individual is apparently demonstrated. But there is still something to be said. If it had not been Shakespeare, must it needs have been somebody else? If it had not been Washington, would Putnam, perhaps, or Knox, or Greene, or Schuyler, or Morgan, have answered? If Gladstone were away, would—let the intelligent reader supply any favorite name—equally serve the occasion? It certainly does not follow because a movement or a church or a party continues without interruption that the individual is of no account, and it is not a true saying that it will be all the same a hundred years hence.

Our own situation in this country to-day would have been very different except for the wisdom and the character of Washington a hundred years ago. Except for Cromwell and William and Somers and Robert Walpole, the England that we know would have been another England. The party continues, but the aim, the spirit, the impulse of the party are what Fox or Gladstone makes it. The ship remains, and there is a hand at the helm, but the skill and knowledge and courage to bring the ship to port sank, perhaps, in the sea with the captain who was buried yesterday.

It is a plausible but a false and dangerous doctrine that the individual is unimportant, and that nobody is indispensable to the course of things. It is a dangerous fatalism, among other reasons, because it diminishes self-respect. It saps the spring of that beneficent endeavor which is the answer to the prayer that we may leave the world better than we found it. Cross the Channel from Gladstone's England to Parnell's Ireland, and the importance of an individual is equally apparent. The cry of Ireland was heard before Parnell, and it would be heard after him were he to die at once. But if any youth feels that it is useless to cherish great ideals, and to serve his kind because his life is a span and a tent of a night, he may well reflect not only that, as Pericles said, the earth is the tomb of illustrious men, but that history is their biography.

The most interesting musical event of the winter in New York was the beginning of the American opera. The title, of course, suggests the old question, what is American music beyond the fact that it is music in America? There was a patriotic disposition to call Patti an American because she was born here, or because her childhood was passed here. It

was a kindly instinct of appropriation. But Patti is no more an American than many an American who was born or whose youth was passed in Italy is an Italian. Many an American artist goes early to Italy and stays there many years. There was Crawford, the sculptor, in Rome, and Powers, the sculptor, in Florence. To Americans, Florence will be always known as the home of Powers. All his work was done there. Shall we call him an Italian artist? For thirty years and more William W. Story, a man of rounded gifts and graces, has lived in Rome, and has stood at the head of—American or of Italian sculpture?

What is Italian art? What is American music? It is something more than the work of an artist who lives in Italy or in America. Thorwaldsen was not a Roman, long as he lived in Rome. Hawthorne insisted that there was no material for romance in America, and he wrote the *Marble Faun*. It was an Italian story written in Italy, but it is one of the great works in American literature. Hawthorne's tales are a signal refutation of his own theory. They are essentially and especially American. In the *Twice-told Tales*, in the *Old Manse*, in the *Scarlet Letter*, the *House of the Seven Gables*, and the *Blithedale Romance*, everything is American.

What, then, is American opera? What is American music? Is there an American school? Are there American composers? And do we recognize the distinctive character of our music as we do that of Italy and Germany? There is also a certain distinctive English music—a music of glees and madrigals and concerted pieces. Is there American music of the same kind?

But before we answer shall we not fling a spray of rosemary upon the Italian opera departed? In the noble new Opera-house there has been an admirable German opera, with Wagner in the lead. At the familiar Academy a few intermittent warbles in the beginning of the season, dying echoes of other days, were apparently the swan song of Italian opera, and then American opera, in all the prosperous pomp and promise of youth, took possession, and, in the good old phrase of the social chronicler, charmed the town. Yet if some *diva assoluta*, some Patti in her prime, or honeyed Gerster, or Nilsson, or, to crown the supposition, if some Jenny Lind had "come forth" (as our brethren the theatrical critics of the daily press now prefer to write the word appeared) in the old, old part, Amina, or Norma, or Elvira, or Lucia, or what familiar part soever, would she not have drawn the flood that swept far up-town to the newer inlet?

Is the Italian opera, the taste for the operatic music which has been so long supreme, declining? Or does the apparent decline mean only that there was no great singer, no fresh opera, and no becoming support and stage management? When the *diva* of the hour arrives, will she not, like a pied piper, draw us all, dancing and murmuring, into her train? Or is the music of Rossini and Bellini and Donizetti and Verdi outgrown by our advancing taste?

Or, again—for he who walks with the questioning sage walks more securely—because the American opera was, in fact, a European opera, and because the singers were largely not Americans, and because the incomparable orchestra and its incomparable leader and director of the music were of another than American birth, was the enterprise misnamed? When Mr. and Mrs. Wood and Mr. Brough sang the *Sonnambula* in English fifty years ago, or when, later, in Madame Augusta's *Bayadere*, the Oriental leader of the chorus burst into highly accented and grammatically defiant English—

> "Happy am I, from care I'm free,
> Who would not be happy as me?"—

did the opera and the ballet become American? No; but on the other hand, when Nilsson sang Marguerite in Gounod's *Faust*, was the opera less French because the singer was a Swede?

The American opera is the name of a generous and timely enterprise, which holds that there is now musical taste, talent, audience, opportunity, and resources enough in America to be trained and fostered as they are trained and fostered in Europe. It proposes to teach singers of whatever nationality, and to educate a company capable of singing any opera, and to sing all operas in English. It holds that there will be always enough good voices in this country to furnish a good representation, and that, with due regard to careful mounting, there can be everything amply provided here which is provided in any European capital. The American school can not, indeed, furnish the genius of a composer, nor the voice, the noble organ to interpret his work. No, it can not do that. That is the misfortune of the American school, and it is the misfortune of every school in the world. At Milan, at Naples, at Paris, the schools could not confer musical genius nor create a voice. But they could give the one an arena, and they could exquisitely train the other.

The older schools have the advantage of tradition also, but that is to say only that they are older. Their other advantage will be shared by the American school, and that is one of its chief promises. Every such school is a centre of musical interest and taste and emulation. It generates the atmosphere which tempts the buds of musical genius to flower. By providing for the complete and adequate interpretation of operas it fosters the production of operas, and meanwhile it prepares the scene and the singers for the proper representation of any good opera wherever produced.

This is the American opera. It is a thoroughly appointed school of opera in America, and its continuance and prosperity will prove whether there is to be an American music as there is an Italian and a German music. Our only native music thus far is the plantation

melody. It has been modified and transformed into the songs of the negro minstrels. But the theme, the real *motif*, is as characteristic and undeniable as the Northern songs that Jenny Lind sang.

Hawthorne, saying that there was no romance in America, wrote an American romance which is one of the treasures of literature. The skeptic who, recalling the great operas and great singers and great performances, smiles to hear of American opera, will one day smile a thousand times more happily when, thanks to those who have smoothed the way for its coming, he hears American opera.

When the late correspondence between the United States and Austria was discussed, and the prejudice of the Austrian court circle was denounced in many a vehement American journal, a correspondent interposed a delicate interrogation point in one of the papers by the quiet remark, "And meanwhile, brethren, how is it with us?" That is the question which always brings the reply, precious like Madeira from age, that the cases are entirely different. The case which upsets our argument is, of course, very different from what we expected. If it is your bull that gores my ox, I am unable to see that it is in any degree like my bull goring your ox.

We are fond of remarking to the world, with some fervor of rhetoric, that America is the home of all oppressed nationalities. The remark suggests, of course, not that we welcome both the nationality and the oppression, but that the nationality fleeing from wicked oppression is clasped to our bosom, and wicked oppression, as in the moral drama, is signally foiled and repelled from the front door. The proud remark is not, perhaps, illustrated to advantage in the Chinese exclusion law. The Easy Chair is not pronouncing an opinion upon that law; it is merely cogitating the proud remark. The remark is not conspicuously illustrated, either, in our relations with the Indians. There is also, perhaps, some trace of apparent prejudice toward our colored fellow-citizens. And fourthly, the identical feeling which so raised our noble ire when it was said to be displayed by the court circle of Austria is credibly reported to have appeared in the court circle of Saratoga.

Is it confined to that circle? Would the sensitive object of that feeling be made less aware of it in the free and independent republic through which pours the mighty Mississippi than in the empire whose seat is upon the Danube? But there has been great progress? Certainly, very great progress. The good Sir Moses Montefiore is not hunted out of England, or relieved of his teeth to persuade him to tell a thief where his money is kept. Great progress, certainly. His disabilities have been removed—disabilities founded on what?—and he is admitted to the British Parliament. That is encouraging; but have the disabilities been removed upon his admission to the American hotel?

As we were saying, however, in the United States the equal humanity of man is practically recognized, and only in Austria and other semi-barbarous and twilight lands are intelligence, cultivation, genius, gifts, graces, and charms socially ostracized if they belong to the wrong race or hue. It is our high national distinction that we estimate ourselves both modestly and accurately. If a man rejoices in a height of seven feet, why should he simper that he is ashamed to be so short? When Hercules has tamed the Nemean lion, do we respect him more for deploring his feebleness and flabby muscle? What greater discourtesy could the captain and friends of the *Puritan* have shown to the *Genesta* and her gallant company than to insist that the *Puritan* had done nothing, and was a mere poke of an old tub, after all?

There need not, indeed, be an overweening conceit. The truculent assertion of victory is as discourteous as an abject and false depreciation of it. But true self-respect comports with perfect modesty; and the proper tone and bearing of unquestioned superiority —although the bashfulness of an American Easy Chair will scarcely permit it to say it outright—are, in fact, those of America; for in respect of that prejudice of race or color which, we grieve to say, degrades other nations, what can be nobler than our own total freedom from it?—a freedom which justly authorizes us to rebuke other people severely. There could be no more edifying spectacle than Hercules —that is to say, an American citizen—tilted up in a chair on the piazza of a Saratoga hotel, with his feet deftly balanced on the railing, smoking and expectorating, and alternately pitying, despising, and denouncing his unfortunate fellow-creatures who are denizens of a foreign land in which character, genius, refinement, and cultivated intelligence are socially or otherwise ostracized if they are of a certain race or color.

The actual existence of such prejudice, indeed, can not be disregarded. If the proprietor of the American hotel, open for all guests, discovers that his house is avoided when it is generally known that it is copiously furnished with rocking-chairs, shall he be blamed if he discards rocking-chairs from his rooms? Clearly not. But in that case what should we say of the British observer who, after making the grand tour of American hotels, should go home and announce in his book that American women, after breakfasting in bare arms and diamonds, pass the rest of the day rocking in rocking-chairs? So if in some distant country the proprietor of a hotel perceives that his house is avoided if he entertains guests of the Mongolian race, he will undoubtedly say to every such guest who alights at his door that he deeply regrets to remark that all his rooms are engaged for the whole of every season. The innkeeper is a trader, not a philanthro-

pist. Like every trader, he may make a profound business mistake by taking such a course. That, however, is his own affair. But in a country where this social fact is observable—in Austria, for instance, or England, or Dongola and the Valley of the Congo, or wherever else it may be—how ludicrous it would be for the native to plume himself upon the freedom of his countrymen from the belittling prejudices of race! It would be a grotesque illustration of his unconscious barbarism, and well entitled to our own wonder and amusement.

But if it were the misfortune of any honest and intelligent man to live in such a country—a country in which people were estimated not by their actual qualities, manners, morals, and personal charms, but by some theory of race or color or caste, as in India, for instance, for these discreditable things always occur, fortunately, in lands far removed from our own happy Columbia—he would naturally and in every practicable way lend his personal influence to ameliorating the barbarism. He would not accept the dogma that the prejudice was instinctive and a final fact of human nature.

In the days of the fury of witchcraft, if a woman were old, ugly, and withered, and had an enemy, her fate was sealed. She was denounced as a witch, and if the fact of her age and wrinkles was not enough, the merciful test was applied of laying her in the water. If she floated, she was plainly a witch, and was burned or hung; if she sank, she was found by drowning to be no witch. It was "natural" to confound age and wrinkles with dealings with Satan; and the presumption was against every old woman. In the same way in the barbarous countries which are fortunately so far from ours, the prejudice, or, as it is sometimes called, antipathy, of race or color is generally justified as instinctive and natural, and the presumption lies against every delinquent who offends it.

In one of the countries in which much was said of superior and inferior races, and which prided itself upon its advanced civilization, yet whose history went back only two hundred and fifty years, the Easy Chair once saw two Parsee merchants from poor benighted India, and nothing could be finer than their dignified and courteous toleration of the boasts of a country which seemed to them a mushroom of yesterday, and of its religion, which they regarded as a well-meaning modern invention. Nothing could be finer than the courtesy of the Parsee gentlemen, except possibly the demeanor of Iwakura, the Japanese ambassador, who came to this country with his brilliant suite fourteen years ago, and who was received in Washington at a sumptuous ball given by the Secretary of State. The formal and ceremonious quadrilles did not attract the especial attention of the Japanese gentlemen. But when the waltz and the galop set in, the group of Oriental guests turned, and, coming to the edge of the dais upon which they stood, watched intently the extraordinary performance, with an expression, indeed, of perfectly well-bred curiosity, but which was yet of such a character that it seemed to rob our beloved and vehement dance of all its refinement and elegance.

But, on the other hand, if any son of Columbia felt a little uncomfortable, he had the satisfaction of reflecting that Japan is a kind of barbarous country, and that the Japanese are but almond-eyed Celestials of an inferior race, while his own is the land in which justice is done to every people, and man is regarded only as man.

Editor's Study.

I.

WE may safely leave out of the question those half-dozen conditional reputations which Dr. Holmes's new romance would have made for as many unknown men, at least till the number of persons in Massachusetts who could have written the plays of Shakespeare has been ascertained. No other hand could have given us that charming introduction to *A Mortal Antipathy;* no other art would have been equal to that whimsical study of the novelist's limitations in the use of actual figures and traits; no other mind could have inquired so curiously, and not too seriously, into the facts of mortal antipathies, with just that careful balancing of the documents between the tolerant fancy and the reticent science; and who else could have bestowed those touches of humor, of poetry, of sense, which please on every page? The perpetual play of his wit flushes the horizons of thought all round us like a genial heat-lightning, which nowhere falls in a killing bolt, but passes harmless, leaving the air full of exhilarating ozone.

It will probably not frighten even the young creatures who are now dusting off their poems on Autumn, and seeing how they will make over for Spring; we suspect they will read with a painless smile the invective of one of the Autocrat's old Professors when he declares that he "recognizes a tendency to rhyming as a common form of mental weakness, and the publication of a thin volume of verse as *prima facie* evidence of ambitious mediocrity, if not inferiority.... The presumption," he maintains, "is always against the rhymester, as compared with the less pretentious person about him or her, busy with some useful calling.... The sight of a poor creature grubbing for rhymes to fill his sonnet.... makes my head ache and my stomach rebel."

These are hard sayings, but the most conscience-stricken offenders know the Autocrat better than to take him at his Professor's word. In fact, it is not a prospective want of poetry which we are disposed to deplore in our time, but the lack of the good old-fashioned criticism which we once had. We can remember the day when every quarterly, monthly, weekly, had its gridiron well heated, and its tender young poet or poetess always grilling over the coals for the amusement of the spectators. But what journal now keeps a hot gridiron, or broils bards of any sex or age? Ours, we are ashamed to say, has been lost so long that it was not to be found the other day when we wished to wreak a personal revenge on Mr. Robert Buchanan, though we looked the Study high and low for it. In this state of things, we leave all anxiety for the poetic future to Mr. Stedman; we forebode not a famine, but a gross surfeit of poets, and great ones at that, all of the most unmistakable "genius," unless the sort of criticism which we lament can be restored. But who will begin? Who will strike the first blow to save us from the horde of nascent immortals now threatening to possess the earth? We see how playfully the Autocrat's hand descends; but perhaps that is because he remembers the pleasant sins of his own youth. What we need for this work is some dull, honest, ferocious brute, whose thick head no pretty fancy ever entered into; who observes only that where the lilies and daisies are, the grass isn't so good; and who can't see a bit of gay color anywhere without longing to get the points of his horns well under the wearer. Unless we can have him, and soon, there is no hope for us.

II.

But if the danger we fear isn't really at hand, if, on the contrary, we are at the end of our great poets for the present, we do not know that we shall altogether despair. There are black moments when, honestly between ourselves and the reader, the spectacle of any mature lady or gentleman proposing to put his or her thoughts and feelings into rhymes affects us much as the sight of some respected person might if we met him jigging or caracoling down the street, instead of modestly walking. This rhyming is not a thing to call the keepers of the mad-house for, to prescribe chains and stripes and a straw bed on the floor till the patient begins to talk prose again; but isn't it all the same a thing to blush and grieve for at this stage of the proceedings? So we ask ourselves in those black moments which pass and leave us to the beneficent magic which bathes all life in the light that never was on sea or land, the charm which none but dolts deny. What we ask is, hasn't there perhaps been enough of it? If there should be no more great poetry, haven't we all the great poets of the past inalienably still? We can think of a single small volume of early verse which ought to supply any reasonable demand for poetry many years, and almost any middle-aged literary man can think of another.

III.

But if we are altogether wrong in asking this question—and we won't readily allow that we are—we are afraid that with the present critical apparatus it is quite impossible to forecast the poetical probabilities. Neither Mr. Stedman, in the last very interesting chapter of his *Poets of America*, nor Mr. William John Courthope, in his less considerable essays on the *Liberal Movement in English Literature*, is able to prophesy with any comforting measure of assurance that we shall soon have some more great poets; they both hope that we shall, though Mr. Courthope doesn't try to conceal from us that the great Romantic movement just ended, which began as a protest against convention, has grown "through the force of circumstances into a revolt against society." This, to be sure, is not the crime it was once thought—say about the time when the good Man of the 2d December was trying to "save society"; but if the great new poets when they come are to be the apostles of Socialism, we shall all the more lament the absence of the gridiron in criticism; and we take this to be the attitude of a good citizen. Mr. Stedman, to be sure, does not shake us with any apprehension for the social fabric in reasoning upon the absence and prospects of new poetry; he rather thinks it will be a good thing when we get it; and he advises any one who suspects himself of having it in him "not to believe in limitations; a few by ignoring them will reach the heights." This seems to be the greatest encouragement he can offer; and the prophet who knows will not come till we have a complete literary bureau, something like our weather bureau, we suppose, with stations all over the country. There may be at this very moment a poetic storm central in Dakota, a lyric wave moving eastward from the region of the great plains, with lower dramatic pressure in the Middle States, and occasional or local rhymes for New England, and dialect pieces for the Gulf States; but till we have some system of observation perfected, we shall not know it till the great new poetry is hard upon us; and in the mean time all prognostications must be made in the conditional mood of the *Old Farmer's Almanac*.

IV.

We should be very sorry if we had seemed to treat Mr. Stedman's book slightly or lightly, for that is certainly not the spirit of his own criticism, which, indeed, we could not praise too highly. Commonly the critic approaches his subject with a violent liking or dislike; but, so far as we have noted, Mr. Stedman never does this. He is singularly judicial; to the best of his knowledge he is just. He has no quarrels, and he picks none. He tries to ascertain the place and the qualities of each poet

whom he considers, and when this is done, his work is done. He may be wrong or he may be right about Bryant or Longfellow or Emerson, but no one who likes either of these poets better than the other two can say that his favorite has suffered to their glory. Mr. Courthope spends some time and temper in knocking Mr. Swinburne about the head for saying that Shelley is a better poet than Byron, or that figs are better than pomegranates; but our saner American leaves you to indulge your own taste in fruits, merely ascertaining whether this peach or that melon is good of its kind.

He does not wear "a foolish face of praise," his soul is his own in all presences, contemporary or past; and he has made a remarkably honest book. His subject has been well studied historically; and he has given us a sufficiently luminous prospect of the whole field he has worked, as well as a vivid idea of particular corners of it. You can not read his book without acquainting yourself with the significant phases of American poetry, or at least renewing your acquaintance with them. He has not effected this as a scholar or inquirer simply; he has brought to the study the poet's quick sympathy, his generous ardor, his fine unerring pleasure in beauty. He is not harsh or arrogant; he remembers to be a gentleman even in his censure; he is unfailingly decent.

We don't see how we could say very much more for Mr. Stedman as a critic, unless we said that his book gave us an impression of freshness which we failed to get from Mr. Courthope's; perhaps because Byron and Shelley, Scott and Wordsworth, Keats and Coleridge, have been so much more written about than Bryant and Emerson, Holmes and Whittier, Poe and Whitman, Lowell and Longfellow. But Mr. Courthope, beyond a peculiarly happy gift for quotation, seems to have brought little of his own to his task except an uncertain temper, a belated Toryism, very honest and very droll, and a "nice derangement of epitaphs." He calls the dry formalists of the last century Realists, and relegates Wordsworth to the company of the Romanticists; and he has a little theory that the Romantic movement was revolutionary, and neither Scott nor any other Romantic reactionary of the endless list on the Continent is suffered to be a stumbling-block in his way.

V.

But what won't a man sacrifice to a theory, especially a wrong one? We see the lengths to which even so fair a spirit as Mr. Stedman will go in humoring his notion that the present suspense of poetry is largely conscious, if not partially intentional. The poets, we understand from him, who might be the Longfellows and Emersons of the next generation, perceive—the sly rogues!—that the popular tendency is toward prose, and so leave off singing; and Mr. Howells has deliberately taken up the trade of noveling because it pays better than versing. If we were authorized to speak for Mr. Howells, we think we should appeal from the court on this point, where the judge perhaps nodded over his notes. As between the novelist and the public, the matter isn't very important; as between him and other poets now intending to follow his mercenary example, it is more so; and it is of infinite moment as between him and his own literary conscience—if the lady newspaper correspondents who think his female characters so much inferior to themselves will allow that he has a conscience of any kind.

We should warn, more or less solemnly, any sweet bird singing in the bare ruined choirs that now shake against the cold prosaic time not to imagine that he can become a novelist, even of Mr. Howells's quality, by leaving off being a poet; and we should very much doubt if that faltering and imperfect writer ever proposed to himself any such thing as Mr. Stedman fancies. He may be quite the thrifty time-server he is represented; but we suspect that he did not take to noveling because he thought it was a good way of making a living, and jumped with the humor of the time, or because he was "wise in his generation," as Mr. Stedman scripturally phrases the treason. It was a different affair altogether, we imagine, though quite as simple. We should say, judging from a casual acquaintance with his early attempts in fiction, that it was from always trying his hand in that sort, and finding pleasure and, at last, apparent success in it, that he kept on, and that he left off versing because it no longer interested him so much. We are not sure, but we fear that any poet who should be tempted by Mr. Stedman's philosophization of Mr. Howells's career to turn novelist, from the motive attributed to him, would bring up in the poor-house, or at least in the chair of criticism. Nothing but a love of it beyond all other arts and industries, or any branch of the show business, will bring him success in it; without that, he may be certain that he will not do good work, and he will not deserve to do it. If practicable, he ought to believe that to write the great possible novel is to surpass all make and manner of versing whatsoever, hitherto accomplished or imagined. He need not be afraid that he will really write it.

VI.

If we are actually upon that suspense of poetry which Mr. Stedman and Mr. Courthope both forebode, we ought to get a little altruistic consolation from such a delightful book as Mr. Edmund Gosse has written about a similar suspense in the period *From Shakespeare to Pope*. Will it not be something for us to supply, by a century or two of inanity and insipidity, the materials for such a gracious and charming spirit to work with? In this way we should "join the choir invisible" of those whose pangs of non-existence hereafter will be assuaged by not-feeling that they survive in their usefulness to the race. This sounds like

nonsense, but it is the English of the condition that George Eliot aspired to; and not to have been poets ought now to be a fine satisfaction to those poor seventeenth-century nonentities, if they could only know how exquisitely Mr. Gosse has employed their absence of poetic quality. We had almost said that this lack in his subject is necessary to show Mr. Gosse at his best, but we remembered in time his other *Seventeenth Century Studies* and his beautiful *Life of Gray*. Yet we still think he has made the art of rendering such barren fields enchanting his own; and this is chiefly because he brings to it that fine spirit of humor which is wanting in Mr. Stedman and Mr. Courthope. In the light of this, Cowley is translucent, Waller is amusing, Denham is charming, and Davenant is not dull. The whole artificial and vapid group is endeared to us. We perceive that they are not great poets, but there is no doubt about their being well-meaning men, and in their day and generation useful and even indispensable. Mr. Gosse, more than either of his brother—or step-brother—critics, uses the humane modern method in dealing with those severally tiresome people; and in considering them as part of the history of poetry, of literature, of the human mind and race, as perfectly inevitable as Shakespeare or Dante or Goethe, he is able to treat them tenderly and sweetly, after the natural prompting of the heart he puts in all his work.

VII.

In all these books, but not so much in Mr. Gosse's as in Mr. Stedman's or Mr. Courthope's, for obvious reasons, there is talk from time to time of something these authors call "genius." It seems from their account to be the attribute of a sort of very puissant and admirable prodigy which God has created out of the common for the astonishment and confusion of the rest of us poor human beings; but do they really believe it? Can they severally lay their hands upon their waistcoats and swear that they think there is any such thing? Would they like, when upon oath, to declare that what they call a "genius" is at all different from other men of like gifts, except in degree? Do they mean anything more or less than the Mastery which comes to any man according to his powers and diligence in any direction, conscious or unconscious, nature has given him? If not, why not have an end of the superstition which has caused our race to go on so long writing and reading of the difference between talent and genius? It is within the memory of middle-aged men that the Maelstrom existed in the belief of the geographers, but we now get on perfectly well without it; and why should we still suffer under the notion of "genius," which keeps so many poor little authorlings trembling in question whether they have it, or have only "talent"?

VIII.

We have just read a book by one of the greatest captains who ever lived—a plain, taciturn, simple, unaffected soul — who tells the story of his wonderful life as unconsciously as if it were all an every-day affair, not different from other lives, except as a great exigency of the human race gave it importance. So far as he knew, he had no natural aptitude for arms, and certainly no love for the calling. But he went to West Point because, as he quaintly tells us, his father "*rather thought he would go*"; and he fought through one war with credit, but without glory. The other war, which was to claim his powers and his science, found him engaged in the most prosaic of peaceful occupations; he obeyed its call because he loved his country, and not because he loved war. All the world knows the rest, and all the world knows that greater military mastery has not been shown than his campaigns illustrated. He does not say this in his book, or hint it in any way; he gives you the facts, and leaves them with you. But these *Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant*, written as simply and straightforwardly as his battles were fought, couched in the most unpretentious phrase, with never a touch of grandiosity or attitudinizing, familiar, homely, even common in style, is a great piece of literature, because great literature is nothing more nor less than the clear expression of minds that have something great in them, whether religion, or beauty, or deep experience. Probably Grant would have said that he had no more vocation to literature than he had to war. He owns, with something like contrition, that he used to read a great many novels; but we think he would have denied the soft impeachment of literary power. Nevertheless, he shows it, as he showed military power, unexpectedly, almost miraculously. All the conditions here, then, are favorable to supposing a case of "genius." Yet who would trifle with that great heir of fame, that plain, grand, manly soul, by speaking of "genius" and him together? Who calls Washington a genius? or Franklin, or Bismarck, or Cavour, or Columbus, or Luther, or Darwin, or Lincoln? Were these men second-rate in their way? Or is "genius" that indefinable, preternatural quality, sacred to the musicians, the painters, the sculptors, the actors, the poets, and above all, the poets? Or is it that the poets, having most of the say in this world, abuse it to shameless self-flattery, and would persuade the inarticulate classes that they are on peculiar terms of confidence with the deity? No doubt

> "The poet in a golden clime was born,
> With golden stars above,"

and they are in some sort creditable to our species. If we should have no more poets we might be less glorious as a race, but we should certainly be more modest — or they

would. At least a doctrine wholly opposed to the spirit of free institutions and the principles of civil service reform would go out of the world with them; but since we shall probably have them to the end of the story, let us try to rid ourselves of it as we may. There is no Maelstrom sucking down ships and vomiting up bottles with MSS. in them; there is only a bad current off the coast of Norway. There is no "genius"; there is only the mastery that comes to natural aptitude from the hardest study of any art or science; "genius" exists chiefly in the fancy of those who hope that some one else will think they have it. The men who do great things as quietly as they do small things do not commend themselves to the imagination as geniuses; there must be something spectacular in them, or they must have some striking foible or vice or disability united with their strength before they can be so canonized. Then for some reason we are expected to recognize them as different in essence from other men, as a sort of psychical aristocracy, born gentle, while the rest of us were born simple.

IX.

But as we come to know great men better, we come to see that, after all, they are of one blood with the well-known human race, and no miracles of creation. They seem each thoroughly of his time and place, and this or that tendency of civilization appears merely to have found its most striking expression in them. Napoleon was the creature of the French Revolution, as Grant was the creature of our civil war; and not, as Grant was not. The great shaping exigency found each admirably prepared material to mould a master out of; but the Revolution and the Union would have prevailed in civilization, though their instruments might not have been named Napoleon or Grant. How many generals were nearly as great as they! How many dramatists of Shakespeare's time were Shakespearean!

It does not detract from greatness to say this of it; and Mr. John C. Ropes, who has just given us an admirable book on *The First Napoleon*, has pursued the right modern method with his subject, to the signal advantage of Napoleon's fame. He studies him as the representative and inevitable outcome of certain tremendous conditions, and he sympathizes with him because he believes he was more nearly right than his enemies. We do not see how any one can read his extremely temperate and conscientious chapters on the principal facts of Napoleon's career without agreeing with him. Certainly Mr. Ropes's attitude is not obviously the attitude of an advocate. He criticises as freely as he praises, and he has a sincerity in either that wins him your liking throughout.

It is needless to say that he has taken an un-English view of Napoleon; for the English view of any contemporary foreign civilization and character, as no one should know better than ourselves, is pretty sure to be the wrong view. When you have read his book, you no longer feel—or you no longer feel so sure—that Napoleon was seeking his sole glory and advantage. It looks very much as if his enemies were the enemies of human progress, for the most part. But if any reader differs with us, his quarrel is with Mr. Ropes, to whom we very willingly leave him.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 15th of January.—Congress re-assembled after the holiday recess January 5.

Mr. Hoar's Presidential Succession Bill passed the Senate December 17.

Hon. John Sherman was re-elected United States Senator from Ohio January 13.

Speaker Carlisle, of the House of Representatives, January 7, announced the standing committees. The following are the chairmen: Turner, of Georgia, Elections; Randall, of Pennsylvania, Appropriations; Morrison, of Illinois, Ways and Means; Herbert, of Alabama, Naval Affairs; Bragg, of Wisconsin, Military Affairs; Belmont, of New York, Foreign Affairs; Curtin, of Pennsylvania, Banking and Currency; Bland, of Missouri, Coinage, Weights, and Measures; Willis, of Kentucky, Rivers and Harbors; O'Neil, of Missouri, Labor; Mitchell, of Connecticut, Patents; Throckmorton, of Texas, Pacific Railways; Reagan, of Texas, Commerce; Cobb, of Indiana, Public Lands; Tucker, of Virginia, Judiciary; Wellborn, of Texas, Indian Affairs; Blount, of Georgia, Post-offices and Post-roads; Springer, of Illinois, Claims; Spriggs, of New York, Accounts; Matson, of Indiana, Invalid Pensions; Muller, of New York, Militia; Geddes, of Ohio, War Claims; King, of Louisiana, Mississippi River; Aiken, of South Carolina, Education; Eldridge, of Michigan, Pensions; Halsell, of Kentucky, Private Land Claims; Barbour, of Virginia, District of Columbia; Cox, of North Carolina, Reform in Civil Service; Dunn, of Arkansas, American Ship-building.

The Carolines agreement was signed December 17, with much pomp and ceremony. The Pope was present.

A bill pensioning the widow of General Grant passed both Houses of Congress December 18.

The British Parliament opened January 12. The Right Hon. Arthur Wellesley Peel, Liberal, was re-elected Speaker of the House of Com-

mons without opposition. Mr. Bradlaugh took the oath, and was admitted January 13.

In the final classification of the members-elect to the British Parliament, the London *Daily News* gives the Liberals 335, the Conservatives 249, and the Home Rulers 86.

Prince Alexander and the Porte have come to an understanding on the following conditions: that the union of the Bulgarias be recognized by the Porte; that the Bulgarian army be at the disposal of Turkey in case of war with Greece or Servia; that tribute be paid regularly to the Porte; that the customs rights of the Porte be maintained; and that Prince Alexander go to Constantinople to be invested with the Governorship of Eastern Roumelia.—England has accepted a proposal from Russia that the powers insist on disarmament by Greece, Servia, and Bulgaria. The powers have summoned those countries to disarm, promising them that Turkey will follow their example.

A proclamation announcing the annexation of Burmah to the British Empire was read at Rangoon January 1. There was a grand parade and a large concourse of natives gathered to hear the reading of the proclamation. England cedes to China part of Upper Burmah in order to make the Chinese and Indian frontiers continuous. India advocates an offensive and defensive alliance between China and India.

M. François Jules P. Grévy was re-elected President of the French Republic at Versailles December 28, on the joint vote of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies acting as a National Assembly. The balloting was carried on amid great excitement. Only five members of the Right cast ballots. M. Grévy's total majority on the joint ballot was 135.

The French Chamber of Deputies adopted the Tonquin credit December 24, but the vote was so close (274 to 270) that the Brisson ministry resigned a week later. A new cabinet was announced January 7, as follows: M. De Freycinet, President of the Council and Minister for Foreign Affairs; M. Sarrien, Interior; M. Sadi-Carnot, Finance; M. Goblet, Public Instruction; M. Demole, Justice; M. Develle, Agriculture; General Boulanger, War; M. Aube, Marine and the Colonies; M. Baihaut, Public Works; M. Granet, Posts and Telegraphs; M. Lockroy, Commerce.

DISASTERS.

December 18.—Explosion in the Nanticoke (Pennsylvania) coal mine, burying twenty-six men and boys.

December 19.—News *viâ* China of a typhoon which swept over the Philippine Islands on November 7, destroying over 4400 buildings, including thirteen churches and ten convents. Eighteen persons were lost and five hundred head of cattle were killed. This report only comprises the destruction in nineteen of the thirty-four districts of the Island, the remaining fifteen not having been heard from.—Reports received in St. Petersburg of a terrible dynamite explosion in the Pleijuchin mine in Siberia. From 400 to 1000 men killed.

December 23.—Terrific colliery explosion at the Ferndale Pit, near Pont-y-Pridd, Wales, killing fifty men.

January 11.—Advices from Colon that twenty-one vessels were wrecked and sixty-five lives lost during a recent storm there.

OBITUARY.

December 27.—In London, Dr. Samuel Birch, Egyptologist, aged seventy-two years.

December 19.—In Liverpool, Stephen Barker Guion, of the Guion Steam-ship Company, aged sixty-five years.

December 20.—In New York city, Professor John Christopher Draper, in his fifty-first year.

January 5.—In Philadelphia, Joshua B. Lippincott, publisher, aged seventy years.—In Albany, New York, N. D. Wendell, ex-State Treasurer, aged fifty years.

Editor's Drawer.

AT a gathering of Pilgrims and strangers in the city of Quakers, on the 22d of December, the person who opens and shuts this Drawer (and never has any credit for the things he keeps out of it) was asked by the ironical president of the meeting to say something about The New England Farmer. He confessed that he was glad to do so, because this so-called agricultural pioneer had been very much misunderstood. And the company graciously permitted him to make the following explanation:

Two radical misconceptions have been at the basis of this misunderstanding; the first was that he was a farmer, and the second was that he had a farm. Under this false conception a great deal of ridicule has been poured upon this typical character. It has been said that the only things he raised were beans, stone walls, and doughnuts. It has been said that his chief crop was cod-fish. It has been said that his only luxury was a round solid disk, which could be stacked up in piles, called pumpkin pie, and that his inadequate conception of Bacchantic enjoyment was hard cider.

It would be idle for me to attempt to shake these popular prejudices. It would have no effect upon the skeptics to say that in the Patent-office in Washington his doughnut is the only doughnut ever invented in the world that has jelly inside of it. It would not be believed if I said that the pumpkin pie was made

to be used as a shield in the Indian wars, and that the stone walls were raised as ramparts behind which this so-called farmer could stand and shoot the British. It is necessary to get outside of all these considerations, and inquire why the Pilgrims came to New England. It was certainly not for the purpose of farming. If Providence had intended New England as a farming country, the rocks would have been put deep down at the bottom and the soil on top, and there would have been more fertile, lovely little valleys, and fewer ridges and sand hills. The Pilgrim had another idea than that of farming. His setting up a school-house as soon as he landed, instead of a phosphate mill, shows that. On the first sand-hill island he set his foot on he held a "meeting." He made a constitution before he came ashore, and though he did not, as other adventurers had done before him, set up a cross on the new territory, the world very soon found that the constitution had a cross in it. I know it has been said that he came to New England in order to give the Indians and the Quakers and the Baptists an opportunity to worship God according to the dictates of his, the Pilgrim's, conscience. But this was a slander. He knew he was on the Lord's side, and he didn't want these other people interfering with the Lord's work. Especially he wouldn't tolerate the devil coming in and raiding his plantations in the form of witches and the like. He is justly called superstitious by an age and a city given over to spiritism, clairvoyance, mind cure, "materialization," and other certainties.

If he had set up merely as a farmer, he would have had none of these troubles. If his idea had been a fat, material prosperity, I think he would have left his bean hills on the Plymouth heights to the Indians, and looked for land further south. I do not say that he was insensible to the nameless charm of this coast in summer, to the flavor of the wild grape, the majesty of the forest, to the bloom of the Mayflower in the spring-time, and that he was unresponsive to the deliciousness of the oyster and the clam and the Spanish mackerel. But he had other things in his mind when he set about subduing New England.

It seemed to him that this was an excellent land in which to set up a government, and organize a virtuous society, and develop a theology, and to cultivate ideas. I gather from contemporary documents that he set more store by education and religion than by crops of corn and wheat, and that his exports of fish and lumber were temporary expedients while he was preparing to send out and plant elsewhere institutions and ideas. He set his meeting-house on a hill. The crop he most cared for was men and women. That is the reason his house was more important than his barn, in distinction from the materialistic notion prevailing in some fertile parts of our country, where the barn is magnificent and the house is only an adjunct. Perhaps he was more devoted to town-meeting than to ploughing; and looking at what he had to plough, and seeing what he accomplished in town-meeting, history excuses him.

The wonder is that while dragging the sea and scratching the rocks to get the means of sustaining life, he should have had so much time for the cultivation of ideas, and for nursing the virtues and the indomitable spirit that were to stamp their impress upon the continent. Owing to his narrow means of living, the notion got abroad that he was penurious. But he gave what he had to give, and when you come to the question of generosity, in the gift of vital force, principles, ideas, men who make states, and women who create families, and whose beauty and modesty are the charm of society, I think the New England Farmer was the most liberal man in the world. If he had had a farm and been a farmer, you can judge how the rest of the country would have got along, who would have given it enterprise and stability, who would have made inventions for it, and who would have insured it—either in this world or the next.

But as the son of a New England Farmer I can not leave the matter here. For I remember the old farm-house, and the wide fire-place beside which I used to sit and hear my grandmother tell how when she was a little girl, and the redcoats occupied Plymouth and Kingston, she used to put her shoes under her pillow every night, expecting that any moment she might have to flee into the woods to escape the British; and how she heard all day the cannonading at the battle of Bunker Hill. I was in fact present, as were all the New England Farmer boys of my time, at this battle of Bunker Hill, and at the capture of Ticonderoga, and at the surrender of Burgoyne. There lingered in every farm-house the heroic spirit come down from the French and Indian wars and the Revolutionary times. The British enemy was a reality. There in the kitchen hung the Continental musket and the cartridge-box.

This, however, is not what I started to say. You may have read that to them who seek first the kingdom of heaven everything else shall be added. This, I firmly believe, was the case of the New England Farmer. His farm-house had a mighty cellar, provisioned like the vaults of a mediæval monastery for a six months' siege. On one side was a portentous row of cider barrels; on the other, tier on tier of ruddy apples; in vast bins the potatoes and other vegetables, and in their proper places barrels of salted meat and apple-sauce. In this subterranean store-house I can see now the frost glisten on the walls when the boy explored its recesses by the light of a tallow candle, sent by his grandfather to draw a jug of cider from the hardest barrel. In the cool outer pantry hung dozens of chickens and turkeys, the quarters of a slaughtered steer, and on shelves lay rows of hardy winter pies. In the

garret were suspended the strings of dried apples, and there were the tubs of maple sugar and the heaps of butternuts and hickory-nuts. The vast wood-shed was piled with fuel. It makes the tears come into a patriot's eyes to think of it all. I will not dwell on it.

In all the wind-swept country the snow was piled to the fence-tops, and drifted mountain-high in the roads. Energy excavated this or surmounted it, sleighs were abroad, and the merry bells were heard all over the township. All roads led to the meeting-house, and everybody, young and old, turned out to the Sunday service, where in default of furnace and stove the sermon was hot enough to keep the blood in circulation. Each farm-house was more or less a centre of comfort and hospitality. Social life had vitality. There were merry force and hearty enjoyment in the sleigh-rides, parties, and holiday frolics. The people were quite wide-awake. The metropolis drew its men of affairs from these country homes, and the men of affairs knew where to look for the pretty girls whose beauty and good sense and intelligence made them leaders in metropolitan society. Every house had some books, not many but classics, and they were read. Perhaps if there had been more agriculture, there would have been less intellectual life. These so-called farmers were organizing great missionary enterprises, concerning themselves about slavery, and in perpetual agitation over something. Ah me! would there were more such farmers!

A PLANTATION FUNERAL.

It was the last Sunday afternoon of June, 1864. The writer was standing in a negro burying-ground watching a funeral procession move slowly along the narrow plantation road toward the grave-yard—a most beautiful situation. The summit of a high hill, which, through a vista of flowering rhododendron and dogwood, overlooked the river; a forest of huge oaks garlanded with gray moss; a carpet of vivid green dotted with wild violets, broom, and sheep-grass, which Virginians call daisies. Shut in from all the world of sight and sound by the thicket of young trees that crept up its sides, the hill would have been lonely but for the luxuriant growth of untrammelled nature. No inclosure marked it as a cemetery, only at every step a small cleared place denoted a grave, most of which were sunken, and all unmarked. In the centre of the plat an ugly red wound had been cut in the green carpet, and here were lying spades, a rake, and a little shovel.

The procession was headed by a rude plantation cart, in which lay a coffin (painted a bright red, to indicate the youth of the occupant), and drawn by a pair of oxen, which patiently and slowly bore their burden up the steep hill-side. A tall young negro driver walked behind, carrying a long whip, which he cracked now and then when the coffin jostled from side to side. Immediately behind the driver was a mulatto woman with a patient, tearless face, dressed in her Sunday gown of clean cotton homespun, and holding by her hand a little white girl in a coarsely woven linen dress, also evidently of plantation make, and a plaited straw hat of the same manufacture. A company of from four to five hundred negroes followed, all on foot, of all shades of color (except white), all ages, all sizes and sexes. They were singing a hymn with that plaintive but cheerful refrain which is the heart of all negro melody:

> We are walkin' in de light—
> Walkin' in de light;
> We are walkin' in de light—
> Walkin' in de light ob God.

How every echo in the valley below gave back the sound! When they reached the grave, six young men, whom custom required to be of the same age or within six months of it, and if possible the same height, as the dead man, stepped forward and lowered the coffin into its last resting-place. It would have been a breach of the observances if any of these pall-bearers had been of his blood or connection.

The mother, with the little white girl, took her place as chief mourner at the head of the grave, and the preacher came forward. He was a tall, perfectly black man of seventy-five, with long curling white hair, and a sweet yet shrewd countenance. He was dressed from head to foot in a black broadcloth suit, which had evidently been the gift of one of the white family, and originally worn by a man of different size and build. But this did not detract from the dignity of his appearance or office.

He looked around on the placid scene—the blue Virginia sky looking through the interlacing branches of the green oaks, the birds that hopped fearlessly from bough to bough, at the background of strangely tranquil faces—and began:

"Brethern, sisteren, en sinners, 'tain't wurth while for me to be a-preachin' of a sermon to you all on dis 'casion. I gwine preach to-night, please God, en excusin' of de interference o' mistis. I preach las' night, en many a night. Isrul is here a-preachin' to you. Here he is before you. Here his feet—why don't he walk? here his mouf—how come he don't talk? here his eyes—how come he don't see? *Nobody ain't a-henderin' of him.*

"Because, bretherin en sisteren en sinners, Isrul is dead. He 'ain't got no life in him. I ain't 'scussin' of his sperrit; his sperrit is gone to de Lord whar gif to him. I 'scussin' of his body, which is like you sinners is now, dead in trespasses en sin.

"De Lord gin to all a plant patch; He gin us seed; He gin us season. Me, en Sis Nelly" (turning to the bereaved parent), "en Brer One-eye Moses, en a chance er folks here, done work our patch en plant our seed, en we's a-waitin' for de harves'. But dere's a chance er you whar 'ain't stuck a spade in de ground;

de seed done dried up; de season come en gone; you 'ain't got no life in you, no more'n is de body er dis young man, whar nobody ain't a-henderin' from risin' if he hed life.

"Now, sinners, you 'members las' week? Isrul was in de 'bacca crap a-singin' of reel chunes. Up to Dinah house on de hill he ware a-shufflin' of his feet; he warn't a-robbin' of no watermillion patches, nor sassin' of ole pussins, but he ware a-singin' o' reel chunes, en a-dancin'. En when he ware strickin down he ware a *sinner*.

"But de Lord were gracious. I don't git down on dese ole knees for nuthin. I wrastled for him; I wrastled for him a whole night, en de Lord heard His sarvant. Jess before Brer Isrul go (he hadn't made no sign o' 'pentance twell dat minute) he set up in de bed en he say"—the breathless expectancy could be felt in the very hush of the birds—"he say, '*Dat you, Marse Willum?*' en fell back dead.

"Bretheren en sisteren en sinners, our young marster whar was kilt in de war, en whar de cannon blow into so many little pieces dat we karnt git enough togedder to make a 'spectable corpse to bury in de gyarden—our young Marse Willum hed come for Isrul. Now we all know—en you sinners better be a-sharpenin' up your years—dey ain't but two places for dead folks. One un 'em is hebben, en de ter one 'tis a scandal to be a-namin' here. We all know *Marse Willum ain't dar*. So we got good sperence, ef he come for Isrul, he dun kar him to Abraham's bussum, whar he is his self.

"But don't none o' you sinners be takin' to satisfyin' o' yourselves on account o' Isrul makin' a death-bed 'pentance. Dar was 'bundance o' sinners at de crucifyin' o' de Lord, en just dat one thief got in de kingdom. De nex' time dar is enny nine-hour 'pentances, in dis here preacher's 'pinion 'twon't be more'n jestice for one o' Mass Paul's or Mass Walter's niggers to git de chance. Dis plantation dun hed hit's dyin' thief (excusin' Isrul bein' a thief). En more'n dat, Marse Willum won't be a-comin' out o' Abraham's bussum to fotch nobody but Isrul, for him en Isrul was partners fum little chillen, en now dey's togedder forever wid de Lord. Amen."

There was a pause. A carriage drawn by two handsomely groomed horses stopped at the bridle-path, and a tall, majestic woman of seventy descended, leaning on the arm of a black woman almost as majestic in her own dignity. The mistress wore a black satin gown and a widow's cap; the negroes silently stepped aside, making an aisle for her as she passed slowly and yet erectly toward the grave.

"My dear servants," she said, in a distinct tone, "I have lost in Israel a good and faithful servant; he has gone to his Master and ours, and has his reward. He has already, perhaps, seen—my son. I have just heard of a repulse of our army, and the approach of the enemy. Troubles increase, but I can trust you all to defend and protect me and mine"—she glanced at the little girl.

"Yes, mistis; shooly, mistis," was heard through the crowd. She held out her wrinkled, jewelled hand to the lad's mother (who pressed it in hers), walked back to the carriage, and was driven away.

The preacher then again assumed command. Taking the child in his arms, he filled the little shovel which lay among the ugly implements with earth, and handed it to her. The little girl, seated comfortably on his shoulder, took it with grave complacency, and looked with mournful but unfrightened gaze into the open grave.

"Yearth to yearth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes," said the preacher; and the child let fall the clods with a practiced hand on the coffin. Awaiting the resurrection of the dead! She then slipped down, put her hand in that of her mammy, and the process of filling the chasm began. When the last spadeful of earth was patted down, and the tools—which the negroes always leave by a grave until needed for a similar occasion—were placed alongside, the whole company broke out in a hymn. It was started by the little girl (who evidently, next to the preacher and the corpse, was the most important person at all funerals), and taken up by the mother, till one by one all joined in the burst of melody. There were no tears: tears were for the lost, for the sinner; it was rebellious for Christians to weep; and so, singing, the procession wound down the hill.

> On Canaan's calm and peaceful shore
> We ain't gwine die no more, no more—
> We ain't gwine die no more.

I. C. CABELL.

THE COOLEST MAN IN THE FRENCH ARMY.

"The coolest man I ever knew was old Victor de St. Hilaire, the colonel of an infantry regiment that saw some service in Algeria," said Colonel Henri Dubois, one of a party of French officers who, having halted to take a look at Siam on their way home from the Tonquin war, had come to dine with us on board of a British gun-boat which had somehow found its way up the Mei-Nam River.

"I've known men," he continued, "who managed to put on a great show of coolness in time of danger, though they were really very much excited; but there was no putting-on with St. Hilaire—it came as natural to him as eating his dinner. All his hair-breadth escapes (and he had had so many that he could hardly count them himself) had left him as cool as before, and it really seemed as if dangers passed him by because he would not condescend to notice that they were there at all. Once his men mutinied, and two of them clapped their bayonets to his breast as if to run him through; but the colonel only smiled, and said, as quietly as ever, 'Be careful, my lads; you might hurt me.'

"Now it happened that in Colonel St. Hi-

laire's regiment there was a peppery young sub-lieutenant who was as hot as the colonel was cool. With him it was always (as you English say) 'a word and a blow, and the blow first.' He had fought so many duels that the soldiers used to call him 'Sudden Death,' and to say that the best way to end the war would be for him to challenge the enemy's whole army, man by man. Well, one day this lieutenant had committed some fault, for which the colonel gave him such a scolding that the young fellow's hot blood couldn't bear it any longer. Quick as lightning he whipped out a pistol and fired right at St. Hilaire's face, so close that the muzzle almost touched him. But the pistol missed fire, and the colonel said, quite coolly, 'Forty-eight hours' arrest for not keeping your arms in proper order.'"

"And was *that* all that the lieutenant got?" asked a dozen voices at once, in undisguised amazement.

"That was all; and I can tell you that *he* thought it was quite enough — Ha! general, good-evening. I was just telling these gentlemen how you once put me under arrest for not having my pistols in working order."

DAVID KER.

THE DINGY SOD HOUSE OF DAKOTA.

I PASSED it far out on the prairie,
The house of necessity born;
No lines of its dinginess vary,
So sombre, so dark, so forlorn.

It is bounded by measureless acres;
Not a fence or a tree is in sight;
But, though plain as the dress of the Quakers,
It stands in the sun's broadest light.

The badger near by makes his burrow,
The gopher his hillock of soil,
And ploughs, with their mile-lengths of furrow,
Go round it with infinite toil.

A well-curb, a wash-bench, a woman,
With poultry and pigs, are outside;
The clothes-line is wondrously human
In look, and the vista—how wide!

You can go to the sunrise or "sundown"
In straight lines, the left or the right,
And leagues of long level are run down
Before you escape from its sight.

The roof is well thatched with coarse grasses;
A stove-pipe peers out to the sky.
'Tis a picture whose plainness surpasses
All objects that challenge the eye.

Twisted hay serves its owner for fuel:
He twists it at ease by the roar
Of a hay fire, which parries the cruel,
Harsh bite of the wind at the door.

Sometimes in an ocean of color
(In summer 'tis yellow or green)
It stands. In November a duller
Broad carpet about it is seen.

In winter, while blasts from the prairie
Bring "blizzards" that cease not to blow,
'Tis as warm as an isle of Canary,
Deep under the tempest and snow.

JOEL BENTON.

In a certain Southern State an execution by hanging took place recently. The criminal, though undoubtedly guilty of murder, had the sympathy of a large number of persons on account of the extenuating circumstances under which the crime was perpetrated, and as the fatal day approached, numerous marks of kindness were shown the prisoner. A great many visited him in his cell, and the following report was made of the last interview between husband and wife:

On the evening preceding the execution, when the jailer, with deepest sympathy, announced to the wife that the time was up, and she must leave, she embraced her husband, and with many tears asked his permission to be allowed to witness the execution. He sternly and indignantly refused, whereupon she burst into a fresh flood of tears, and exclaimed, "Oh, William, I did not expect *this* of you; but you know you always would refuse me *every pleasure.*"

E. E. S.

A neighbor of mine (writes a lady) always insists upon his children eating their crusts before they can be helped to anything more. Once there was company at the dinner table, and one of the children passed her plate to her father for some pie. Her father, observing a crust on the plate, said, "What is this on thy plate, Marion?" Receiving no reply, he repeated the question. Still getting no answer, he helped her to the pie to avoid a scene. When the plate reached Miss Marion she leaned over to her sister and said, in a perfectly audible under-tone, "Well, he don't know a crust when he sees it."

When they proposed bringing out the *Passion Play* on the stage of the Boston Globe, the principals were discussing the relative positions of the characters. Said Morse, "We will put a group of soldiers here, and Pontius Pilate here, and over there the twelve apostles."

"Twelve apostles," said the Boston manager; "you may just as well put in *two dozen* apostles, there's plenty of room."

"Landlord," said a Wisconsin traveller, emerging from the dining-room after a long and fruitless struggle to secure a dinner—"Landlord, there's one thing you have here that's as good as the Palmer House, Chicago."

"I am very glad to please you, sir. What is it?"

"The *salt.*"

ONLY AN INCIDENT.

A few evenings ago (writes a Southern lady) the conversation turned upon suitable times and places for courtships. I said I had once been an accidental *eye-witness*—shall I call it?—to a proposal on the cars. "Oh, tell us!" "Please do let us hear!" exclaimed ten young voices and two mature ones. I could not

resist, and after the recital, which was suitably applauded, a lady, whose opinion I value, begged that I would send it to *Harper*. I hope the parties—unknown to me—will take no offense if they recognize the courtship as their property. I have heard, though, that at such an absorbing moment the identical words used are seldom remembered.

I was sitting on a train about to leave Richmond, Virginia, for Petersburg, when a bridal party came on, and one of the bridemaids occupied the vacant seat by my side. The coach was crowded, and her special escort could not find a seat, but contented himself by standing in the aisle at her side, conversing about the events of the day. It became dark, and I closed the book I had been reading, and leaned my head on the window, and closed my eyes, simply to rest them. Nothing was farther from my thoughts than to be an eaves-dropper, but so in the event I proved to be; for in the darkening twilight the absorbed couple, supposing me to be asleep, settled into "love's low tone," each word of which struck upon my ear clear as a bell, for in his earnestness he leaned on the back of the seat in front of us, his face, as you can picture for yourself, forming with the lady's ear and mine an equilateral triangle. In free America, and on a public conveyance, I did not think it necessary to remind them of my presence. Presently he bent closer, and whispered: "You must know by this time what my attentions to you mean. May I hope that I may claim you as mine?"

After a little pause she said, "I am very sorry, but I am afraid our paths through life will have to *diverge*."

He expostulated, of course; then, heaving a deep sigh, walked away.

The twilight deepened, and I still rested my eyes. After a while the disconsolate lover returned, and renewed his suit, saying: "I have spent fifteen wretched minutes. Can you give me no hope?"

Her voice in the gloaming sounded like music to him, I have no doubt, as she answered: "I have been thinking over what I told you. No one knows what will be in the future, and perhaps our paths may *converge*."

Just then the whistle blew for my station, and gathering up my possessions, I was preparing to depart, when he exclaimed, joyfully: "Do you get off here? Allow me to help you with these." And with shining eyes he took my satchel and parcels, and helped me off, even controlling himself so far as to bow respectfully as I left.

On looking back I could see the lady in my seat by the window, and the happy lover sitting by her side. The whistle blew, the train started, and—the curtain fell.



TRYING TO MAKE IT ALL RIGHT.

Mr. Spooner Taffaugh. "How divinely tall and slender Miss Madison is!" (*Then, thinking he has said something offensive:*) "Oh! I like fat women too!"

Still Mrs. Jones is not pleased.

LITERARY NOTES.

NOTE.—Since my article, with which the present number of *Harper's Magazine* opens, was printed, further inquiries have revealed facts which demand a supplementary revise. The representative of Essen in the Reichstag —"Christian-Social," and not a "Social-Democrat"—did not, strictly speaking, defeat Mr. Krupp, whose candidature was unauthorized by himself, and who, it was known, would not accept an election. The guns referred to as having had their hinder part blown off, in the war with Denmark, 1864, though made of Krupp's steel, had loading mechanisms made in other factories. The unhealthiness I have attributed to a portion of the work must not be supposed greater than that incidental to similar work everywhere. The twelve hours' daily work of the furnace hands is less for those under sixteen years of age, and the average time for other laborers is eleven hours. Mr. Krupp was not, as stated, an only child, but the eldest of three brothers.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

NO more desirable contributions have been made to our American educational apparatus than those which are comprised in Mr. William J. Rolfe's edition of the "English Classics."[1] These now consist of forty-two beautifully printed and illustrated handy volumes, suitable for the pocket or the reticule, of which forty are devoted to the *Complete Dramatic and Poetical Works of Shakespeare*, and one each to *Select Poems* of Goldsmith and Gray.

Of Mr. Rolfe's edition of Shakespeare no words of commendation can be warmer or heartier than it deserves. Intended to be used in schools and families, and social or Shakespeare clubs, Mr. Rolfe has pruned the text of the plays of such gross or indelicate words or phrases as it would be impossible for any one with the instincts of a true gentleman or gentlewoman to read aloud before a mixed audience of young men and maidens, or of adults even of both sexes. To this extent the edition is an expurgated one. But the expurgations have been made with great discretion and reserve, and without any sacrifice of the sense or beauty, the omissions being generally verbal and not essential to the text. The text adopted by Mr. Rolfe is that which has the sanction of the best Shakespearean authorities. Each "play" occupies a distinct volume, and is prefaced by trustworthy historical and bibliographical summaries, showing the sources from whence it was derived, and giving accounts of its earliest representations upon the stage and its earliest editions. These summaries are followed by a large array of critical and æsthetic comment—sometimes quite extended, and always able—selected from the writings of the most eminent Shakespearean scholars and commentators. Then comes the text, undisfigured by the slightest note or comment, the lines, however, being so numbered that if the reader is in doubt as to the meaning of a word or passage or allusion, he may easily refer to the expository and explanatory notes, or to the glossary, which are collected in a body in an appendix following the "play." These notes form an invaluable repertory of illustration and explanation, and of interpretation of the manners and customs, languages and costumes, of the times, and of the historical, archæological, and other allusions that occur in the text; and they embody without prolixity or pedantry the opinions and conclusions that have resulted from the researches of the most acute and learned scholars and critics. The native good sense, the sound judgment, and the unintermitting sagacity that have presided over Mr. Rolfe's annotations and interpretations are everywhere manifest in this edition of our greatest English classic.

Besides this school edition of Rolfe's Shakespeare, the Messrs. Harper have also published an elegant library edition in twenty volumes, styled "The Friendly Edition,"[2] which is admirably adapted for a holiday or birthday present.

The poems of Gray and Goldsmith which Mr. Rolfe has edited, though in themselves familiar, are enriched, as is his edition of Shakespeare, with an opulence of elegant pictorial illustrations, and an overflowing store of delightful and instructive notes and comments illustrative of allusions and passages in the poems, or of incidents in the lives and companionships of their authors.

Although Mr. William Swinton's *Studies in English Literature*[3] have been prepared with a definite aim as an educational manual, they deserve attention not only for their value as such, but also for their substantial literary merits. Mr. Swinton's selections are always presided over by good taste, and have been drawn from those authors of recognized eminence who are representative of the style and the distinctive literary methods and characteristics of the respective eras in which they flourished. Mr. Swinton has made a judicious choice of examples from forty of the most prominent writers in our tongue, each of which challenges admiration for some

[1] *English Classics: Shakespeare—Gray—Goldsmith.* Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M., formerly Head Master of the High-School, Cambridge, Mass. Illustrated. Small 4to, Paper, 40 cents; Flexible Cloth, 56 cents per volume. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[2] *Friendly Edition of Shakespeare's Works.* Complete in 20 vols. 16mo, Cloth, $30 00; Half Calf, $60 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[3] *Studies in English Literature.* Being Typical Selections of British and American Authorship, from Shakespeare to the Present Time. Together with Definitions, Notes, Analyses, and Glossary, as an Aid to Systematic Literary Study. For Use in Normal and High Schools, etc. By WILLIAM SWINTON. With Portraits. Crown 8vo, pp. 638, $1 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

intrinsic excellence, either of beauty, grandeur, eloquence, elegance, or imaginative power, and the whole form a series of readings of the first quality, *in* rather than *about* literature, from Shakespeare's until our own day. Each selection is furnished with what Mr. Swinton appropriately styles a "working outfit" of definitions and principles, and of directions for the application of the canons of literary art to the analysis of the texts presented. This analysis comprises a great variety of exercises, grammatical and rhetorical, logical and etymological, and a large body of explanatory notes interpreting the writers cited, and making clear their references and allusions. The sterling and distinctive worth of the volume, aside from the copious and valuable instruction it dispenses, resides in its influence to incite the scholar into whose hands it may fall to further reading in sound authors, and to evolve an active and refined literary taste that will make it impossible for him to remain in ignorance of the works of the great writers who have enriched and adorned our literature.

The general principles on which all free governments rest, and more especially the manner in which these principles are applied in our own government, are very clearly and succinctly stated by Mr. Charles Nordhoff in an exceedingly practical and sensible little hand-book entitled *Politics for Young Americans*,[4] which is an admirable manual of instruction upon the duties and responsibilities of citizenship for use in families and in grammar and high schools. It may also be read with profit by many persons of more mature age. Mr. Nordhoff's treatment of the subject embraces a complete expository analysis of our federal government in all its departments, their functions and powers, and a statement of the processes by which its officers are nominated and elected or appointed, its administration, legislation, and judicial functions carried on, its foreign and domestic affairs regulated, the rights and privileges of its citizens protected and secured, and the strength and resources of the country generally developed and augmented. In connection with this are special expositions of the part borne in our system by the executive, legislative, and judicial branches, and of the powers, duties, responsibilities, and limitations of each; of the powers and duties of the citizen; of the province and influence of town meetings; of the nature of political constitutions and the character and operations of political parties; and of such important incidents of government as education, taxes, public debts and sinking funds, banking, credit, manufactures, commerce, tariffs, and the like. Brief but sufficiently full reference is also made to many of the practical and living issues that must inevitably engage the attention of the citizen and the legislator, such as the power and sphere of corporations, the conflict of capital and labor, strikes, trades-unions, diversity and conflict of industries, and the tendency to the enactment of restraining and prohibitory laws. Concise and perspicuous outline sketches are also given of the Confederation and the Union, of the American political system, and of our Indian, public land, and Territorial systems. In conclusion, a compact and valuable body of rules is given for the conduct of deliberative assemblies; and in an appendix are printed the complete text of the Constitution of the United States, the Declaration of Independence, and Washington's Farewell Address. The work is an accurate and comprehensive survey of our entire political system, and is dominated throughout by that practical wisdom which is the natural offspring of sound common-sense.

Young people, who are often so lamentably deficient in their knowledge of mythology as to be incapable of comprehending many of the classical allusions that occur in books of poetry, art, history, or general literature, and even in the books which they are required to study in school, would no longer suffer from this disadvantage if a small portion of their hours of study were systematically appropriated to a convenient little work on *The Mythology of Greece and Rome*,[5] which has been translated from the German of O. Seemann, and published in this country by the Messrs. Harper. This admirable little book is peculiarly adapted for an educational manual alike by its skillful and systematic arrangement, the clearness and simplicity of its diction, and the fine classical and artistic taste which pervades it. It embodies in moderate compass a clear and engaging account of the ancient legends relating to the creation of the world, the origin of the gods, the province filled by and the functions attributed to the greater and lesser deities of Greece and Rome; and also of the provincial legends relating the origin and deeds of the semi-divine, semi-human, and altogether human heroes and other imaginary or traditionary beings who were the products of the earlier and the later heroic ages, special regard being had in each case to the legends of those gods and men which occupy a prominent position in history, poetry, and art. The various myths and legends are illustrated with engravings after some of the most celebrated masterpieces of ancient art.

The study of ancient classical and Oriental literature in high schools, academies, and colleges may be greatly facilitated, and greatly popularized also, by the use of a judiciously

[4] *Politics for Young Americans.* By Charles Nordhoff. A Revised Edition for Schools and Colleges. 12mo, pp. 200, Half Leather, 75 cents; Paper, 40 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[5] *The Mythology of Greece and Rome.* With Special Reference to its Use in Art. From the German of O. Seemann. Edited by G. H. Bianchi, B.A. With 64 Illustrations. 16mo, pp. 311, 60 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

condensed text-book on the subject, which has been prepared by Professor John D. Quackenbos, and to which he has given the title, *An Illustrated History of Ancient Literature, Oriental and Classical.*[6] The volume is the fruit of the compiler's long experience in the lecture-room, and it presents a full and attractive account of the literature of the ancient nations—Hindoo, Persian, Chinese, Hebrew, Chaldean, Assyrian, Arabic, Phœnician, Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman—unencumbered by obscure names and wearisome details. In his account of these nations the author treats of the origin and relationships of their languages and peoples, and incidentally brings forward some of the most interesting facts, discoveries, and conclusions that have been reached by eminent scholars during the last quarter of a century in the domain of comparative philology. In this latter department particular attention has been given to the explanation of the hieroglyphic picture-writings of the Egyptians and to illustrative descriptions of the literary treasures that have been unearthed in the Nile Valley, in Assyria, and elsewhere. The author gives a full and clear outline of each literature as a unit, and, while doing so, grafts on the narrative, at the points where they appropriately belong, brief biographies of the great writers in each literature, accompanied with short and carefully selected specimens, so as to give the pupil a just idea of each author's style and genius. The volume is copiously illustrated, and is a valuable addition to our more select educational literature.

The almost universal recognition throughout the United States of the importance of music and singing as a part of education renders a good collection of songs and music an essential part of every school apparatus and of every comprehensive educational series. Unfortunately many of the collections that are in use are limited in their range, and also of inferior value so far as relates to the literary merit of their songs and hymns or the quality of their musical scores. Undoubtedly the best—very far the best—collection that has yet appeared is *The Franklin Square Song Collection,*[7] selected by J. P. McCaskey. It consists of three separate parts, each containing two hundred choice songs and hymns, with the accompanying music. The collection comprises many favorite tunes and airs of recent date, but its chief attraction and excellence reside in its large infusion of the fine old glees, ballads, carols, songs, and hymns which are endeared to us by their associations, and whose melodies have stood the test of time through many generations, and deserve to endure for many generations yet to come. The entire repertory comprises six hundred selections of that chaste and moving kind which is suitable for use in schools and homes, in the nursery and at the fireside, on festal and anniversary occasions, and at family or social worship.

Many features of unusual excellence are combined in *A Popular Manual of English Literature,*[8] by Maude Gillette Phillips, recently published by the Messrs. Harper. Among the most prominent of these are the helpful systematic method of its arrangement, the comprehensiveness of its general surveys, the abundance of its illustrative and critical citations, the taste and discrimination of its criticisms, the amplitude of its outlines and summaries, and the thoroughness of its introduction of the reader to the *persons* as well as to the productions of these representative writers in prose and verse who have exerted a potential influence upon English thought and literature. The work treats English literature under ten general divisions, extending from the Anglo-Saxon to the Victorian Age, each representing a definite period in the historical development of our literature, the study of which as a distinct unit is combined with a collateral study of the contemporaneous foreign literatures that exercised a modifying influence on the English thought and style of the period. The study of the literature of each of these "ages" opens with a concise general survey of those distinguishing characteristics of the age which impressed themselves upon its literature, and found utterance in the productions of its greatest writers and thinkers. Then follows a similarly concise survey of contemporaneous foreign literature; and then a series of elaborate specific studies of several of the more distinguished writers, comprising descriptions of their personal appearance, dress, etc.; a collection of comments that have been made on their writings and character by eminent contemporaneous and recent critics; brief biographical sketches; chronological classifications of their works, so arranged as to illustrate the march of their literary and intellectual development; and separate analytical studies of their productions in the order of their composition or publication, each study being accompanied by a selection of such of the lines, thoughts, or passages in their works as have become familiar or famous, and by a symposium of critical and æsthetic comment by other eminent writers. The student at school or college, or the general reader, may thus easily refer to special points in the literature of either of the ten periods of English literature, or to particular

[6] *Illustrated History of Ancient Literature, Oriental and Classical.* By John D. Quackenbos, A.M., M.D. Accompanied with Engravings and Colored Maps. 12mo, pp. 432, $1 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[7] *Franklin Square Song Collection.* In Three Parts, each containing Two Hundred Favorite Songs and Hymns for Schools and Homes, Nursery and Fireside. No. 1, pp. 160, 8vo, Paper, 40 cents; Cloth, $1 00. Nos. 2 and 3, each, pp. 176, 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, $1 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[8] *A Popular Manual of English Literature, Containing Outlines of the Literature of France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and the United States.* With Historical, Scientific, Art Notes, Diagrams, etc. By Maude Gillette Phillips. Two Volumes, 8vo, Cloth, pp. 580 and 569, $4 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

features in the lines or writings of the central figures who have been chosen to illustrate it.

Among the valuable additions that have been made by the Messrs. Harper to their sterling educational publications is a volume of ancient biographies entitled *The Lives of Greek Statesmen*,[9] by the Rev. Sir George W. Cox, author of *The Students' General History of Greece*. The work was undertaken by the author in the conviction that animated personal sketches of the great men who moulded the Grecian commonwealths and gave direction to their destinies would be more attractive to youths in schools or colleges than the more formidable histories, and at the same time would give them closer and more interesting views of the people and institutions, and also of the history, of ancient Greece than they would get from a perusal of the more extensive and more elaborate works. The book includes lives of Solon, Peisistratos, Kleisthenes, Polykrates, Aristagoras, Miltiades, Aristeides, Pausanias, Gelon, and Themistokles, and these present in epitome a picture of the whole Greek world down to the close of the great struggle with Persia. In the preparation of these lives the eminent historian has fully exercised his own independent judgment, and does not hesitate to traverse the views of other historians where he has satisfactory evidence of their inaccuracy as to facts, or their prejudice or injustice as to individuals or institutions. This is especially apparent in his vindication of the patriotism and abilities of Themistokles. The biographies are gracefully as well as vigorously written, and leave no essential incident in the life of the individual or in the national life and literature unconsidered. A second volume, devoted to the lives of Greek statesmen who flourished subsequently to Themistokles, is in preparation.

Mr. Oscar Browning's *Introduction to the History of Educational Theories*[10] is a small but very noteworthy volume, in which he gives a lucid and popular historical outline of the main lines of thought on educational subjects which have prevailed and have been reduced to practice from an early period in Grecian history to modern times, so far as they have any present interest. The purpose of the outline and inquiry is to ascertain what ground there is for retaining existing methods and practices in education or for substituting others; and also, by recalling what great teachers have attempted, with good or ill success, to stimulate the educators of to-day to complete the work of their predecessors on easier conditions. The work is of great value for its suggestive reflections upon the merits and demerits of the several systems that have been put to the test of trial, and for its judicious observations on the parts in each that are promising or unpromising of substantial good results, when considered with relation to the educational needs of the present day.

Old Greek Education[11] is the title of a brilliant little treatise by Professor Mahaffy of Trinity College, Dublin, in which he attempts to interest the public generally, as well as those who are professional educators, in the ideas of education that were entertained by that people—the Greeks—who, as he conceives, succeeded better than any other people in fitting its members for the practical requirements and also for the higher ends and enjoyments of life. To this end he outlines the Grecian methods of education in infancy, in early childhood and boyhood, at school (including in this branch physical and musical training), and finally in young manhood. It is the deliberate judgment of this eminent educator that we may derive important lessons in the great problem of education from the example of the people of Greece; for although, as he admits, they were far behind us in the aids and stimulants to human activity and progress, they were, he insists, infinitely better educated than we in the entire round of moral, social, artistic, physical, intellectual, and political training. The treatise is as pithy and incisive in its style as it is suggestive in its arguments and reasonings.

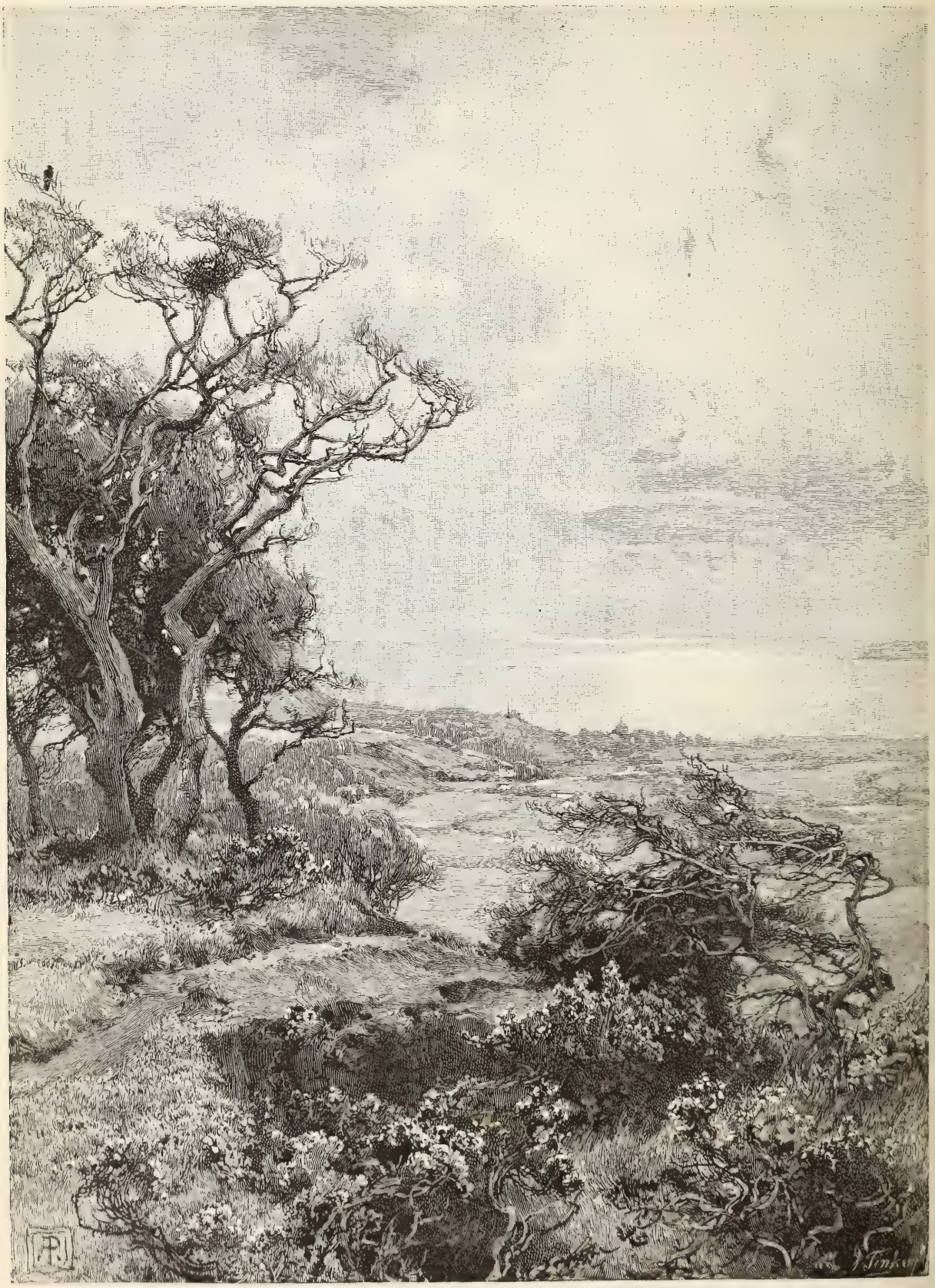
Mr. John Swett's *Methods of Teaching*[12] is emphatically what in its title it professes to be—a hand-book of principles, directions, and working models for common-school teachers. No less emphatically is it a wise manual for use in normal schools and normal classes as a basis for instruction in methods of teaching, or for the use of those who intend to become teachers without taking a course of professional training. Mr. Swett's statements of the general principles of education are rich in useful information for teachers or those who intend to become teachers, those portions especially which relate to physical, moral, and intellectual training, and to school government. The intelligent and conscientious teacher will derive constant assistance from its condensed and specific directions for teaching common-school essentials, and from its working models for beginners in those essentials. Also of substantial value to school trustees and patrons, no less than to teachers, are the eminently sensible and practical hints in school ethics which form the substance of the concluding chapter of this compact and perspicuous treatise.

[9] *Lives of Greek Statesmen.* Solon—Themistokles. By the Rev. Sir George W. Cox. 16mo, Cloth, pp. 220, 75 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[10] *An Introduction to the History of Educational Theories.* By Oscar Browning, M.A. 16mo, Cloth, 50 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[11] *Old Greek Education.* By J. P. Mahaffy, M.A., Fellow and Tutor in Trinity College, Dublin, Author of "A History of Greek Literature," etc. 16mo, Cloth, 75 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[12] *Methods of Teaching: A Hand-Book of Principles, Directions, and Working Models, for Common-School Teachers.* By John Swett. 12mo, Half Leather, $1 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.



"THE FAIR VALE OF SPRINGHAVEN."—[See page 716.]
From a drawing by Alfred Parsons.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXII. APRIL, 1886. No. CCCCXXXI.

THEIR PILGRIMAGE.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN Irene looked out of her state-room window early in the morning of the twentieth of March, there was a softness and luminous quality in the horizon clouds that prophesied spring. The steamboat, which had left Baltimore and an arctic temperature the night before, was drawing near the wharf at Fortress Monroe, and the passengers, most of whom were seeking a mild climate, were crowding the guards, eagerly scanning the long façade of the Hygeia Hotel.

"It looks more like a conservatory than a hotel," said Irene to her father, as she joined him.

"I expect that's about what it is. All those long corridors above and below inclosed in glass are to protect the hot-house plants of New York and Boston, who call it a Winter Resort, and I guess there's considerable winter in it."

"But how charming it is—the soft sea air, the low capes yonder, the sails in the opening shining in the haze, and the peaceful old fort! I think it's just enchanting."

"I suppose it is. Get a thousand people crowded into one hotel under glass, and let 'em buzz around—that seems to be the present notion of enjoyment. I guess your mother'll like it."

And she did. Mrs. Benson, who appeared at the moment, a little flurried with her hasty toilet, a stout, matronly person, rather overdressed for travelling, exclaimed: "What a home-like looking place! I do hope the Stimpsons are here!"

"No doubt the Stimpsons are on hand," said Mr. Benson. "Catch them not knowing what's the right thing to do in March! They know just as well as you do that the Reynoldses and the Van Peagrims are here."

The crowd of passengers, alert to register and secure rooms, hurried up the windy wharf. The interior of the hotel kept the promise of the outside for comfort. Behind the glass-defended verandas, in the spacious office and general lounging-room, sea-coal fires glowed in the wide grates, tables were heaped with newspapers and the illustrated pamphlets in which railways and hotels set forth the advantages of leaving home; luxurious chairs invited the lazy and the tired, and the hotel bureau, telegraph office, railway office, and post-office showed the newcomer that even in this resort he was still in the centre of activity and uneasiness. The Bensons, who had fortunately secured rooms a month in advance, sat quietly waiting while the crowd filed before the register, and took its fate from the courteous autocrat behind the counter. "No room," was the nearly uniform answer, and the travellers had the satisfaction of writing their names and going their way in search of entertainment. "We've eight hundred people stowed away," said the clerk, "and not a spot left for a hen to roost."

At the end of the file Irene noticed a gentleman, clad in a perfectly fitting rough travelling suit, with the inevitable crocodile hand-bag and tightly rolled umbrella, who made no effort to enroll ahead of any one else, but having procured some letters from the post-office clerk, patiently waited till the rest were turned away, and then put down his name. He might as well have written it in his hat. The deliberation of the man, who appeared to be an old traveller, though probably not more than thirty years of age, attracted Irene's attention, and she could not help hearing the dialogue that followed.

"What can you do for me?"

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1886, by Harper and Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington. *All rights reserved.*

"Nothing," said the clerk.

"Can't you stow me away anywhere? It is Saturday, and very inconvenient for me to go any further."

"Can not help that. We haven't an inch of room."

"Well, where can I go?"

"You can go to Baltimore. You can go to Washington; or you can go to Richmond this afternoon. You can go anywhere."

"Couldn't I," said the stranger, with the same deliberation—"wouldn't you let me go to Charleston?"

"Why," said the clerk, a little surprised, but disposed to accommodate—"why, yes, you can go to Charleston. If you take at once the boat you have just left, I guess you can catch the train at Norfolk."

As the traveller turned and called a porter to reship his baggage, he was met by a lady, who greeted him with the cordiality of an old acquaintance and a volley of questions.

"Why, Mr. King, this is good luck. When did you come? have you a good room? What, no, not going?"

Mr. King explained that he had been a resident of Hampton Roads just fifteen minutes, and that having had a pretty good view of the place, he was then making his way out of the door to Charleston, without any breakfast, because there was no room in the inn.

"Oh, that never 'll do. That can not be permitted," said his engaging friend, with an air of determination. "Besides, I want you to go with us on an excursion to-day up the James and help me chaperon a lot of young ladies. No, you can not go away."

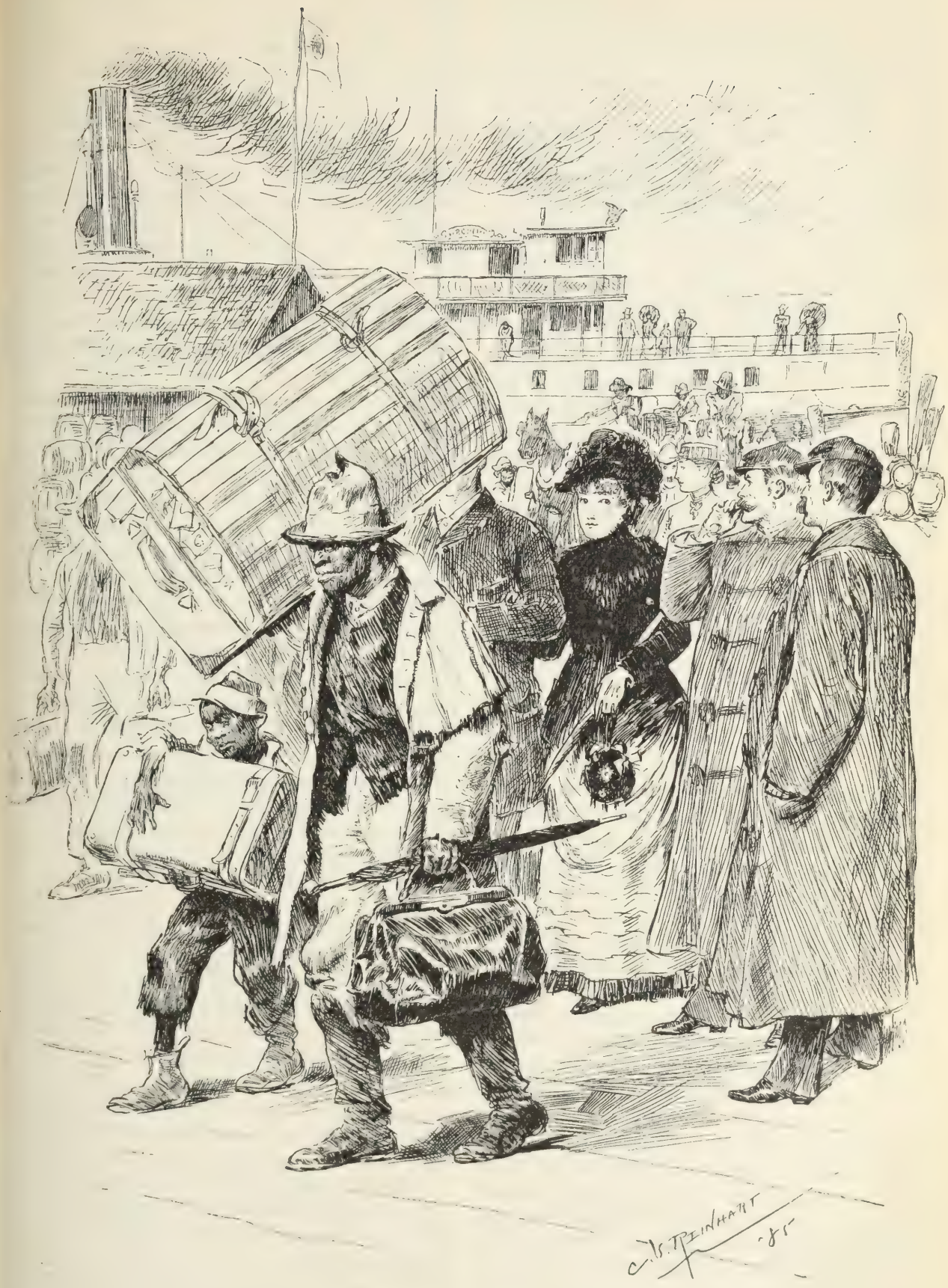
And before Mr. Stanhope King—for that was the name the traveller had inscribed on the register—knew exactly what had happened, by some mysterious power which women can exercise even in a hotel, when they choose, he found himself in possession of a room, and was gayly breakfasting with a merry party at a little round table in the dining-room.

"He appears to know everybody," was Mrs. Benson's comment to Irene, as she observed his greeting of one and another as the guests tardily came down to breakfast. "Anyway he's a genteel-looking party. I wonder if he belongs to Sotor, King, and Co., of New York?"

"Oh, mother," began Irene, with a quick glance at the people at the next table; and then, "if he is a genteel party, very likely he's a drummer. The drummers know everybody."

And Irene confined her attention strictly to her breakfast, and never looked up, although Mrs. Benson kept prattling away about the young man's appearance, wondering if his eyes were dark blue or only dark gray, and why he didn't part his hair exactly in the middle and done with it, and a full, close beard was becoming, and he had a good, frank face anyway, and why didn't the Stimpsons come down; and, "Oh, there's the Van Peagrims," and Mrs. Benson bowed sweetly and repeatedly to somebody across the room.

To an angel, or even to that approach to an angel in this world, a person who has satisfied his appetite, the spectacle of a crowd of people feeding together in a large room must be a little humiliating. The fact is that no animal appears at its best in this necessary occupation. But a hotel breakfast-room is not without interest. The very way in which people enter the room is a revelation of character. Mr. King, who was put in good humor by falling on his feet, as it were, in such agreeable company, amused himself by studying the guests as they entered. There was the portly, florid man, who "swelled" in, patronizing the entire room, followed by a meek little wife and three timid children. There was the broad, dowager woman, preceded by a meek, shrinking little man, whose whole appearance was an apology. There was a modest young couple who looked exceedingly self-conscious and happy, and another couple, not quite so young, who were not conscious of anybody, the gentleman giving a curt order to the waiter, and falling at once to reading a newspaper, while his wife took a listless attitude, which seemed to have become second nature. There were two very tall, very graceful, very high-bred girls in semi-mourning, accompanied by a nice lad in tight clothes, a model of propriety and slender physical resources, who perfectly reflected the gracious elevation of his sisters. There was a preponderance of women, as is apt to be the case in such resorts. A fact explicable not on the theory that women are more delicate than men, but that American men are too busy to take this sort of relaxation, and that the care of an estab-



ARRIVAL AT FORTRESS MONROE.

lishment, with the demands of society and the worry of servants, so draw upon the nervous energy of women that they are glad to escape occasionally to the irresponsibility of hotel life. Mr. King noticed that many of the women had the unmistakable air of familiarity with this sort of life, both in the dining-room and at the office, and were not nearly so timid as some of the men. And this was very observable in the case of the girls, who were chaperoning their mothers, shrinking women who seemed a little confused by the bustle, and a little awed by the machinery of the great caravansary.

At length Mr. King's eye fell upon the Benson group. Usually it is unfortunate that a young lady should be observed for the first time at table. The act of eating is apt to be disenchanting. It needs considerable infatuation and perhaps true love on the part of a young man to make him see anything agreeable in this performance. However attractive a girl may be, the man may be sure that he is not in love if his admiration can not stand this test. It is saying a great deal for Irene that she did stand this test even under the observation of a stranger, and that she handled her fork, not to put too fine a point upon it, in a manner to make the fastidious Mr. King desirous to see more of her. I am aware that this is a very unromantic view to take of one of the sweetest subjects in life, and I am free to confess that I should prefer that Mr. King should first have seen Irene leaning on the balustrade of the gallery, with a rose in her hand, gazing out over the sea with "that far-away look in her eyes." It would have made it much easier for all of us. But it is better to tell the truth, and let the girl appear in the heroic attitude of being superior to her circumstances.

Presently Mr. King said to his friend, Mrs. Cortlandt, "Who is that clever-looking, graceful girl over there?"

"That," said Mrs. Cortlandt, looking intently in the direction indicated—"why, so it is; that's just the thing," and without another word she darted across the room, and Mr. King saw her in animated conversation with the young lady. Returning with satisfaction expressed in her face, she continued, "Yes, she'll join our party—without her mother. How lucky you saw her!"

"Well! Is it the Princess of Paphlagonia?"

"Oh, I forgot you were not in Washington last winter. That's Miss Benson; just charming; you'll see. Family came from Ohio somewhere. You'll see what they are—but Irene! Yes, you needn't ask; they've got money, made it honestly. Began at the bottom—as if they were in training for the Presidency, you know—the mother hasn't got used to it as much as the father. You know how it is. But Irene has had every advantage—the best schools, masters, foreign travel, everything. Poor girl! I'm sorry for her. Sometimes I wish there wasn't any such thing as education in this country, except for the educated. She never shows it; but of course she must see what her relatives are."

The Hotel Hygeia has this advantage, which is appreciated at least by the young ladies. The United States fort is close at hand, with its quota of young officers, who have the leisure in times of peace to prepare for war, domestic or foreign; and there is a naval station across the bay, with vessels that need fashionable inspection. Considering the acknowledged scarcity of young men at watering-places, it is the duty of a paternal government to place its military and naval stations close to the fashionable resorts, so that the young women who are studying the german and other branches of the life of the period can have agreeable assistants. It is the charm of Fortress Monroe that its heroes are kept from *ennui* by the company assembled there, and that they can be of service to society.

When Mrs. Cortlandt assembled her party on the steam-tug chartered by her for the excursion, the army was very well represented. With the exception of the chaperons and a bronzed veteran, who was inclined to direct the conversation to his Indian campaigns in the Black Hills, the company was young, and of the age and temper in which everything seems fair in love and war, and one that gave Mr. King, if he desired it, an opportunity of studying the girl of the period—the girl who impresses the foreigner with her extensive knowledge of life, her fearless freedom of manner, and about whom he is apt to make the mistake of supposing that this freedom has not perfectly well defined limits. It was a delightful day, such as often comes, even in winter, within the Capes of Virginia; the sun was genial, the bay was smooth, with only a

light breeze that kept the water sparkling brilliantly, and just enough tonic in the air to excite the spirits. The little tug, which was pretty well packed with the merry company, was swift, and danced along in an exhilarating manner. The bay, as everybody knows, is one of the most commodious in the world, and would be one of the most beautiful if it had hills to overlook it. There is, to be sure, a tranquil beauty in its wooded headlands and long capes, and it is no wonder that the early explorers were charmed with it, or that they lost their way in its inlets, rivers, and bays. The company at first made a pretense of trying to understand its geography, and asked a hundred questions about the batteries, and whence the *Merrimac* appeared, and where the *Congress* was sunk, and from what place the *Monitor* darted out upon its big antagonist. But everything was on a scale so vast that it was difficult to localize these petty incidents (big as they were in consequences), and the party soon abandoned history and geography for the enjoyment of the moment. Song began to take the place of conversation. A couple of banjos were produced, and both the facility and the *répertoire* of the young ladies who handled them astonished Irene. The songs were of love and summer seas, chansons in French, minor melodies in Spanish, plain declarations of affection in distinct English, flung abroad with classic abandon, and caught up by the chorus in lilting strains that partook of the bounding, exhilarating motion of the little steamer. Why, here is material, thought King, for a troupe of bacchantes, light-hearted leaders of a summer festival. What charming girls, quick of wit, dashing in repartee, who can pick the strings, troll a song, and dance a brando!

"It's like sailing over the Bay of Naples," Irene was saying to Mr. King, who had found a seat beside her in the little cabin; "the guitar-strumming and the impassioned songs, only that always seems to me a manufactured gayety, an attempt to cheat the traveller into the belief that all life is a holiday. This is spontaneous."

"Yes, and I suppose the ancient Roman gayety, of which the Neapolitan is an echo, was spontaneous once. I wonder if our society is getting to dance and frolic along like that of old at Baiæ."

"Oh, Mr. King, this is an excursion. I assure you the American girl is a serious and practical person most of the time. You've been away so long that your standards are wrong. She's not nearly so knowing as she seems to be."

The boat was preparing to land at Newport News—a sand bank, with a railway terminus, a big elevator, and a hotel. The party streamed along in laughing and chatting groups, through the warehouse and over the tracks and the sandy hillocks to the hotel. On the way they captured a novel conveyance, a cart with an ox harnessed in the shafts, the property of an aged negro, whose white hair and variegated raiment proclaimed him an ancient Virginian, a survival of the war. The company chartered this establishment, and swarmed upon it till it looked like a Neapolitan *calesso*, and the procession might have been mistaken for a harvest-home—the harvest of beauty and fashion. The hotel was captured without a struggle on the part of the regular occupants, a dance extemporized in the dining-room, and before the magnitude of the invasion was realized by the garrison, the dancing feet and the laughing girls were away again, and the little boat was leaping along in the Elizabeth River toward the Portsmouth Navy-yard.

It isn't a model war establishment this Portsmouth yard, but it is a pleasant resort, with its stately barracks and open square and occasional trees. In nothing does the American woman better show her patriotism than in her desire to inspect naval vessels and understand dry-docks under the guidance of naval officers. Besides some old war hulks at the station, there were a couple of training-ships getting ready for a cruise, and it made one proud of his country to see the interest shown by our party in everything on board of them, patiently listening to the explanation of the breech-loading guns, diving down into the between-decks, crowded with the school-boys, where it is impossible for a man to stand upright and difficult to avoid the stain of paint and tar, or swarming in the cabin, eager to know the mode of the officers' life at sea. So those are the little places where they sleep? and here is where they dine, and here is a library—a hap-hazard case of books in the saloon. It was in running her eyes over these that a young lady discovered that the novels of Zola were among the nautical works needed in the navigation of a ship of war.

On the return—and the twenty miles seemed short enough—lunch was served, and was the occasion of a good deal of hilarity and innocent badinage. There were those who still sang, and insisted on sipping the heel-taps of the morning gayety; but was King mistaken in supposing that a little seriousness had stolen upon the party—a serious intention, namely, between one and another couple? The wind had risen, for one thing, and the little boat was so tossed about by the vigorous waves that the skipper declared it would be imprudent to attempt to land on the Rip-Raps. Was it the thought that the day was over, and that underneath all chaff and hilarity there was the question of settling in life to be met some time, which subdued a little the high spirits, and gave an air of protection and of tenderness to a couple here and there? Consciously, perhaps, this entered into the thought of nobody; but still the old story will go on, and perhaps all the more rapidly under a mask of raillery and merriment.

There was great bustling about, hunting up wraps and lost parasols and mislaid gloves, and a chorus of agreement on the delight of the day, upon going ashore; and Mrs. Cortlandt, who looked the youngest and most animated of the flock, was quite overwhelmed with thanks and congratulations upon the success of her excursion.

"Yes, it was perfect; you've given us all a great deal of pleasure, Mrs. Cortlandt," Mr. King was saying, as he stood beside her, watching the exodus.

Perhaps Mrs. Cortlandt fancied his eyes were following a particular figure, for she responded: "And how did you like her?"

"Like her—Miss Benson? Why, I didn't see much of her. I thought she was very intelligent—seemed very much interested when Lieutenant Green was explaining to her what made the dry-dock dry—but they were all that. Did you say her eyes were gray? I couldn't make out if they were not rather blue, after all—large, changeable sort of eyes, long lashes; eyes that look at you seriously and steadily, without the least bit of coquetry or worldliness; eyes expressing simplicity and interest in what you are saying—not in you, but in what you are saying. So few women know how to listen; most women appear to be thinking of themselves and the effect they are producing."

Mrs. Cortlandt laughed. "Ah; I see. And a little 'sadness' in them, wasn't there? Those are the most dangerous eyes. The sort that follow you, that you see in the dark at night after the gas is turned off."

"I haven't the faculty of seeing things in the dark, Mrs. Cortlandt. Oh, there's the mother!" And the shrill voice of Mrs. Benson was heard: "We was getting uneasy about you. Pa says a storm's coming, and that you'd be sick as sick."

The weather was changing. But that evening the spacious hotel, luxurious, perfectly warmed and well lighted, crowded with an agreeable if not a brilliant company—for Mr. King noted the fact that none of the gentlemen dressed for dinner—seemed all the more pleasant for the contrast with the weather outside. Thus housed, it was pleasant to hear the waves dashing against the breakwater. Just by chance, in the ball-room, Mr. King found himself seated by Mrs. Benson and a group of elderly ladies, who had the perfunctory air of liking the mild gayety of the place. To one of them Mr. King was presented, Mrs. Stimpson—a stout woman with a broad red face and fishy eyes, wearing an elaborate head-dress with purple flowers, and attired as if she were expecting to take a prize. Mrs. Stimpson was loftily condescending, and asked Mr. King if this was his first visit. She'd been coming here years and years; never could get through the spring without a few weeks at the Hygeia. Mr. King saw a good many people at this hotel who seemed to regard it as a home.

"I hope your daughter, Mrs. Benson, was not tired out with the rather long voyage to-day."

"Not a mite. I guess she enjoyed it. She don't seem to enjoy most things. She's got everything heart can wish at home. I don't know how it is. I was tellin' pa, Mr. Benson, to-day that girls ain't what they used to be in my time. Takes more to satisfy 'em. Now my daughter, if I say it as shouldn't, Mr. King, there ain't a better-appearin', nor smarter, nor more dutiful girl anywhere—well, I just couldn't live without her; and she's had the best schools in the East and Europe; done all Europe and Rome and Italy; and, after all, somehow, she don't seem contented in Cyrusville—that's where we live in Ohio—one of the smartest places in the State; grown right up to be a city since we was



AN EXCURSION.

married. She never says anything, but I can see. And we haven't spared anything on our house. And society—there's a great deal more society than I ever had."

Mr. King might have been astonished at this outpouring if he had not observed that it is precisely in hotels and to entire strangers that some people are apt to talk with less reserve than to intimate friends.

"I've no doubt," he said, "you have a lovely home in Cyrusville."

"Well, I guess it's got all the improvements. Pa, Mr. Benson, said that he didn't know of anything that had been left out, and we had a man up from Cincinnati, who did all the furnishing before Irene came home."

"Perhaps your daughter would have preferred to furnish it herself?"

"Mebbe so. She said it was splendid, but it looked like somebody's else house. She says the queerest things sometimes. I told Mr. Benson that I thought it would be a good thing to go away from home a little while and travel round. I've never been away much except in New York, where Mr. Benson has business a good deal. We've been in Washington this winter."

"Are you going further south?"

"Yes; we calculate to go down to the New Orleans Centennial. Pa wants to see the Exposition, and Irene wants to see what the South looks like, and so do I. I suppose it's perfectly safe now, so long after the war?"

"Oh, I should say so."

"That's what Mr. Benson says. He says it's all nonsense the talk about what the South 'll do now the Democrats are in. He says the South wants to make money, and wants the country prosperous as much as anybody. Yes, we are going to take a regular tour all summer round to the different places where people go. Irene calls it a pilgrimage to the holy places of America. Pa thinks we'll get enough of it, and he's determined we shall have enough of it for once. I suppose we shall. I like to travel, but I haven't seen any place better than Cyrusville yet."

As Irene did not make her appearance, Mr. King tore himself away from this interesting conversation and strolled about the parlors, made engagements to take early coffee at the fort, to go to church with Mrs. Cortlandt and her friends, and afterward to drive over to Hampton and see the copper and other colored schools, talked a little politics over a late cigar, and then went to bed, rather curious to see if the eyes that Mrs. Cortlandt regarded as so dangerous would appear to him in the darkness.

When he awoke, his first faint impressions were that the Hygeia had drifted out to sea, and then that a dense fog had drifted in and enveloped it. But this illusion was speedily dispelled. The window-ledge was piled high with snow. Snow filled the air, whirled about by a gale that was banging the window-shutters and raging exactly like a Northern tempest. It swirled the snow about in waves and dark masses interspersed with rifts of light, dark here and luminous there. The Rip-Raps were lost to view. Out at sea black clouds hung in the horizon, heavy re-enforcements for the attacking storm. The ground was heaped with the still fast-falling snow—ten inches deep he heard it said when he descended. The Baltimore boat had not arrived, and could not get in. The waves at the wharf rolled in, black and heavy, with a sullen beat, and the sky shut down close to the water, except when a sudden stronger gust of wind cleared a luminous space for an instant. Storm-bound: that is what the Hygeia was—a winter resort without any doubt.

The hotel was put to a test of its qualities. There was no getting abroad in such a storm. But the Hygeia appeared at its best in this emergency. The long glass corridors, where no one could venture in the arctic temperature, gave, nevertheless, an air of brightness and cheerfulness to the interior, where big fires blazed, and the company were exalted into good-fellowship and gayety—a decorous Sunday gayety—by the elemental war from which they were securely housed.

If the defenders of their country in the fortress mounted guard that morning, the guests at the Hygeia did not see them, but a good many of them mounted guard later at the hotel, and offered to the young ladies there that protection which the brave like to give the fair. Notwithstanding this, Mr. Stanhope King could not say the day was dull. After a morning presumably spent over works of a religious character, some of the young ladies, who had been the life of the excursion the day before, showed their versatility by devising serious amusements befitting the day, such as twenty questions on Scriptural subjects, palmistry, which on another day is an aid to mild flirtation, and an exhibition of mind-reading, not public—oh dear no!—but with a favored group in a private parlor. In none of these groups, however, did Mr. King find Miss Benson, and when he encountered her after dinner in the reading-room, she confessed that she had declined an invitation to assist at the mind-reading, partly from a lack of interest, and partly from a reluctance to dabble in such things.

"Surely you are not uninterested in what is now called psychical research?" he asked.

"That depends," said Irene. "If I were a physician, I should like to watch the operation of the minds of 'sensitives' as a pathological study. But the experiments



IN THE CONSERVATORY.

I have seen are merely exciting and unsettling, without the least good result, with a haunting notion that you are being tricked or deluded. It is as much as I can do to try and know my own mind, without reading the minds of others."

"But you can not help the endeavor to read the mind of a person with whom you are talking."

"Oh, that is different. That is really an encounter of wits, for you know that the best part of a conversation is the things not said. What they call mind-reading is a vulgar business compared to this. Don't you think so, Mr. King?"

What Mr. King was actually thinking was that Irene's eyes were the most unfathomable blue he ever looked into, as they met his with perfect frankness, and he was wondering if she was reading his present state of mind; but what he said was, "I think your sort of mind-reading

is a good deal more interesting than the other," and he might have added, dangerous. For a man can not attempt to find out what is in a woman's heart without a certain disturbance of his own. He added, "So you think our society is getting too sensitive and nervous, and inclined to make dangerous mental excursions?"

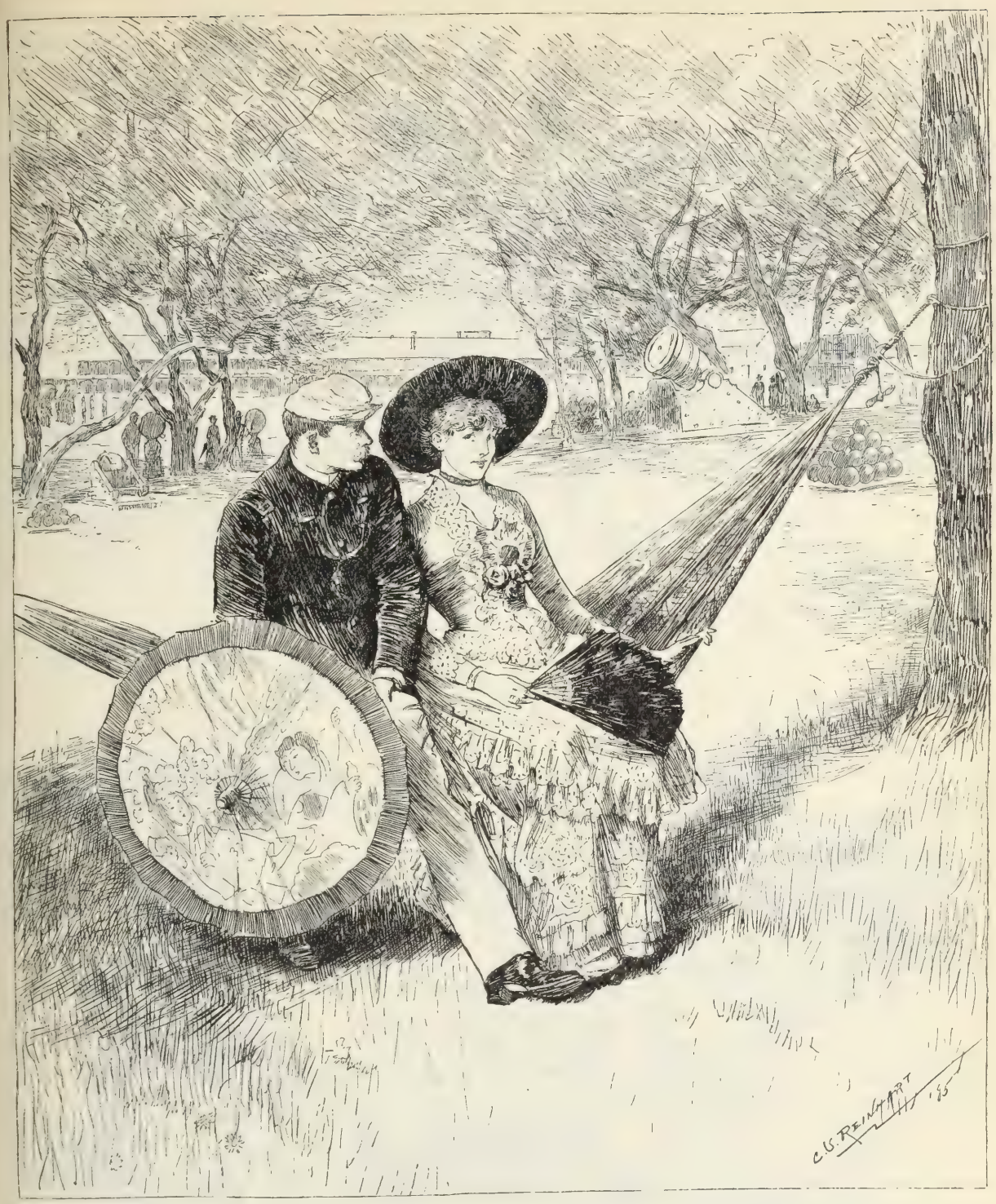
"I'm afraid I do not think much about such things," Irene replied, looking out of the window into the storm. "I'm content with a very simple faith, even if it is called ignorance."

Mr. King was thinking, as he watched the clear, spirited profile of the girl shown against the white tumult in the air, that he should like to belong to the party of ignorance himself, and he thought so long about it that the subject dropped, and the conversation fell into ordinary channels, and Mrs. Benson appeared. She thought they would move on as soon as the storm was over. Mr. King himself was going south in the morning, if travel were possible. When he said good-by, Mrs. Benson expressed the pleasure his acquaintance had given them, and hoped they should see him in Cyrusville. Mr. King looked to see if this invitation was seconded in Irene's eyes; but they made no sign, although she gave him her hand frankly, and wished him a good journey.

The next morning he crossed to Norfolk, was transported through the snow-covered streets on a sledge, and took his seat in the cars for the most monotonous ride in the country, that down the coast-line.

When next Stanhope King saw Fortress Monroe it was in the first days of June. The summer which he had left in the interior of the Hygeia was now out-of-doors. The winter birds had gone north; the summer birds had not yet come. It was the interregnum, for the Hygeia, like Venice, has two seasons, one for the inhabitants of colder climes, and the other for natives of the country. No spot, thought our traveller, could be more lovely. Perhaps certain memories gave it a charm, not well defined, but still gracious. If the house had been empty, which it was far from being, it would still have been peopled for him. Were they all such agreeable people whom he had seen there in March, or has one girl the power to throw a charm over a whole watering-place? At any rate, the place was full of delightful repose. There was movement enough upon the water to satisfy one's lazy longing for life, the waves lapped soothingly along the shore, and the broad bay, sparkling in the sun, was animated with boats, which all had a holiday air. Was it not enough to come down to breakfast and sit at the low broad windows and watch the shifting panorama? All about the harbor slanted the white sails; at intervals a steamer was landing at the wharf or backing away from it; on the wharf itself there was always a little bustle, but no noise, some pretense of business, and much actual transaction in the way of idle attitudinizing, the colored man in cast-off clothes, and the colored sister in sun-bonnet or turban, lending themselves readily to the picturesque; the scene changed every minute, the sail of a tiny boat was hoisted or lowered under the window, a dashing cutter with its uniformed crew was pulling off to the German man-of-war, a puffing little tug dragged along a line of barges in the distance, and on the horizon a fleet of coasters was working out between the capes to sea. In the open window came the fresh morning breeze, and only the softened sounds of the life outside. The ladies came down in cool muslin dresses, and added the needed grace to the picture as they sat breakfasting by the windows, their figures in silhouette against the blue water.

No wonder our traveller lingered there a little! Humanity called him, for one thing, to drive often with humanely disposed young ladies round the beautiful shore curve to visit the schools for various colors at Hampton. Then there was the evening promenading on the broad verandas and out upon the miniature pier, or at sunset by the water-batteries of the old fort—such a peaceful old fortress as it is. All the morning there were "inspections" to be attended, and nowhere could there be seen a more agreeable mingling of war and love than the spacious, tree-planted interior of the fort presented on such occasions. The shifting figures of the troops on parade; the martial and daring manœuvres of the regimental band; the groups of ladies seated on benches under the trees, attended by gallants in uniform, momentarily off duty and full of information, and by gallants not in uniform and never off duty and desirous to learn; the ancient



A DEFENDER OF HIS COUNTRY.

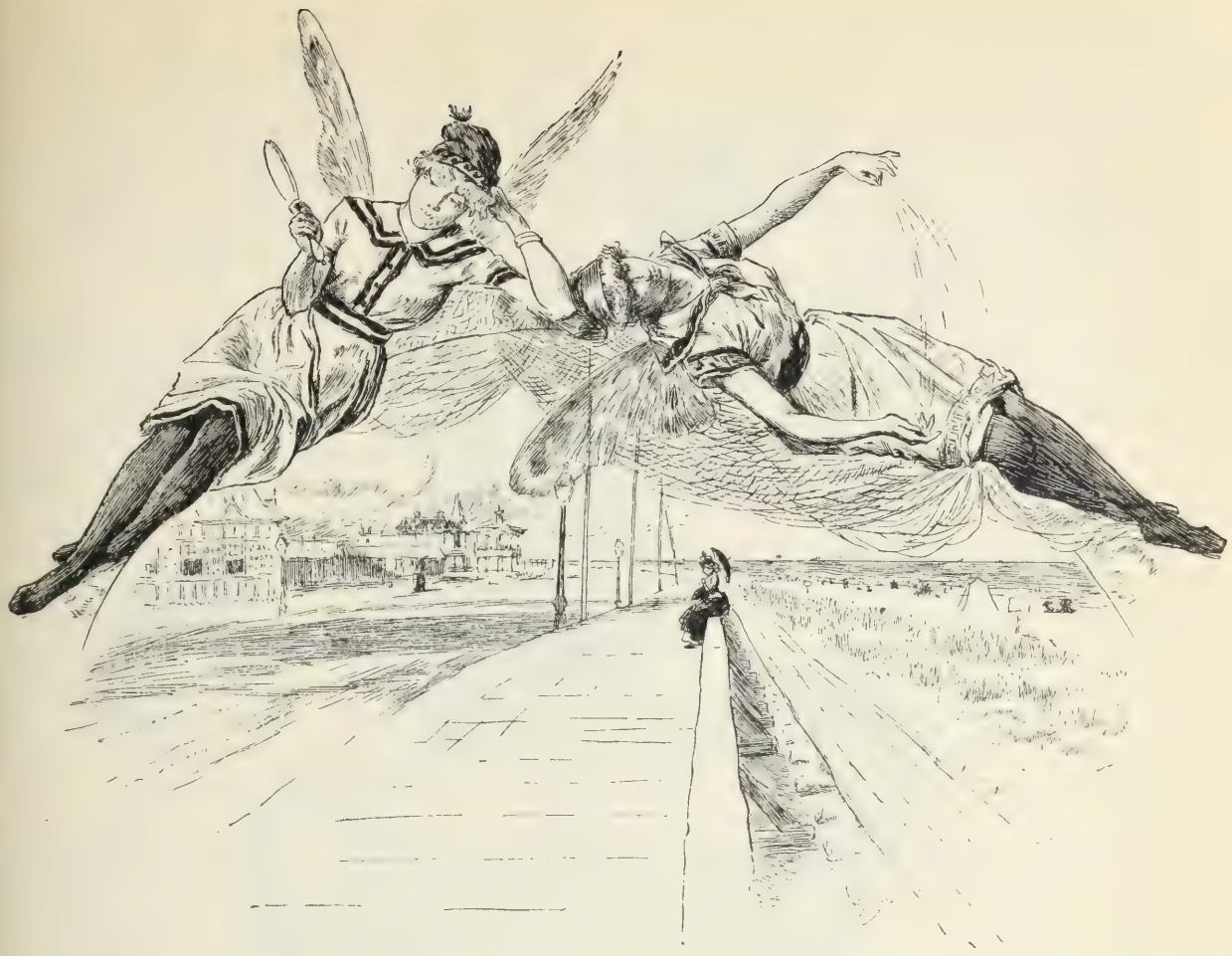
guns with French arms and English arms, reminiscences of Yorktown, on one of which a pretty girl was apt to be perched in the act of being photographed—all this was enough to inspire any man to be a countryman and a lover. It is beautiful to see how fearless the gentle sex is in the presence of actual war; the prettiest girls occupied the front and most exposed seats, and never flinched when the determined columns marched down on them with drums beating and colors flying, nor showed much relief when they suddenly wheeled and marched to another part of the parade in search of glory. And the officers' quarters in the casemates—what will not women endure to serve their country! These quarters are mere tunnels under a dozen feet of earth, with a door on the parade side and a casement window on the outside—a damp cellar, said to be cool in the height of summer. The only excuse for such quarters is that the women and children will be compara-

tively safe in case the fortress is bombarded.

The hotel and the fortress at this enchanting season, to say nothing of other attractions, with laughing eyes and slender figures, might well have detained Mr. Stanhope King, but he had determined upon a sort of roving summer among the resorts of fashion and pleasure. After a long sojourn abroad, it seemed becoming that he should know something of the floating life of his own country. His determination may have been strengthened by the confession of Mrs. Benson that her family were intending an extensive summer tour. It gives a zest to pleasure to have even an indefinite object, and though the prospect of meeting Irene again was not definite, it was nevertheless alluring. There was something about her, he could not tell what, different from the women he had met in France. Indeed, he went so far as to make a general formula as to the impression the American women made on him at Fortress Monroe—they all appeared to be innocent.



THE GOVERNMENT WHARF, FORTRESS MONROE.



CHAPTER II.

"Of course you will not go to Cape May till the season opens. You might as well go to a race-track the day there is no race."

It was Mrs. Cortlandt who was speaking, and the remonstrance was addressed to Mr. Stanhope King and a young gentleman, Mr. Graham Forbes, who had just been presented to her as an artist, in the railway station at Philadelphia, that comfortable home of the tired and bewildered traveller. Mr. Forbes, with his fresh complexion, closely cropped hair, and London clothes, did not look at all like the traditional artist, although the sharp eyes of Mrs. Cortlandt detected a small sketch-book peeping out of his side pocket.

"On the contrary, that is why we go," said Mr. King. "I've a fancy that I should like to open a season once myself."

"Besides," added Mr. Forbes, "we want to see nature unadorned. You know, Mrs. Cortlandt, how people sometimes spoil a place."

"I'm not sure," answered the lady, laughing, "that people have not spoiled you two, and you need a rest. Where else do you go?"

"Well, I thought," replied Mr. King, "from what I heard, that Atlantic City might appear best with nobody there."

"Oh, there's always some one there. You know, it is a winter resort now. And, by-the-way— But there's my train, and the young ladies are beckoning to me." (Mrs. Cortlandt was never seen anywhere without a party of young ladies.) "Yes, the Bensons passed through Washington the other day from the South, and spoke of going to Atlantic City to tone up a little before the season, and perhaps you know that Mrs. Benson took a great fancy to you, Mr. King. Good-by, *au revoir*," and the lady was gone with her bevy of girls, struggling in the stream that poured toward one of the wicket-gates.

"Atlantic City? Why, Stanhope, you don't think of going there also?"

"I didn't think of it, but, hang it all, my dear fellow, duty is duty. There are some places you must see in order to be well informed. Atlantic City is an important place; a great many of its inhabitants spend their winters in Philadelphia."

"And this Mrs. Benson?"

"No, I'm not going down there to see Mrs. Benson."

Expectancy was the word when our travellers stepped out of the car at Cape May station. Except for some people who seemed to have business there, they were the only passengers. It was the ninth of June. Everything was ready—the sea, the sky, the delicious air, the long line of gray-colored coast, the omnibuses, the array of hotel tooters. As they stood waiting in irresolution a grave man of middle age and a disinterested manner sauntered up to the travellers, and slipped into friendly relations with them. It was impossible not to incline to a person so obliging and well stocked with local information. Yes, there were several good hotels open. It didn't make much difference; there was one near at hand, not pretentious, but probably as comfortable as any. People liked the table; last summer used to come there from other hotels to get a meal. He was going that way, and would walk along with them. He did, and conversed most interestingly on the way. Our travellers felicitated themselves upon falling into such good hands, but when they reached the hotel designated, it had such a gloomy and in fact boarding-house air that they hesitated, and thought they would like to walk on a little further and see the town before settling. And their friend appeared to feel rather grieved about it, not for himself, but for them. He had, moreover, the expression of a fisherman who has lost a fish after he supposed it was securely hooked. But our young friends had been angled for in a good many waters, and they told the landlord, for it was the landlord, that while they had no doubt his was the best hotel in the place, they would like to look at some not so good. The one that attracted them, though they could not see in what the attraction lay, was a tall building gay with fresh paint in many colors, some pretty window balconies, and a portico supported by high striped columns that rose to the fourth story. They were fond of color, and were taken by six little geraniums planted in a circle amid the sand in front of the house, which were waiting for the season to open before they began to grow. With hesitation they stepped upon the newly varnished piazza and the newly varnished office floor, for every step left a foot-print. The chairs, disposed in a long line on the piazza, waiting for guests, were also varnished, as the artist discovered when he sat in one of them and was held fast. It was all fresh and delightful. The landlord and the clerks had smiles as wide as the open doors; the waiters exhibited in their eagerness a good imitation of unselfish service.

It was very pleasant to be alone in the house, and to be the first-fruits of such great expectations. The first man of the season is in such a different position from the last. He is like the King of Bavaria alone in his royal theatre. The ushers give him the best seat in the house, he hears the tuning of the instruments, the curtain is about to rise, and all for him. It is a very cheerful desolation, for it has a future, and everything quivers with the expectation of life and gayety. Whereas the last man is like one who stumbles out among the empty benches when the curtain has fallen and the play is done. Nothing is so melancholy as the shabbiness of a watering-place at the end of the season, where is left only the echo of past gayety, the last guests are scurrying away like leaves before the cold, rising wind, the varnish has worn off, shutters are put up, booths are dismantled, the shows are packing up their tawdry ornaments, and the autumn leaves collect in the corners of the gaunt buildings.

Could this be the Cape May about which hung so many traditions of summer romance? Where were those crowds of Southerners, with slaves and chariots, and the haughtiness of a caste civilization, and the belles from Baltimore and Philadelphia and Charleston and Richmond, whose smiles turned the heads of the last generation? Had that gay society danced itself off into the sea, and left not even a phantom of itself behind? As he sat upon the veranda, King could not rid himself of the impression that this must be a mocking dream, this appearance of emptiness and solitude. Why, yes, he was certainly in a delusion, at least in a reverie. The place was alive. An omnibus drove to the door (though no sound of wheels was heard); the waiters rushed out, a fat man descended, a little girl was lifted down, a pretty woman jumped from the steps with that little extra bound on the ground which all women confessedly under forty always give when they alight from a vehicle, a large woman lowered

ON THE PIER, CAPE MAY.

herself cautiously out, with an anxious look, and a file of men stooped and emerged, poking their umbrellas and canes in each other's backs. Mr. King plainly saw the whole party hurry into the office and register their names, and saw the clerk repeatedly touch a bell and throw back his head and extend his hand to a servant. Curious to see who the arrivals were, he went to the register. No names were written there. But there were other carriages at the door, there was a pile of trunks on the veranda, which he nearly stumbled over, although his foot struck nothing, and the chairs were full, and people were strolling up and down the piazza. He noticed particularly one couple promenading—a slender brunette, with a brilliant complexion; large dark eyes that made constant play—could it be the belle of Macon?—and a gentleman of thirty-five, in black frock-coat, unbuttoned, with a wide-brimmed soft hat—clothes not quite the latest style—who had a good deal of manner, and walked apart from the young lady, bending toward her with an air of devotion. Mr. King stood one side and watched the endless procession up and down, up and down, the strollers, the mincers, the languid, the nervous steppers; noted the eye-shots, the flashing or the languishing look that kills, and never can be called to account for the mischief it does; but not a sound did he hear of the repartee and the laughter. The place certainly was thronged. The avenue in front was crowded with vehicles of all sorts; there were groups strolling on the broad beach—children with their tiny pails and shovels digging pits close to the advancing tide, nursery-maids in fast colors, boys in knickerbockers racing on the beach, people lying on the sand, resolute walkers, whose figures loomed tall in the evening light, doing their constitutional. People were passing to and fro on the long iron pier that spider-legged itself out into the sea; the two rooms midway were filled with sitters taking the evening breeze; and the large ball and music room at the end, with its spacious outside promenade—yes, there were dancers there, and the band was playing. Mr. King could see the fiddlers draw their bows, and the corneters lift up their horns and get red in the face, and the lean man slide his trombone, and the drummer flourish his sticks, but not a note of music reached him. It might have been a performance of ghosts, for all the effect at this distance. Mr. King remarked upon this dumb-show to a gentleman in a blue coat and white vest and gray hat, leaning against a column near him. The gentleman made no response. It was most singular. Mr. King stepped back to be out of the way of some children racing down the piazza, and, half stumbling, sat down in the lap of a dowager—no, not quite; the chair was empty, and he sat down in the fresh varnish, to which his clothes stuck fast. Was this a delusion? No. The tables were filled in the dining-room, the waiters were scurrying about, there were ladies on the balconies looking dreamily down upon the animated scene below; all the movements of gayety and hilarity in the height of a season. Mr. King approached a group who were standing waiting for a carriage, but they did not see him, and did not respond to his trumped-up question about the next train. Were these, then, shadows, or was he a spirit himself? Were these empty omnibuses and carriages that discharged ghostly passengers? And all this promenading and flirting and languishing and love-making, would it come to nothing—to nothing more than usual? There was a charm about it all—the movement, the color, the gray sand, and the rosy blush on the sea—a lovely place, an enchanted place. Were these throngs the guests that were to come, or those that had been here in other seasons? Why could not the former "materialize" as well as the latter? Is it not as easy to make nothing out of what never yet existed as out of what has ceased to exist? The landlord, by faith, sees all this array which is prefigured so strangely to Mr. King; and his comely young wife sees it and is ready for it; and the fat son at the supper table—a living example of the good eating to be had here—is serene, and has the air of being polite and knowing to a houseful. This scrap of a child, with the *aplomb* of a man of fifty, wise beyond his fatness, imparts information to the travellers about the wine, speaks to the waiter with quiet authority, and makes these mature men feel like boys before the gravity of our perfect flower of American youth who has known no childhood. This boy at least is no phantom; the landlord is real, and the waiters, and the food they bring.

"I suppose," said Mr. King to his friend, "that we are opening the season. Did you see anything out-doors?"



UNCLE NED ADJUSTING THE TELESCOPE.—[SEE PAGE 676.]

"Yes; a horseshoe-crab about a mile below here on the smooth sand, with a long dotted trail behind him, a couple of girls in a pony-cart who nearly drove over me, and a tall young lady with a red parasol, accompanied by a big black and white dog, walking rapidly close to the edge of the sea toward the sunset. It's just lovely, the silvery sweep of coast in this light."

"It seems a refined sort of place in its outlines, and quietly respectable. They tell me here that they don't want the excursion crowds that overrun Atlantic City, but an Atlantic City man, whom I met at the pier, said that Cape May used to be the boss, but that Atlantic City had

got the bulge on it now—had thousands to the hundreds here. To get the bulge seems a desirable thing in America, and I think we'd better see what a place is like that is popular, whether fashion recognizes it or not."

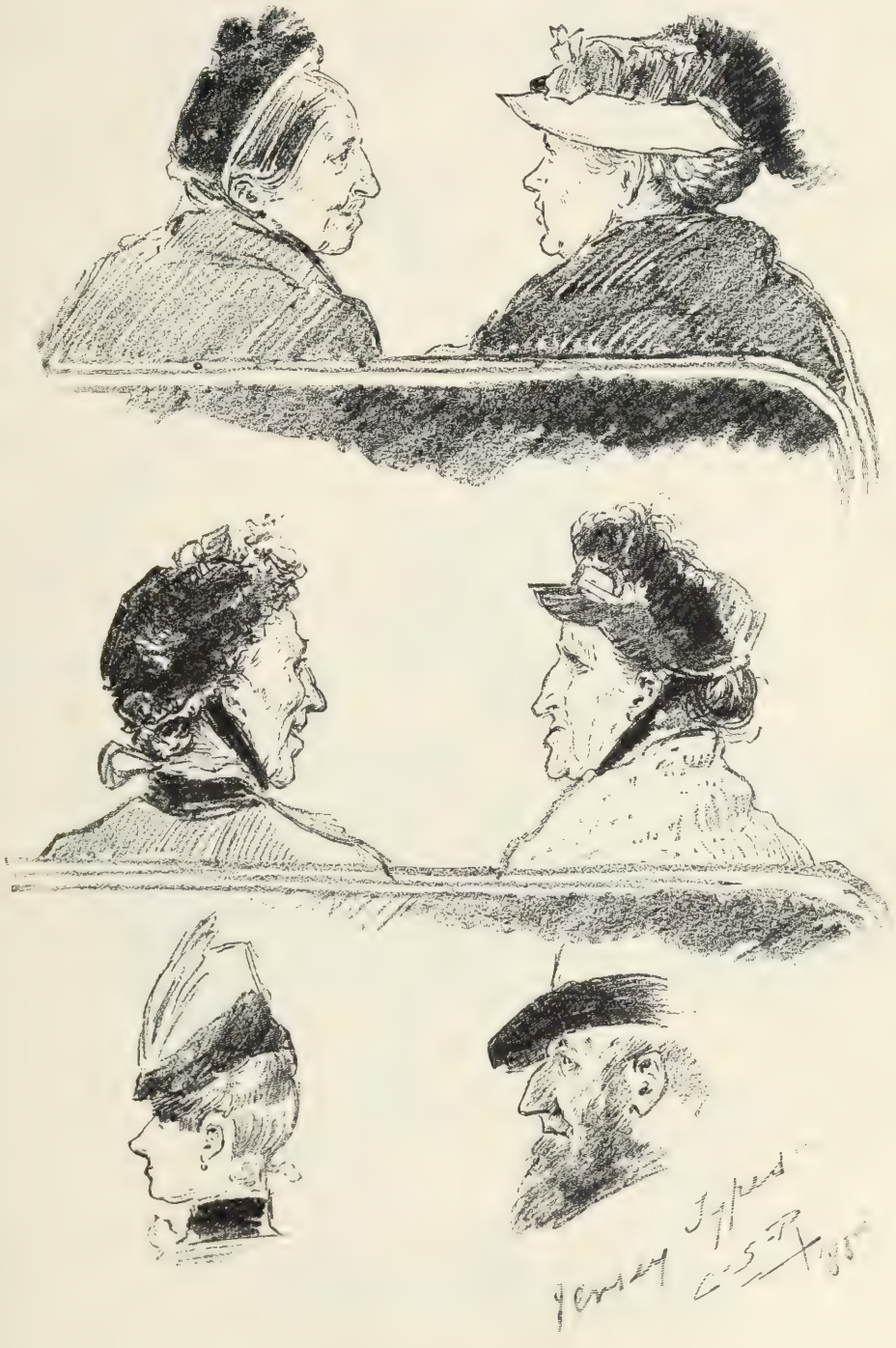
The place lost nothing in the morning light, and it was a sparkling morning with a fresh breeze. Nature, with its love of simple, sweeping lines, and its feeling for atmospheric effect, has done everything for the place, and bad taste has not quite spoiled it. There is a sloping shallow beach, very broad, of fine, hard sand, excellent for driving or for walking, extending unbroken three miles down to Cape May Point, which has hotels and cottages of its own, and life-saving and signal stations. Off to the west from this point is the long sand line of Cape Henlopen, fourteen miles away, and the Delaware shore. At Cape May Point there is a little village of painted wood houses, mostly cottages to let, and a permanent population of a few hundred inhabitants. From the pier one sees a mile and a half of hotels and cottages, fronting south, all flaming, tasteless, carpenter's architecture, gay with paint. The sea expanse is magnificent, and the sweep of beach is fortunately unencumbered, and vulgarized by no bath-houses or show shanties. The bath-houses are in front of the hotels and in their inclosures; then come the broad drive, and the sand beach, and the sea. The line is broken below by the lighthouse and a point of land, whereon stands the elephant. This elephant is not indigenous, and he stands alone in the sand, a wooden sham without an explanation. Why the hotel-keeper's mind along the coast regards this grotesque structure as a summer attraction it is difficult to see. But when one resort had him, he became a necessity everywhere. The travellers walked down to this monster, climbed the stairs in one of his legs, explored the rooms, looked out from the saddle, and pondered on the problem. This beast was unfinished within and unpainted without, and already falling into decay. An elephant on the desert, fronting the Atlantic Ocean, had, after all, a picturesque aspect, and all the more so because he was a deserted ruin.

The elephant was, however, no emptier than the cottages about which our friends strolled. But the cottages were all ready, the rows of new chairs stood on the fresh piazzas, the windows were invitingly open, the pathetic little patches of flowers in front tried hard to look festive in the dry sands, and the stout landladies in their rocking-chairs calmly knitted and endeavored to appear as if they expected nobody, but had almost a houseful.

Yes, the place was undeniably attractive. The sea had the blue of Nice: why must we always go to the Mediterranean for an *aqua marina*, for poetic lines, for delicate shades? What charming gradations had this picture—gray sand, blue waves, a line of white sails against the pale blue sky! By the pier railing is a bevy of little girls grouped about an ancient colored man, the very ideal old Uncle Ned, in ragged, baggy, and disreputable clothes, lazy good-nature oozing out of every pore of him, kneeling by a telescope pointed to a bunch of white sails on the horizon; a dainty little maiden, in a stiff white skirt and golden hair, leans against him and tiptoes up to the object-glass, shutting first one eye and then the other, and making nothing out of it all. "Why, ov co'se you can't see nuffin, honey," said Uncle Ned, taking a peep, "wid the 'scope p'inted up in the sky."

In order to pass from Cape May to Atlantic City one takes a long circuit by rail through the Jersey sands. Jersey is a very prolific State, but the railway traveller by this route is excellently prepared for Atlantic City, for he sees little but sand, stunted pines, scrub oaks, small frame houses, sometimes trying to hide in the clumps of scrub oaks, and the villages are just collections of the same small frame houses hopelessly decorated with scroll-work and obtrusively painted, standing in lines on sandy streets adorned with lean shade trees. The handsome Jersey people were not travelling that day—the two friends had a theory about the relation of a sandy soil to female beauty—and when the artist got out his pencil to catch the types of the country, he was well rewarded. There were the fat old women in holiday market costumes, strong-featured, positive, who shook their heads at each other and nodded violently and incessantly, and all talked at once, the old men in rusty suits, thin, with a deprecatory manner, as if they had heard that clatter for fifty years, and perky, sharp-faced girls in vegetable hats, all long-nosed and thin-lipped. And though the day was cool, mosquitoes had the bad taste to invade the

train. At the junction, a small collection of wooden shanties, where the travellers waited an hour, they heard much of the glories of Atlantic City from the postmistress, who was waiting for an excursion some time to go there (the passion for excursions seems to be a growing one), and



they made the acquaintance of a cow tied in the room next the ticket-office, probably also waiting for a passage to the city by the sea.

And a city it is. If many houses, endless avenues, sand, paint make a city, the artist confessed that this was one. Everything is on a large scale. It covers a large territory, the streets run at right angles, the avenues to the ocean take the names of the States. If the town had been made to order and sawed out by one man, it could not be more beautifully regular and more satisfactorily monotonous. There is nothing about it to give the most commonplace mind in the world a throb of disturbance. The hotels, the cheap shops, the cottages, are all of wood, and, with three or four exceptions in the thousands, they are all practically alike, all ornamented with scroll-work, as if cut out by the jig-saw, all vividly painted, all appealing to a primitive taste just awakening to

the appreciation of the gaudy chromo and the illuminated and consoling household motto. Most of the hotels are in the town at considerable distance from the ocean, and the majestic old sea, which can be monotonous but never vulgar, is barricaded from the town by five or six miles of stark-naked plank walk, rows on rows of bath closets, leagues of flimsy carpentry-work, in the way of cheap-John shops, tin-type booths, peep-shows, go-rounds, shooting galleries, pop-beer and cigar shops, restaurants, barber shops, photograph galleries, summer theatres. Sometimes the plank walk runs for a mile or two, on its piles, between rows of these shops and booths, and again it drops off down by the waves. Here and there is a gayly painted wooden canopy by the shore, with chairs where idlers can sit and watch the frolicking in the water, or a space railed off, where the select of the hotels lie or lounge in the sand under red umbrellas. The calculating mind wonders how many million feet of lumber there are in this unpicturesque barricade, and what gigantic forests have fallen to make this timber front to the sea. But there is one thing man can not do. He has made this show to suit himself, he has pushed out several iron piers into the sea, and erected, of course, a skating rink on the end of one of them. But the sea itself, untamed, restless, shining, dancing, raging, rolls in from the southward, tossing the white sails on its vast expanse, green, blue, leaden, white-capped, many-colored, never two minutes the same, sounding with its eternal voice I know not what rebuke to man.

When Mr. King wrote his and his friend's name in the book at the Mansion House, he had the curiosity to turn over the leaves, and it was not with much surprise that he read there the names of A. J. Benson, wife, and daughter, Cyrusville, Ohio.

"Oh, I see!" said the artist; "you came down here to see Mr. Benson!"

That gentleman was presently discovered tilted back in a chair on the piazza, gazing vacantly into the vacant street with that air of endurance that fathers of families put on at such resorts. But he brightened up when Mr. King made himself known.

"I'm right glad to see you, sir. And my wife and daughter will be. I was saying to my wife yesterday that I couldn't stand this sort of thing much longer."

"You don't find it lively?"

"Well, the livelier it is the less I shall like it, I reckon. The town is well enough. It's one of the smartest places on the coast. I should like to have owned the ground and sold out and retired. This sand is all gold. They say they sell the lots by the bushel and count every sand. You can see what it is, boards and paint and sand. Fine houses too; miles of them."

"And what do you do?"

"Oh, they say there's plenty to do. You can ride around in the sand; you can wade in it if you want to, and go down to the beach and walk up and down the plank walk—walk up and down—walk up and down. They like it. You can't bathe yet without getting pneumonia. They have gone there now. Irene goes because she says she can't stand the gayety of the parlor."

From the parlor came the sound of music. A young girl who had the air of not being afraid of a public parlor was drumming out waltzes on the piano, more for the entertainment of herself than of the half-dozen ladies who yawned over their worsted-work. As she brought her piece to an end with a bang, a pretty, sentimental miss, with a novel in her hand, who may not have seen Mr. King looking in at the door, ran over to the player and gave her a hug. "That's beautiful! that's perfectly lovely, Mamie!" "This," said the player, taking up another sheet, "has not been played much in New York." Probably not, in that style, thought Mr. King, as the girl clattered through it.

There was no lack of people on the promenade, tramping the boards, or hanging about the booths where the carpenters and painters were at work, and the shop men and women were unpacking the corals and the sea-shells, and the cheap jewelry, and the Swiss wood-carving, the toys, the tinsel brooches and agate ornaments, and arranging the soda fountains, and putting up the shelves for the permanent pie. The sort of preparation going on indicated the kind of crowd expected. If everything had a cheap and vulgar look, our wandering critics remembered that it is never fair to look behind the scenes of a show, and that things would wear a braver appearance by-and-by. And if the women on the promenade were homely and ill-dressed, even the *bonnes* in unpicturesque costumes, and all the men were slouchy and stolid, how could any one tell what an

ATLANTIC CITY.

effect of gayety and enjoyment there might be when there were thousands of such people, and the sea was full of bathers, and the flags were flying, and the bands were tooting, and all the theatres were opened, and acrobats and spangled women and painted red men offered those attractions which, like government, are for the good of the greatest number? What will you have? Shall vulgarity be left just vulgar, and have no apotheosis and glorification? This is very fine of its kind, and a resort for the million. The million come here to enjoy themselves. Would you have an art gallery here, and high-priced New York and Paris shops lining the way?

"Look at the town," exclaimed the artist, "and see what money can do, and satisfy the average taste without the least aid from art. It's just wonderful. I've tramped round the place, and, taking out a cottage or two, there isn't a picturesque or pleasing view anywhere. I tell you people know what they want, and enjoy it when they get it."

"You needn't get excited about it," said Mr. King. "Nobody said it wasn't commonplace, and glaringly vulgar if you like, and if you like to consider it representative of a certain stage in national culture, I hope it is not necessary to remind you that the United States can beat any other people in any direction they choose to expand themselves. You'll own it when you've seen watering-places enough."

After this defense of the place, Mr. King owned it might be difficult for Mr. Forbes to find anything picturesque to sketch. What figures, to be sure! As if people were obliged to be shapely or picturesque for the sake of a wandering artist! "I could do a tree," growled Mr. Forbes, "or a pile of boards; but these shanties!"

When they were well away from the booths and bath-houses, Mr. King saw in the distance two ladies. There was no mistaking one of them—the easy carriage, the grace of movement. No such figure had been afield all day. The artist was quick to see that. Presently they came up with them, and found them seated on a bench, looking off upon Brigantine Island, a low sand dune with some houses and a few trees against the sky, the most pleasing object in view.

Mrs. Benson did not conceal the pleasure she felt in seeing Mr. King again, and was delighted to know his friend; and to say the truth, Miss Irene gave him a very cordial greeting.

"I'm 'most tired to death," said Mrs. Benson, when they were all seated. "But this air does me good. Don't you like Atlantic City?"

"I like it better than I did at first." If the remark was intended for Irene, she paid no attention to it, being absorbed in explaining to Mr. Forbes why she preferred the deserted end of the promenade.

"It's a place that grows on you. I guess it's grown the wrong way on Irene and father; but I like the air—after the South. They say we ought to see it in August, when all Philadelphia is here."

"I should think it might be very lively."

"Yes; but the promiscuous bathing. I don't think I should like that. We are not brought up to that sort of thing in Ohio."

"No? Ohio is more like France, I suppose?"

"Like France!" exclaimed the old lady, looking at him in amazement—"like France! Why, France is the wickedest place in the world."

"No doubt it is, Mrs. Benson. But at the sea resorts the sexes bathe separately."

"Well, now! I suppose they have to there."

"Yes; the older nations grow, the more self-conscious they become."

"I don't believe, for all you say, Mr. King, the French have any more conscience than we have."

"Nor do I, Mrs. Benson. I was only trying to say that they pay more attention to appearances."

"Well, I was brought up to think it's one thing to appear, and another thing to be," said Mrs. Benson, as dismissing the subject. "So your friend's an artist? Does he paint? Does he take portraits? There was an artist at Cyrusville last winter who painted portraits, but Irene wouldn't let him do hers. I'm glad we've met Mr. Forbes. I've always wanted to have—"

"Oh, mother," exclaimed Irene, who always appeared to keep one ear for her mother's conversation, "I was just saying to Mr. Forbes that he ought to see the art exhibitions down at the other end of the promenade, and the pictures of the peo-

ple who come here in August. Are you rested?"

The party moved along, and Mr. King, by a movement that seemed to him more natural than it did to Mr. Forbes, walked with Irene, and the two fell to talking about the last spring's trip in the South.

"Yes, we enjoyed the exhibition, but I am not sure but I should have enjoyed New Orleans more without the exhibition. That took so much time. There is nothing so wearisome as an exhibition. But New Orleans was charming. I don't know why, for it's the flattest, dirtiest, dampest city in the world; but it is charming. Perhaps it's the people, or the Frenchiness of it, or the tumble-down, picturesque old creole quarter, or the roses; I didn't suppose there were in the world so many roses; the town was just wreathed and smothered with them. And you did not see it?"

"No; I have been to exhibitions, and I thought I should prefer to take New Orleans by itself some other time. You found the people hospitable?"

"Well, they were not simply hospitable; they were that, to be sure, for father had letters to some of the leading men; but it was the general air of friendliness and good-nature everywhere, of agreeableness—it went along with the roses and the easy-going life. You didn't feel all the time on a strain. I don't suppose they are any better than our people, and I've no doubt I should miss a good deal there after a while—a certain tonic and purpose in life. But, do you know, it is pleasant sometimes to be with people who haven't so many corners as our people have. But you went south from Fortress Monroe?"

"Yes; I went to Florida."

"Oh, that must be a delightful country!"

"Yes, it's a very delightful land, or will be when it is finished. It needs advertising now. It needs somebody to call attention to it. The modest Northerners who have got hold of it, and staked it all out into city lots, seem to want to keep it all to themselves."

"How do you mean 'finished'?"

"Why, the State is big enough, and a considerable portion of it has a good foundation. What it wants is building up. There's plenty of water and sand, and palmetto roots and palmetto trees, and swamps, and a perfectly wonderful vegetation of vines and plants and flowers. What it needs is land—at least what the Yankees call land. But it is coming on. A good deal of the State below Jacksonville is already ten to fifteen feet above the ocean."

"But it's such a place for invalids!"

"Yes, it is a place for invalids. There are two kinds of people there—invalids and speculators. Thousands of people in the bleak North, and especially in the Northwest, can not live in the winter anywhere else than in Florida. It's a great blessing to this country to have such a sanitarium. As I said, all it needs is building up, and then it wouldn't be so monotonous and malarious."

"But I had such a different idea of it!"

"Well, your idea is probably right. You can not do justice to a place by describing it literally. Most people are fascinated by Florida: the fact is that anything is preferable to our Northern climate from February to May."

"And you didn't buy an orange plantation, or a town?"

"No; I was discouraged. Almost any one can have a town who will take a boat and go off somewhere with a surveyor, and make a map."

The truth is—the present writer had it from Major Blifill, who runs a little steamboat upon one of the inland creeks where the alligator is still numerous enough to be an entertainment—that Mr. King was no doubt malarious himself when he sailed over Florida. Blifill says he offended a whole boatful one day when they were sailing up the St. John's. Probably he was tired of water, and swamp and water, and scraggy trees and water. The captain was on the bow, expatiating to a crowd of listeners on the fertility of the soil and the salubrity of the climate. He had himself bought a piece of ground away up there somewhere for two hundred dollars, cleared it up, and put in orange-trees, and thousands wouldn't buy it now. And Mr. King, who listened attentively, finally joined in with the questioners, and said, "Captain, what is the average price of land down in this part of Florida by the—gallon?"

They had come down to the booths, and Mrs. Benson was showing the artist the shells, piles of conchs, and other outlandish sea-fabrications in which it is said the roar of the ocean can be heard when they are hundreds of miles away from the sea.

It was a pretty thought, Mr. Forbes said, and he admired the open shells that were painted on the inside—painted in bright blues and greens, with dabs of white sails and a light-house, or a boat with a bare-armed, resolute young woman in it, sending her bark spinning over waves mountain-high.

"Yes," said the artist, "what cheerfulness those works of art will give to the little parlors up in the country, when they are set up with other shells on the what-not in the corner! These shells always used to remind me of missionaries and the cause of the heathen; but when I see them now I shall think of Atlantic City."

"But the representative things here," interrupted Irene, "are the photographs, the tin-types. To see them is just as good as staying here to see the people when they come."

"Yes," responded Mr. King, "I think art can not go much further in this direction."

If there were not miles of these show-cases of tin-types, there were at least acres of them. Occasionally an instantaneous photograph gave a lively picture of the beach when the water was full of bathers —men, women, children, in the most extraordinary costumes for revealing or deforming the human figure—all tossing about in the surf. But most of the pictures were taken on dry land, of single persons, couples, and groups in their bathing suits. Perhaps such an extraordinary collection of humanity can not be seen elsewhere in the world, such a uniformity of one depressing type reduced to its last analysis by the sea-toilet. Sometimes it was a young man and a maiden, handed down to posterity in dresses that would have caused their arrest in the street, sentimentally reclining on a canvas rock. Again it was a maiden with flowing hair, raised hands clasped, eyes upturned, on top of a crag, at the base of which the waves were breaking in foam. Or it was the same stalwart maiden, or another as good, in a boat which stood on end, pulling through the surf with one oar, and dragging a drowning man (in a bathing suit also) into the boat with her free hand. The legend was, "Saved." There never was such heroism exhibited by young women before, with such raiment, as was shown in these rare works of art.

As they walked back to the hotel through a sandy avenue lined with jig-saw architecture, Miss Benson pointed out to them some things that she said had touched her a good deal. In the patches of sand before each house there was generally an oblong little mound set about with a rim of stones, or, when something more artistic could be afforded, with shells. On each of these little graves was a flower, a sickly geranium, or a humble marigold, or some other floral token of affection.

Mr. Forbes said he never was at a watering-place before where they buried the summer boarders in the front yard. Mrs. Benson didn't like joking on such subjects, and Mr. King turned the direction of the conversation by remarking that these seeming trifles were really of much account in these days, and he took from his pocket a copy of the city newspaper, *The Summer Sea-Song*, and read some of the leading items: "S., our eye is on you." "The Slopers have come to their cottage on Q Street, and come to stay." "Mr. E. P. Borum has painted his front steps." "Mr. Diffendorfer's marigold is on the blow." And so on, and so on. This was probably the marigold mentioned that they were looking at.

The most vivid impression, however, made upon the visitor in this walk was that of paint. It seemed unreal that there could be so much paint in the world and so many swearing colors. But it ceased to be a dream, and they were taken back into the hard practical world, when, as they turned the corner, Irene pointed out her favorite sign:

Silas Lapham, mineral paint.
Branch Office.

The artist said, a couple of days after this morning, that he had enough of it. "Of course," he added, "it is a great pleasure to me to sit and talk with Mrs. Benson, while you and that pretty girl walk up and down the piazza all the evening; but I'm easily satisfied, and two evenings did for me."

So that much as Mr. King was charmed with Atlantic City, and much as he regretted not awaiting the arrival of the originals of the tin-types, he gave in to the restlessness of the artist for other scenes; but not before he had impressed Mrs. Benson with a notion of the delights of Newport in July.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GOING DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS.

BY PHIL ROBINSON.



ONE of the delightful experiences which I begrudge antiquity (which, by-the-way, appears to me to have had a very unfair share of the fun and excitement of life) is that of having seen the first man trying to navigate the first boat. How he got astraddle a log, and it slipped round and got away from under him, and how he then flattened the top of the log and sat on it, and how he eventually hollowed out the log and got complacently inside it, must have been sufficiently diverting. But when he came to experiments in progression, his procedure must have been infinitely amusing.

He was no doubt jeered at by the old folk as a good-for-nothing with his newfangled notions and scatter-brain projects. Wading, they said, had always been good enough for them, and for their fathers—who were no fools—before them, and they did not see what young people wanted with boats. Besides, how was he going to keep a boat right side up? This must have been a clincher.

But our genius had meanwhile hollowed out his log, and so long as it was on dry ground he found no difficulty in getting in and out, and in this modified trough imagined, poor soul! that he had satisfied all the requirements of naval architecture. And then to have seen him drag his boat into the water, and to have heard his exultation when it floated! "There! I told you so!" It was a little on one side, perhaps, but what of that? And then to see him try to get inside his boat, and to hear the huge delight of his painted contemporaries as he immediately capsized! For he *did* capsize, and at once—be sure of that. One of two things happened: either he was shot out directly like a sack of potatoes, or else he and his boat solemnly sank together. His next experiment would be made with more caution, and eventually we can imagine him, as proud as a grub in a nutshell, sitting complacently at the bottom of his boat. It wobbled, no doubt, in rather a startling manner whenever he moved; but then he was inside a boat, and it was no use trying to deny it. "But what good does that do you?" the still contemptuous graybeards asked. "You can hardly see over the edge of your vehicle, and you can not move, and you can not even get out without falling out." But our genius was not to be beaten. And grasping the fact that a boat, to be of much use, ought to be able to move, he asked a friend to shove him. The result was satisfactory enough till the other man got tired of shoving, and contemporary history fails to tell us how the next step was taken. But probably finding himself within arm's-reach of the bottom, he tried to push himself along, and getting into deeper water, used a stick as a motive power. From the stick was developed the punt pole, and from the punt pole the thin-bladed paddle. The blade of the paddle was gradually widened and its handle lengthened till the oar was evolved; and holding up his shirt to dry one day after the usual accident, the sail was chanced upon. And then they began gradually



FIRST NAVIGATION.



THE "ARGO."

increasing the size of the boats till the sails and oars could not move them, and then increased the size of the sails and the oars till the boats could not carry them. And how they capsized and foundered, got taken aback and got pooped, ran on rocks and went to pieces, and how eventually they found out the happy medium in all things, and made a ship that could carry her canvas squarely, sail with dry decks, and answer her helm, need not be related here. Centuries passed with a terrible annual loss of life, and then men made a slave of steam, and bridged oceans, so that nations might exchange their commerce and their peoples.

It was my privilege when in Egypt during the recent war to be on board one of the ships that took part in Lord Wolseley's naval demonstration in the Bay of Aboukir. I saw then the stateliest war fleet that within the memory of my generation has ever sailed the seas in order of battle. With the squadron I passed the scenes of Nelson's victories, and witnessed—the very pomp and poetry of war—that majestic procession of England's navy through the Suez Canal.

And now that I have leisure from the breathless duties of a war correspondent, I have sat down to put on paper the crowd of thoughts that then distracted me, when I compared the spectacle before me, the very latest triumphs of mechanical, military, and engineering science—iron-clad ships steaming through the Suez Canal—with the long-ago exploits of other generals and admirals upon those same seas and shores.

Here behind us was the same Mediterranean that perplexed the fleece-hunting Argonauts, and yonder before us stood (so the Bedouins protest) the only genuine and original Ararat, upon which the navigating patriarch and his menagerie finally stranded. My subject, therefore, virtually reaches back to the very beginnings of ships and of seamen, and spans

the whole interval between Jason and the Cunard Company, between the Deluge and the Egyptian war.

It is a long way back to the days of that primeval passenger ship Noah's ark, and the modern voyager finds it very difficult to imagine aboard-ship life under the conditions of Jason's undecked *Argo*.



THE DANISH "RAVEN."

That Latter-day Saint the steam-engine has spoiled us for such modified pleasures as the Tyrian must have suffered in his negotiation of the Pillars of Hercules, or the Phœnician when dodging along the coasts of southern Europe. Who would pay nowadays for a passage in a ship where there was no protection from the rain, and in which, when she pitched, all the contents of the vessel rolled in miscellaneous confusion from one end to the other? It is bad enough as it is to find one's self in a badly rolling steamer, shut up in a cabin with a portmanteau that seems determined to have your life, and a hat-box that becomes a fiend, where everything collects in a vile conspiracy against you upon the floor, and even your hanging clothes stand out on end and point derisively at you. But how much worse it must have been in the old days when, seated at the bottom of an open boat, you found yourself at every lurch rolling about in several inches of water, with an augur and a coopful of sacrificial chickens, several anchors, and a company of "ancients of Gebal"!

Semiramis, the warrior wife of King Pul, sailed, we are accustomed to think, in great pomp. But what lady of modern days would submit to the horrors of a voyage in which the only means of changing one's position in the ship was by crawling on all fours? Not all the splendors of Sidonian looms, nor the company of all the apes and peacocks of Africa, could compensate for the wretchedness of having no other shelter from the elements than awnings supported on the heads of seasick slaves. It was all



ARGOSY LEAVING CORINTH.

very well, no doubt, to have masts of "cedar from Lebanon," and oars of the "oaks of Bashan," and benches for the rowers of "ivory brought out of the isles of Chittim," but when he was on that little trip of his from Ezion-geber, had Solomon any cure for seasickness? I venture to think not, for he confesses that one of the very few things which he did not understand was the way of a ship on the sea.

And it is hardly to be wondered at. For the way of sailing a ship in a Mediterranean squall is often beyond all understanding. Yet I should very much indeed have enjoyed just one trip in the early days of navigation and commerce, and, merely as an experience, have gone a-voyaging with some ancients of Gebal to "the land of Persia and of Lud and of Phut." Our cargo would have been perhaps "precious cloths for chariots," and broidered work and fine linen, and graven vessels, and goodly garments of Shinar, and we should have bartered them with the men of Dedan for horns of ivory and ebony, with the merchants of Sheba and Raama for precious stones and gold, with the princes of Kedar for lambs and kids and white wool, and the peasant traders of Minnith and Pannag for wheat and honey and oil and balm. Here and there a bale of myrrh, or cinnamon, or cassia, and here and there a heap of amber; an ape here and a peacock there.

Voyages in those days took time. A man divided his patrimony among his sons before he started, and very often died full of years before he could get back. It is the regular thing in the Oriental story-books that deal of those old days to make the returned merchant find the children, who were babies when he left them, grown up to be parents themselves. They do not remember to have ever had a father. Their mother, rest her soul, has been dead these many years. But there is always an opportune old man, a former crony of the long-gone merchant, who recognizes him on behalf of the family, and all comes well as the merchant sits down in the last chapter to unfold his treasures of foreign

markets. Indeed, it was always on the cards that if you started on a long voyage your provisions would run short, and that you would all solemnly get out of the ship and proceed to plough the ground and sow it with grain, and wait till the harvest ripened, and then reap it and start afresh. But it must have been tedious work at best, this interpolation of agricultural pursuits, and for men absent on a short furlough exasperating in the extreme.

But my voyage, if I take it, must be by preference in one of the roomy boats of the times of Greek supremacy. Not in one of the leather vehicles of the Saxon coaster, nor the laundry-basket coracle of the painted Briton, nor yet the clipper-built pirate craft of the hardy Norsemen, those Drakers and Snekkars—dragons and snakes—in which the Viking buccaneers harried the English coasts; for they were a terrible crew, those hard-drinking Danes who sailed with Sweyn, the Raven of the North—

"The Danish Raven, lured on by annual prey,
hung o'er the land—"

who dared to venture into the ice-bound seas about the pole, and came back in disgust, not because of the icebergs and the crunching floe, but because the people there brewed no ale. No; my voyage should be on sunny seas, in one of those elder craft, with bows and stern all grim with monster-heads, and a great unwinking eye painted on either side. From stem to poop she is painted in gorgeous colors, vermilion and green and blue, and the sail that lies furled upon the single yard is purple, with a yellow fringe. Her foremast is hardly worth calling one, for it rakes forward as if it thought itself a bowsprit, and hanging from it flutter the votive rags of the passengers and the crew. On the top of the mainmast is a tulip-shaped "crow's-nest," in which, with his long trumpet in his hand, the signal-man sits at his ease aloft. In the bows, under a gorgeous canopy, and supported by the favorite god of the company, sits the pilot, while on the poop stands the captain, counting the sea-gulls for an augury, and giving the boatswain of the period his orders accordingly.

"Hardy he was, and wyse to undertake;
With many a tempest hadde hys berd been
schake."

He walks his small poop an autocrat, deferential only to the vaticinations of the birds about him, and the voice of the augur who is examining dead chickens in the saloon. But when the storm overtakes her, and the waves come racing after the laboring ship, our captain calls together the augur and the pilot, the boatswain and all the ship's



THE BUCENTAUR.

company, and takes them into his confidence. Shall they run the ship ashore? or were it more advisable, as an experiment, to throw a priest overboard?

And then those stately ceremonies of ancient commerce! The starting from Corinth of an argosy of galleys, with every vessel of a different color, and all the sails enriched with an extravagance of bright design, the long banks of rowers bending to their oars in time with the music of their bands, and the perpetual antiphones of trumpets, as admiral to admiral signaled, and pilots gave the orders of the crooked course! The departure of a Roman fleet from the Golden Horn, when the hierarchy of the Western Church, in all the pomp of their canonicals, passed down the line in their barge of state to bless the keels that were to plough the seas, the oars that were to drive the brave craft through the waves, the sails that were to take the favoring breeze; when the court, with the Emperor, in all the insignia of his high place, stood grouped upon the royal galley to watch the solemn pageant; and when, the ceremony over, the clarions shouted all together, and in a tumult of music the squadron moved away!

Or later, with our own more familiar history, the magnificence of the Crusaders' progress, or the Doge's farewell to the merchant fleets of proud, imperious Venice! The whole city made holiday, and along all its hundred canals the gondolas, sumptuously bedecked for the day, ranged themselves in line to watch the Doge and his Council go by, and then, closing up into ranks, followed behind the pompous Bucentaur, the great state barge of the Doges, to the outer harbor, where the argosy lay waiting for the final orders for sailing. All the wealth of Venice seemed displayed upon the surface of the water, while the constant strains of martial music filled the scene with all the gayety of sound. And presently the confusion of sumptuous galleys began to resolve itself into order, and then on a sudden, amid a wild chorus of trumpets, the leading vessels were seen gliding out from the throng, and one by one, in a stately succession of purple sails and golden prows, the pride of Venice, her merchant fleet, streamed out on the bright waters of the sun-lit Adriatic.

Once upon a time men made a regular profession of discovering new countries. They were bound apprentice to it as if to a trade, articled to some passed master, and formally salaried by courts and princes, for the specific service of adding Terranuovas to their employers' possessions. The discovery of unclaimed countries for a king was then looked upon very much as establishing new agencies for a mercantile firm is now: each Newfoundland was a fresh branch office. And they were fine men, those pirate-pioneers of the world's commerce—the Cabots and Drakes, Tasmans, De Gamas, and Columbuses. The class is not by any means extinct. But they have exhausted the world. If the occasion should come, and a new Atlantis rise in some arctic or antarctic sea, the mariner and his ship, depend upon it, will be ready with the hour. The brave sails will be shaken out in challenge to strange winds, and the engines will throb in conflict with strange waters, and our seamen will dare and die to plant "the banner of possession" upon the "lands and the isles."

Brave men indeed were the old sea-captains, who in their "tall ships" dared to steer for continents that they could only guess of, and to hazard their lives on seas where fable was their only chart, and the whale was still Lord High Admiral. And what an "address" to sail for!—"the dominions of Prester John, or other potentates they might meet with." And then the delightful idea of the first ships that sailed to America carrying with them letters of introduction "in the Latin, Hebrew, and Chaldee tongues"! How the red Indian must have powwowed over such a letter—written, too, on "a leaf of gold"—and what wisdom would have been exchanged between sagamore and sachem over the compliments (in Chaldee) of "Don John of Portugal, brother to the Christian King"!

But to those daring seamen of the older days there was nothing humorous in such adventure. It was the work of a life to have voyaged once on the high seas "for the honour of his Majesty the King and the glory of God," and they were content on their return to schedule such strange goods as "popynjays and wylde catts of the mountaigne, with other stuff, to the King's grace." And how stately the reception they received on their return! how solemn the Te Deums of the nations! There is a wonderful pathos in the significance of these great rejoicings of the young world of Europe on bringing un-

der its sceptres the old worlds of the earth and calling them "New"! Hidden away behind the veil of distance the mighty antiquities of continents had lain for ages. And then, suddenly cutting her way through the concealing oceans, came one day, with the sunlight glittering on her sails as they rose up from the underworld, and the subject sea fawning with smiles upon her bows, a tall ship, with her crew of strangely speaking men, white-skinned and bearded, whose feet strode the shore as if they were the hereditary lords of it, and whose hands never loosed their hold of aught they grasped.

And in time the ship sailed away again, leaving behind it as mementos of its visit tapestries of Flanders or damasks, vermilion or amber, and taking with it in return the wild produce of the plain and woodland and stream, feathers or furs, gems and rare woods and scented gums. Strange also were the tales they brought with them of seas as green as meadows, among which were sea-kine feeding, and of the aquatic cannibals which when starting they had been so earnestly warned against, long-tusked and whiskered, with fins for hands, and eyes that rolled horribly, of "fatall byrdes" that followed the ship with ominous cries, of mermen and mermaidens, and of the priest-fish that rose up from the waves all cowled to receive the dead who were thrown overboard. In those days the miracle of the sea-serpent was often vouchsafed to mariners, and the Clays returning from "the New found Island" with "wylde catts and popynjays" had a wondrous yarn to tell of the kraken that lay off the Banks.

But with all their pomp and splendor, and all their novelties in discovery and science, I only wish for one single voyage in the Past. And that merely as an experience. My life has been for many years given up to strange experiences in strange countries, and I have had my adventures by water as well as by land. To gain "the experience," I once voyaged from Southampton to Calcutta in a sailing ship, and nearly went to the bottom off the Cape of Good Hope for my sins. But the voyage answered all my expectations, for did we not meet a hurricane off the Cape, and a dead calm of fourteen days on the equator off the Madras coast? and did we not see a water-spout and a school of whales? catch albatrosses by the dozen,



FLEET OF CRUSADERS.

sharks by the score, and, most prized of all, one solitary dolphin? Did we not sail for a month of nights through a phosphorescent sea, and behold in the firmament the constellations of both hemispheres at once?

ence of my life in a cyclone in the Bay of Biscay.

I had therefore been on many seas before I made acquaintance with the Atlantic, and I must confess that, with all my voyagings before me, I never recognized



DISCOVERING NEW COUNTRIES.

I have been a passenger in a Somâli dhas, and tossed up with the surf like a sea-weed on the beach of Ceylon, have raced the porpoises over the bar at Durban, felt the boat grind beneath me among the breakers off East London, and seen men running along the pier overhead with life-saving apparatus as they saw our boat dashed with the inrolling surf upon the rock face at Bourbon. In a bark of six hundred tons I ran the gauntlet of a hurricane in the Mozambique Channel when crossing from Mauritius to the Zulu war, and on board one of the largest steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental fleet, bound for India, I nearly made the last experi-

the full extent of the gulf that stretches between the past and the present till I crossed by the bridge to America. On her trial trip I was a passenger on board the *Kaiser-i-Hurd*, the most beautiful ship afloat on Eastern seas, and in Ismailia Bay there was the stately *Orient*, at once a palace and a fortress. And yet the overwhelming contrast between the timid beginnings of maritime adventure and its present superb development never adequately struck me till I had felt the *Alaska* thrilling with her speed as she scorned the angry Atlantic, and on the deck of the *Servia* shared that stately vessel's lofty indifference to the storm.

LITTLE BEL'S SUPPLEMENT.

BY HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

"INDEED, then, my mother, I'll not take the school at Wissan Bridge without they promise me a supplement. It's the worst school i' a' Prince Edward Island."

"I doubt but ye're young to tackle wi' them boys, Bel," replied the mother, gazing into her daughter's face with an intent expression, in which it would have been hard to say which predominated, anxiety or fond pride. "I'd sooner see ye take any other school between this an' Charlottetown, an' no supplement."

"I'm not afraid, my mother, but I'll manage 'em well enough; but I'll not undertake it for the same money as a decent school is taught: they'll promise me five pounds supplement at the end o' the year, or I'll not set foot i' the place."

"Maybe they'll not be for givin' ye the school at all when they see what's yer youth," replied the mother, in a half-antagonistic tone. There was a continual under-current between this mother and daughter of possible antagonism, overlain and usually smothered out of sight by passionate attachment on both sides.

Little Bel tossed her head. "Age is not everything that goes to the makkin o' a teacher," she retorted. "There's Grizzy McLeod; she's teachin' at the Cove these eight years, an' I'd shame her myself any day she likes wi' spellin' an' the lines; an' if there's ever a boy in a school o' mine that 'll gie me a floutin' answer such 's I've heard her take by the dozen, I'll warrant ye he'll get a birchin'; an' the trustees think there's no teacher like Grizzy. I'm not afraid."

"Grizzy never had any great schoolin' herself," replied her mother, proudly. "There's no girl in all the farms that's had what ye've had, Bel."

"It isn't the schoolin', mother," retorted Little Bel. "The schoolin' 's got nothin' to do with it. I'd teach a school better than Grizzy McLeod if I'd never had a day's schoolin'."

"An' now if that's not the talk of a silly!" retorted the quickly angered parent. "Will ye be tellin' me perhaps, then, that them that can't read theirselves is to be set to teach letters?"

Little Bel was too loyal at heart to her illiterate mother to wound her farther by reiterating her point. Throwing her arms around her neck, and kissing her warmly, she exclaimed: "Eh, my mother, it's not a silly that ye could ever have for a child, wi' that clear head, and the wise things always said to us from the time we're in our cradles. Ye've never a child that's so clever as ye are yerself. I didn't mean just what I said: ye must know surely: only that the schoolin' part is the smallest part o' the keepin' a school."

"An' I'll never give in to such nonsense as that either," said the mother, only half mollified. "Ye can ask yer father, if ye like, if it stands not to reason that the more a teacher knows, the more he can teach. He'll take the conceit out o' ye better than I can." And good Isabella McDonald turned angrily away, and drummed on the window-pane with her knitting-needles to relieve her nervous discomfort at this slight passage at arms with her best-beloved daughter.

Little Bel's face flushed, and with compressed lips she turned silently to the little oaken-framed looking-glass that hung so high on the wall she could but just see her chin in it. As she slowly tied her pink bonnet strings she grew happier. In truth, she would have been a maiden hard to console if the face that looked back at her from the quaint oak leaf and acorn wreath had not comforted her inmost soul, and made her again at peace with herself. And as the mother looked on she too was comforted, and in five minutes more, when Little Bel was ready to say good-by, they flung their arms around each other, and embraced and kissed, and the daughter said: "Good-by t'ye now, my mother. Wish me well, an' ye'll see that I get it—supplement an' all," she added, slyly. And the mother said, "Good luck t'ye, child; an' it's luck to them that gets ye." And that was the way quarrels always ended between Isabella McDonald and her oldest daughter.

The oldest daughter, and yet only just turned of twenty, and there were eight children younger than she and one older. This is the way among the Scotch farming folk in Prince Edward Island. Children come tumbling into the world like rabbits in a pen, and have to scramble for a living almost as soon and as hard as the rab-

bits. It is a narrow life they lead, and full of hardships and deprivations, but it has its compensations. Sturdy virtues in sturdy bodies come of it—the sort of virtue made by the straitest Calvinism, and the sort of body made out of oatmeal and milk.

It seemed but a few years ago that John McDonald had wooed and won Isabella McIntosh—wooed her with difficulty in the bosom of her family of six brothers and five sisters, and won her triumphantly in spite of the open and contemptuous opposition of each one of the five sisters. For John himself was one of seven in his father's home, and whoever married John must go there to live, to be only a daughter in a mother-in-law's house, and take a daughter's share of the brunt of everything. "And nothing to be got except a living, and it was a poor living the McDonald farm gave beside the McIntosh," the McIntosh sisters said. And, moreover: "The saint did not live that could get on with John McDonald's mother. That was what had made him the silent fellow he was, always being told by his mother to hold his tongue and have done speaking; and a fine pepper-pot there'd be when Isabella's hasty tongue and temper were flung into that batch!"

There was no gainsaying all this. Nevertheless Isabella married John, went home with him into his father's house, put her shoulder against her spoke in the family wheel, and did her best. And when, ten years later, as reward of her affectionate trust and patience, she found herself sole mistress of the McDonald farm, she did not feel herself ill paid. The old father and mother were dead, two sisters had died and two had married, and the two sons had gone to the States to seek better fortunes than were to be made on Prince Edward Island. John, as eldest son, had, according to the custom of the island, inherited the farm, and Mrs. Isabella, confronting her three still unmarried sisters, was able at last triumphantly to refute their still resentfully remembered objections to her choice of a husband.

"An' did ye suppose I did not all the time know that it was to this it was sure to come, soon or late?" she said, with justifiable complacency. "It's a good thing to have a house o' one's own an' an estate. An' the linen that's in the house! I've no need to turn a hand to the flax-wheel for ten years if I've no mind. An' ye can all bide your times, an' see what John 'll make o' the farm, now he's got where he can have things his own way. His father was always set against anything that was new, an' the place is run down shameful; but John 'll bring it up; an' I'm not an old woman yet."

This last was the unkindest phrase Mrs. John McDonald permitted herself to use. There was a rebound in it which told on the McIntosh sisters, for they, many years older than she, were already living on tolerance in their father's house, where their oldest brother and his wife ruled things with an iron hand. All hopes of a husband and a home of their own had quite died out of their spinster bosoms, and they would not have been human had they not secretly and grievously envied the comely, blooming Isabella her husband, children, and home.

But, with all this, it was no play-day life that Mrs. Isabella had led. At the very best, and with the best of farms, Prince Edward Island farming is no high-road to fortune; only a living, and that of the plainest, is to be made; and when children come at the rate of ten in twenty-two years, it is but a small showing that the farmer's bank account makes at the end of that time. There is no margin for fineries, luxuries, small ambitions of any kind. Isabella had her temptations in these directions, but John was firm as a rock in withstanding them. If he had not been, there would never have been this story to tell of his Little Bel's school-teaching, for there would never have been money enough in the bank to have given her two years' schooling in Charlottetown, the best the little city afforded, "and she boardin' all the time like a lady," said the severe McIntosh aunts, who disapproved of all such wide-flying ambitions, which made women discontented with and unfitted for farming life.

Little Bel had, indeed, even before the Charlottetown schooling, had a far better chance than her mother; for in her mother's day there was no free school in the island; and in families of ten and twelve it was only a turn and turn about that the children had at school. Since the free schools had been established many a grown man and woman had sighed enviously at the better luck of the youngsters under the new *régime*. No excuse now for the poorest man's children not knowing how to read and write, and more; and if they chose to keep on, nothing to hinder their dipping into studies

of which their parents never heard so much as the names.

And this was not the only better chance which Little Bel had had. John McDonald's farm joined the lands of the manse; his house was a short mile from the manse itself; and by a bit of good fortune for Little Bel it happened that just as she was growing into girlhood there came a new minister to the manse: a young man from Halifax with a young bride, the daughter of an officer in the Halifax garrison, gentle-folks both of them, but single-hearted and full of fervor in their work for the souls of the plain farming people given into their charge. And both Mr. Allan and Mrs. Allan had caught sight of Little Bel's face on their first Sunday in church, and Mrs. Allan had traced to her a flute-like voice she had detected in the Sunday-school singing; and before long, to Isabella's great but unspoken pride, the child had been "bidden to the manse for the minister's wife to hear her sing," and from that day there was a new vista in Little Bel's life.

Her voice was sweet as a lark's and as pure, and her passionate love for music a gift in itself. "It would be a sin not to cultivate it," said Mrs. Allan to her husband, "even if she never sees another piano than mine, nor had any other time in her life except these few years to enjoy it: she will always have had these: and nothing can separate her from her voice."

And so it came to pass that when, at sixteen, Little Bel went to Charlottetown for her final two years of study at the High School, she played almost as well as Mrs. Allan herself, and sang far better. And in all Isabella McDonald's daydreams of the child's future, vague or minute, there was one feature never left out. The "good husband" coming always was to be a man who could "give her a piano."

In Charlottetown Bel found no such friend as Mrs. Allan, but she had a young school-mate who had a piano, and—poor short-sighted creature that she was, Bel thought—hated the sight of it, detested to practice, and shed many a tear over her lessons. This girl's parents were thankful to see their daughter impressed by Bel's enthusiasm for music; and so well did the clever girl play her cards that, before she had been six months in the place, she was installed as music teacher to her own school-fellow, earning thereby not only money enough to buy the few clothes she needed, but what to her was better than money, the privilege of the use of the piano an hour a day.

So when she went home, at the end of the two years, she had lost nothing; in fact, had made substantial progress; and her old friend and teacher, Mrs. Allan, was as proud as she was astonished when she first heard her play and sing. Still more astonished was she at the forceful character the girl had developed. She went away a gentle, loving, clinging child, her nature, like her voice, belonging to the order of birds—bright, flitting, merry, confiding. She returned a woman, still loving, still gentle in her manner, but with a new poise in her bearing, a resoluteness, a fire, of which her first girlhood had given no suggestion. It was strange to see how similar yet unlike were the comments made on her in the manse and in the farm-house by the two couples most interested in her welfare.

"It is wonderful, Robert," said Mrs. Allan to her husband, "how that girl has changed, and yet not changed. It is the music that has lifted her up so; what a glorious thing is a real passion for any art in a human soul! But she can never live here among these people. I must take her to Halifax."

"No," said Mr. Allan. "Her work will be here. She belongs to her people in heart all the same. She will not be discontented."

"Husband, I'm doubtin' if we've done the right thing by the child after a'," said the mother, tearfully, to the father, at the end of the first evening after Bel's return. "She's got the ways o' the city on her, an' she carries herself as if she'd be teachin' the minister his own self. I doubt but she'll feel herself strange i' the house."

"Never you fash yourself," replied Donald. "The girl's got her head, that's a'. But her heart's i' the right place. Ye'll see she'll put her strength to whatever there's to be done. She'll be a master-hand at teachin', I'll wager!"

"You always did think she was perfection," replied the mother, in a crisp but not ill-natured tone, "an' I'm not gainsayin' that she's not as near it as is often seen; but I'm main uneasy to see her carryin' herself so positive."

If John thought in his heart that Bel had come through direct heredity on the maternal side by this "carryin' herself so

positive," he knew better than to say so, and his only reply was a good-natured laugh, with: "You'll see! I'm not afraid. She's a good child, an' always was."

Bel passed her examination triumphantly, and got the Wissan Bridge school; but she got only a contingent promise of the five-pound supplement. It went sorely against her will to waive this point. Very keenly Mr. Allan, who was on the Examining Board, watched her face as she modestly yet firmly pressed it.

The trustees did not deny that the Wissan Bridge school was a difficult and unruly one; that to manage it well was worth more money than the ordinary school salaries. The question was whether this very young lady could manage it at all; and if she failed, as the last incumbent had—failed egregiously, too: the school had broken up in riotous confusion before the end of the year—the canny Scotchmen of the School Board did not wish to be pledged to pay that extra five pounds. The utmost Bel could extract from them was a promise that if at the end of the year her teaching had proved satisfactory, the five pounds should be paid. More they would not say; and after a short, sharp struggle with herself, Bel accepted the terms; but she could not restrain a farewell shot at the trustees as she turned to go. "I'm as sure o' my five pounds as if ye'd promised it downright, sirs. I shall keep ye a good school at Wissan Bridge."

"We'll make it guineas, then, Miss Bel," cried Mr. Allan, enthusiastically, looking at his colleagues, who nodded their heads, and said, laughing, "Yes, guineas it is."

"And guineas it will be," retorted Little Bel, as with cheeks like peonies she left the room.

"Egad but she's a fine spirit o' her ain, an' as bonnie a face as I've seen since I remember," cried old Mr. Dalgetty, the senior member of the board, and the one hardest to please. "I'd not mind bein' a pupil at Wissan Bridge school the comin' term myself," and he gave an old man's privileged chuckle as he looked at his colleagues. "But she's over-young for the work—over-young."

"She'll do it," said Mr. Allan, confidently. "Ye need have no fear. My wife's had the training of the girl since she was little. She's got the best o' stuff in her. She'll do it."

Mr. Allan's prediction was fulfilled. Bel did it. But she did it at the cost of harder work than even she had anticipated. If it had not been for her music she would never have pulled through with the boys of Wissan Bridge. By her music she tamed them. The young Marsyas himself never piped to a wilder set of creatures than the uncouth lads and young men that sat in wide-eyed, wide-mouthed astonishment listening to the first song their pretty young school-mistress sang for them. To have singing exercises part of the regular school routine was a new thing at Wissan Bridge. It took like wild-fire: and when Little Bel, shrewd and diplomatic as a statesman, invited the two oldest and worst boys in the school to come Wednesday and Saturday afternoons to her boarding-place to practice singing with her to the accompaniment of the piano, so as to be able to help her lead the rest, her sovereignty was established. They were not conquered, they were converted—a far surer and more lasting process. Neither of them would, from that day out, have been guilty of an act, word, or look to annoy her, any more than if they had been rival lovers suing for her hand. As Bel's good luck would have it—and Bel was born to good luck; there is no denying it—one of these boys had a good tenor voice, the other a fine barytone; had both, in their rough way, been singers all their lives, and were lovers of music.

"That was more than half the battle, my mother," confessed Bel, when, at the end of the first term, she was at home for a few days, and was recounting her experiences. "Except for the singin', I'd never have got Archie McLeod under, nor Sandy Stairs either. I doubt they'd have been too many for me. But now they're like two more teachers to the fore. I'd leave the school-room to them for a day, an' not a lad 'd dare stir in his seat without their leave. I call them my constables; an' I'm teaching them a small bit of chemistry out o' school hours, too, an' that's a hold on them. They'll see me out safe; an' I'm thinkin' I'll owe them a bit part o' the five guineas when I get it," she added, reflectively.

"The minister says ye're sure of it," replied her mother. "He says ye've the best school a'ready in all his circuit. I don't know how ever ye come to't so quick, child." And Isabella McDonald

smiled wistfully, spite of all her pride in her clever bairn.

"Ye see, then, what he'll say after the examination at New-Year's," gleefully replied Bel, "if he thinks the school is so good now. It 'll be twice as good then; an' such singin' as was never heard before in any school-house on the island, I'll warrant me. I'm to have the piano over for the day to the school-house. Archie and Sandy 'll move it in a big wagon, to save me payin' for the cartin'; an' I'm to pay a half-pound for the use of it if it's not hurt —a dear bargain, but she'd not let it go a shilling less. And, to be sure, there is the risk to be counted. An' she knew I'd have it if it had been twice that; but I got it out of her for that price. She was to let me have all the school over twice a week for two months before, to practice. So it's not too dear. Ye'll see what ye'll hear then."

It had been part of Little Bel's good luck that she had succeeded in obtaining board in the only family in the village which had the distinction of owning a piano; and, by paying a small sum extra, she had obtained the use of this piano for an hour each day—the best investment of Little Bel's life, as the sequel showed.

It was a bitter winter on Prince Edward Island. By New-Year's time the roads were many of them well-nigh impassable with snow. Fierce winds swept to and fro, obliterating by noon tracks which had been clear in the morning; and nobody went abroad if he could help it. New-Year's Day opened fiercest of all, with scurries of snow, lowering sky, and a wind that threatened to be a gale before night. But, for all that, the tying posts behind the Wissan Bridge school-house were crowded full of steaming horses under buffalo-robes, which must stamp and paw and shiver, and endure the day as best they might, while the New-Year's examination went on. Everybody had come. The fame of the singing of the Wissan Bridge school had spread far and near, and it had been whispered about that there was to be a "piece" sung which was finer than anything ever sung in the Charlottetown churches.

The school-house was decorated with evergreens—pine and spruce. The New-Year's Day having fallen on a Monday, Little Bel had had a clear working-day on the Saturday previous, and her faithful henchmen, Archie and Sandy, had been busy every evening for a week drawing the boughs on their sleds, and piling them up in the yard. The teacher's desk had been removed, and in its place stood the shining red mahogany piano—a new and wonderful sight to many eyes there.

All was ready, the room crowded full, and the Board of Trustees not yet arrived. There sat their three big arm-chairs on the raised platform, empty—a depressing and perplexing sight to Little Bel, who, in her brief blue merino gown, with a knot of pink ribbon at her throat, and a roll of white paper (her schedule of exercises) in her hand, stood on the left hand of the piano, her eyes fixed expectantly on the doors. The minutes lengthened out into a quarter of an hour, half an hour. Anxiously Bel consulted with her father what should be done.

"The roads are something fearfu', child," he replied; "we must make big allowance for that. They're sure to be comin', at least some one o' them. It was never known that they failed on the New-Year's examination, an' it would seem a sore disrespect to begin without them here."

Before he had finished speaking there was heard a merry jingling of bells outside, dozens and dozens it seemed, and hilarious voices and laughter, and the snorting of overdriven horses, and the stamping of feet, and more voices and more laughter. Everybody looked in his neighbor's face. What sounds were these? Who ever heard a sober School Board arrive in such fashion as this? But it was the School Board—nothing less: a good deal more, however. Little Bel's heart sank within her as she saw the foremost figure entering the room. What evil destiny had brought Sandy Bruce in the character of school visitor that day?—Sandy Bruce, retired school-teacher himself, superintendent of the hospital in Charlottetown, road-master, ship-owner, exciseman—Sandy Bruce, whose sharp and unexpected questions had been known to floor the best of scholars and upset the plans of the best of teachers. Yes, here he was, Sandy Bruce himself; and it was his fierce little Norwegian ponies, with their silver bells and fur collars, the admiration of all Charlottetown, that had made such a clatter and stamping outside, and were still keeping it up, for every time they stirred the bells tinkled like a peal of chimes. And, woe upon woe, behind him came, not Bel's friend and

pastor, Mr. Allan, but the crusty old Dalgetty, whose doing it had been a year before, as Bel very well knew, that the five-pound supplement had been only conditionally promised.

Conflicting emotions turned Bel's face scarlet as she advanced to meet them; the most casual observer could not have failed to see that dismay predominated, and Sandy Bruce was no casual observer; nothing escaped his keen glance and keener intuition; and it was almost with a wicked twinkle in his little hazel eyes that he said, still shaking off the snow, stamping and puffing: "Eh, but ye were not lookin' for me, teacher! The minister was sent for to go to old Elspie Breadalbane, who's dyin' the morn; and I happened by as he was startin', an' he made me promise to come i' his place; an' I picked up my friend Dalgetty here a few miles back, wi' his horse flounderin' i' the drifts. Except for me, ye'd ha' had no board at all here to-day, so I hope ye'll give me no bad welcome."

As he spoke he was studying her face, where the color came and went like waves; not a thought in the girl's heart he did not read. "Poor little lassie!" he was thinking to himself. "She's shaking in her shoes with fear o' me. I'll not put her out. She's a dainty blossom of a girl. What's kept her from being trodden down by these Wissan Bridge racketers, I'd like to know?"

But when he seated himself on the platform, and took his first look at the rows of pupils in the centre of the room, he was near starting with amazement. The Wissan Bridge "racketers," as he had mentally called them, were not to be seen. Very well he knew many of them by sight, for his shipping business called him often to Wissan Bridge, and this was not the first time he had been inside the schoolhouse, which had been so long the dread and terror of school boards and teachers alike. A puzzled frown gathered between Sandy Bruce's eyebrows as he gazed.

"What has happened to the youngsters, then?—have they all been convarted i' this twelvemonth?" he was thinking. And the flitting perplexed thought did not escape the observation of John McDonald, who was as quick a reader of faces as Sandy himself, and had been by no means free from anxiety for his Little Bel when he saw the redoubtable visage of the exciseman appear in the doorway.

"He's takin' it in quick the way the bairn's got them a' in hand," thought John. "If only she can hold hersel' cool now!"

No danger. Bel was not the one to lose a battle by appearing to quail in the outset, however clearly she might see herself outnumbered. And sympathetic and eager glances from her constables, Archie and Sandy, told her that they were all ready for the fray. These glances Sandy Bruce chanced to intercept, and they heightened his bewilderment. To Archie McLeod he was by no means a stranger, having had occasion more than once to deal with him, boy as he was, for complications with riotous misdoings. He had happened to know, also, that it was Archie McLeod who had been head and front of the last year's revolt in the school, the one boy that no teacher hitherto had been able to control. And here stood Archie McLeod, rising in his place, leader of the form, glancing down on the boys around him with the eye of a general, watching the teacher's eye, meanwhile, as a dog watches for his master's signal.

And the orderly yet alert and joyously eager expression of the whole school—it had so much the look of a miracle to Sandy Bruce's eye that, not having been for years accustomed to the restraint of the technical official dignity of school visitor, he was on the point of giving a loud whistle of astonishment. Luckily recollecting himself in time, he smothered the whistle, and the "Whew! what's all this?" which had been on his tongue's end, in a vigorous and unnecessary blowing of his nose. And before that was over, and his eyes well wiped, there stood the whole school on their feet before him, and the room ringing with such a chorus as was never heard in a Prince Edward Island schoolroom before. This completed his bewilderment, and swallowed it up in delight. If Sandy Bruce had an overmastering passion in his rugged nature, it was for music. To the sound of the bagpipes he had often said he would march to death, and "not know it for dyin'." The drum and the fife could draw him as quickly now as when he was a boy, and sweet singing of a woman's voice was all the token he wanted of the certainty of heaven and the existence of angels.

When Little Bel's clear, flute-like soprano notes rang out, carrying along the fifty young voices she led, Sandy jumped

up on his feet, waving his hand, in a sudden heat of excitement, right and left, and looking swiftly all about him on the platform, he said, "It's not sittin' we'll take such welcome as this, my neebors!" Each man and woman there, catching the quick contagion, rose, and it was a tumultuous crowd of glowing faces that pressed forward around the piano as the singing went on—fathers, mothers, rustics, all; and the children, pleased and astonished, sang better than ever; and when the chorus was ended, it was some minutes before all was quiet.

Many things had been settled in that few minutes. John McDonald's heart was at rest. "The music 'll carry a' before it, no matter if they do make a failure here an' there," he thought. "The bairn is a' right." The mother's heart was at rest also.

"She's done wonders wi' 'em—wonders. I doubt not but it 'll go through as it's begun. Her face is a picture to look on. Bless her!" Isabella was saying, behind her placid smile.

"Eh, but she's won her guineas out o' us," thought old Dalgetty, ungrudgingly, "and won 'em well."

"I don't see why everybody is so afraid of Sandy Bruce," thought Little Bel. "He looks as kind and as pleased as my own father. I don't believe he'll ask any o' his botherin' questions."

What Sandy Bruce thought, it would be hard to tell; nearer the truth, probably, to say that his head was in too much of a whirl to think anything. Certain it is that he did not ask any botherin' questions, but sat leaning forward on his stout oaken staff, held firmly between his knees, and did not move for the next hour, his eyes resting alternately on the school and on the young teacher, who, now that her first fright was over, was conducting her entertainment with the composure and dignity of an experienced instructor.

The exercises were simple—declamations, reading of selected compositions, examinations of the principal classes. At short intervals came songs to break the monotony. The first one after the opening chorus was "Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon." At the first bars of this, Sandy Bruce could not keep silence, but broke into a low accompaniment in a deep bass voice, untrained but sweet.

"Ah," thought Little Bel; "what 'll he say to the last one, I wonder?"

When the time came she found out. If she had chosen the arrangement of her music with full knowledge of Sandy Bruce's preferences, and with the express determination to rouse him to a climax of enthusiasm, she could not have done better.

When the end of the simple programme of recitations and exhibitions had been reached, she came forward to the edge of the platform—her cheeks were deep pink now, and her eyes shone with excitement—and said, turning to the trustees and spectators,

"We have finished now all we have to show for our year's work, and we will close our entertainment by singing, 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.'"

"Ay, ay! that wi' we!" shouted Sandy Bruce, again leaping to his feet, and as the first of the grand chords of that grand old tune rang out full and loud under Little Bel's firm touch, he strode forward to the piano, and, with a kindly nod to her, struck in with the full force of his deep bass, like violoncello notes, gathering up all the others and fusing them into a pealing strain. It was electrifying. Everybody sang. Old voices that had not sung for a quarter of a century or more joined in. It was a furor. Dalgetty swung his tartan cap; Sandy his hat; handkerchiefs were waved; staffs rang on the floor. The children, half frightened in spite of their pleasure, were quieter than their elders.

"Eh, but it was good fun to see the old folks gone crazy for once," said Archie McLeod, in recounting the scene. "Now if they'd get that way oftener, they'd not be so hard down on us youngsters."

At the conclusion of the song, the first thing Little Bel heard was Dalgetty's piping voice behind her:

"And guineas it is, Miss McDonald. Ye've won it fair an' square! Guineas it is!"

"Eh?—what? Guineas? What is't ye're sayin'?" asked Sandy Bruce, his eyes steady glowing like coals, gazing at Little Bel.

"The supplement, sir," answered Little Bel, lifting her eyes roguishly to his. "Mr. Dalgetty thought I was too young for the school, an' he'd promise me no supplement till he saw if I'd be equal to 't."

This was the sly Bel's little revenge on Dalgetty, who began confusedly to explain that it was not he any more than the other trustees, and he only wished that they had

all been here to see, as he had seen, how finely the school had been managed; but nobody heard what he said, for above all the humming and buzzing and laughing there came up from the centre of the school-room a reiterated call of "Sirs! Trustees! Mr. Trustee! Board!"

It was Archie McLeod, standing up on the backs of two seats, waving a white paper, and trying frantically to make himself heard. The face of a man galloping for life and death, coming up at the last second with a reprieve for one about to be shot, could hardly be fuller of intense anxiety than was Archie's as he waved his paper and shouted.

Little Bel gazed bewilderingly at him. This was not down on her programme of the exercises. What could it be?

As soon as partial silence enabled him to speak, Archie proceeded to read a petition, setting forth, to the respected Board of Trustees, that the undersigned boys and girls of the Wissan Bridge school did hereby unanimously request that they might have no other teacher than Miss McDonald, "as long as she lived."

This last clause had been the cause of bitter disputing between Archie and Sandy, Sandy insisting upon having it in, Archie insisting that it was absurd, because they would not go to school as long as Miss McDonald lived. "But there's the little ones, and the babies that 'll be growin' up," retorted Sandy; "an' there'll never be another like her: I say, 'as long as she lives';" and as long as she lives it was; and when Archie, with an unnecessary emphasis, delivered this closing clause of the petition, it was received with a roar of laughter from the platform, which made him flush angrily, and say, with a vicious punch in Sandy's ribs, "There; I told ye; it spoiled it a'. They're fit to die over it; an' sma' blame to 'em, ye silly!"

But he was re-assured when he heard Sandy Bruce's voice overtopping the tumult with, "A vary sensible request, my lad, an' I, for one, am o' yer way o' thinkin'."

In which speech was a deeper significance than anybody at the time dreamed. In that hurly-burly and hilarious confusion no one had time to weigh words or note meanings; but there were some who recalled it a few months later, when they were bidden to a wedding at the house of John McDonald—a wedding at which Sandy Bruce was groom, and Little Bel the brightest, most winsome of brides.

It was an odd way that Sandy went to work to win her: his ways had been odd all his life—so odd that it had long ago been accepted in the minds of the Charlottetown people that he would never find a woman to wed him; only now and then an unusually perspicacious person divined that the reason of his bachelorhood was not at all that women did not wish to wed him, spite of his odd ways, but that he himself found no woman exactly to his taste.

True it was that Sandy Bruce, aged forty, had never yet desired any woman for his wife till he looked into the face of Little Bel in the Wissan Bridge schoolhouse. And equally true was it that before the last strains of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" had died away on that memorable afternoon of her exhibition of her school, he had determined that his wife she should be.

This was the way he took to win her. No one can deny that it was odd.

There was some talk between him and his temporary colleague on the School Board, old Dalgetty, as they drove home together behind the brisk Norwegian ponies, and the result of this conversation was that the next morning early—in fact, before Little Bel was dressed, so late had she been indulged, for once, in sleeping, after her hard labors in the exhibition the day before—the Norwegian ponies were jingling their bells at John McDonald's door; and John himself might have been seen, with a seriously puzzled face, listening to words earnestly spoken by Sandy, as he shook off the snow and blanketed the ponies.

As the talk progressed, John glanced up involuntarily at Little Bel's window. Could it be that he sighed? At any rate, there was no regret in his heart as he shook Sandy's hand warmly, and said, "Ye've my free consent to try; but I doubt she's not easy won. She's her head now, an' her ain way; but she's a good lass, an' a sweet one."

"An' I need no man to tell me that," said the dauntless Sandy, as he gave back the hearty hand-grip of his friend; "an' she'll never repent it, the longest day o' her life, if she'll hae me for her mon;" and he strode into the house, bearing in his hand the five golden guineas which his friend Dalgetty had, at his request, commissioned him to pay.

"Into her own hand, mind ye, mon,"

chuckled Dalgetty, mischievously. "Ye'll not be leavin' it wi' the mither." To which sly satire Sandy's only reply was a soft laugh and nod of his head.

As soon as Little Bel crossed the threshold of the room where Sandy Bruce stood waiting for her, she knew the errand on which he had come. It was written in his face. Neither could it be truthfully said to be a surprise to Little Bel, for she had not been woman had she failed to recognize on the previous day that the rugged Scotchman's whole nature had gone out toward her in a sudden and overmastering attraction.

Sandy looked at her keenly. "Eh, ye know't a'ready," he said—"the thing I came to say t' ye;" and he paused, still eying her more like a judge than a lover.

Little Bel turned scarlet. This was not her ideal of a wooer. "Know what, Mr. Bruce?" she said, resentfully. "How should I know what ye came to say?"

"Tush, tush, lass! dinna prevaricate," Sandy began, his eyes gloating on her lovely confusion; "dinna preteend—" But the sweet blue eyes were too much for him. Breaking down utterly, he tossed the guineas to one side on the table, and stretching out both hands toward Bel, he exclaimed,

"Ye're the sweetest thing the eyes o' a mon ever rested on, lass, an' I'm goin' to win ye if ye'll let me;" and as Bel opened her mouth to speak, he laid one hand, quietly as a mother might, across her lips, and continued: "Na, na! I'll not let ye speak yet. I'm not a silly to look for ye to be ready to say me yes at this quick askin'; but I'll not let ye say me nay neither. Ye'll not refuse me the only thing I'm askin' the day, an' that's that ye'll let me try to make ye love me. Ye'll not say nay to that, lass. I'll gie my life to it;" and now he waited for an answer.

None came. Tears were in Bel's eyes as she looked up in his face. Twice she opened her lips to speak, and twice her heart and the words failed her. The tears became drops and rolled down her cheeks. Sandy was dismayed.

"Ye're not afraid o' me, ye sweet thing, are ye?" he gasped out. "I'd not vex ye for the world. If ye bid me to go, I'd go."

"No, I'm not afraid o' ye, Mr. Bruce," sobbed Bel. "I don't know what it is makes me so silly. I'm not afraid o' ye, though. But I was for a few minutes yesterday," she added, archly, with a little glint of a roguish smile, which broke through the tears like an April sun through rain, and turned Sandy's head in the twinkling of an eye.

"Ay, ay," he said; "I minded it weel, an' I said to myself then in that first sight I had o' yer face, that I'd not harm a hair o' yer head. Oh, my little lass, would ye na gie me a kiss—just one—to show ye're not afraid, and to gie me leave to try to win ye out o' likin' into lovin'?" he continued, drawing closer and bending toward her.

And then a wonderful thing happened. Little Bel, who, although she was twenty years old, and had by no means been without her admirers, had never yet kissed any man but her father and brothers, put up her rosy lips as confidingly as a little child, to be kissed by this strange wooer, who wooed only for leave to woo.

"And if he'd only known it, he might ha' asked a' he wanted then as well as later," said Little Bel, honestly avowing the whole to her mother. "As soon as he put his hands on me the very heart in me said he was my man for a' my life. An' there's no shame in it that I can see. If a man may love that way in the lighting of an eye, why may not a girl do the same? There's not one kind o' heart i' the breast of a man an' another kind i' the breast of a woman, as ever I heard." In which Little Bel, in her innocence, was wiser than people wiser than she.

And after this there is no need of telling more—only a picture or two which are perhaps worth sketching in few words. One is the expression which was seen on Sandy Bruce's face one day, not many weeks after his first interview with Little Bel, when, in reply to his question, "An' now, my own lass, what 'll ye have for your weddin' gift from me? Tell me the thing ye want most i' a' the earth, an' if it's in my means ye shall have it the day ye gie me the thing I want maist i' the whole earth."

"I've got it a'ready, Sandy," said Little Bel, taking his face in her hands and making a feint of kissing him, then withdrawing coquettishly. Wise, innocent Bel! Sandy understood.

"Ay, my lass; but next to me. What's the next thing ye'd have?"

Bel hesitated. Even to her wooer's generosity it might seem a daring request, the thing she craved.

"Tell me, lass," said Sandy, sternly. "I've mair money than ye think. There's no lady in a' Charlottetown can go finer than ye if ye've a mind."

"For shame, Sandy!" cried Bel. "An' you to think it was fine apparel I'd be askin'! It's a--a"—the word refused to leave her tongue—"a—piano, Sandy," and she gazed anxiously at him. "I'll never ask ye for another thing till the day o' my death, Sandy, if ye'll gie me that."

Sandy shouted in delight. For a brief space a fear had seized him—of which he now felt shame indeed—that his sweet lassie might be about to ask for jewels or rich attire, and it would have sorely hurt Sandy's pride in her had this been so.

"A piano!" he shouted. "An' did ye not think I'd that a'ready in my mind? O' coorse, a piano, an' every other instrument under the skies that ye'll wish, my lass, ye shall have. The more music ye make, the gladder the house 'll be. Is there nothin' else ye want, lass—nothin'?"

"Nothing in all this world, Sandy, but you and a piano," replied Little Bel.

The other picture was on a New-Year's Day, just a twelvemonth from the day of Little Bel's exhibition in the Wissan Bridge school-house. It is a bright day; the sleighing is superb all over the island; and the Charlottetown streets are full of gay sleighs and jingling bells: none so gay, however, as Sandy Bruce's, and no bells so merry as the silver ones on his fierce little Norwegian ponies, that curvet and prance, and are all their driver can hold. Rolled up in furs to her chin, how rosy and handsome looks Little Bel by her husband's side, and how full of proud content is his face as he sees the people all turning to look, and to look, at her beauty! And who is this driving the Norwegian ponies? Who but Archie—Archie McLeod, who has followed his young teacher to her new home, and is to grow up, under Sandy Bruce's teachings, into a sharp and successful man of the shipping business.

And as they turn a corner they come near running into another fur-piled, swift-gliding sleigh, with a grizzled old head looking out of a tartan hood, and eyes like hawks'—Dalgetty himself; and as they pass, the head nods and the eyes laugh, and a sharp voice cries, "Guineas it is!"

"Better than guineas!" answered back Mrs. Sandy Bruce, quick as a flash; and in the same second cries Archie, from the front seat, with a saucy laugh, "And as long as she lives, Mr. Dalgetty!"

THE HOME ACRE.

BY E. P. ROE.

PART II.

IT is a happy proof of our civilization that a dwelling-place, a shelter from sun and storm, does not constitute a home. Even the modest rooms of our mechanics are not furnished with useful articles merely; ornaments and pictures appear quite as indispensable. Out-of-doors the impulse to beautify is even stronger, and usually the purchaser's first effort is to make his place attractive by means of trees and shrubs that are more than useful—they are essential because the refined tastes of men and women to-day demand them.

In my former paper I endeavored to satisfy this demand in some degree, and now will ask the reader's attention to a few practical suggestions in regard to several of the fruits which best supply the family need. We shall find, however, that while Nature is prodigal in supplying what appeals to the palate and satisfies hunger, she is also like a graceful hostess who decks her banquet with all the beauty that she can possibly bestow upon it. We can imagine that the luscious fruits of the year might have been produced in a much more prosaic way. Indeed, we are at a loss to decide which we value the more, the apple blossoms or the apples which follow. Nature is not content with bulk, flavor, and nutriment, but in the fruit itself so deftly pleases the eye with every trick of color and form that the hues and beauty of the flower are often surpassed. We look at a red-cheeked apple or purple cluster of grapes hesitatingly, and are loath to mar the exquisite shadings and perfect outlines of the vessel in which the rich juices are served. Therefore, in stocking the acre with fruit,

the proprietor has not ceased to embellish it, and should he decide that fruit trees must predominate over those grown for shade and ornament only, he can combine almost as much beauty as utility with his plan.

All the fruits may be set out both in the spring and the fall seasons, but in our latitude and northward I should prefer early spring for strawberries and peaches. We have already begun with this season, and the reader may still consider my advice applicable to it.

By this time we may suppose that the owner of the acre has matured his plans, and marked out the spaces designed for the lawn, garden, fruit trees, vines, etc. Fruit trees, like shade trees, are not the growth of a summer. Therefore there is natural eagerness to have them in the ground as soon as possible, and they can usually be ordered from the same nursery and at the same time with the ornamental stock. I shall speak first of apples, pears, and cherries, and I have been at some pains to secure the opinions of eminent horticulturists as to the best selections of these fruits for the home table, not for market. When there is a surplus, however, there will be no difficulty in disposing of the fine varieties named.

The Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, the veteran president of the American Pomological Society, writes as follows: "Herewith is the selection I have made for family use, but I could put in as many more in some of the classes which are just as desirable, or nearly so. These have been made with reference to covering the seasons. Apples—Red Astrakhan, Porter, Gravenstein, Rhode Island Greening, Baldwin, Roxbury Russet, and Sweet Bough for baking. Pears—Clapp's Favorite (to be gathered August 20), Bartlett, Seckel, Sheldon, Beurré Bosc, Beurré d'Anjou, and Vicar of Winkfield for baking, etc. Cherries—Black Eagle, Black Tartarian, Downer, Windsor, Cumberland, and Red Jacket."

Mr. Wilder's honored name, like that of the late Charles Downing, is inseparably linked with American fruits, and the country owes these two men a debt of gratitude which never can be paid for their lifelong and intelligent efforts to guide the people wisely in the choice and culture of the very best varieties. A moment's thought will convince the reader that I am not giving too much space to this matter of selection. We are now dealing with questions which wide and varied experience can best answer. Men who give their lives to the cultivation and observation of fruits in all their myriad varieties acquire a knowledge which is almost invaluable. We can not afford to put out trees, to give them good culture, and wait for years only to learn that all our care has been bestowed on inferior or second-rate varieties. Life is too brief. We all feel that the best is good enough for us, and the best usually costs no more in money or time than do less desirable varieties. Therefore I seek to give on this important question of choice the opinions of some of the highest authorities in the land.

Mr. A. S. Fuller is not only a well-known horticultural author, but has also had the widest experience in the culture and observation of fruit. He prefaces his opinion with the following words: "How much and how often we horticulturists have been puzzled with questions like yours! If we made no progress, were always of the same mind, and if seasons never changed, then perhaps there would be little difficulty in deciding which of the varieties of the different kinds of fruit were really the best. But seasons, our tastes, and even the varieties sometimes change, and our preferences and opinions must vary accordingly. Apples—Early Harvest, Fall Pippins, Spitzenburgh, Rhode Island Greening, Autumn Sweet Bough, and Talman's Sweet. Cherries—Early Purple Guigne, Bigarreau of Mezel, Black Eagle, Coe's Transparent, Governor Wood, and Belle Magnifique."

The choice of Mr. E. S. Carmen, editor of the *Rural New-Yorker:* "Apples—Early Harvest, Gravenstein, Jefferis, Baldwin, Mother, Spitzenburgh. Pears — Seckel, Tyson, Clapp's Favorite, Bartlett, Beurré d'Anjou, and Dana's Hovey. Cherries—Black Tartarian, Coe's Transparent, Governor Wood, Mezel, Napoleon Bigarreau."

The authorities appear to differ. And so they would in regard to any locality, but it should be remembered that President Wilder advises for the latitude of Massachusetts, Messrs. Fuller and Carmen for that of New Jersey. I will give now the selection of the eminent horticulturist Mr. P. C. Berckmans for the latitude of Georgia: "Cherries (this is not a good cherry-producing region, but I name the following as the best in order of merit)—Buttners, Governor Wood, Belle de Choisy,

Early Richmond, and May Duke. Pears (in order of maturity)—Clapp's Favorite, Seckel, Duchesse, Beurré Superfine, Leconte, Winter Nellis, or Glout Morceau. Apples—Early Harvest, Red June, Carter's Blue, Stevenson's Winter, Shockley, Buncombe, Carolina Greening."

He who makes his choice from these selections will not meet with much disappointment. I am aware, however, that the enjoyment of fruit depends much upon the taste of the individual, and who has a better right to gratify his taste than the man who buys, sets out, and cares for the trees? Some familiar kind not in favor with the fruit critics—an old variety that has become a dear memory of boyhood—may be the best one of all for him.

It is also a well-recognized fact that certain varieties of fruit appear to be peculiarly adapted to certain localities. Because a man has made a good selection on general principles, he need not be restricted to this choice. He will soon find his trees growing lustily and making large branching heads. Each branch can be made to produce a different kind of apple or pear, and the kindred varieties of cherries will succeed on the same tree. For instance, one may be visiting a neighbor who gives him some fruit that is unusually delicious or that manifests great adaptation to the locality. As a rule the neighbor will gladly give scions which, grafted upon the trees of the home acre, will soon begin to yield the coveted variety. This opportunity to grow different kinds of fruit on one tree imparts a new and delightful interest to the orchard. The proprietor can always be on the lookout for something new and fine, and the few moments required in grafting or budding make it his. The operation is so simple and easy that he can learn to perform it himself, and there are always plenty of adepts in the rural vicinage to give him his initial lesson. While he will keep the standard kinds for his main supply, he can gratify his taste and eye with some pretty innovations. I know of an apple-tree which bears over a hundred varieties. A branch, for instance, is producing Yellow Bell-flowers. At a certain point in its growth where it has the diameter of a man's thumb it may be grafted with the Red Baldwin. When the scion has grown for two or three years its leading shoots can be grafted with the Roxbury Russet, and eventually the terminal bough of this growth with the Early Harvest. Thus may be presented the interesting spectacle of one limb of a tree yielding four very distinct kinds of apples.

In the limited area of an acre there is usually not very much range in soil and locality. The owner must make the best of what he has bought, and remedy unfavorable conditions, if they exist, by skill. It should be remembered that peaty, cold, damp, spongy soils are unfit for fruit trees of any kind. We can scarcely imagine, however, that one would buy land for a home containing much soil of this nature. A sandy loam, with a subsoil that dries out so quickly that it can be worked after a heavy rain, is the best for nearly all the fruit trees, especially for cherries and peaches. Therefore in selecting the ground be sure it is well drained.

If the acre has been enriched and ploughed twice deeply as I have already suggested, little more is necessary in planting than to excavate a hole large enough to receive the roots spread out in their natural positions. Should no such thorough and general preparation have been made, or if the ground is hard, poor, and stony, the owner will find it to his advantage to dig a good-sized hole three or four feet across and two deep, filling in and around the tree with fine rich surface soil. If he can obtain some thoroughly decomposed compost or manure, for instance, as the scrapings of a barnyard, or rich black soil from an old pasture, to mix with the earth beneath and around the roots, the good effects will be seen speedily, but in no instance should raw manure from the stable, or anything that must decay before becoming plant food, be brought in contact with the roots. Again I repeat my caution against planting too deeply—one of the commonest and most fatal errors. Let the tree be set about as deeply as it stood before removal. If the tree be planted early in spring, as it should be, there will be moisture enough in the soil, but when planting is delayed until the ground has become rather dry and warm, a pail of water poured about its roots when the hole has been nearly filled will be beneficial. Now that the tree is planted, any kind of coarse manure spread to the depth of two or three inches on the surface as a mulch is very useful. Stake at once to protect against the winds. Do not make the common mistake of planting too closely. Observe the area

shaded by fully grown trees, and you will learn the folly of crowding. Moreover, dense shade about the house is not desirable. There should be space for plenty of air and sunshine. The fruit from one well-developed tree will often more than supply a family, for ten or fifteen barrels of apples is not an unusual yield. The standard apples should be thirty feet apart. Pears, the dwarfer growing cherries, plums, etc., can be grown in the intervening spaces. In ordering from the nurseries insist on straight, shapely, and young trees, say three years from the bud. Many trees that are sent out are small enough, but they are old and stunted. Also require that there should be an abundance of fibrous and unmutilated roots.

Because the young trees come from the nursery unpruned, do not leave them in that condition. Before planting, or immediately after, cut back all the branches at least one-half; and where they are too thick, cut out some altogether. In removal the tree has lost much of its root power, and it is absurd to expect it to provide for just as much top as before.

In many books on fruit culture much space has been given to dwarf pears, apples, and cherries, and trees of this character were planted much more largely some years ago than at present. The pear is dwarfed by grafting it on the quince; the apple can be limited to a mere garden fruit tree in size by being grown on a Doucin stock, or even reduced to the size of a bush if compelled to draw its life through the roots of the Paradise. These two named stocks, much employed by European nursery-men, are distinct species of apples, and reproduce themselves without variation from the seed. The cherry is dwarfed by being worked on the Mahaleb, a small handsome tree with glossy, deep green foliage, and cultivated abroad as an ornament of lawns. Except in the hands of practiced gardeners, trees thus dwarfed are seldom satisfactory, for much skill and care are required in their cultivation. Their chief advantages consist in the fact that they bear early and take but little space. Therefore they may be considered worthy of attention by the purchasers of small places. Those who are disposed to make pets of their trees and to indulge in horticultural experiments can derive much pleasure from these dwarfs, for they can be developed into symmetrical pyramids or graceful, fruitful shrubs within the limits of a garden border.

When the seeds of ordinary apples and pears are sown they produce seedlings, or free stocks, and upon these are budded or grafted the fine varieties which compose our orchards. They are known as standard trees; they come into bearing more slowly, and eventually attain the normal size familiar to us all. Standard cherries are worked on seedlings of the Mazzard, which Barry describes as a "lofty, rapid-growing, pyramidal-headed tree." I should advise the reader to indulge in the dwarfs very charily, and chiefly as a source of fairly profitable amusement. It is to the standards that he will look for shade, beauty, and abundance of fruit.

Since we have been dwelling on the apple, pear, and cherry, there are certain advantages of continuing the subject in the same connection, giving the principles of cultivation and care until the trees reach maturity. During the first summer an occasional watering may be required in long periods of drought. In many instances buds will form and start along the stem of the tree, or near the roots. These should be rubbed off the moment they are detected.

One of our chief aims is to form an evenly balanced, open, symmetrical head, and this can often be accomplished better by a little watchfulness during the season of growth than at any other time. If, for instance, two branches start so closely together that one or the other must be removed in the spring pruning, why let the superfluous one grow at all? It is just so much wasted effort. By rubbing off the pushing bud or tender shoot the strength of the tree is thrown into the branches that we wish to remain. Thus the eye and hand of the master become to the young tree what instruction, counsel, and admonition are to a growing boy, with the difference that the tree is easily and certainly managed when taken in time.

Trees left to themselves tend to form too much wood, like the grape-vine. Of course fine fruit is impossible when the head of a tree is like a thicket. The growth of unchecked branches follows the terminal bud, thus producing long naked reaches of wood devoid of fruit spurs. Therefore the need of shortening in, so that side branches may be developed. When the reader remembers that every

dormant bud in early spring is a possible branch, and that even the immature buds at the axil of the leaves in early summer can be forced into immediate growth by pinching back the leading shoot, he will see how entirely the young tree is under his control. These simple facts and principles are worth far more to the intelligent man than any number of arbitrary rules as to pruning. Reason and observation soon guide his hand in summer, or his knife in March, the season when trees are usually trimmed.

Beyond shortening in leading branches and cutting out crossing and interfering boughs, so as to keep the head symmetrical and open to light and air, the cherry does not need very much pruning. If with the lapse of years it becomes necessary to take off large limbs from any fruit tree, the authorities recommend early June as the best season for the operation.

It will soon be discovered—quite likely during the first summer—that fruit trees have enemies, that they need not only cultivation and feeding, but also protection. The pear, apple, and quince are liable to one mysterious disease which it is almost impossible to guard against or cure—the fire-blight. Of course there have been innumerable preventives and cures recommended, just as we see a dozen certain remedies for consumption advertised in any popular journal; but the disease still remains a disheartening mystery, and is more fatal to the pear than to its kindred fruits. I have had thrifty young trees, just coming into bearing, suddenly turn black in both wood and foliage, appearing in the distance as if scorched by a blast from a furnace. In another instance a large mature tree was attacked, losing in a summer half its boughs. These were cut out, and the remainder of the tree appeared healthy during the following summer, and bore a good crop of fruit. The disease often attacks but a single branch, or a small portion of the tree. The authorities advise that everything should be cut away at once below all evidence of infection and burned. Some of my trees have been attacked and have recovered; others were apparently recovering, but died a year or two later. One could theorize to the end of a volume about the trouble. I frankly confess that I know neither the cause nor the remedy. It seems to me that our best resource is to comply with the general conditions of good and healthy growth. The usual experience is that trees which are fertilized with wood ashes and a moderate amount of lime and salt, rather than with stimulating manures, escape the disease. If the ground is poor, however, and the growth feeble, barn-yard manure or its equivalent is needed as a mulch. The apple blight is another kindred and equally obscure disease. No better remedy is known than to cut out the infected part at once.

In coping with insects we can act more intelligently and therefore successfully. We can study the characters of our enemies, and learn their vulnerable points. The black and the green aphides or plant-lice are often very troublesome. They appear in immense numbers on the young and tender shoots of trees, and by sucking their juices, check or enfeeble the growth. They are the milch cows of ants, which are usually found very busy among them. Nature apparently has made ample provision for this pest, for it has been estimated that "one individual in five generations might be the progenitor of six thousand millions." They are easily destroyed, however. Mr. Barry, of the firm of Ellwanger and Barry, in his excellent work *The Fruit Garden*, writes as follows: "Our plan is to prepare a barrel of tobacco juice by steeping stems for several days, until the juice is of a dark brown color; we then mix this with soap-suds. A pail is filled, and the ends of the shoots, where the insects are assembled, are bent down and dipped in the liquid. One dip is enough. Such parts as can not be dipped are sprinkled liberally with a garden syringe, and the application repeated from time to time, as long as any of the aphides remain. The liquid may be so strong as to injure the foliage; therefore it is well to test it on one or two subjects before using it extensively. Apply it in the evening."

The scaly aphis or bark-louse attacks weak, feeble-growing trees, and can usually be removed by scrubbing the bark with the preparation given above.

In our region and in many localities the apple-tree borer is a very formidable pest, often destroying a young tree before its presence is known. I once found a young tree in a distant part of my place that I could push over with my finger. In June a brown and white striped beetle deposits its eggs in the bark of the apple-tree near the ground. The larvæ when

hatched bore their way into the wood, and will soon destroy a small tree. They can not do their mischief, however, without giving evidence of their presence. Sawdust exudes from the holes by which they entered, and there should be sufficient watchfulness to discover them before they have done much harm. I prefer to cut them out with a sharp, pointed knife, and make sure that they are dead, but a wire thrust into the hole will usually pierce and kill them.

The codling-moth, or apple-worm, is another enemy that should be fought resolutely, for it destroys millions of bushels of fruit. In the latitude of New York State this moth begins its depredations about the middle of June. Whatever may be thought of the relation of the apple to the fall of man, this creature certainly leads to the speedy fall of the apple. Who has not seen the ground covered with premature and decaying fruit in July, August, and September? Each specimen will be found perforated by a worm-hole. The egg has been laid in the calyx of the young apple, where it soon hatches into a small white grub, which burrows into the core, throwing out behind it a brownish powder. After about three weeks of apple diet it eats its way out, shelters itself under the scaly bark of the tree—if allowed to be scaly—or in some other hiding-place, spins a cocoon, and in about three weeks comes out a moth, and is ready to help destroy other apples. This insect probably constitutes one of nature's methods of preventing trees from overbearing, but, like some people we know, it so exaggerates its mission as to become an insufferable nuisance. The remedies recommended are that trees should be scraped free of all scales in the spring, and washed with a solution of soft soap. About the 1st of July, wrap bandages of old cloth, carpet, or rags of any kind around the trunk and larger limbs. The worms will appreciate such excellent cover, and will swarm into these hiding-places to undergo transformation into moths. Therefore the wraps of rags should often be taken down, thrown into scalding water, dried, and replaced. The fruit, as it falls, should be picked up at once and carried to the pigs, and, when practicable, worm-infested specimens should be taken from the trees before the worm escapes.

The canker-worm in those localities where it is destructive can be guarded against by bands of tar-covered canvas around the trees. The moth can not fly, but crawls up the tree in the late autumn and during mild spells in winter, but especially throughout the spring until May. When the evil-disposed moth meets the tarry band he finds no thoroughfare, and is either caught or compelled to seek some other arena of mischief.

We have all seen the flaunting, unsightly abodes of the tent caterpillar and the foliage-denuded branches about them. Fortunately these are not stealthy enemies, and the owner can scarcely see his acre at all without being aware of their presence. He has only to look very early in the morning or late in the evening to find them all bunched up in their nests. These should be taken down and destroyed.

Cherry and pear slugs, "small, slimy, dark brown worms," can be destroyed by dusting the trees with dry wood ashes or air-slaked lime.

Field-mice often girdle young trees, especially during the winter, working beneath the snow. Unless heaps of rubbish are left here and there as shelter for these little pests, one or two good cats will keep the acre free of them.

Do not let the reader be discouraged by this list of the most common enemies, or by hearing of others. In spite of all enemies and drawbacks, fruit is becoming more plentiful every year. If one man can raise it, so can another.

Be hospitable to birds, the best of all insect destroyers. Put up plenty of houses for bluebirds and wrens, and treat the little brown song-sparrow as one of your stanchest friends.

A brief word in regard to the quince, and our present list of fruits is complete.

If the quince is cultivated after the common neglectful method, it would better be relegated to an obscure part of the garden, for, left to itself, it makes a great sprawling bush; properly trained, it becomes a beautiful ornament to the lawn, like the other fruits that I have described. Only a little care, with the judicious use of the pruning-shears, is required to develop it into a miniature and fruitful tree, which can be grown with a natural rounded head or in the form of a pyramid, as the cultivator chooses. It will thrive well on the same soil and under similar treatment accorded to the pear or the apple. Procure from a nursery straight-stemmed plants; set them out about eight feet

apart; begin to form the head three feet from the ground, and keep the stem and roots free from all sprouts and suckers. Develop the head just as you would that of an apple-tree, shortening in the branches, and cutting out those that interfere with each other. Half a dozen trees will soon give an ample supply. The orange and the pear shaped are the varieties usually recommended. Rea's Mammoth is also highly spoken of. Remember that the quince, equally with the apple, is subject to injury from the borer, and the evil should be met as I have already described.

There is a natural wish to have as much grass about the dwelling as possible, for nothing is more beautiful. If there are children, they will assuredly petition for lawn tennis and croquet grounds. I trust that their wishes may be gratified, for children are worth infinitely more than anything else that can be grown upon the acre. With a little extra care all the trees of which I have spoken can be grown in the spaces allotted to grass. It is only necessary to keep a circle of space six feet in diameter—the trunk forming the centre—around the tree mellow and free from any vegetable growth whatever. This gives a chance to fertilize and work the ground immediately over the roots. Of course vigorous fruit trees can not be grown in a thick sod, while peaches and grapes require the free culture of the garden, as will be shown hereafter. In view, however, of the general wish for grass, I have advised on the supposition that all the ornamental trees, most of the shrubs, and the four fruits named would be grown on the portions of the acre to be kept in lawn. It may be added here that plums also will do well under the same conditions, if given good care.

Grass is a product that can be cultivated as truly as the most delicate and fastidious of fruits, and I had the lawn in mind when I urged the generous initial deep ploughing and enriching.

We will suppose that the spring plantings of trees have been made with open spaces reserved for the favorite games. Now the ground can be prepared for grass seed, for it need not be trampled over any more. If certain parts have become packed and hard, they should be dug or ploughed deeply again, then harrowed and raked perfectly smooth, and all stones, big or little, taken from the surface. The seed may now be sown, and it should be of thick, fine-growing varieties, such as are employed in Central Park and other pleasure-grounds. Mr. Samuel Parsons, Jun., Superintendent of Central Park, writes me: "The best grass seeds for ordinary lawns are a mixture of red-top and Kentucky blue-grass in equal parts, with perhaps a small amount of white clover. On very sandy ground I prefer the Kentucky blue-grass, as it is very hardy and vigorous under adverse circumstances." Having sown and raked in the seed very lightly, a great advantage will be gained in passing a lawn roller over the ground. I have succeeded well in getting a good "catch" of grass by sowing the seed with oats, which were cut and cured as hay as soon as the grain was what is termed "in the milk." The strong and quickly growing oats make the ground green in a few days, and shelter the slower-maturing grass roots. Mr. Parsons says, "I prefer to sow the grass seed alone." As soon as the grass begins to grow with some vigor, cut it often, for this tends to thicken it and produce the velvety effect that is so beautiful. From the very first the lawn will need weeding. The ground contains seeds of strong-growing plants, such as dock, plantain, etc., which should be taken out as fast as they appear. To some the dandelion is a weed, but not to me, unless it takes more than its share of space, for I always miss these little earth stars when they are absent. They intensify the sunshine shimmering on the lawn, making one smile involuntarily when seeing them. Moreover, they awaken pleasant memories, for a childhood in which dandelions had no part is a defective experience.

In late autumn the fallen leaves should be raked carefully away, as they tend to smother the grass if permitted to lie until spring. Now comes the chief opportunity of the year, in the form of a liberal top-dressing of manure from the stable. If this is spread evenly and not too thickly in November, and the coarser remains of it raked off early in April, the results will be astonishing. A deep emerald hue will be imparted to the grass, and the frequent cuttings required will soon produce a turf that yields to the foot like a Persian rug. If the stable manure can be composted and left till thoroughly decayed, fine, and friable, all the better. If stable manure can not be obtained, Mr. Parsons recommends Mapes's fertilizer for lawns.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER;

OR, THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.—A COMEDY.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.



"BUT, MY DEAR COUSIN, SURE YOU WON'T FORSAKE US?"

ACT FOURTH.—(*Continued.*)

Enter TONY, MISS NEVILLE.

TONY. Ay, you may steal for yourselves the next time. I have done my duty. She has got the jewels again, that's a sure thing; but she believes it was all a mistake of the servants.

MISS NEV. But, my dear cousin, sure you won't forsake us in this distress? If she in the least suspects that I am going off, I shall certainly be locked up, or sent to my aunt Pedigree's, which is ten times worse.

TONY. To be sure, aunts of all kinds are bad things. But what can I do? I have got you a pair of horses that will fly like Whistle-jacket; and I'm sure you can't say but I've courted you nicely before her face. Here she comes; we must court a bit or two more, for fear she should suspect us.

[*They retire, and seem to fondle.*



"A CRAMP PIECE OF PENMANSHIP AS EVER I SAW."

Enter
MRS. HARDCASTLE.

MRS. HARD. Well, I was greatly fluttered, to be sure. But my son tells me it was all a mistake of the servants. I sha'n't be easy, however, till they are fairly married, and then let her keep her own fortune. But what do I see? fondling together, as I'm alive! I never saw Tony so sprightly before. Ah! have I caught you, my pretty doves? What, billing, exchanging stolen glances and broken murmurs? Ah!

TONY. As for murmurs, mother, we grumble a little now and then, to be sure. But there's no love lost between us.

MRS. HARD. A mere sprinkling, Tony, upon the flame, only to make it burn brighter.

MISS NEV. Cousin Tony promises to give us more of his company at home. Indeed, he sha'n't leave us any more. It won't leave us, Cousin Tony, will it?

TONY. Oh, it's a pretty creature. No, I'd sooner leave my horse in a pound than leave you when you smile upon one so. Your laugh makes you so becoming.

MISS NEV. Agreeable cousin! Who can help admiring that natural humor, that pleasant, broad, red, thoughtless—(*patting his cheek*) ah! it's a bold face.

MRS. HARD. Pretty innocence!

TONY. I'm sure I always loved Cousin Con's hazel eyes, and her pretty long fingers, that she twists this way and that over the haspicolls, like a parcel of bobbins.

MRS. HARD. Ah, he would charm the bird from the tree. I was never so happy before. My boy takes after his father, poor Mr. Lumpkin, exactly. The jewels, my dear Con, shall be yours incontinently. You shall have them. Isn't he a sweet boy, my dear? You shall be married to-morrow, and we'll put off the rest of his education, like Dr. Drowsy's sermons, to a fitter opportunity.

Enter DIGGORY.

DIG. Where's the squire? I have got a letter for your worship.

TONY. Give it to my mamma. She reads all my letters first.

DIG. I had orders to deliver it into your own hands.

TONY. Who does it come from?

Dig. Your worship mun ask that o' the letter itself.

Tony. I could wish to know, though (*turning the letter and gazing on it*).

Miss Nev. (*Aside.*) Undone! undone! A letter to him from Hastings. I know the hand. If my aunt sees it, we are ruined for ever. I'll keep her



"PRAY, AUNT, LET ME READ IT."—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

employed a little if I can. (*To Mrs. Hardcastle.*) But I have not told you, madam, of my cousin's smart answer just now to Mr. Marlow. We so laughed. You must know, madam— This way a little, for he must not hear us. (*They confer.*)

Tony. (*Still gazing.*) A cramp piece of penmanship as ever I saw in my life. I can read your print hand very well. But here there are such handles, and shanks, and dashes, that one can scarce tell the head from the tail. "To Anthony Lumpkin, Esquire." It's very odd, I can read the outside of my letters, where my own name is, well enough. But when I come to open it, it's all—buzz. That's hard, very hard; for the inside of the letter is always the cream of the correspondence.



AUNT PEDIGREE.

Mrs. Hard. Ha! ha! ha! Very well, very well. And so my son was too hard for the philosopher.

Miss Nev. Yes, madam; but you must hear the rest, madam. A little more this way, or he may hear us. You'll hear how he puzzled him again.

Mrs. Hard. He seems strangely puzzled now himself, methinks.

Tony. (*Still gazing.*) A confounded up and down hand, as if it was disguised in liquor. (*Reading.*) Dear Sir—ay, that's that. Then there's an M, and a T, and an S, but whether the next be an izzard or an R, confound me, I can not tell.

Mrs. Hard. What's that, my dear? Can I give you any assistance?

Miss Nev. Pray, aunt, let me read it. Nobody reads a cramp hand better than I. (*Twitching the letter from him.*) Do you know who it is from?

Tony. Can't tell, except from Dick Ginger, the feeder.

Miss Nev. Ay, so it is. (*Pretending to read.*) "Dear Squire,—Hoping that you're in health, as I am at this present. The gentlemen of the Shake-bag club has cut the gentlemen of the Goose-green quite out of feather. The odds —um—odd battle—um—long fighting—um— Here, here, it's all about cocks and fighting; it's of no consequence; here, put it up, put it up. (*Thrusting the crumpled letter upon him.*)

Tony. But I tell you, miss, it's of all the consequence in the world. I would not lose the rest of it for a guinea. Here, mother, do you make it out. Of no consequence! (*Giving Mrs. Hardcastle the letter.*)

Mrs. Hard. How's this! (*Reads.*) "Dear Squire,—I'm now waiting for Miss Neville, with a post-chaise and pair, at the bottom of the garden, but I find my horses yet unable to perform the journey. I expect you'll assist us with a pair of fresh horses, as you promised. Dispatch is necessary, as the hag [ay, "the hag"], your mother, will otherwise suspect us. Yours, Hastings." Grant me patience! I shall run distracted. My rage chokes me.

Miss Nev. I hope, madam, you'll suspend your resentment for a few moments, and not impute to me any impertinence, or sinister design, that belongs to another.

Mrs. Hard. (*Courtesying very low.*) Fine spoken, madam; you are most miraculously polite and engaging, and quite the very pink of courtesy and circumspection, madam. (*Changing her tone.*) And you, you great ill-fashioned oaf, with scarce sense enough to keep your mouth shut! were you, too, joined



"AND YOU, YOU GREAT ILL-FASHIONED OAF!"

against me? But I'll defeat all your plots in a moment. As for you, madam, since you have got a pair of fresh horses ready, it would be cruel to disappoint them. So, if you please, instead of running away with your spark, prepare, this very moment, to run off with me. Your old aunt Pedigree will keep you secure, I'll warrant me. You too, sir, may mount your horse and guard us upon the way. Here, Thomas, Roger, Diggory! I'll show you that I wish you better than you do yourselves. [*Exit.*

Miss Nev. So now I'm completely ruined.

Tony. Ay, that's a sure thing.

Miss Nev. What better could be expected from being connected with such a stupid fool—and after all the nods and signs I made him?

Tony. By the laws, miss, it was your own cleverness, and not my stupidity, that did your business. You were so nice and so busy with your Shake-bags and Goose-greens that I thought you could never be making believe.

Enter Hastings.

Hast. So, sir, I find, by my servant, that you have shown my letter and betrayed us. Was this well done, young gentleman?

Tony. Here's another. Ask miss, there, who betrayed you? Ecod, it was her doing, not mine.

Enter Marlow.

Marl. So I have been finely used here among you. Rendered contemptible, driven into ill manners, despised, insulted, laughed at.

Tony. Here's another. We shall have old Bedlam broke loose presently.

Miss Nev. And there, sir, is the gentleman to whom we all owe every obligation.

Marl. What can I say to him? a mere boy, an idiot, whose ignorance and age are a protection.

Hast. A poor contemptible booby, that would but disgrace correction.

Miss Nev. Yet with cunning and malice enough to make himself merry with all our embarrassments.

Hast. An insensible cub.

Marl. Replete with tricks and mischief.

Tony. Baw! dam'me, but I'll fight you both, one after the other—with baskets.

Marl. As for him, he's below resentment. But your conduct, Mr. Hastings, requires an explanation. You knew of my mistakes, yet would not undeceive me.

Hast. Tortured as I am with my own disappointments, is this a time for explanations? It is not friendly, Mr. Marlow.

Marl. But, sir—

Miss Nev. Mr. Marlow, we never kept on your mistake till it was too late to undeceive you.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My mistress desires you'll get ready immediately, madam. The horses are putting to. Your hat and things are in the next room. We are to go thirty miles before morning. [*Exit* Servant.

Miss Nev. Well, well; I'll come presently.

Marl. (*To Hastings.*) Was it well done, sir, to assist in rendering me ridiculous? To hang me out for the scorn of all my acquaintance? Depend upon it, sir, I shall expect an explanation.

Hast. Was it well done, sir, if you're upon that subject, to deliver what I intrusted to yourself to the care of another, sir?

Miss Nev. Mr. Hastings! Mr. Marlow! Why will you increase my distress by this groundless dispute? I implore, I entreat you—



"WAS IT WELL DONE, SIR, TO ASSIST IN RENDERING ME RIDICULOUS?"



"YOUR CLOAK, MADAM."

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. Your cloak, madam. My mistress is impatient. [*Exit* SERVANT.

MISS NEV. I come.—Pray be pacified. If I leave you thus, I shall die with apprehension.

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. Your fan, muff, and gloves, madam. The horses are waiting.
[*Exit* SERVANT.

MISS NEV. Oh, Mr. Marlow, if you knew what a scene of constraint and ill-nature lies before me, I am sure it would convert your resentment into pity.

MARL. I'm so distracted with a variety of passions that I don't know what I do. Forgive me, madam. George, forgive me. You know my hasty temper, and should not exasperate it.

HAST. The torture of my situation is my only excuse.

MISS NEV. Well, my dear Hastings, if you have that esteem for me that I think—that I am sure you have, your constancy for three years will but increase the happiness of our future connection. If—

MRS. HARD. (*Within.*) Miss Neville! Constance! why, Constance, I say!

MISS NEV. I'm coming. Well, constancy, remember, constancy is the word.
[*Exit.*

HAST. My heart! how can I support this? To be so near happiness, and such happiness!

MARL. (*To Tony.*) You see now, young gentleman, the effects of your folly. What might be amusement to you, is here disappointment, and even distress.

TONY. (*From a reverie.*) Ecod, I have hit it; it's here. Your hands. Yours, and yours, my poor Sulky.—My boots there, ho!—Meet me two hours hence at the bottom of the garden; and if you don't find Tony Lumpkin a more good-natured fellow than you thought for, I'll give you leave to take my best horse, and Bet Bouncer into the bargain. Come along.—My boots, ho!
[*Exeunt.*

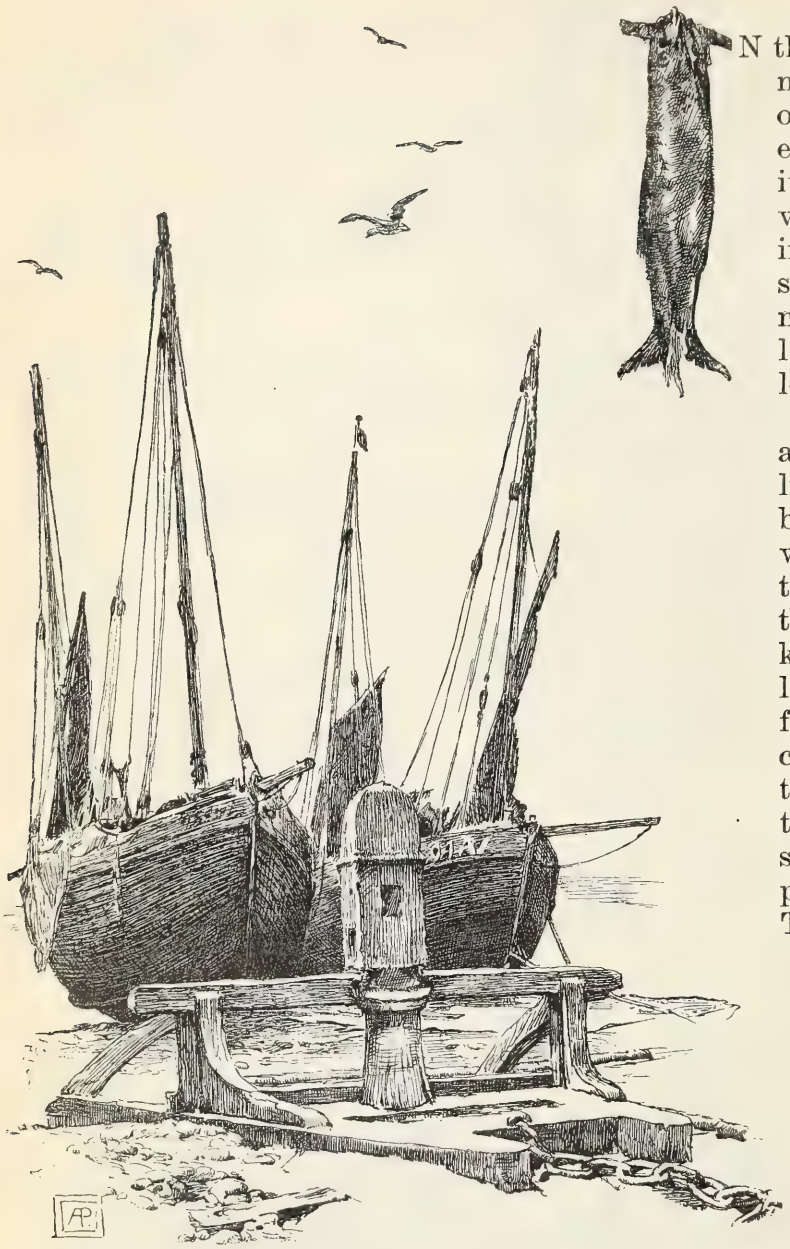


SPRINGHAVEN.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME.



IN the days when England trusted mainly to the vigor and valor of one man, against a world of enemies, no part of her coast was in greater peril than the fair vale of Springhaven. But lying to the west of the narrow seas, and the shouts both of menace and vigilance, the quiet little village in the tranquil valley forbore to be uneasy.

For the nature of the place and race, since time has outlived memory, continually has been, and must be, to let the world pass easily. Little to talk of, and nothing to do, is the healthy condition of mankind just there. To all who love repose and shelter, freedom from the cares of money and the cark of fashion, and (in lieu of these) refreshing air, bright water, and green country, there is scarcely any valley left to compare with that of Springhaven. This valley does not interrupt the land, but comes in as a pleasant relief to it. No glaring chalk, no grim sandstone, no rugged flint, outface it; but deep rich meadows, and foliage thick, and cool arcades of ancient trees, defy the noise that men make. And above the trees, in shelving distance, rise the crests of upland, a soft gray lias, where orchards thrive, and greensward strokes down the rigor of the rocks, and quick rills lace the bosom of the slope with tags of twisted silver.

In the murmur of the valley twenty little waters meet, and discoursing their way to the sea, give name to the bay that receives them and the anchorage they make. And here no muddy harbor reeks, no foul mouth of rat-haunted drains, no slimy and scraggy wall runs out, to mar the meeting of sweet and salt. With one or two mooring posts to watch it, and a course of stepping-stones, the brook slides into the peaceful bay, and is lost in larger waters. Even so, however, it is kindly still, for it forms a tranquil haven.

Because, where the ruffle of the land stream merges into the heavier disquietude of sea, slopes of shell sand and white gravel give welcome pillow to the weary keel. No southerly tempest smites the bark, no long groundswell upheaves her; for a bold point, known as the "Haven-head," baffles the storm in the offing, while the bulky

rollers of a strong spring-tide, that need no wind to urge them, are broken by the shifting of the shore into a tier of white-frilled steps. So the deep-waisted smacks that fish for many generations, and even the famous "London trader" (a schooner of five-and-forty tons), have rest from their labors, whenever they wish or whenever they can afford it, in the arms of the land, and the mouth of the water, and under the eyes of Springhaven.

At the corner of the wall, where the brook comes down, and pebble turns into shingle, there has always been a good white gate, respected (as a white gate always is) from its strong declaration of purpose. Outside of it, things may belong to the Crown, the Admiralty, Manor, or Trinity Brethren, or perhaps the sea itself—according to the latest ebb or flow of the fickle tide of Law Courts—but inside that gate everything belongs to the fine old family of Darling.

Concerning the origin of these Darlings divers tales are told, according to the good-will or otherwise of the diver. The Darlings themselves contend and prove that stock and name are Saxon, and the true form of the name is "Deerlung," as witness the family bearings. But the foes of the race, and especially the Carnes, of ancient Sussex lineage, declare that the name describes itself. Forsooth, these Darlings are nothing more, to their contemptuous certainty, than the offset of some court favorite, too low to have won nobility, in the reign of some light-affectioned king.

If ever there was any truth in that, it has been worn out long ago by friction of its own antiquity. Admiral Darling owns that gate, and all the land inside it, as far as a Preventive man can see with his spy-glass upon the top bar of it. And this includes nearly all the village of Springhaven, and the Hall, and the valley, and the hills that make it. And how much more does all this redound to the credit of the family when the gazer reflects that this is nothing but their younger tenement! For this is only Springhaven Hall, while Darling Holt, the headquarters of the race, stands far inland, and belongs to Sir Francis, the Admiral's elder brother.

When the tides were at their spring, and the year 1802 of our era in the same condition, Horatia Dorothy Darling, younger daughter of the aforesaid Admiral, choosing a very quiet path among thick shrubs and under-wood, came all alone to a wooden building, which her father called his Round-house. In the war, which had been patched over now, but would very soon break out again, that veteran officer held command of the coast defense (westward of Nelson's charge) from Beachy Head to Selsey Bill. No real danger had existed then, and no solid intent of invasion, but many sharp outlooks had been set up, and among them was this at Springhaven.

Here was established under thatch, and with sliding lights before it, the Admiral's favorite Munich glass, mounted by an old ship's carpenter (who had followed the fortunes of his captain) on a stand which would have puzzled anybody but the maker, with the added security of a lanyard from the roof. The gear, though rough, was very strong and solid, and afforded more range and firmer rest to the seven-feet tube and adjustments than a costly mounting by a London optician would have been likely to supply. It was a pleasure to look through such a glass, so clear, and full of light, and firm; and one who could have borne to be looked at through it, or examined even by a microscope, came now to enjoy that pleasure.

Miss Dolly Darling could not be happy —though her chief point was to be so— without a little bit of excitement, though it were of her own construction. Her imagination, being bright and tender and lively, rather than powerful, was compelled to make its own material, out of very little stuff sometimes. She was always longing for something sweet and thrilling and romantic, and what chance of finding it in this dull place, even with the longest telescope? For the war, with all its stirring rumors and perpetual motion on shore and sea, and access of gallant visitors, was gone for the moment, and dull peace was signed.

This evening, as yet, there seemed little chance of anything to enliven her. The village, in the valley and up the stream, was hidden by turns of the land and trees; her father's house beneath the hill crest was out of sight and hearing; not even a child was on the beach; and the only movement was of wavelets leisurely advancing toward the sea-wall fringed with tamarisk. The only thing she could hope to see was the happy return of the fishing-

smacks, and perhaps the "London trader," inasmuch as the fishermen (now released from fencible duty and from French alarm) did their best to return on Saturday night to their moorings, their homes, the disposal of fish, and then the deep slumber of Sunday. If the breeze should enable them to round the Head, and the tide avail for landing, the lane to the village, the beach, and even the sea itself would swarm with life and bustle and flurry and incident. But Dolly's desire was for scenes more warlike and actors more august than these.

Beauty, however, has an eye for beauty beyond its own looking-glass. Deeply as Dolly began to feel the joy of her own loveliness, she had managed to learn, and to feel as well, that so far as the strength and vigor of beauty may compare with its grace and refinement, she had her own match at Springhaven. Quite a hard-working youth, of no social position and no needless education, had such a fine countenance and such bright eyes that she neither could bear to look at him nor forbear to think of him. And she knew that if the fleet came home she would see him on board of the *Rosalie*.

Flinging on a shelf the small white hat which had scarcely covered her dark brown curls, she lifted and shored with a wooden prop the southern casement of leaded glass. This being up, free range was given to the swinging telescope along the beach to the right and left, and over the open sea for miles, and into the measureless haze of air. She could manage this glass to the best advantage, through her father's teaching, and could take out the slide and clean the lenses, and even part the object-glass, and refix it as well as possible. She belonged to the order of the clever virgins, but scarcely to that of the wise ones.

CHAPTER II.

WITH HER CREW AND CARGO.

LONG after the time of those who write and those who read this history, the name of Zebedee Tugwell will be flourishing at Springhaven.

To achieve unmerited honor is the special gift of thousands, but to deserve and win befalls some few in every century, and one of these few was Zebedee. To be the head-man of any other village, and the captain of its fishing fleet, might prove no lofty eminence; but to be the leader of Springhaven was true and arduous greatness. From Selsey Bill to Orfordness, taking in all the Cinque Ports and all the port of London, there was not a place that insisted on, and therefore possessed, all its own rights so firmly as this village did. Not less than seven stout fishing-smacks—six of them sloops, and the seventh a dandy—formed the marine power of this place, and behaved as one multiplied by seven. All the bold fishermen held their line from long-established ancestry, and stuck to the stock of their grandfathers, and their wisdom and freedom from prejudice. Strength was condensed into clear law with them—as sinew boils down into jelly—and character carried out its force as the stamp of solid impress. What the father had been, the son became, as the generation squared itself, and the slates for the children to do their copies were the tombstones of their granddads. Thus brave Etruria grew, and thus the Rome which was not built in a day became the flower of the world, and girt in unity of self seven citadels.

There was Roman blood—of the Tenth Legion, perhaps—in the general vein of Springhaven. There was scarcely a man who pretended to know much outside of his own business, and there was not a woman unable to wait (when her breath was quite gone) for sound reason. Solidity, self-respect, pure absence of frivolous humor, ennobled the race and enabled them to hold together, so that everybody not born in Springhaven might lament, but never repair, his loss.

This people had many ancient rules befitting a fine corporation, and among them were the following: "Never do a job for a stranger; sleep in your own bed when you can; be at home in good time on a Saturday; never work harder than you need; throw your fish away rather than undersell it; answer no question, but ask another; spend all your money among your friends; and above all, never let any stranger come a-nigh your proper fishing ground, nor land any fish at Springhaven."

These were golden laws, and made a snug and plump community. From the Foreland to the Isle of Wight their nets and lines were sacred, and no other village could be found so thriving, orderly,

well-conducted, and almost well-contented. For the men were not of rash enterprise, hot labor, or fervid ambition; and although they counted things by money, they did not count one another so. They never encouraged a friend to work so hard as to grow too wealthy, and if he did so, they expected him to grow more generous than he liked to be. And as soon as he failed upon that point, instead of adoring, they growled at him, because every one of them might have had as full a worsted stocking if his mind had been small enough to forget the difference betwixt the land and sea, the tide of labor and the time of leisure.



HORATIA DOROTHY DARLING.

To these local and tribal distinctions they added the lofty expansion of sons of the sea. The habit of rising on the surge and falling into the trough behind it enables a biped, as soon as he lands, to take things that are flat with indifference. His head and legs have got into a state of firm confidence in one another, and all these declare—with the rest of the body performing as chorus gratis—that now they are come to a smaller affair, upon which they intend to enjoy themselves. So that, while strenuous and quick of movement—whenever they could not help it—and sometimes even brisk of mind (if anybody strove to cheat them), these men generally made no griefs beyond what they were born to.

Zebedee Tugwell was now their chief, and well deserved to be so. Every community of common-sense demands to have somebody over it, and nobody could have felt ashamed to be under Captain Tugwell. He had built with his own hands, and bought—for no man's work is his own until he has paid for as well as made it—the biggest and smartest of all the fleet, that dandy-rigged smack, the *Rosalie*. He was proud of her, as he well might be, and spent most of his time in thinking of her; but even she was scarcely up to the size of his ideas. "Stiff in

the joints," he now said daily—"stiff in the joints is my complaint, and I never would have believed it. But for all that, you shall see, my son, if the Lord should spare you long enough, whether I don't beat her out and out with the craft as have been in my mind this ten year."

But what man could be built to beat Zebedee himself, in an age like this, when yachts and men take the prize by profundity of false keel? Tugwell yearned for no hot speed in his friends, or his house, or his wife, or his walk, or even his way of thinking. He had seen more harm come from one hour's hurry than a hundred years of care could cure, and the longer he lived the more loath he grew to disturb the air around him.

"Admírable Nelson," he used to say—for his education had not been so large as the parts allotted to receive it; "to my mind he is a brave young man, with great understanding of his dooties. But he goeth too fast, without clearing of his way. With a man like me 'longside of 'un, he'd have brought they boats out of Bulong. See how I brings my boats in, most particular of a Saturday!"

It was Saturday now, when Miss Dolly was waiting to see this great performance, of which she considered herself, as the daughter of an admiral, no mean critic. And sure enough, as punctual as in a well-conducted scheme of war, and with nice forecast of wind and tide, and science of the supper-time, around the westward headland came the bold fleet of Springhaven!

Seven ships of the line—the fishing line—arranged in perfect order, with the *Rosalie* as the flag-ship leading, and three upon either quarter, in the comfort and leisure of the new-born peace, they spread their sails with sunshine. Even the warlike Dolly could not help some thoughts of peacefulness, and a gentle tide of large good-will submerged the rocks of glory.

"Why should those poor men all be killed?" she asked herself, as a new thing, while she made out, by their faces, hats, fling of knee or elbow, patch upon breeches, or sprawl of walking toward the attentive telescope, pretty nearly who everybody of them was, and whatever else there was about him. "After all, it is very hard," she said, "that they should have to lose their lives because the countries fight so."

But these jolly fellows had no idea of losing their lives, or a hair of their heads, or anything more than their appetites, after waging hot war upon victuals. Peace was proclaimed, and peace was reigning; and the proper British feeling of contempt for snivelly Frenchmen, which produces the *entente cordiale*, had replaced the wholesome dread of them. Not that Springhaven had ever known fear, but still it was glad to leave off terrifying the enemy. Lightness of heart and good-will prevailed, and every man's sixpence was going to be a shilling.

In the tranquil afternoon the sun was making it clear to the coast of Albion that he had crossed the line once more, and rediscovered a charming island. After a chilly and foggy season, worse than a brave cold winter, there was joy in the greeting the land held out, and in the more versatile expression of the sea. And not beneath the contempt of one who strives to get into everything, were the creases and patches of the sails of smacks, and the pattern of the resin-wood they called their masts, and even the little striped things (like frogs with hats on, in the distance) which had grown to believe themselves the only object the sun was made to shine upon.

But he shone upon the wide sea far behind, and the broad stretch of land before them, and among their slowly gliding canvas scattered soft touches of wandering light. Especially on the spritsail of the *Rosalie*, whereunder was sitting, with the tiller in his hand and a very long pipe in his mouth, Captain Zebedee Tugwell. His mighty legs were spread at ease, his shoulders solid against a cask, his breast (like an elephant's back in width, and bearing a bright blue crown tattooed) shone out of the scarlet woolsey, whose plaits were filled with the golden shower of a curly beard, untouched with gray. And his face was quite as worthy as the substance leading up to it, being large and strengthful and slow to move, though quick to make others do so. The forehead was heavy, and the nose thick-set, the lower jaw backed up the resolution of the other, and the wide apart eyes, of a bright steel blue, were as steady as a brace of pole-stars.

"What a wonderful man!" fair Dolly thought, as the great figure, looking even grander in the glass, came rising upon a long slow wave—"what a wonderful man that Tugwell is! So firmly resolved to

have his own way, so thoroughly dauntless, and such a grand beard! Ten times more like an admiral than old Flapfin or my father is, if he only knew how to hold his pipe. There is something about him so dignified, so calm, and so majestic; but, for all that, I like the young man better. I have a great mind to take half a peep at him; somebody might ask whether he was there or not."

Being a young and bashful maid, as well as by birth a lady, she had felt that it might be a very nice thing to contemplate sailors in the distance, abstract sailors, old men who pulled ropes, or lounged on the deck, if there was one. But to steal an unsuspected view at a young man very well known to her, and acknowledged (not only by his mother and himself, but also by every girl in the parish) as the Adonis of Springhaven—this was a very different thing, and difficult to justify even to one's self. The proper plan, therefore, was to do it, instead of waiting to consider it.

"How very hard upon him it does seem," she whispered to herself, after a good gaze at him, "that he must not even dream of having any hope of me, because he has not happened to be born a gentleman! But he looks a thousand times more like one than nine out of ten of the great gentlemen I know—or at any rate he would if his mother didn't make his clothes."

For Zebedee Tugwell had a son called "Dan," as like him as a tender pea can be like a tough one; promising also to be tough, in course of time, by chafing of the world and weather. But at present Dan Tugwell was as tender to the core as a marrowfat dallying till its young duck should be ready; because Dan was podding into his first love. To the sympathetic telescope his heart was low, and his mind gone beyond astronomical range, and his hands (instead of briskly pairing soles) hung asunder, and sprawled like a star-fish.

"Indeed he does look sad," said Miss Dolly; "he is thinking of me, as he always does; but I don't see how anybody can blame me. But here comes daddy, with dear old Flapfin! I am not a bit afraid of either of them; but perhaps I had better run away."

CHAPTER III.

AND HER TRUE COMMANDER.

THE nature of "Flapfin"—as Miss Dolly Darling and other young people were pleased to call him—was to make his enemies run away, but his friends keep very near to him. He was one of the simplest-minded men that ever trod the British oak. Whatever he thought he generally said; and whatever he said he meant and did. Yet of tricks and frauds he had quick perception, whenever they were tried against him, as well as a marvellous power of seeing the shortest way to everything. He enjoyed a little gentle piece of vanity, not vainglory, and he never could see any justice in losing the credit of any of his exploits. Moreover, he was gifted with the highest faith in the hand of the Almighty over him (to help him in all his righteous deeds), and over his enemies, to destroy them. Though he never insisted on any deep piety in his own behavior, he had a good deal in his heart when time allowed, and the linstocks were waiting the signal. His trust was supreme in the Lord and himself;



CAPTAIN ZEBEDEE TUGWELL.



"SHAKE HANDS, MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND."—[SEE PAGE 728.]

and he loved to be called "My Lord Admiral."

And a man of this noble type deserved to be met with his own nobility. But the English government, according to its lights—which appear to be everlasting—regarded him as the right man, when wanted, but at other times the wrong one. They liked him to do them a very good turn, but would not let him do himself one; and whenever he looked for some fair chance of a little snug prize-money, they took him away from the likely places, and set him to hard work and hard knocks. But his sense of duty and love of country enabled him to bear it, with grumbling.

"I don't care a rope's end," he was saying, with a truthfulness simple and solid as beefsteak is, "whether we have peace or war; but let us have one or the other of them. I love peace—it is a very fine thing—and I hate to see poor fellows killed. All I want is to spend the rest of my life ashore, and lay out the garden. You must come and see what a bridge I have made to throw across the fish-pond. I can do well enough with what I have got, as soon as my farm begins to pay, and I hope I may never hear another shotted cannon; but, my dear Lingo, you know as well as I do how much chance there is of that."

"*Laudo manentem.* Let us praise her while we have got her. Parson Twemlow keeps up my Latin, but you have forgotten all yours, my friend. I brought you down here to see the fish come in, and to choose what you like best for dinner. In the days when you were my smallest youngster, and as proud as Punch to dine with me, your taste was the finest in the ship, because your stomach was the weakest. How often I thought that the fish would eat you! and but for your wonderful spirit, my friend, that must have happened long ago. But your nature was to fight, and you fought through, as you always do. A drumstick for your praise of peace!"

Admiral Darling, a tall, stout man in the sixty-fifth year of his age, looked down at his welcome and famous guest as if he knew a great deal more of his nature than the owner did. And this made that owner, who thought very highly of his own perception, look up and laugh.

"Here comes the fish!" he cried. "Come

along, Darling. Never lose a moment—that's my rule. You can't get along as fast as I can. I'll go and settle all the business for you."

"Why should you be in such a hurry always? You will never come to my age if you carry on so. You ought to tow a spar astern. Thank God, they don't know who he is, and I'll take good care not to let them know. If this is what comes of quick promotion, I am glad that I got on slowly. Well, he may do as he likes for me. He always does—that's one thing."

Stoutly grumbling thus, the elder and far heavier Admiral descended the hill to the white gate slowly, as behooved the owner. And, by the time he halted there, the other had been upon the beach five minutes, and taken command of the fishing fleet.

"Starboard there! Brail up your gaff! Is that the way to take the ground? Ease helm, *Rosalie*. Smartly, smartly. Have a care, you lubber there. Fenders out! So, so. Now stand by, all! There are two smart lads among you, and no more. All the rest are no better than a pack of Crappos. You want six months in a man-of-war's launch. This is what comes of peace already!"

The fishermen stared at this extraordinary man, who had taken all the business out of Master Tugwell's hands; but without thinking twice about it, all obeyed him with a speed that must have robbed them of a quantity of rust. For although he was not in uniform, and bore no sword, his dress was conspicuous, as he liked to have it, and his looks and deeds kept suit with it. For he wore a blue coat (very badly made, with gilt buttons and lappets too big for him), a waistcoat of dove-colored silk, very long, coming over the place where his stomach should have been, and white plush breeches, made while he was blockading Boulogne in 1801, and therefore had scarcely any flesh upon his bones. Peace having fattened him a little, these breeches had tightened upon him (as their way is with a boy having six weeks' holiday); but still they could not make his legs look big, though they showed them sharp and muscular. Below them were brisk little sinewy calves in white silk hose, with a taper descent to ankles as fine as a lady's, and insteps bright with large silver buckles. Yet that which surpassed all the beauty of the clothes was the vigor of the man inside them, who seemed to quicken and invigorate the whole, even to the right sleeve, doubled up from the want of any arm inside it. But the loss of the right arm, and the right eye also, seemed to be of no account to the former owner, so hard did he work with the residue of his body, and so much did he express with it.

His noble cocked hat was in its leathern box yet, for he was only just come from Merton; but the broad felt he wore was looped up in front, and displayed all the power of his countenance, or rather the vigor; for power is heavy, and his face was light and quickness. Softness also, and a melancholy gift of dreaminess and reflection, enlarged and impressed the effect of a gaze and a smile which have conquered history.

"Why don't 'ee speak up to 'un, Cap'en Zeb?" cried young Harry Shanks, of the *Peggy*, the smartest smack next to the *Rosalie*. "Whoever can 'a be, to make thee so dumb? Doth 'a know our own business afore our own selves? If 'ee don't speak up to 'un, Cap'en Zeb, I'll never take no more commands from thee."

"Harry Shanks, you was always a fool, and you always will be," Master Tugwell replied, with his deep chest voice, which no gale of wind could blow away. "Whether he be wrong or right—and I won't say but what I might have done it better—none but a fool like you would dare to set his squeak up against Admirable Lord Nelson."

CHAPTER IV.

AND HER FAITHFUL CHAPLAIN.

"I AM not a man of the world, but a man of the Word," said Parson Twemlow, the Rector of Springhaven; "and I shall not feel that I have done my duty unless I stir him up to-morrow. His valor and glory are nothing to me, nor even his value to the country. He does his duty, and I shall do mine. It is useless to talk to me, Maria; I never shall have such a chance again."

"Well, dear, you know best," replied Mrs. Twemlow; "and duty is always the highest and best and most sacred consideration. But you surely should remember, for Eliza's sake, that we never shall dine at the Hall again."

"I don't care a snap for their dinners,

or the chance of Eliza catching some young officer; and very few come while this peace goes on. I won't shirk my duty for any of that."

"Nothing would ever make you shirk your duty, Joshua. And I hope that you know me too well to suppose that I ever would dream of suggesting it. But I do want to see you a Canon, and I know that he begins to have influence in the Church, and therefore the Church is not at all the place to allude to his private affairs in. And, after all, what do we know about them? It does seem so low to be led away by gossip."

"Maria," said the Rector, severely sorry, "I must beg you to leave me to my conscience. I shall not refer to his private affairs. I shall put leading truths in a general way, and let him make the home application."

"Put the cap on if it fits. Very well: you will injure yourself, and do no one any good. Lord Nelson won't know it; he is too simple-minded. But Admiral Darling will never forgive us for insulting him while he is staying at the Hall."

"Maria! Well, I have long given up all attempts at reasoning with you. If I see a man walking into a furnace, do I insult him by saying beware?"

"As I am beyond all reason, Joshua, it is far above me to understand that. But if you escape insulting him, what you do is far worse, and quite unlike a gentleman. You heap a whole pile of insults upon your own brother clergymen."

"I do not at all understand you, Maria: you fly off in such a way from one thing to another!"

"Not at all. Anybody who is not above paying attention must understand me. When he is at Merton he goes to church, and his Rector is bound to look after him. When he is at sea, he has his Chaplain, who preaches whenever the weather permits, and dare not neglect his duties. But the strongest point of all is this—his very own father and brother are clergymen, and bound to do their best for him. All these you insult, and in so many words condemn for neglecting their duty, because you are unable to resist the pleasure of a stray shot at a celebrated man when he comes down here for hospitality."

"My dear, you have put the matter in a new light," said the Rev. Joshua Twemlow; "I would be the last man in the world to cast a slur upon any brother clergyman. But it is a sad denial to me, because I had put it so neatly, and a line of Latin at the end of it."

"Never mind, dear. That will do for some one else who deserves it, and has got no influence. And if you could only put instead of it one of your beautifully turned expressions about our debt of gratitude to the noble defender of our country—"

"No, no, Maria!" said her husband, with a smile; "be content without pushing your victory further than Nelson himself would push it. It may be my duty to spare him, but I will not fall down and worship him."

Joshua Twemlow, Bachelor of Divinity, was not very likely to worship anybody, nor even to admire, without due cause shown. He did not pretend to be a learned man, any more than he made any other pretense which he could not justify. But he loved a bit of Latin, whenever he could find anybody to share it with him, and even in lack of intelligent partners he indulged sometimes in that utterance. This was a grievance to the Squire of the parish, because he was expected to enjoy at ear-shot that which had passed out of the other ear in boyhood, with a painful echo behind it. But the Admiral had his revenge by passing the Rector's bits of Latin on—when he could remember them—to some one entitled to an explanation, which he, with a pleasant smile, vouchsafed. This is one of the many benefits of a classical education.

But what are such little tags, compared with the pith and marrow of the man himself? Parson Twemlow was no prig, no pedant, and no popinjay, but a sensible, upright, honorable man, whose chief defect was a quick temper. In parish affairs he loved to show his independence of the Hall, and having a stronger will than Admiral Darling, he mostly conquered him. But he knew very well how far to go, and never pressed the supremacy of the Church beyond endurance.

His wife, who was one of the Carnes of Carne Castle, some few miles to the westward, encouraged him strongly in holding his own when the Admiral strove to override him. That was her manner of putting the case; while Admiral Darling would rather have a score of nightmares than override any one. But the Carnes were a falling as much as the Darlings were a rising family, and offense comes down the hill like stones dislodged by the

upward traveller. Mrs. Twemlow knew nothing she disliked so much as any form of haughtiness; it was so small, so petty, so opposed to all true Christianity. And this made her think that the Darlings were always endeavoring to patronize her —a thing she would much rather die than put up with.

This excellent couple had allowed, however, their only son Erle, a very fine young man, to give his heart entirely to Faith Darling, the Admiral's eldest daughter, and to win hers to an equal extent; and instead of displaying any haughtiness, her father had simply said: "Let them wait two years; they are both very young, and may change their minds. If they keep of the same mind for two years, they are welcome to one another."

For a kinder-hearted man than Admiral Darling never saw the sun. There was nothing about him wonderful in the way of genius, heroism, large-mindedness, or unselfishness. But people liked him much better than if he combined all those vast rarities; because he was lively, genial, simple, easily moved to wrath or grief, free-handed, a little fond, perhaps, of quiet and confidential brag, and very fond of gossip.

"I tell you," he said to Lord Nelson now, as they walked down the hill to the church together that lovely Sunday morning, "you will not have seen a finer sight than our fishermen in church—I dare say never. Of course they don't all go. Nobody could expect it. But as many as a reasonable man could desire come there, because they know I like it. Twemlow thinks that they come to please him; but he finds a mighty difference in his congregation when I and my daughters are out of the parish. But if he goes away, there they are all the same, or perhaps even more, to get a change from him. That will show which of us they care about pleasing."

"And they are quite right. I hate the levelling system," the hero of the Nile replied. "A man should go to church to please his landlord, not to please the parson. Is the Chaplain to settle how many come to prayers?"

"That is the right way to look at the thing," said the larger-bodied Admiral; "and I only wish Twemlow could have heard you. I asked him to dine with us yesterday, as you know, because you would have done him so much good; but he sent some trumpery excuse, although his wife was asked to come with him. She stopped him, no doubt; to look big, I dare say; as if they could dine with a Lord Nelson every day!"

"They can do that every day, when they dine with a man who has done his duty. But where is my pretty godchild Dolly? *Horatia* seems too long for you. What a long name they gave me! It may have done very well for my granduncle. But, my dear Lingo, look sharp for your Dolly. She has no mother, nor even a duenna—she has turned her off, she said yesterday. Your daughter Faith is an angel, but Dolly—"

"My Dolly is a little devil, I suppose! You always found out everything. What have you found my Dolly at? Perhaps she got it at her baptism." A word against his pet child was steel upon flint to Admiral Darling.

"I am not concerned with your opinion," Lord Nelson answered, loftily. "But Horatia Dorothy Darling is my godchild by baptism, and you will find her down in my will for a thousand pounds, if she behaves well, and if it should please the Lord to send me some of the prize-money I deserve."

This was announced in such a manner, with the future testator's useful eye bearing brightly on his comrade, and his cocked hat lifted as he spoke of the great Awarder of prizes, that no one able to smile could help a friendly and simple smile at him. So Admiral Darling forgot his wrath, which never had long memory, and scorning even to look round for Dolly, in whom he felt such confidence, took the mighty warrior by the good arm and led him toward the peaceful bells.

"Hurry; we shall be late," he said. "You remember when we called you 'Hurry,' because of being always foremost? But they know better than to stop the bells till they see me in the church porch. Twemlow wanted to upset that, for the parsons want to upset everything. And I said: 'Very well; then I shall square it by locking the gate from your shrubbery. That will give me five minutes to come down the hill.' For my grandfather put up that gate, you must know, and of course the key belongs to me. It saves Twemlow a cable's-length every time, and the parsons go to church so often now, he would have to make at

least another knot a month. So the bells go on as they used to do. How many bells do you make it, Mr. Nelson?"

"Eight bells, sir," Lord Nelson replied, saluting like the middy in charge of the watch. And at this little turn they both laughed, and went on, with memory of ancient days, to church.

CHAPTER V.

OPINION, MALE AND FEMALE.

THE fine young parsons of the present generation are too fond of asking us why we come to church, and assigning fifty reasons out of their own heads, not one of which is to our credit or theirs; whereas their proper business is to cure the fish they have caught, instead of asking how they caught them. Mr. Twemlow had sense enough for this, and treated the largest congregation he had ever preached to as if they were come for the good of their souls, and should have it, in spite of Lord Nelson. But, alas! their bodies fared not so well, and scarcely a man got his Sunday dinner according to his liking. Never a woman would stay by the fire for the sake of a ten-pound leg of mutton, and the baker put his shutters up at half past ten against every veal pie and every loin of pork. Because in the church there would be seen this day (as the servants at the Hall told every one) the man whom no Englishman could behold without pride, and no Frenchman with it—the victor of the Nile, and of Copenhagen, and countless other conflicts. Knowing that he would be stared at well, he was equal to the occasion, and the people who saw him were so proud of the sight that they would talk of it now if they were alive.

But those who were not there would exhibit more confidence than conscience by describing every item of his raiment, which verily even of those who beheld it none could do well, except a tailor or a woman. Enough that he shone in the light of the sun (which came through a windowful of bull's-eyes upon him, and was surprised to see stars by daylight), but the glint of his jewels and glow of his gold diverted no eye from the calm, sad face which in the day of battle could outflash them all. That sensitive, mild, complaisant face (humble, and even homely now, with scathe and scald and the lines of middle age) presented itself as a great surprise to the many who came to gaze at it. With its child-like simplicity and latent fire, it was rather the face of a dreamer and poet than of a warrior and hero.

Mrs. Cheeseman, the wife of Mr. Cheeseman, who kept the main shop in the village, put this conclusion into better English, when Mrs. Shanks (Harry's mother) came on Monday to buy a rasher and compare opinions.

"If I could have fetched it to my mind," she said, "that Squire Darling were a tarradiddle, and all his wenches liars—which some of them be, and no mistake—and if I could refuse my own eyes about gold-lace, and crown jewels, and arms off, happier would I sleep in my bed, ma'am, every night the Lord seeth good for it. I would sooner have found hoppers in the best ham in the shop than have gone to church so to delude myself. But there! that Cheeseman would make me do it. I did believe as we had somebody fit to do battle for us against Boney, and I laughed about all they invasion and scares. But now—why, 'a can't say bo to a goose! If 'a was to come and stand this moment where you be a-standing, and say, 'Mrs. Cheeseman, I want a fine rasher,' not a bit of gristle would I trim out, nor put it up in paper for him, as I do for you, ma'am."

And Widow Shanks quite agreed with her.

"Never can I tell you what my feelings was, when I seed him a-standing by the monument, ma'am. But I said to myself—'why, my poor John, as is now in heaven, poor fellow, would 'a took you up with one hand, my lord, stars and garters and crowns and all, and put you into his sow-west pocket.' And so he could have done, Mrs. Cheeseman."

But the opinion of the men was different, because they knew a bee from a bull's foot.

"He may not be so very big," they said, "nor so outrageous thunderin', as the missus looked out for from what she have read. They always goes by their own opinions, and wrong a score of times out of twenty. But any one with a fork to his leg can see the sort of stuff he is made of. He 'tended his duty in the house of the Lord, and he wouldn't look after the women; but he kept his live eye

upon every young chap as were fit for a man-of-war's-man—Dan Tugwell especial, and young Harry Shanks. You see if he don't have both of they afore ever the war comes on again!"

Conscious of filling the public eye, with the privilege of being upon private view, Lord Nelson had faced the position without flinching, and drawn all the fire of the enemy. After that he began to make reprisals, according to his manner, taking no trouble to regard the women—which debarred them from thinking much of him—but settling with a steady gaze at each sea-faring man, whether he was made of good stuff or of pie-crust. And to the credit of the place it must be said that he found very little of that soft material, but plenty of good stuff, slow, perhaps, and heavy, but needing only such a soul as his to rouse it.

"What a fine set of fellows you have in your village!" he said to Miss Darling after dinner, as she sat at the head of her father's table, for the Admiral had long been a widower. "The finest I have seen on the south coast anywhere. And they look as if they had been under some training. I suppose your father had most of them in the *Fencibles*, last summer?"

"Not one of them," Faith answered, with a sweet smile of pride. "They have their own opinions, and nothing will disturb them. Nobody could get them to believe for a moment that there was any danger of invasion. And they carried on all their fishing business almost as calmly as they do now. For that, of course, they may thank you, Lord Nelson; but they have not the smallest sense of the obligation."

"I am used to that, as your father knows; but more among the noble than the simple. For the best thing I ever did I got no praise, or at any rate very little. As to the Boulogne affair, Springhaven was quite right. There was never much danger of invasion. I only wish the villains would have tried it. Horatia, would you like to see your godfather at work? I hope not. Young ladies should be peaceful."

"Then I am not peaceful at all," cried Dolly, who was sitting by the maimed side of her "Flapfin," as her young brother Johnny had nicknamed him. "Why, if there was always peace, what on earth would any but very low people find to do? There could scarcely be an admiral, or a general, or even a captain, or—well, a boy to beat the drums."

"But no drum would want to be beaten, Horatia," her elder sister Faith replied, with the superior mind of twenty-one; "and the admirals and the generals would have to be—"

"Doctors, or clergymen, or something of that sort, or perhaps even worse—nasty lawyers." Then Dolly (whose name was "Horatia" only in presence of her great godfather) blushed, as befitted the age of seventeen, at her daring, and looked at her father.

"That last cut was meant for me," Frank Darling, the eldest of the family, explained from the opposite side of the table. "Your lordship, though so well known to us, can hardly be expected to know or remember all the little particulars of our race. We are four, as you know; and the elder two are peaceful, while the younger pair are warlike. And I am to be the 'nasty lawyer,' called to the bar in the fullness of time—which means after dining sufficiently—to the great disgust of your little godchild, whose desire from her babyhood has been to get me shot."

"*Little*, indeed! What a word to use about me! You told a great story. But now you'll make it true."

"To wit—as we say at Lincoln's Inn—she has not longed always for my death in battle, but henceforth will do so; but I never shall afford her that gratification. I shall keep out of danger as zealously as your lordship rushes into it."

"Franky going on, I suppose, with some of his usual nonsense," Admiral Darling, who was rather deaf, called out from the bottom of the table. "Nobody pays much attention to him, because he does not mean a word of it. He belongs to the peace—peace—peace-at-any-price lot. But when a man wanted to rob him last winter, he knocked him down, and took him by the throat, and very nearly killed him."

"That's the only game to play," exclaimed Lord Nelson, who had been looking at Frank Darling with undisguised disgust. "My young friend, you are not such a fool after all. And why should you try to be one?"

"My brother," said the sweet-tempered Faith, "never tries to be a fool, Lord Nelson; he only tries to be a poet."

This made people laugh; and Nelson,

feeling that he had been rude to a youth who could not fairly answer him, jumped from his chair with the lightness of a boy, and went round to Frank Darling, with his thin figure leaning forward, and his gray unpowdered hair tossed about, and upon his wrinkled face that smile which none could ever resist, because it was so warm and yet so sad.

"Shake hands, my dear young friend," he cried, "though I can not offer the right one. I was wrong to call you a fool because you don't look at things as I do. Poets are almost as good as sailors, and a great deal better than soldiers. I have felt a gift that way myself, and turned out some very tidy lines. But I believe they were mainly about myself, and I never had time to go on with them."

Such little touches of simplicity and kindness, from a man who never knew the fear of men, helped largely to produce that love of Nelson which England felt, and will always feel.

"My lord," replied the young man, bending low—for he was half a cubit higher than the mighty captain—"it is good for the world that you have no right arm, when you disarm it so with your left one."

KING ARTHUR.

Not a Love Story.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

CHAPTER I.

FULLY twenty years before the great St. Gothard tunnel was made or thought of, when Andermatt was still the favorite resting-place of travellers passing from Switzerland into Italy, and *vicè versa*, a group of half a dozen persons sat round the *table d'hôte* of the principal hotel there, eating their rather meagre dinner. For it was early in June, and the stream of regular tourists had not yet begun to flow.

Not at any season do travellers pause long here, the valley of Uri being considered by pleasure-seekers in general a rather dull place. Perhaps; and yet it has its charms. It is a high level plateau, solemn and still, in the heart of the Alps. Through it comes pouring down the wild river Reuss, and up from it climb three desolate mountain roads, leading to three well-known passes—the St. Gothard, the Furca, and the Oberalp.

The valley itself is smooth and green, though too high above the level of the sea to be very fertile. Little corn is grown there, and the trees are few and small; but the pasturage during the brief summer—only three months—is abundant, and extending far up the mountain-sides. Every yard of available land is cultivated, and the ground is "*parsemé*" (to use a French word for which there is no English equivalent) with that mass of wild flowers which makes Switzerland in June a perfect garden wherever you turn your eyes.

But these and all other beauties of the place were invisible to the travellers, for a dense white mist had suddenly come down and blotted out everything.

"To-day would have been worse even than yesterday for those young fellows to have crossed the St. Gothard from Italy, as they told me they did," said one of the three quiet English-speaking guests at the head of the table, looking across at the three voluble Italians at the foot of it.

"Scarcely more detestable weather than when we crossed, doctor. My wife has taken all these five days to get over it, and is hardly well yet."

"Oh yes, dear," said the lady—the only lady at table—small and ordinary in appearance, but with a soft voice and sweet eyes, which continually sought her husband's. He was tall, thin, and serious: in fact, had taken the head of the table and said grace in unmistakable clerical fashion. He looked the very picture of an English clergyman, and she of a clergyman's wife. One seemed about forty, the other fifty, years old.

The third traveller, addressed as "doctor," was not English, though he spoke our language with a far better pronunciation than most of us do. But he spoke it with a slight nasal twang, said to be inevitable, in consequence of climate, with our transatlantic cousins. Also he had a gaunt, lean, dried-up appearance; but his long bony limbs were agile and strong, and his brown face was both shrewd and kindly, full of humor, yet at the same

time full of tenderness, with no small amount of capacity as well.

"My dear Mrs. Trevena, I guess we had the devil's own weather (begging your pardon) that day we crossed from Italy. When the snows begin to melt, the Pass is worse and more dangerous than in the middle of winter. And in addition we had that soaking rain. I am sure I was drenched to the skin for eight mortal hours. Medically speaking, I wonder any one of us, especially the women, came through the journey alive. But you say you're all right now, ma'am?"

"Oh yes," answered Mrs. Trevena, smiling. She seemed a person so accustomed to be "not strong" that she preferred to smile at illness, and make as light of it as possible. "I only hope the other two women—the only women who were in the sledges besides myself—came off as easily. I suppose they went on at once, for I have not seen them in the hotel since. Have you, Dr. Franklin?"

"Yes," said the doctor. He was not a man of many words.

"Are they here still, do you know?"

"Yes," he answered again, with still greater abruptness and brevity.

"I wish I had known it, and I would have inquired how they were. I felt so sorry for the lady—she was certainly a lady, though she was shabbily dressed, and so muffled up it was almost impossible to see her face. The old mulatto woman, who seemed her maid, was very anxious over her. They had not half wraps enough, yet when I offered her a rug she refused it with a mere shake of the head. She couldn't be English, or, hearing me speak, she would surely have spoken."

"No—not English."

"What was she, then? German?"

"American. My dear lady, you will not find two mouthfuls on that *poulet*. It looks more like an overgrown sparrow; really the food here is abominable."

"No wonder," said the clergyman, mildly. "I believe they have to carry up nearly everything from the valleys below—several thousand feet. Nothing will grow here, not even the chickens. What a place Andermatt must be to live at in winter!"

"Yet they do live here. Madame told me to-day, so far as I could understand her English—I wish I spoke better French, Austin!—that they keep the hotel open all winter. Her elder children go to school at Lucerne, but the two little boys learn from the *pasteur* here. They go to him every day in a sledge, drawn by Juno, the huge St. Bernard who is always lying at the hotel door."

"Listen to her!" said the grave clergyman, turning upon the little sweet-faced woman an affectionate look. "I do believe if my wife were dropped down in the wilds of Africa, within three days she would have made friends with all the blackamoors, big and little—especially the little ones—have found out all their affairs, and been made the confidante of all their sorrows."

"In the language of signs—as now," laughed Mrs. Trevena.

"Never mind, ma'am; you manage somehow. Madame's poor little boy with the broken leg and his German *bonne* look out for your daily visit with great excitement. I guess they'll miss you when you go away."

"And I shall miss Andermatt. I like the place; it is so quiet, so utterly out of the world. And the hotel people are so simple and good. I seem to know all about everybody."

"Do you, ma'am?" said the doctor, with a sharp, questioning look, which fell harmless on the innocent face; then, apparently satisfied, he added, "How valuable your wife must be in your parish at home, Mr. Trevena!"

"Invaluable—except that it is so small a parish. But we hope for a better living by-and-by. We have been hoping all our lives," added he, with a slight sigh.

"But we do sometimes get what we hope for, Austin," said his wife. "You can not think, Dr. Franklin, how he has enjoyed his three months' chaplaincy at the Italian lakes—such a lovely spring! and we are going back to a second spring, or rather summer, in England. We live in the country—in Cornwall."

"A region which, very likely, Dr. Franklin never heard of; but we think a great deal of it, being both of us Cornish born," said Mr. Trevena. He was a little slow in speech and formal in manner, this old-fashioned English gentleman; and the quick, keen, energetic American regarded him with the interest of a student of human nature who had discovered a new phase thereof. They were very different, but both being rarely honest and good men, they had fallen into a sort of liking, and during the six days they had been

weather-bound at Andermatt had become tolerably intimate.

Their not too luxurious meal over, the three English-speaking inmates of the hotel still sat on at the *table d'hôte*, comparatively silent—at least when contrasted with the voluble young Italians below.

"What can they be talking about, so fast and furious, almost as if they were going to fight?" said Mrs. Trevena, somewhat amused, while her husband looked annoyed, as a Briton often does at anything foreign which he does not understand. But the more cosmopolite American only laughed. He had travelled through many lands on both sides the ocean; he spoke at least three Continental tongues, and had been a great help in that and other ways to the English parson, who knew no modern language but his own.

"Why can not people converse without gesticulating like savages, and looking as if they were about to tear one another to pieces?" observed he, in some irritation.

"Not at all," laughed the Kentuckian. "They are the best of friends. Two of them belong to the Teatro at Milan, sent in pursuit of a singer there, who has broken her engagement, and gone off, it is supposed, to London or Paris in search of a better one. They don't think her flight implies anything worse than love of money; they say the signora had no lovers—only a husband, and perhaps a bad one."

"Poor lady!" said Mrs. Trevena. "But if she were a real lady she would never be an opera-singer. What a dreadful life it must be!"

The doctor laughed in his dry way—he was more of a laughing than a weeping philosopher, and of practical rather than sentimental mind—then looked at his watch. "Excuse me; I have a visit to pay this evening."

"Is it to Madame's little boy with the broken leg? Then I will go first, just for a minute, and leave some pictures to amuse him, poor little patient soul!"

"That is just like my wife," said Mr. Trevena, looking after her with a smile that ended in a sigh.

"Mrs. Trevena seems uncommonly fond of children. Perhaps she has left some behind her at home? I'm a family man myself, and after two years in Europe I sha'n't be sorry to see those ten little shavers of mine in Kentucky."

"Ten, have you? We have none. We had one, but it only lived a few hours. My wife has never quite got over the disappointment, and it was to give her a total change for mind and body that I accepted the chaplaincy abroad. We have only been married three years, though we waited for fifteen," added the good man, with the faintest shade of a blush on his calm, middle-aged face. "I was a fellow of my college, and at last I got a college living—rather a poor one. But we are very happy, my wife and I. We shall at least end our days together."

"Phew!" said the American, repressing a low whistle, while his kindly eyes took a curiously soft expression as they rested on his companion. He had a fairly happy life himself, and his "ten little shavers" were obviously very dear to him. "She's a good woman, your wife," continued he, bluntly. "So is mine. I'd lay you a dollar against ten cents you'll not find such a mother anywhere as Mrs. Franklin. I wish all women were like our two, sir."

"I hope many women are," answered the mild clergyman, adding, anxiously, "Do not speak to Mrs. Trevena of what I told you—her lost child. It is a sore place in her heart still; never likely to be healed. But we have made up our minds to be content, and we are content. God knows best."

"I suppose so."

"I am sure so, and I am a much older man than you. Isn't it strange," continued the clergyman, laying his hand kindly on the doctor's arm, "that you and I should have talked of this and many other things—we who never met before, and in all probability shall never meet again?"

"Perhaps for that very reason; I have often found it so. People tell me things that they wouldn't tell their most intimate friends. You have no idea the odd secrets and odd people that I have come across during my life. By Jove! what a bother it is sometimes! But I beg your pardon; I was thinking of something else—something not too agreeable. And now I must go to my patient, who is not, as your wife imagined, the little broken-legged boy. However, in our profession we learn one good thing—to hold our tongues. Good-night, sir."

"Good-night, doctor. You'll drive up to Hospenthal with us, as my wife wishes, if it is a fine day to-morrow, and your patient can spare you?"

"Oh yes—yes. She—" Here Dr.

Franklin set his lips together and clinched his fist, as if to beat himself for nearly letting a cat jump out of the bag. "Certainly—certainly. Good-evening."

He left the room by one door just as Mrs. Trevena entered by another. Her husband greeted her with a smile—the welcoming smile of those who have been necessary to one another for years, who never weary of each other's company, because it scarcely is company—the two having so grown together in all their tastes and habits that they feel like one. If the little life that had come, and then

"unto stiliness passed again,
And left a blank, unknown before,"

had been a loss to them, it had undoubtedly but

"made them love the more."

That is, if more were possible. But the more or the less with regard to love is a question that chiefly troubles younger folk. The old accept it—only too thankfully—and cease to investigate it or to weigh and measure it any more than their daily sunshine or the air they breathe.

"The mist has lifted, Austin, and there is promise of a good sunset—as much as the mountains will let us see of it; and a full moon will soon be creeping over those white peaks opposite. Hark!—there are the bells of the cattle coming home. Are you ready for a walk, dear?"

"Quite ready, Susannah."

"Shall we go to the Devil's Bridge—or up toward Hospenthal? No, for we shall be driving that way to-morrow. I should like to get as far up as the Hospice, and be close under the eternal snows once again—see them in sunshine and calm, instead of such a deluge of rain as the day we crossed from Airolo."

"I wonder it did not give you your death of cold, my poor wife."

"Those other two women, the old and the young one, were worse off than I, for they had nobody to take care of them"—and she patted softly her husband's shoulder. "I felt so sorry for them! I have often thought of them since."

"You think of everybody, Susannah—except yourself. Come along, and as we go you can tell me what you think about one thing—our getting back as fast as we can to England."

"Very well, dear."

Somehow, though she was mild-faced, quiet, and small, and he was big and hale—even young-looking for his years—it was evident the good clergyman leaned upon his wife not a little. And there was that in Mrs. Trevena's sweet composure which implied, not the perpetual acquiescence, feeble and flaccid, which some men think would be so delightful to have—until they get it—but an amount of dormant force invaluable in the mistress of a household. She is no "perfect woman" who is not at the same time

"nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command";

and gentle as Mrs. Trevena looked, a keen observer could detect in her firm little mouth and quiet silent ways indications of strength and decision which doubtless would prove the greatest possible blessing to the Reverend Austin. Not that "the gray mare was the better horse," for he looked—and was—the most excellent of men and clergymen; but it was in many things the more useful horse, which fact often makes a pair run all the safer together. Austin Trevena, a student and a bookworm all his days, would have been practically "nowhere" in the busy world but for his wife, who loved him perhaps all the dearer for his very weaknesses. His strength, which lay in his brains, and in a moral nature of such high chivalric honor that he would have gone to the stake without a murmur or a doubt, she more than loved, she worshipped. It had cost her some pangs and a good many long lonely years, but she worshipped it still.

Enough, however, of these two, who had been such a deep interest to Dr. Franklin, in his capacity of student of human nature, that he had staid on at Andermatt chiefly because they staid. Also for another reason, which, with the reticence due to his profession, he did not name. When they met him going out, and asked him to accompany them in their evening saunter to the Devil's Bridge, he shook his head.

"I've got a Devil's Bridge of my own to cross, and I wish to Heaven I knew how to manage it," said he. "Good-evening. I'll see you at breakfast to-morrow."

"And go with us up to the Hospice?"

"If I can. *Au revoir.*"

"He looks anxious and troubled about something," observed Mrs. Trevena, when the placid pair went on their way, stopping sometimes to watch the twilight colors on the mountains, and listen to the tinkle of the cattle bells, as, one after the other, whole herds of the lovely little Swiss cows crept musically home.

"I suspect, my dear, that, like another person I know, the good doctor often troubles himself with the troubles of other people. He told me he had a patient here—not your little sick boy—possibly some case of serious illness."

"I never heard of any, and I think I should have heard. Madame and I have grown to be very good friends."

"But Madame is a shrewd woman, who probably knows how to keep her own counsel, and not drive away her very few customers by rumors of sickness or death in the house."

"Death in the house? You don't think that, Austin? If I could be of any use—"

"You are of most use to me, Susannah, by not wearing yourself out over other folk; so don't put on that poor little anxious face, but let us enjoy our walk. We, thank Heaven! have nobody but our two selves to be anxious over."

"No," answered his wife, softly. But whether she thanked Heaven—Heaven only knew. It was one of those unconscious stabs which even the dearest sometimes give; and which Heaven only can heal.

So they strolled on, sometimes talking, sometimes silent, in that happy companionship—just "one and one"—without need of "a shadowy third," which is the solace of many childless couples, and which, so long as it steers clear of that fatal dual selfishness which is the bane of conjugal life, is a most enviable and desirable thing.

They saw the sun set, the moon rise—at least by reflection; for the actual sunset and moonrise were of course invisible behind the mountains; and then they watched the stars come out like jewels in the great blue arch which seemed to rest on the high peaks of the St. Gothard range, white with eternal snow. When they returned, night had already fallen: a glimmering light up at Hospenthal, and another which burned steadily on till morning in the Andermatt Hotel below, alone testified to the presence of any human existence in the silent valley.

Next day, at the *table d'hôte* breakfast, the English and American travellers alone remained; the Italians had vanished. Mr. and Mrs. Trevena looked placid and wholesome—as usual—in mind and body; but Dr. Franklin seemed tired and worried, or, as he expressed it, "seedy," as if he had been up all night—which he owned he had.

"But why?" asked Mrs. Trevena, and then drew back and blushed for the intrusive question.

"Work, my dear lady—a doctor's work never ends. But now I mean to take a few hours' play. What time shall we start? We can drive up as far as the eternal snow and down again before dark?"

"Easily."

"All right, then. I'm your man. Off we go. I'll halve the carriage with you."

"Certainly not; we shall be glad of your company," said the English clergyman, with stately dignity, and despite his wife's rather pathetic look, which convinced the honest, warm-hearted American that "halving the carriage" was a matter of importance to them, Mr. Trevena held to his point, and Dr. Franklin was obliged to yield.

They started. It was one of those gorgeous days—all blueness and whiteness, and flooded with dazzling, cloudless sunshine—which in Switzerland come as such a strange contrast to the days of mist and storm. The three friends, so lately strangers, found themselves ascending cheerily the mountain, past the tiny village of Hospenthal and the glacier of St. Anna, crossing the wild river Reuss, which came pouring down the desolate valley, and watching how the vegetation, at first bright as the colors of a kaleidoscope with masses of lovely unknown flowers, gradually dwindled, ceased, until the gray of the huge bowlders, the intense blue of the sky, and the dazzling whiteness of the mountain slopes were the only colors left. The road became steeper and steeper, and occasionally was fenced on either side by huge walls of unmelted, and apparently never to be melted, snow.

"You had better put on your blue veil, Mrs. Trevena, and here is a pair of blue spectacles for your husband: I wouldn't sacrifice my eyes for the grandest snow-landscape in the world. Nor my meals. But I see you have provided against mountain hunger. Is that another fine fat—sparrow?"

She laughed, as people do whose hearts are full; then said, with tears in her eyes: "How beautiful all is! My whole life through I have longed to come here, and now I am here—we are here together, Austin. We should be very thankful."

"I think we are, Susannah," the clergyman said, in his grave tender way.

And then the two men—so very different outside, and yet with a certain sympathetic union at heart—sat down on either side the little woman, on what they called a "comfortable" stone, just below the shining wall of snow, forty feet high, which reflected the rays of the sun so as to be oppressively warm.

"Isn't it curious, Mrs. Trevena, though we sit under a wall of snow, we are almost 'baked alive'?—as my little monkeys in Kentucky would say." And stretching out his hand, he washed down the leg of chicken with a mouthful of snow, declaring it was "not bad drink after all."

"Does this huge white wall never melt?"

"Never entirely, ma'am" (his invariable "ma'am" and "sir" were so anti-English). "We are just on the verge of the snow-line—perpetual snow. And yet, just look at that patch of blue gentian—isn't it lovely? Are you a botanist, Mr. Trevena?"

"Oh no, but my wife is. At least she has what I call a speaking acquaintance with almost every flower that grows. She knows their separate faces as well as those of the babies of our parish—which seem to me all alike."

"Not a bit alike, when you are a woman, and love them," said the wife, smiling.

"You seem very fond of children, Mrs. Trevena."

"Yes," she answered, quietly—so quietly that the good doctor, feeling as if he could have bitten his tongue off for the remark, rose and proposed a saunter a little higher up the mountain.

"Decidedly. And my wife can rest here. She never minds being alone. I tell her it is because she finds her own company so pleasant; and no wonder!" added he, with affectionate courtesy.

"She's a trump," said the American, rough, candid, and kindly, as they walked away.

When they were out of sight and hearing of Mrs. Trevena, he suddenly stopped, and stuck his stick violently into a fast-melting mass of snow.

"It's no use, sir; I can't stand it any longer. I must tell somebody."

"Tell what?" said the placid clergyman, very much surprised.

"Something which I have been expecting your wife would find out every day, but she has not done so. Madame has kept the secret well. I have often wished I could tell it to Mrs. Trevena, who has such capital common-sense and right feeling—womanly feeling. Some women seem as if they had none at all; the fashionable life, or the public life—Lord knows which, for I don't!—has taken all ordinary flesh and blood out of them. It does sometimes."

Mr. Trevena listened to this tirade with a perplexity which his politeness vainly tried to hide. "If there is anything you would like to confide in me—anything wherein I could be of use—according to my sacred profession—"

"Mine has its sacredness too, if people only knew it. Many a troublesome secret have I kept; but this one—I can't keep it—I won't keep it; for, in a sense, it's like conniving at a murder. The massacre of the innocents, I call it—and so I told the woman."

"What woman?" asked Mr. Trevena, now thoroughly aroused and uneasy—so uneasy that he looked instinctively back at the little dark figure sitting motionless under the snow wall, his wife, with whom he was accustomed to halve all his anxieties.

"No; don't tell her—not till we get back to the hotel. You may then; for, after all, she will understand it better than you, or than any man among us all."

And then he detailed how his mysterious patient, on whose account he had lingered these five days at Andermatt, was a lady—the lady with the mulatto servant who had crossed the St. Gothard the same day as themselves, and that very night had suddenly given birth to a child, with no help except the old woman, and no preparation for her infant except a few clothes borrowed from the kind landlady of the hotel, who, at the mother's urgent entreaty, had kept the event a secret from everybody.

"But she insisted on fetching me, as I spoke their language—both the black and the white woman are, I am sorry to say, American born. I told them in good plain English that they were both fools, or worse, to have attempted such a journey. It was a miracle that the mother and child survived—the child nearly was dead—and when I told her it lived, her first word was that she was 'very sorry.' A mother indeed! A brute! No—any brute beast would have been more of a mother."

"Perhaps," suggested Mr. Trevena, with a faint, old-bachelor-like blush—"perhaps

she had some very strong reason for wishing it dead."

"Illegitimacy, you mean?" interrupted the point-blank doctor. "No; I believe not. She had a wedding ring on her finger, and in her delirium she talked of 'my goose of a husband,' and 'my horrid little brats at home.' Therefore I conclude she has both a home and a husband. Though why she should have gone wandering about the world in this insane manner is more than I can tell. Both she and her servant are absolutely silent."

"About how old is she?"

"Just under forty, I should say. Very handsome still—in a sort of way. Has had four children, but declares she 'hated every one of them the minute they were born.' Did you ever hear of such a woman?"

Mr. Trevena shook his head helplessly. "Well, my dear doctor, what can I do? Would you like me, in my clerical capacity, to pay her a visit?"

"Bless my life! no. She would laugh you to scorn; she laughs at everything serious, except when she gets into her tragedy fits, when she rants for all the world like a play-actor—or actress."

"Perhaps she is an actress."

"May be; I never thought of that. But I have not thought much about her, except as a 'case,' till to-day. It was hard work to keep her alive at all—or the baby either—for she refused to suckle it. She said she wanted it to die; and if it had not been for a blessed old Nanny-goat of Madame's, she'd have had her wish by this time. Now I think he'll do, for he is quite healthy; and such a fine, fat little fellow. Many a one of your childless English dukes—your 'noble families' that dwindle down to nothing and die out—would give his eyes for such a son and heir."

"A strange story," said Mr. Trevena, thoughtfully. "May I tell my wife? She would be so much interested."

"Yes; and ask her to advise me: a woman—that is, a sensible woman—often leaps by instinct to the right, when a man with his long-headed wisdom goes swithering to and fro till he finds himself quite at sea, as I own I am. That horrible creature! What do you think she asked of me last night?—To take away her child and leave it at the nearest foundling hospital, or by the road-side, if I chose, for some charitable soul to pick it up! She doesn't care what becomes of it, so that she gets rid of it. She would sell it, she declares, for she wants money badly, only a baby is a drug in the market—a commodity no one cares to buy."

"What a wretch!—oh dear! oh dear!" murmured the horrified and perplexed clergyman. "Surely she must be mad."

"Not at all; she is as sane as I am, a capable, clever, healthy woman. She must have a constitution of iron to have struggled through these few days; and she is doing very well now. She talks of continuing her journey immediately."

"Where to? Has she no friends?"

"None, she declares, except her 'fool of a husband,' whom she left six months ago, and has scarcely heard of since. She refuses to give her name or address. So what can I do? She is my country-woman, and, after all, a woman, or I would do nothing at all. She expects me to give her an answer to-night."

"About what?"

"About the foundling hospital. There are such in Switzerland, I know; but I can't present myself there with an unknown new-born baby in my arms—a decent father of a family like me. And if I leave the child with its mother, very likely she'll murder it, or neglect it till it dies, which is as bad as murder."

"But there is the mulatto woman; she may have a heart in her bosom if the mother has none."

"My dear sir, had you lived as long as I have in our Southern States you would know that our niggers have big hearts, but mighty little heads, and no consciences to speak of. If that woman told her servant, who is a paid slave, to lie down and be walked upon, she'd do it; and if she bade her throw the child on the back of the fire, she'll do it also. I'm only too glad she hasn't done it already, when it began to cry—it has cried incessantly ever since it was born, and no wonder."

"Poor little soul!" said Mr. Trevena, roused into unwonted interest. He had lived so long the life of a bachelor and a bookworm that he rarely troubled himself much about external things—human things—but left all that to his wife. "I think we had better tell Mrs. Trevena: she will be sure to know what you ought to do."

"Yes; but not yet. Don't spoil her pleasure. Look! I am sure she is enjoying herself."

"My wife has the faculty of enjoying everything."

And indeed it seemed so, though just now her enjoyment was no wonder. Few could have seen unmoved those great fields of snow, rising upward into gigantic peaks, white as no fuller on earth could whiten them—like the robes of the righteous described in Revelations. The whole scene, in its silence, grandeur, and dazzling brightness, was liker heaven than earth. One's petty mortal life, with its trivial cares and foolish joys, sank, dwarfed into nothingness, before the majesty of those everlasting hills covered with perpetual snow. It was the nearest image we can imagine, in this poor changing earth, of that Eternity from whence we came and into which we go.

She sat gazing with an expression full of peace, though the traces of tears were on her cheeks, so rapt that she never noticed the approach of the two men.

"Look at her!" said the American, with honest admiration written on his shrewd brown face. "By George! how pretty she must have been when she was young!"

"She is pretty now—at least to me," replied the Englishman, with dignity. "My dear Susannah, are you rested? Is it not time we were going home?"

"'Going to hum,' as we say—or as you English say that we say—often a very different thing," observed Dr. Franklin, trying hard to recover his equanimity and good-humor.

"Which means going to our hotel; not a bad substitute for home. Madame is very kind. But oh! Austin, I shall be glad to be again really 'at home!' We must try to move on to-morrow. So adieu—forever, most likely—you beautiful San Gottardo!"

Smiling she rose, collected the fragments of lunch—"They will do for those little lads who were selling edelweiss and alpenrosen beyond Hospenthal"—and joined her companions in the carriage.

Both Mr. Trevena and Dr. Franklin were very silent on the homeward road; but Mrs. Trevena talked and smiled rather more than usual to make up for it. And they acquiesced in, or at any rate did not oppose, her plan of going down the next day to Fluelen, and thence on to Lucerne.

"So this will be our last night in the Urseren Thal; for, if you go back to America, as you intend, doctor, we are none of us ever likely to be at Andermatt again."

"I earnestly hope I never may be," said Dr. Franklin, as, reaching the hotel, he looked at his watch. "Half an hour past my time. Well, it doesn't matter—only—what a hullabaloo she'll make! You'll remember, sir? And I'll see you again at the *table d'hôte*—after you have told your wife."

"Told me what?"

"You needn't be alarmed, ma'am. Take a quiet evening walk—lucky, comfortable couple that you are!—and your husband will explain it. Bless us—what a sunset! Why did Heaven make the outside world so beautiful, and the people in it so—But I beg your pardon, Mrs. Trevena. Not all people—not all."

He took off his hat to her with rough respect, and disappeared toward a small *dépendance*, only used when the hotel was full, on the other side of the road.

Up that road, shortly afterward, the English couple might have been seen strolling, arm in arm, sometimes even hand in hand, for those long-divided years had made them almost child-like in their wedded happiness now. They cast a glance at the *dépendance* as they passed, but nothing was visible; so they slowly disappeared along the level road toward that wonderful Devil's Bridge, the chief sight of Andermatt, whence they did not return till the *table d'hôte* dinner had already begun.

It was a long walk, and a momentous one—perhaps the most momentous they had ever taken in all their placid lives. When he met them at the dinner table, Dr. Franklin was quite sure Mr. Trevena had told his wife everything. She was very silent—even for her; she ate little; and between the many courses by which Swiss hotels so cleverly contrive to make a palatable something out of almost nothing, she fell into long reveries. Still, there was a new brightness—a pleasure amounting to rapture—in her eyes, which made her look quite young, and fairly startled the good doctor.

Dinner over, she drew him aside. "My husband has given me your message. I hardly know what to advise. But, first, may I go and see that poor woman?"

"'Poor' woman indeed! and you want to go and see her? I knew it!—just like you! But, my dear madam, you can't. She is madder—or badder—than ever. All her talk is how to get rid of the child. My impression is, if you went to see her, she would shut the door in your face."

"Try, nevertheless. I might do some-

thing—say something. We are both women, and"—with a quiver of the lips—"mothers—at least I have been a mother. Perhaps, poor thing! her head is a little wrong."

"Not a bit of it, unless we adopt the theory, which some of my profession have started, that all badness is madness—a very comfortable doctrine, and then nobody need be punished for anything. But, ma'am, if there is a thing true in this world it is that text, 'Be sure your sin will find you out.' As I told her only to-night, you can't go against Nature but Nature will have her revenge some day. However, that's no affair of mine."

"Perhaps not; yet let us try. Go and ask her if she will see me."

"Very well, ma'am."

During his absence Mrs. Trevena sat alone—at least practically so, for her husband, according to old habit, had taken a book out of his pocket and become absorbed therein. Susannah, who did not read very much, was content to watch the great white mountains melting away in the twilight, and think—and think.

"It's no use!" said Dr. Franklin, returning. "I believe she is mad—quite mad. She will see nobody. She says the best kindness anybody could show her would be to take away the child; that children have been her bane and nuisance all her life, and she wants no more of them. When I suggested that He who sent them might require them at her hand, she laughed in my face. I think she believes in neither God nor devil."

"Poor soul! Could you not find out her friends?"

"I wish I could, but I have not the slightest clew. I can get nothing out of her, or her servant either, except that she has been living for six months in Italy."

Mrs. Trevena thought a minute. "Do you think it possible she may be the Italian prima donna who ran away from Milan? To an actress or singer, children might be a hinderance—if she had no motherly heart."

"Yes—yes," said the doctor, meditating. "You women are twice as sharp as we. But she is American. Still, she may have passed under an Italian name. She declares no power on earth shall make her confess her own."

"Poor soul!" said Susannah again. "She has husband, children, home, and she hates and flies from them all. How much she is to be pitied!"

"Pitied!" cried the doctor, almost angrily. "Mrs. Trevena, I think you would speak a good word for the devil himself! And truly, if there ever was a she-devil, it's that woman. I wonder what Mrs. Franklin would say to her! But I know what she'd do—she'd take home the little one, and I should have eleven young shavers to bring up instead of ten. She'd make me adopt it—as we can and often do in America."

Mrs. Trevena did not answer at first; then she said, gently, "Since I can not see the mother, do you think you could manage for me to see the baby?"

This was not quite easy, for Madame, with a creditable dread of scandal in her hotel, had managed so cleverly that no one but herself and the American doctor even knew of the existence of the hapless, unwelcome babe. And only after nightfall, when the inmates had all retired, would she consent that it should be brought for a minute or two to the door of the *dépendance*, wrapped in a shawl, and carried in Dr. Franklin's arms. Mrs. Trevena took it softly in hers, and pressed to her bosom the tiny red, puckered face.

"It is a boy, you say? Mine was a boy too. He lived just six hours." It was only a murmur, but the kind-hearted Kentuckian heard it—and understood.

"It's a fine child, ma'am; healthy and strong. No, it won't wake. Its mother has given it some sleeping stuff; she will do this, though I tell her she might as well give it poison. She'll kill it some day, if it isn't taken away from her. She says new-born brats don't matter; they're only half alive. You might drown them like kittens, and no harm done."

Mrs. Trevena did not answer—perhaps scarcely heard. Evidently her heart was full. She pressed her cheek, her lips, with more than tenderness—passion—to the little sleeping face.

"If mine had only lived! I had him but six hours, and yet—I can never forget him." And then either her tears, now fast falling, or the unsteady hold of her trembling hands, woke the child, who gave a little cry—that helpless infant wail, to some women so irritating, to others the unfailing key which unlocks every corner of the true motherly heart.

"I must take it back," said Dr. Franklin.

"Oh, no, no; let me have it for just five minutes more—for the night, perhaps. I'll

take care of it. Any woman of common-sense can manage a baby. Let me have it, doctor."

"I can't," replied the doctor, gravely. "Ma'am, you forget. What would Mr. Trevena say?"

Mrs. Trevena resisted no more. She resigned the child, and then stood with her empty hands tightly folded, and her eyes, tearless now, fixed on the stars, which, treading their silent courses, seemed so far away from human cravings and human woes. Perhaps she saw them, perhaps not, but there was a light in her eyes as bright as stars.

She said not a word but "Good-night and thank you" to Dr. Franklin, when, having taken her across the road to the hotel, he left her at her own room door; with a hearty grip of the hand—for he too, honest man, had been not unmoved.

"Poor little brat! I wonder what will be the end of it? Well, I guess the Lord sometimes makes things mighty unlevel in this world of ours. Perhaps He does it that we may try to put them straight ourselves. We often can—if we see our way. Whew! I wish the Lord would help me to see mine!"

And the good fellow—who had a habit of referring to "the Lord" pretty frequently, not with any irreverence, but in a fashion rather startling to British ears—went off to his bed whistling, and slept the sleep of the contented and the just.

So did Mr. Trevena; in fact, his wife found him asleep when she came in, and did not waken him. But she herself lay awake till dawn.

CHAPTER II.

NEXT morning Mr. and Mrs. Trevena sat over their early *café* by their bedroom fire—welcome even in June at Andermatt—a comfortable couple, placid and loving, for, before returning to his book, he stooped and kissed her affectionately.

"You'll be busy over your packing, my dear, for we really will start to-morrow, if I get the letters and some money to-day. Dr. Franklin will share our carriage to Fluelen: he can surely leave his patient now. By-the-bye, did you see the baby last night?"

"Yes;" and coming closer, she laid her hand on her husband's arm, and her head on his shoulder. "Can you give me a few minutes, Austin, my dear?"

"A hundred, if you like, my darling. Is it to speak about the journey? Well, we shall soon be safe at home; and oh, how glad we shall be!"

"Very glad. But—it is an empty home to come back to."

"How do you mean? Oh yes—I see! My poor Susannah! You should not have gone and looked at that baby."

He spoke very tenderly—more so than might have been expected from his usually formal and absent manner. She gave one little sob, then choked it down, put her arms round his neck, and kissed him several times. An outsider might have smiled at the caresses of these two elderly people, but love never grows old, and they had loved one another all their lives.

"Don't mind my crying, Austin. Indeed, I am happy, quite happy. Yesterday, when I sat under the wall of snow, and looked at the beautiful sights all round me, I thought how thankful I ought to be, how contented with my lot, how blessed in my home and my husband. And I ceased to be angry with God for having taken away my baby."

"Poor Susannah!—poor Susannah!"

"No, rich Susannah! And so I determined to grieve no more; to try and be happy without a child. But now—"

"Well, my darling?"

"Austin, I think God sometimes teaches us to renounce a thing, and when we have quite renounced it, gives it back to us in some other way."

"What do you mean?"

She tried to speak, failed more than once, and then said, softly and solemnly: "I believe God has sent that child, whom its mother does not care for, to me—to us. Will you let me have it?"

Intense astonishment and bewilderment were written on every line of Mr. Trevena's grave countenance. "God bless my soul! Susannah, what can you be thinking of?"

"I have been thinking of this and nothing else ever since you told me what Dr. Franklin told you. From that minute I felt the child was meant for me. Its mother throws it away; she does not care a straw for it; whilst I—oh, Austin, you don't know!—you don't know!"

She pressed her hands upon her childless breast as if to smother down something that was almost agony.

"No, my dear," Mr. Trevena answered, dryly; "I can't be expected to know.

And if you were not such a very sensible woman, I should say that you don't know either. How can respectable old folk like us encumber ourselves with a baby — a waif and a stray — a poor little creature that we know nothing on earth about?"

"But God does," she answered, solemnly. "Listen, Austin. When I was a very little girl I picked up a bit of sweet-william — trodden under foot and nearly dead. My playfellows laughed at me, and said it would never grow; but I planted it, and it did grow; it grew into the finest root in my garden. An omen, I think; for I have done the same thing several times afterward in the course of my life, and—my sweet-williams always grew. Let me try one more."

"My dear, you would coax a bird off a bush. But what on earth do you want to do? To buy a baby? The woman will not give it; she wished to sell it, you know. Twenty pounds is her price. I really haven't that much about me."

"Don't jest, dear." And when he saw the expression of his wife's face, Mr. Trevena felt it was no jesting matter. He had ever been a man of one idea, or rather of two ideas—his books and his Susannah: every corner of his heart was filled up by either the one or the other. Perhaps he had felt a natural pang when his hope of fatherhood was quenched, but the regret soon died out, and his life became complete as before. Love of offspring is with men more a pride than an affection —at least, till the children are intelligent human beings. The passionate craving which made the Hebrew mother cry, "Give me children or else I die," is to them absolutely unknown. Nor, as a rule, does a man take much interest in any children not his own. But with a woman it is different.

Susannah sat down, for she was trembling too much to stand. Austin saw it, and his heart melted.

"Come, don't fret, my love, and we will consider the matter. But—think of the trouble a baby would be."

"I will take it upon myself. I know I can."

"Then, again, our income is so small—too small to bring up and provide for a child."

"We should have had to do it for our own, had he lived."

"Then—there is my brother Hal."

Mrs. Trevena's sweet face hardened a little—it could not but harden. This scamp of an elder brother had been to the younger one a torment, a disgrace, ever since their college days; also a ceaseless drain, hindering his prospects and delaying his marriage. Family pride—it scarcely could be called family affection—had prevented the good clergyman from throwing off this horrible incubus, until he got a living and married his Susannah, whose strength had in some degree counteracted his weakness, taught him to say No, and proved to him that to sustain a bad man in his badness, even though he be your own flesh and blood, is not a virtue, but a weakness.

"I thought we had done with Hal when you paid his passage out to Australia."

"Ay, but he may come back again—he often does," said the husband, with a weary look. "He has turned up, you know, from all the ends of the earth, to worry me as much as ever."

"But that was when you had not me beside you. Now—"

"I know—I know. Would that I had had you beside me years ago!"

As perhaps, but for Hal, and a certain weakness, not seldom combined with an affectionate nature, he might have had. But his wife said nothing, except to notice that Dr. Franklin was walking outside.

"Shall we call him in and speak to him?"

"About the baby? Have you so set your heart upon it, Susannah? Am not I enough for you? Would you be like Hannah, the wife of Elkanah?"

"Hannah prayed, and God sent her her little Samuel. Who knows but that He may in His own mysterious way have sent me mine?"

She spoke in a whisper — solemn and tender. Her voice was so entreating, her expression so rapt—as if she saw farther than any but herself could see—that the good, kind husband resisted no more. Though he did not always understand her, he had an instinct that whatever his Susannah did was sure to be right. It was always difficult to him to say No to anybody, but to say No to her was quite beyond his power.

"Well, well, we will at least consider the matter. Let us do as you say—call in Dr. Franklin and talk it over."

The talk lasted a long time, without eliciting any new facts or coming to any satisfactory conclusion. Dr. Franklin was less surprised at Mrs. Trevena's Quixotic

idea, as her husband called it, than an Englishman would have been; he said the adoption of children was a not uncommon thing in America.

"Indeed, I have often advised it as an absolute duty to rich and childless people, who wished to make themselves happy with young life about them, and avoid a selfish, useless old age. A child in the house helps to educate everybody in it. Not that Mrs. Trevena needs much education," added he, with blunt courtesy, "but it would make her happy and do her good; and, as the Bible says, she would 'save a soul alive.'"

"What! save a child by taking it from its parents? That is not according to the Bible," answered the perplexed clergyman.

"I am sorry to say, sir, that there are lots of children in this world who can only be saved by taking them from their parents. This poor little wretch is one. He is a fine, healthy, perfect child; splendid physiological and phrenological developments; might make a grand fellow if anybody could protect him from the woman that bore him, who doesn't deserve the blessing of a child. Your wife does. I think with her—that the Lord sent it to her."

Mrs. Trevena lifted up to him grateful eyes, but said nothing.

"It seems so ridiculous, and yet so horrible—the idea of buying a child," said Mr. Trevena. "Besides, we should have all the responsibility of it, and no legal rights whatever."

"There we have the advantage of you." The Kentuckian drew himself up to his full long length, and spoke, more nasally than ever, it must be owned, but with an honest warmth that neutralized all national peculiarities. "In my country, where every man stands on his own feet, where we have neither the curse of primogeniture nor the burden of hereditary rank, any respectable person, as any married couple, agreeing together, can legally adopt a child."

Mrs. Trevena looked up eagerly. "How?"

"By presenting a petition to one of our courts of law, and after due examination of the parents, if alive and deserving, and of the child, if old enough, obtaining a decree of adoption, which is called 'the muniment of title.' This makes it the adopting parents' lawful heir, and the real parents have no more right over it, which is, in some cases, a great blessing. It was in two I know of—one an orphan, the other worse. Both children were adopted, and both saved—as I only wish somebody would save this poor little soul. It's a great mystery, Mrs. Trevena, but sometimes the Lord seems to send children to those who don't deserve them, and not to those that do. Many miserable little creatures have I seen who might have been seized and saved, body and soul, as I managed to save those two— But I beg your pardon. I go talking on, interrupting your husband at his letters, for I see he has got them at last."

There were only two, but evidently important, for Mr. Trevena had dropped out of the conversation at sight of them, and sat poring over the first one, till, coming to the end, he uttered something almost like a cry. His wife came to him.

"What is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing. Only Hal wanting money—as usual. And why, do you think?" There was a mixture of the pathetic and the ludicrous in Mr. Trevena's face as he looked up. "He is married—actually married this time—to a girl twenty years younger than himself!"

Mrs. Trevena's anxious face grew hard and stern. "It is the maddest—not to say the baddest—thing he has ever done. Who is she?"

"An Australian—colonial born. Hal's wife! and we know nothing on earth about her!"

"And she probably knows nothing on earth about him—which is worse. Poor soul!"

Here Dr. Franklin, feeling he had unawares come upon a family skeleton, was discreetly slipping away.

"Stay a minute," said Mrs. Trevena, "if you will pardon this discussion of our family correspondence. Austin, open the other letter. It may be our money from home, and then we can arrange with Dr. Franklin for our departure to-morrow."

There was a sad sort of resignation in her tone, as of a woman who has all her days been accustomed to give up everything she most cared for, and make the best of what was left—eating the crumbs and not the festival meats of life. But no one knows what Fate is bringing. The other letter her husband opened listlessly, and almost dropped out of his hands with a look of amazement and joy.

"Susannah—oh, Susannah! it has come at last!"

"What, dear?"

"The living—that college living I have been hoping for these twenty years! It is offered me now. No more poverty; no more struggle. My Susannah will be a well-to-do woman for the rest of her days. Thank God! thank God!"

Quite overcome, Mr. Trevena sat down, covering his eyes with his hand. His wife, forgetful of the stranger's presence, knelt down beside him in silence. By their deep joy the doctor could plumb the depth of their past suffering, hitherto so well concealed. He walked to the window, unwilling to walk quite away, and contemplated Juno, the big St. Bernard, with three gigantic puppies gambolling round her.

"A mother of sons is a fine sight, be it brute or woman," said he to himself, apropos of nothing, and gazed silently on, till he felt a gentle touch on his arm.

"You are so kind—you will rejoice with us. My husband has just got a new living—the very prettiest rectory in all Cornwall. We are not such poor people now as we told you we were this morning."

"The Lord be thanked! His ways are not so unlevel after all, if one only waits to see," said the Kentuckian, with his own rough but unmistakable devoutness, as he shook hands with both his friends, and congratulated them sincerely. "And now," said he, with his usual directness—"about the child."

"What child?" said Mr. Trevena, absently.

"The baby your wife wants to adopt, and I hope she may. I'll help her to do it, with your permission. You can afford now to give yourself a son and heir."

"But, Susannah, what would Hal say?"

There is a saying that "the worm will turn." Mrs. Trevena had never been a "worm," but she had been a much-enduring woman—till now. It was the crisis of her patience. Endurance changed into resistance. She rose up, and even Dr. Franklin was startled by the fire in her eyes.

"I think, husband, it does not matter two straws what Hal says. He has spent all his own patrimony and yours. You have maintained him for years; now he has chosen to marry, and it is the maddest if not the wickedest thing he ever did in his life, which is saying a good deal. He has no further claim upon you—upon us. Let him go!"

Rarely did Mrs. Trevena speak so much or so fiercely. That last "Let him go!" fell hard and sharp as the knife which has to cut off something corrupt, obnoxious—and does it, with a righteous remorselessness better than any feeble pity, which is often only another name for self-ease. Even as there are many people who are benevolent only to give themselves pleasure, so there are many more who are merciful only to save themselves pain.

"She is right," said Dr. Franklin, dropping his bony hand heavily on the table as a sort of practical amen to the discussion. "Since you have let me into your family secrets, excuse me, sir, if I use the freedom of saying your wife is right. There are limits even to the claims of flesh and blood. Let your brother go his way; and do you take the child which the Lord sends you, bring it up as your son, and trust to His making it a real son to you both in your old age. Nobody can look ahead; but at any rate you will make your wife happy, and, as I said, you will save a soul alive."

He waxed preternaturally eloquent, as he stood, honest man, his long lean figure drawn up to its full height, his arms folded, and his keen eyes glittering—was it with that tender pity which only the strong can feel, or the generous indignation that only the righteous can show? Anyhow, his words, so cordially in earnest, had their effect.

Mr. Trevena turned to his wife. "Susannah, do you really wish this?"

"Yes, Austin, I do."

"Then I consent. For my wife's sake, Dr. Franklin."

"And for His sake," added Susannah, with an upward glance of her sweet eyes—eyes that had in them the perpetual light from heaven, which a man might thankfully and safely follow all his life through. "He says to us, 'Take this child and nurse it *for Me*.'"

"And now," said the doctor, clearing his throat, and sticking his hat fiercely down over his brows, "I'll go and see about this business—the oddest bit of business I ever came across. I've bought a good many things, but I never yet bought a baby. What form of receipt will the woman want, I wonder? And she must sign her name to it—which will let us know what her name is, for I haven't the slightest idea. By Jove! she's a queer customer; the most unwomanly woman I ever had to do with. Still, I'll face her. Here goes!"

He gave his soft felt hat another bang, which left it crooked on his head, and soon they saw him striding off to the *dépendance*. They felt that, spite of his address and *brusquerie*, if there was ever a man fit to be trusted with a troublesome business, and certain to carry it through, it was the long Kentuckian.

Hour after hour the day went by. Husband and wife did not talk much: neither was given to talking—their long-parted lives had been too solitary; besides, they understood one another so well that discussion was unnecessary. Even at this great crisis, when both had plenty to think about, they kept a mutual tender silence; and as they took their quiet daily walk together, spoke of the mountains, the flowers, and all other things about them which they were accustomed to notice and take pleasure in—the placid pleasure in nature's blessings which grows rather than decreases with years. But they never once referred either to Hal and his marriage or to the transaction which Dr. Franklin was engaged in at the *dépendance* close by.

As they passed it on their return it was as silent as death; the doors and windows closed, as had been the case all along. Mrs. Trevena gave a little sigh. But her husband never seemed to notice anything.

The glowing June day was beginning to melt into the long twilight of the mountains, behind whose tops the sun disappears so soon, when Dr. Franklin's knock was heard at their door. Mrs. Trevena opened it with an eager face, in which hope seemed to struggle with patience—the patience of a woman long accustomed to disappointment.

The shrewd doctor saw this at once, and held out his hand with a smile.

"Well, ma'am, congratulate me. I think I've managed it—and her. But she is the queerest fish; a 'woman of genius,' she calls herself, and not to be judged like other women. Bless my soul! if she is a woman of genius, I'm glad Mrs. Franklin isn't. But to our business. You hear me, Mr. Trevena?"

"Yes, yes," said the good clergyman, closing his book, but looking rather bored as he did so.

"This lady—queer as she is, I am sure she is a lady, well educated and all that—says you may have her baby for twenty pounds, English money, paid down; and that then 'the sooner you take the brat away the better.' Those were her words. She promises never to trouble you about it; she doesn't even want to hear your name—which, indeed, I have taken the precaution not to tell her—and she refuses to tell you hers. She says you may call the boy anything you like. 'He's the image of his father, and that's why I hate him!' she said one day. Oh, she's an awful woman."

"Is he"—the color rose in Mrs. Trevena's matron cheek, but she forced herself to ask the question—"is he—do you think—his father's lawful child?"

"I conclude so. She speaks sometimes of 'my fool of a husband,' and 'the little wretches at home.' But, as I told you, I know absolutely nothing. You might as well squeeze water out of a stone as any common-sense truth out of that woman. She is a perfectly abnormal specimen of her sex."

"Perhaps she is mad."

"Not a bit of it: perfectly sound in mind and body—has made a wonderfully quick recovery. A shrewd person too—wide awake to her own interests. If you want the baby to-morrow, she insists upon having the twenty pounds paid down to-night."

Mr. Trevena looked perplexed, and turned appealingly to his wife, as he seemed in the habit of doing in most emergencies.

"We have not got the money," she said, simply. "We have hardly any money left; but our remittances will be sure to come to-morrow. If I might have the baby—"

"I wish to Heaven you had it now, ma'am; for I don't want to have to give evidence to the Swiss government in a case of child desertion or child murder. However, I'll go over again and see what can be done. There is the *table d'hôte* bell. Shall we go down to dinner?"

They dined, rather silently, amidst the clatter of a party of Germans who had just come up from Lucerne, and were passing on over the St. Gothard next day, and who, with characteristic economy, appealed to the "rich English" to take their carriage back, and to save them the expense of paying for the return journey.

"We might have done it, had our money come in time," said Mr. Trevena. "I am sure I don't want to stay a day longer in Andermatt than I can help."

"Nor I," added Dr. Franklin; then, catching Mrs. Trevena's anxious eyes: "But I shall make it a point of honor—medical honor—to see my patient safe through. Not that she is a paying patient, though she did one day offer me a

diamond ring—I am almost sorry I refused it, or it might have been some clew. "But no!" continued he, in a whisper to Mrs. Trevena: "Mother, take your son—if I can get him for you—and forget he ever had any mother besides yourself."

Once again the childless woman's eyes flashed upon the good doctor a look of passionate gratitude. Then she rose and went and sat patiently in the window recess of the now empty *salle à manger*, watching the full round moon, risen long since, but only now appearing over the tops of the mountains, like a joy found late in life, yet none the less a complete and perfect joy.

Before long she heard Dr. Franklin's long striding step and cheery voice.

"Well, ma'am, I've done it at last. You will get your baby. Not to-night—she 'can't be bothered' to-night, she says—but to-morrow morning. Also, I've spoken to Madame (whom I had to take into our confidence, for she threatened to turn adrift 'Madame L'Anonyme,' as she contemptuously calls her, within twelve hours), and she will sell you the clothes she lent, and the goat, or get you a *nourrice* from the next canton, so that you can keep the matter as secret as you choose."

"Thank you," Mrs. Trevena said. "But I had rather not keep it secret. I have considered everything, and I am sure it will be better to tell the plain truth at once; that I have adopted a deserted child, and that he is henceforth my son—and I am his mother."

The intonation of the last word startled even the good doctor, who knew human nature so well. It indicated one of those natures to whom motherhood is not merely a sentiment or a duty, but a passion. He felt that he had done well—or rather that Heaven had done better.

"You are right," he said: "the outside world need never know any more than that—and I earnestly hope you never will either. As for the boy himself, when he grows up, you may tell him as much or as little as you please."

"I shall tell him everything. The truth is always best."

Dr. Franklin shook her warmly by the hand. "I wish every boy in the world had a mother like you. May he live to 'rise up and call you blessed!'"

Middle-aged and practical folk as they were, tears stood in the eyes of both. They understood one another.

"And now," continued the doctor, "I'll just have to face that woman once more—about ten to-morrow forenoon, she said. But I shall not try to worm anything more out of either her or her servant, who obeys her like a slave—she was her slave, and foster-mother as well: you anti-slavery folk don't know the dogged fidelity of our Southern niggers. But I'll wash my hands of both—when I get the baby. And then we three—with the young 'un and the goat, or a bottle of goat's milk—will go on to Fluelen in that carriage the Germans had. I told the woman this; and oh! how she pricked up her ears, as if the only thing she wished was to get rid of her baby and never see it again in this world—as I fervently hope she never may!"

"I hope so too; and I intend it," said Mrs. Trevena, very quietly, but with a firmness that betrayed the possible "iron hand in velvet glove"—even her little hand. And as Mr. Trevena just then lounged in—with his gentle, gentlemanly, absent manner, and his eternal book under his arm—Dr. Franklin thought that perhaps the little woman had found out how in this life firmness is as necessary as gentleness.

Everybody slept soundly that night: the worthy doctor, because he believed he had done his duty; Mrs. Trevena, because she saw plainly before her, in long glad vista, hers; and Mr. Trevena, because he did not think about it at all, being absorbed in a new reading which he had hit upon of a line in Horace, and which he tried to explain to his wife before they went to sleep. During the night one of those dense white mists, common at Andermatt, swept down from the mountains; by morning everything outside the hotel had become invisible; and after the early departure of the German tourists the almost empty hotel seemed to become as quiet as the grave.

The post arrived, bringing Mr. Trevena his expected remittances, which he handed over as usual to his Chancellor of the Exchequer, as he called her—well for him that she was! With hands slightly trembling she examined the notes—there was enough money to take them home, and twenty pounds over.

Mrs. Trevena looked nervously at her watch. "Is not Dr. Franklin late?" she said—or rather was about to say—when she saw him hurrying in from the *dépendance*.

"I want you, ma'am. Come back with me. If that woman is not a murderess,

she is next door to one. But we may save the child yet, if we make haste."

Mrs. Trevena threw a shawl over her head and ran. There, in the middle of the one poor room which had witnessed its unwelcome birth, lay the deserted child, half naked and only half alive, for no one seemed to have taken the trouble to feed or dress it. The floor was strewn with the *débris* of a hasty packing, and the accumulated untidiness of many days. In the midst of this chaos the poor infant lay, moaning its little life away—a very feeble moan now, for it must have lain there several hours.

Mrs. Trevena dropped on her knees beside it. "Oh, my baby! my baby!" she cried, almost with a sob; took it in her arms, pressing the stone-cold limbs to her warm breast, and wrapping it in the skirt of her dress as she sat on the floor.

"It is mine, altogether mine now. Oh, doctor, can you save it yet?"

"I'll try," muttered the good man, as he too knelt down and felt the fluttering pulse —rapidly sinking into stillness and death.

They did try; and with the help of Madame, who arrived presently from the hotel, equally voluble in her fury against "Madame L'Anonyme" and her wondering respect for the gentle English miladi, they succeeded. Another hour, and the fleeting life had been arrested, the danger was past, and the poor little babe, warmed, fed, and clothed, lay safe in the bosom of its new-found mother, who rejoiced over it almost as if it had been the child of her own travail which Heaven had taken away.

"This little fellow will owe you his life almost as much as if he had been born your own," said the doctor, regarding them both with the curious tenderness which sometimes softened his keen, shrewd eyes. "If we had not come to the rescue, he would have been dead in another half-hour. Now— Bless us! what a pair of lungs!"

"No, he will not die—as his mother meant him to die," cried indignant Madame, who, with nearly all the female servants of the hotel, had gathered round in compassion and sympathy. "The barbarous woman! and though she had a wedding-ring on her finger, I believe she was a woman of no character at all."

"We do not know that," said Mrs. Trevena, trying to understand the French, and speaking firmly in her own tongue. "Let us be silent about her. She is—or rather she was—my boy's mother."

From that hour Susannah always said, "*My* boy."

"Madame L'Anonyme" had in truth disappeared as anonymously as she came. How she and her servant had contrived to secure the Fluelen carriage, pack up their small baggage, and make what was literally a "moonlight flitting," so quietly that no one had heard them depart, was, and remained, a complete mystery.

No one sought to unravel it. No one pursued them or cared to do so—what could be gained by it? Nothing could be got out of them. The puzzle was how, without money, they had managed to get away; and it was not till the uproarious complaints of Madame had been a little stilled by the application of a few English shillings—or rather American dollars—that the doctor, seeing Mrs. Trevena uneasy because her part of the compact had not been fulfilled—she had got the child, and the twenty pounds was still in her pocket—owned, blushing like a girl, that he himself had "taken the liberty" of paying it the night before.

"It seemed the only way to quiet the woman, and keep her from doing something desperate. But you see she had less of desperation and more of worldly wisdom than I thought. Anyhow she is gone, and we have got rid of her—I hope forever."

"Thanks to you," said Mrs. Trevena, as she silently put the bank-note in the doctor's hand; and he took it, for he was a practical man, and a poor man besides.

"I have made everything as safe as I can," said he. "She has no clew to us, or we to her. Neither she nor her servant, who speaks only English, has ever heard your name—only mine; and as I am going back to America at once, she is not likely to find me out there. If she ever does, and wants to know about her child, she'll meet her match—that's all."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Trevena. For Mr. Trevena, he said nothing at all; he only watched with benignant pleasure the unspeakable content of his wife's face; and thence glanced downward, with a sort of amused curiosity, to the little creature on her lap, especially its hands and feet, as if to find out whether it had the right number of fingers and toes, and was no abnormal specimen of anthropology. A simple man and a good man was the Reverend Austin, never swerving from his one do-

mestic creed, that if his Susannah thought a thing right, it was right.

So the exciting episode, which Madame, in her anxiety for the good name of her hotel, wisely hushed up as much as possible, settled down into calmness. The baby did not die, as its natural, unnatural mother had probably hoped it might; the goat was an excellent foster-mother; and before forty-eight hours were over, Mrs. Trevena felt—ay, and looked—as if she herself had been a real mother for years.

Dr. Franklin watched her with his expression of dry humor tempered by kindliness.

"Mrs. Franklin says all the doctors and nurses going can't manage a baby so well as one sensible woman with a motherly heart; and as she has managed ten, maybe she is right. Now about the journey to Lucerne. If you take a bottle of goat's milk with you, also a doctor, in case of emergency, we shall get back to civilization without any difficulty. A nice *partie quarrée*—you and your husband, myself and—this little encumbrance."

"Encumbrance!" echoed Mrs. Trevena, looking up to Dr. Franklin with a grateful smile—no, an actual laugh. He had never heard her laugh before. And she had much interested him—this little woman—not merely as a woman, but as a "case"; one of those cases which most people disbelieve in, yet which, though rare, are possible—a "broken heart": a disease of which, if they have no absolute duties, and are not physically strong, women can die without murmur or regret. They neither struggle nor complain, but simply drop out of life as out of a worn garment no longer worth the wearing.

No fear of that now for Susannah. Her whole nature seemed changed. Hope seemed to have come into her heart—the hope that comes with young life, rising up to renew and carry on the life which had seemed fading away. Her very face grew youthful, with a look not unlike some of Raphael's Madonnas, far away, as if peering into the dim future, and yet content in the present, the small, limited present, from day to day and hour to hour, as mothers learn to look. For she was a mother now to all intents and purposes. She kept saying to herself, involuntarily, that line of Mrs. Browning's lovely poem, "A Child's Grave at Florence,"

> "*My* little feet, *my* little hands,
> And hair of Lily's color."

As she almost persuaded herself it was; that the hair, quite wonderful for a baby a week old, which she admired and toyed with, was exactly the same shade as that on the nameless little head which had been buried, one sad midnight, in a corner of the church-yard by the vicarage garden gate.

Often it really seemed to her that her lost child had come back alive, bringing with him the future of bliss to which she had looked forward all through those mysterious months, and then had to renounce forever. It revived again now. Every time she kissed the crumpled-up mottled face—which had no beauty for any one but her—she saw in imagination the face of *her son*, as boy, youth, man, carrying her forward five, ten, twenty years—years full of hope. Does not some poet call a child "a perpetual hope"?

"Think what our new home will be—a house with a child in it!" she said to her husband once—only once, for her happiness lay too deep to be talked about, even to him. Nor could he have understood it. He was not of an imaginative turn of mind. So that nothing troubled him in the present—and his wife took good care of that—he never troubled himself about the future. Like many another contented bookworm, he rarely saw an inch beyond his own nose. Yet he was the most patient and easily satisfied of men, even to remaining a day or two longer at Andermatt, and going about with Dr. Franklin instead of his wife, whose new-found duties, added to the ordinary travelling cares—which always fell upon her, not him—absorbed her entirely.

But at last the two men, coming home from a quiet wander through the flowery meadows beside the Reuss, and an investigation, chiefly to kill time, of the little chapel, with its strange glass tomb of the mummied knight lying "in his habit as he lived," found Mrs. Trevena sitting, oblivious of Alps and antiquities, with her baby asleep on her lap, and everything settled for their departure to-morrow.

"It will soon seem all like a dream," she said, as she cast her eyes absently on the wonderful view from the window—the great circle of mountains, the gorgeously colored pastures, and the wild, rapid Reuss glittering in the sun. "We are never likely to see this place again, but I think I shall always remember it—the place where my boy was born."

"And born again, if one may say it

without irreverence," added Dr. Franklin; "otherwise he had better be dead—as he certainly would have been now except for you. By-the-bye, you will have to give the young scamp a name, and the sooner you do it the better. Get him christened, and keep a copy of the baptismal certificate. It may be useful yet. And I think you might as well make me his godfather, because I at least know when and where he was born. It will be a certain protection both to him and to you."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Trevena, gratefully; but she smiled at the idea of her child's needing "protection," or she either. With him in her arms she felt as strong, as fearless, as any natural mother—even beast or bird—does with the instinct of maternity upon her.

Dr. Franklin stuck to his point, insisting that a baptismal certificate was the nearest approach they could make to giving the child "a local habitation and a name" in this perplexing world, the godparents attesting the place and date of birth, though they could only add, "parentage unknown."

"And then you must take your chance as to the future, and this poor little fellow also; unless you will come with me to America, where, in our enlightened States, you can lawfully adopt him."

"But that would be of no use in England, you said, and England must be our home. Yes, we must take our chance," she added, with an under-tone that implied one who meant to control chance rather than succumb to it. "And now about the name—the Christian name. For surname he will take ours—shall he not, Austin?"

"Anything you like—anything you like, my dear."

"Yes, I think you are right, Mrs. Trevena. Poor little man! his name matters little. He will have to go through life as nobody's child."

"Except God's—and mine."

And Susannah pressed her lips, as solemnly as if it had been a sacrament or a vow, on the tiny hand with its curled-up fingers—the feeble right hand, so helpless now. But would it be always so?

Dr. Franklin smiled kindly, paternally, on the creature whose life he had helped to save—why, or to what end, who could tell? All child lives are a mystery, but this was a mystery above all. The little thing lay sleeping in unconscious peace on its adopted mother's lap—the infant who would be a man when they were in their graves. But the two men did not understand. The woman did.

Mrs. Trevena at last looked up. A twilight glow reflected from the mountains was on her face, and an inward glow which made her almost pretty again, almost young.

"I have thought of a name. We are Cornish born, as I told you, Dr. Franklin. When I was a girl my one hero was our great Cornishman, who was also 'Nobody's child'—found by Merlin, they say, as a little naked baby on the shore at Tintagel, but who grew up to be the stainless knight, the brave soldier, the Christian king. My boy shall do the same—in his own way. It does not matter how he was born, if he lives so that everybody will mourn him when he dies. So he shall have my hero's name. He shall be my 'King' Arthur."

"You romantic little woman!" said her husband, half apologetically, half proudly. But he listened to her, as he always did, and her decision carried the day.

Next morning, when the sun had just risen above the mountains, and was only beginning to warm the silent valley, the little party left Andermatt, Mr. and Mrs. Trevena, Dr. Franklin, and the "encumbrance," as the doctor called it, but who slept so calmly as to be no encumbrance at all. It was evidently an infant of placid mind, able to accommodate itself to circumstances.

They were followed by the benedictions and good wishes of Madame and the hotel people, who could not, to the last, understand the affair, but set it all down to English eccentricity. They departed, and the little remote Alpine valley, which had witnessed so much, knew them no more.

CHAPTER III.

Arthur Franklin Trevena—for they had given him also the name of his good godfather, who parted from him at Lucerne, never probably to behold him again—"King" Arthur—arrived at the vicarage with his adopted parents, creating no small sensation in the parish which they had left, a forlorn and childless couple, six months before. But the villagers were simple folks, who accepted the baby upon his "mother's" own simple statement—Mrs. Trevena was among the few people who have courage to believe that

the plain truth is not only the wisest but the safest thing—that he was a deserted child, whom she had taken for her own, and meant to bring up exactly as her own. And those other mothers who remembered her sad looks when she went away, and compared them with her happy looks now, agreed that "the parson's wife" had done right and best, not only for herself, but most likely for "the parson" also.

The only individual who ventured to question this, or in any way to criticise the proceeding, was a neighboring clergyman, a college friend, who in Mr. Trevena's absence had undertaken the care of the hundred souls his parish contained. This gentleman, a man of fortune and family, remonstrated, in a letter of sixteen pages, with his "reverend brother" on what he had done, in bringing a nameless child, possibly the offspring of sin and shame, into a respectable and, above all, a clergyman's household. He quoted many texts, such as "the sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children," and "the seed of evil-doers shall never be renowned," which for a moment staggered the simple-minded vicar. And he ended by asking, "What would the Trevenas say?"—forgetting that the only Trevena left was Hal, at the antipodes, of whom even his old college acquaintance would have owned, if questioned, that the less said about him the better.

But except this lengthy epistle, which Mr. Trevena read in silence, and passed on to Mrs. Trevena, by whose gleaming eyes he saw that the silence had better be continued, for there was a dangerous light in them that few men would have cared to face, the couple met with no opposition or comment on what they had done or what they meant to do. The nine days' wonder settled down, and after the village mothers had come to look at the baby, and pronounced it the finest baby that ever was seen, everybody seemed to take the matter as quite natural. Poor people are often so kind, sometimes so romantically generous, about other people's children: many a nursing mother will not scruple to take to her home and her breast some motherless babe; and many a nameless infant, paid for at first and then forsaken, has been brought up for charity by its foster-parents. So the fact of an adopted child did not strike these innocent villagers as anything remarkable. They only thought it was "uncommon kind" of Mrs. Trevena, and hoped she would be rewarded for her "charity."

Charity! She laughed at the word. Charity had nothing at all to do with it. A child in the house! it was a joy incarnate, a blessing unspeakable, a consolation without end. She did her duties, neither light nor few, but through them all she hugged herself in her secret bliss. She used to think of it as she walked, as she chatted to her neighbors, and (oh, sinful Susannah!) often as she sat in church. "*My* little feet—*my* little hands." When she came back to them, when she ran upstairs to the small attic—small but sunshiny—where Manette and Arthur were installed, and taking the baby, sat rocking him and singing to him in the old-fashioned rocking-chair which had been her mother's, every care she had—and she had some, a few mole-hills that many another woman would have made into mountains—seemed to melt away. That morbid self-contemplation, if not actual selfishness, which is so apt to grow upon old maids and childless wives—upon almost all women who have arrived at middle age without knowing the "baby fingers' waxen touches," which press all bitterness out of the mother's breast—vanished into thin air. It could not exist amidst the wholesome practicality of nursery life—a nursery where the mother is a real mother, and sees to everything herself, as was necessary in this case. For Manette, the young Swiss orphan whom they had found at Lucerne and installed as nurse, was a mere girl, who spoke no English, though she soon taught her mistress to speak French. They two became very happy together, guarding with mutual care, and sometimes just a spice of jealousy, the little warm white bundle which contained a sentient human being — or what would be one day — Manette's pet and plaything, Mrs. Trevena's "perpetual hope."

Had she been a disappointed woman? Perhaps: in some sense all women of imaginative temperament are. They start in life expecting the impossible, which of course never comes, and at last find themselves growing old, with their hearts still painfully young—it may be a little empty; for not even the best of men and husbands can altogether fill the void which nature makes; even as no woman can fill, or ought to fill, that sterner half of a man's being which is meant for the world and its work.

But now Susannah's empty heart was filled, her monotonous life brightened; the future (she was only just over forty, and had a future still) stretched out long and fair; for it was not her own—it was her son's. The evening before they left the vicarage for the new rectory—a sweet September evening—since it had taken fully three months to make the new home ready to receive them—she went out alone and planted a young tree, a seedling sycamore, which no one was likely to notice till it grew a tree—in the church-yard corner where was the little grave of which nobody knew. But she scarcely felt it a farewell. She thought how the fibres would wrap themselves tenderly round the buried bones, and the top would spread itself out into green leaves and branches. And it seemed as if out of her dead baby's grave had sprung the other child—another and yet the same—sent direct from heaven to be her comfort and blessing. Unconsciously she repeated to herself the benediction of the Psalmist:

"He shall be like a tree planted by the water-side, that will bring forth his fruit in due season; his leaf also shall not wither; and look! whatsoever he doeth it shall prosper."

"It will be so," she said to herself, "if I have strength to bring him up in the right way, to make him into a just man—'a man that feareth the Lord.' Then I need have no fear. 'Whatsoever he doeth it shall prosper.'"

And little Arthur—somehow, from the first, he was always called Arthur, never "baby"—did seem to prosper: as much in his new home as in his old one. He had a larger and better nursery, not at the top, but at the end of the house, which was a very pretty house, the prettiest as well as the most comfortable that Susannah had ever lived in. From her youth up she had had to battle with the domestic ugliness that accompanies grinding poverty, to smother down her tastes and predilections, to live in streets instead of fields—at least till her marriage. And even marriage had brought little respite in the hard work, the ceaseless cares, inevitable from the necessity of making sixpence do the work of a shilling.

But now all was changed. She had as much money as she needed—enough even to lay by a little (oh! joyful economy!) for the future education of her son.

"We can not provide for him," she had said to her husband, "but we can give him a good education, and then let him work for himself. It is the best thing for all boys. It might have been better for Hal"—(she thought, but did not say, perhaps also for Hal's brother)—"if he had been thrown upon the world without a single halfpenny."

So when she saw the pretty rectory nestling under its acacia-tree beside the lovely old church, and knew there was income enough to live there comfortably, she yet determined to waste nothing—to expend nothing foolishly upon outward show, or in "keeping up a position," as the owners of the great house close by were reported to have done for generations. Consequently the Damerels of the last generation had been too poor to occupy their splendid abode, or even to come back to it, except to be buried. Their vault in the old church was all that remained to them, in spite of their ancient name, and an estate which had belonged to them for centuries. Her boy, Susannah often thought, blossoming day by day into rosy infancy—the darling of his good Manette and his devoted "mother"—was happier than the heir of all the Damerels, a poor idiot, report said, never seen or heard of, whose family home was let, and the property put into Chancery, until his fortunate death cleared the way for some distant cousins, ready to fight over the title and estate like dogs over a bone.

"So much for 'family'—so much for 'fortune'!" meditated Mrs. Trevena; and was almost glad that she herself was the last of her race, and that her husband's only relation was Hal—safe away in Australia. "You will start in life all free, my darling—as free as if you had dropped from heaven in a basket. You will stand on your own feet, and make your own way in the world, with nobody to hamper you and torment you—except your mother."

And she kissed with a passion of tenderness the baby eyes, which had already begun to develop intelligence, and the sweet baby mouth, so smiling and content; for Arthur, like most healthy and carefully reared children, was an exceedingly "good" child, who gave little trouble to any one. Before the winter was over he had learned to know his mother's step and voice, to laugh when she entered the nursery, and cry when she left it. Soon, if brought face to face with a stranger, he would turn away, clasp his little fat arms

tight round her neck, and hide his face on her shoulder, as if recognizing already that she was no stranger, but his natural protector, refuge, and consolation—his mother, in short, and everything that a mother ought to be.

For his father—well, young infants scarcely need one; and certainly the father does not need them—often quite the contrary. But it rather pleased Mr. Trevena to be called "papa," as they decided he should be; and now and then, when he met Manette walking in the garden with Arthur in her arms, he would stop her, and stroking with one finger the rosy cheek, remark that it was "a very nice baby." But he did not investigate or interfere further. Even had it been his own child, he probably would have done no more. A baby was to him a curious natural phenomenon, which he regarded with ignorant but benevolent eyes, much as he did the chickens in his farm-yard, or the little pigs in his sty, but taking no individual interest in them whatever. Not until the spring had begun, and the leaves were budding, and the primroses springing about Tawton Magna, making it truly what it was said to be, the prettiest rectory in all Cornwall, did Manette report that "Monsieur" had actually kissed "*le bébé*," that it had crowed to him and pulled his hair, and altogether conducted itself with an intelligence and energy worthy of nine or even ten months old.

"Is it really nearly a year since we were in Switzerland?" said Mr. Trevena to his wife, as she joined him at the gate. She always went his parish rounds with him, and did everything for him, exactly as before the coming of little Arthur, only her many solitary hours were solitary now no more. But to her husband everything was made so perfectly the same that he often forgot the very existence of the baby. "Arthur—that is his name, I think—really does credit to you, my dear, and the rectory too. It must be a very healthy house, for I never saw you look so well."

She smiled. They loved one another very dearly, these two; old as they were, and different in many ways. But difference of character does not prevent affection—rather increases it sometimes.

"All the village tells me what a fine child Arthur is—the first child, by-the-bye, that has been in the rectory for fifty years. My predecessor, as you know, was an old bachelor. Everybody is delighted to have a lady in the village. You and your boy bid fair to be the pets of the parish, Susannah, my dear."

Which was true—and not unnatural. For her motherly heart, warmed through and through with the sunshine of happiness, opened not only to her own, but to every child she came near; to every poor soul, old or young, that wanted happiness and had it not. Everybody liked her, everybody praised her; and husbands are always proud to have their wives liked and praised. The rector was very proud of his Susannah. They strolled peacefully together through the village, administering ghostly counsel and advice, together with creature comforts, which Mrs. Trevena held to be equally desirable. She was a capital clergyman's wife—she liked to "mother" everybody.

As usual, their walk ended in the church, which was open for its Sunday cleaning. It was a curious old building—very "tumble-down," the parish thought, but was happily too poor to have it "restored," so it remained for the delight of archæologists, and especially of Mr. Trevena. He never wearied of examining the brasses, the old monuments, the huge worm-eaten, curiously carved pews, and especially "the Squire's pew," as large as a small parlor, where the last Damerels, the baronet and his lady, had been accustomed to sit in two huge arm-chairs over the bones of their ancestors. Their own bones were now added to the rest; and the tablet describing their virtues, with a weeping angel on each side, took its place with the recumbent crusader, and the well-ruffed Elizabethan knight, with his kneeling progeny behind him.

"What a splendid old family they must have been! Probably Norman—D'Amiral corrupted into Damerel. Ah!"—and he laid a caressing hand on the head of the noseless and footless crusader—"it is a great thing to come of a good race, and to bear an honorable name."

"Is it?" said Susannah, quietly, and thought of the poor half-witted boy—the heir whom her neighbors had told her of, and then of her own boy—her nameless baby—full of health and strength and intelligence, yet without a tie in the wide world. Only he was, as she had once said, "God's child"—and hers.

He had been hers for nearly two years. She had almost forgotten, and everybody else too, that he was not really her own;

PUBLIC LIB
WEISER, ID

even the rector himself was taking kindly to his paternity, accepting it as he did the other good things which had dropped into his mouth without his seeking, when something happened which, for the time being, shook the happy little household to its very foundations.

Mrs. Trevena, one bright June day, had put on her bonnet to go and meet her child, who had been "kidnapped," as they called it, by the large kindly plebeian family, one of the many *nouveaux riches* that conveniently step into the shoes of aristocratic poverty, who inhabited Tawton Abbas. She was passing through the church-yard into the park, idly thinking how beautiful it was, how bright her life here had grown, and what had she done to deserve it all, when she came suddenly face to face with a strange gentleman, who was apparently wandering about, trying to find his way to the rectory. He was well dressed and well-looking; but he seemed less like an ordinary visitor than a prowler. Also, though rather a handsome man, there was something sinister in his face; he was one of those people who never look you straight in the eyes.

He stood aside as the lady passed, with a half bow, which she acknowledged. But the instant she had passed, a vague terror seized Susannah — the one little cloud which secretly hung over her entire felicity—the fear that her treasure might be grudged her, or snatched from her, by the woman who had thrown it away. She had taken every precaution to leave behind at Andermatt no possible clew; even Madame at the hotel, though she knew the names Trevena and Franklin, knew no further address than "England" and "America." Often when she looked at her bright, beautiful boy, a spasm of fear came over her, so that she could hardly bear to let him out of her sight.

This dread took hold of her now. What if the stranger were an emissary from Arthur's unknown mother, or his father, the "fool of a husband," whom she had so despised? At the bare idea Mrs. Trevena's heart almost stopped beating. But it was not her way to fly from an evil: she preferred to meet it, and at once. She turned back and spoke.

"You seem a stranger here. Can I do anything for you?"

"Thank you—yes, I suppose I am a stranger. I have not been in England for some years."

A likeness in the tones of the voice—family voices often resemble one another like family faces—startled Susannah, and yet relieved her. She was almost prepared for the "stranger's" next words.

"I am told that this is the village of Tawton Magna, and the Reverend Austin Trevena is rector here?"

"Yes."

"Then would you kindly direct me to the rectory? I am Captain Trevena, his brother."

Hal, of whom they had heard nothing since the letter received at Andermatt—Hal come back from Australia! It was a great blow, and might involve much perplexity; but it could not strike her to the heart, as the other blow would have done, had the stranger been some one to claim her child. After a momentary start, Susannah was herself again.

Now it so happened that since his boyhood she had never seen her brother-in-law, who evidently did not remember her at all. At first she thought she would accept this non-recognition, and pass on; but it seemed cowardly. And, besides, she would soon have to face him; for whatever his sudden appearance might bode, she was quite sure it boded no good. Hal's fraternal affection always lay dormant—unless he wanted something.

So, looking him straight in the eyes, but putting out no hand of welcome, she said, briefly: "I am Mrs. Trevena. That is the gate of the rectory," and walked on toward Tawton Abbas.

In most families there is one black sheep—happy if only one! for the well-being of the whole family depends upon its treatment of the same, treatment wise or unwise, as may happen. Few black sheep are wholly black; and some may, with care and prudence, be kept a decent gray; but to make believe they are snow-white, and allow them to run among the harmless flock, smirching every one they come near, is a terrible mistake. Perhaps Susannah sometimes recognized, with as much bitterness as her sweet nature could feel, that this mistake had all through life been made by her husband.

She knew Austin was at home, and thought it best the brothers should meet—since they must meet—quite alone; while she gathered up all her courage, all her common-sense, to face the position. Captain Trevena—as he called himself, having been in the militia once, till he was

turned out—had not attempted to follow her. Perhaps he was afraid of her, or thought he had good need to be; which was true.

A kind of superstitious halo has been thrown round the heads of prodigal sons—doubtless originating in the divine parable, or the human corruption of it. Only people forget how that prodigal son, saying, "I will arise," really does arise, leaving behind him his riotous living, his husks, and his swine. He goes to his father, humbled and poor, and his father welcomes and loves him. But most prodigal sons bring their husks and their swine with them, nor ever condescend to say, "I have sinned." They appear, as Hal Trevena did, as he had always been in the habit of doing—neither hungry nor naked, but quite cheerful and comfortable. They may cry "Peccavi," but it never occurs to them to forsake their sins, or to feel any more penitence than is picturesque and convenient to show. This had been Halbert Trevena's character for the last forty years; and Susannah, suddenly meeting him after a long interval, and judging him by feminine instinct as well as by the bitter experience of the past, did not think he was likely to be altered now.

She walked rapidly on through the pleasant, solitary park, both to calm her mind and to consider how she was to face this emergency, which on the outside appeared nothing more than the meeting—supposed a welcome meeting—between long-separated brothers. But, underneath—she knew only too well what it implied. And not the least of the difficulties was her good, tender-hearted husband, who, absorbed in his books, never looked ahead for a single week, and whose own nature was so sweet and simple that he could not imagine the contrary in any human being.

Susannah hastened on with quick, troubled steps, till she saw Manette and little Arthur coming down the path.

"Mammy! mammy!"—he could just say that word now, and oh! what a thrill had gone through her heart when she first heard it! Stretching out eager arms, he tried to struggle out of his perambulator and get to her—"Up! up! in mammy arms!"

She took him up and clasped him tight—her one blessing that was all her own. More so, perhaps, than if he had been really her own, and had to call Hal Trevena "Uncle." As the thought smote her, involuntarily she said, "Thank God!" But the clinging of his baby arms, the kiss of his baby mouth, melted the bitterness out of her heart; after a few minutes she felt herself able to return to the house, and meet whatever was required to be met there. The sooner the better, for who could tell what might be happening in her absence?

She found the two brothers sitting together in the study, looking as comfortable as if they had parted only yesterday. At least Hal did; but Austin had a troubled air, which he tried to hide under an exaggeration of ease. When his wife opened the door, he looked up with great relief.

"My dear, this is Hal, from Australia. You must remember Hal, though it is so many years since you saw him."

"Twenty-four years. But half an hour ago he asked me to direct him to the rectory. He was not aware, I think, that he was speaking to the mistress of the house."

And she sat down, still without offering her hand, as if to make clear that she was the mistress of the house, and had determined to assert her position.

Captain Trevena was a shrewd man, a good deal shrewder and more quick-sighted than his brother. He too saw his position, and recognized that things might not go quite so easily with him as when the Reverend Austin was a bachelor. Still he smiled and bowed in bland politeness.

"I am delighted to come to my brother's home, and see it adorned with a wife. I only wish I had brought mine here. Mrs. Trevena (excuse me, but as the eldest son's wife she has the first right) is a very handsome person, and our eldest son, the heir to the Trevena name, takes after her. I should have liked you to see them, Austin; but, considering all things, I thought it best to leave them both in Australia for the present."

"Of course—of course," said Mr. Trevena. Mrs. Trevena said nothing. If for a second a natural pang smote her heart, it was healed immediately; for through the window she could see a pretty vision of Manette's blue gown, with two little fat legs trotting after it along the gravel-path. She turned round smiling—she could afford to smile.

"I am glad you are happy in your wife and son. But why leave them? What call had you to England?"

"To see my brother—was it not natural? An old *Times* fell into my hands,

in which I read what (of course by some mistake) he had never told me—the presentation of the Reverend Austin Trevena to the living of Tawton Magna; value—I forget how much. So I thought I would come, just to—to congratulate him."

"A long journey for so small an object. And having accomplished it, I suppose you will return?"

"If my brother wishes it, and if he will give me a little brotherly help."

"I thought so."

Brief as this conversation was, it showed to both the brother and sister in law exactly where they stood. The big, hearty, well dressed man looked across at the homely little woman, and felt that times were changed: it was war to the knife between them, and could not be otherwise.

Had he come like the proverbial prodigal, in rags and repentance, Susannah's heart might have melted. She might have killed the fatted calf, even though fearing it was in vain; she might have put the ring on his finger, though with a strong suspicion that he would pawn it the very next day. But now, when he came, fat and well-liking, yet with the same never-ending cry, like the daughters of the horse-leech, "Give! give!" she felt herself hardening into stone.

"I am sorry, but your brother's income, of which you have evidently known the extent, is absorbed by his own family and his parish. He has for years supplied you with so much that he can not possibly do any more. He ought not."

"No, Hal," said the rector, gathering a little courage, and taking Susannah's hand as she sat beside him. "Indeed I ought not. You know I was telling you this before my wife came into the room."

"My husband is right," said Susannah, firmly. "Therefore, Captain Trevena, all I can offer you is a night's hospitality. After that we had better part."

"My dear sister, why?"

"A man with a wife and child has no business to leave them and go wandering about the world, even for the very desirable purpose of begging money from his relations. He had better stay at home and work."

"A gentleman work!" Hal laughed—that easy, good-natured laugh which made people think him so charming. "My dear lady, it is out of the nature of things; you can't expect it. I never did work—I never shall."

"I believe you." The only thing he could say, Susannah might have added, that she did believe. He was such a confirmed liar that she began to think even the wife and child might be mythical creations, invented in order to play upon Austin's feelings.

"Nor," he continued, lightly, "is there any special reason why I should work. My wife is an heiress: her father made his fortune at the gold diggings. The old fellow dotes upon her—even more than upon me. He likes to keep her all to himself, and so makes it easy for me to run away and amuse myself."

"How comes it, then, that you want money?"

"My dear Miss Hyde (beg pardon, but I heard of you as Susannah Hyde for so many years that I almost forget you are anything else now), a gentleman always wants money. But it is only a temporary inconvenience. I shall be delighted to repay Austin every farthing—with interest, too, if he wishes it—as soon as ever I get back to Australia."

"And when will that be?"

"*Cela dépend.* By-the-bye, there is a pretty young *bonne* upon whom I was airing my French an hour ago in the road. I see her now in your garden with her '*bébé*.' Whose child is that?"

"Mine," said Susannah, firmly.

"Yours? I thought Austin told me he had no children."

"Nor have we. This is our adopted child. We found him, and we mean to keep him and bring him up as our son."

"And heir? To inherit all you possess?"

"What little there is left—certainly."

As Susannah spoke, slowly and resolutely, Captain Trevena's handsome face grew dark; his bland voice sharpened.

"Truly this is a pretty state of things for a long-absent brother to come home to—a sister-in-law not too affectionate, and an unexpected—nephew! I congratulate you, Austin, on your son. Some beggar's brat, I suppose, whom your wife has picked up in the street and made a pet of, like a stray dog or half-starved cat. What noble charity!"

"Not charity at all," answered Susannah, seeing that her husband left her to answer, as was his habit on difficult occasions. "It pleased God to take away our only child, but He gave us this one instead. And, as I said, we mean to keep

him. If we bring him up rightly, he will be the comfort of our old age."

"Indeed? But meantime a child is a rather expensive luxury—too expensive to make it possible ever to help others—your own flesh and blood, for instance. I thought, Austin, that charity began at home, and that blood was thicker than water."

Poor Austin! he regarded his brother with that worried, badgered, perplexed look so familiar to his face once, but which the peace of later years had almost driven away. Susannah knew it well enough; it brought back a vision of the long hopeless time of their engagement, when she was passive and powerless. But she was neither now. It was not necessary; it was not right.

"Halbert Trevena," she said, quietly enough, but with flashing eyes and glowing cheeks, "how dare you, who have been a drain upon your brother all his life—a perpetual thorn in his side and grief to his heart—how dare *you* talk of blood being thicker than water?"

"Susannah—my dear Susannah, be patient," said the rector, in a deprecating tone. "You see, Hal, we don't want to be hard upon you; but really you seem so well off, and your wife, you say, is an heiress. We, now, Susannah and I, can only just make ends meet, I assure you."

He spoke meekly, almost apologetically. But with Susannah the day of meekness was past. "Captain Trevena, it is best to be plain with you. I am mistress of this house. I will give you a night's lodging, but nothing more. With my consent, my husband shall not waste upon you a single halfpenny. What money he has left, that you have not robbed him of, he may leave you by will; but while he lives his income is not yours—it is mine."

Sternly as it was spoken, this was the truth of the case, both in law and equity, and both brothers knew it. The cunning one shrugged his shoulders, the weak one sighed; but neither attempted to controvert it.

"Of course," said Austin at last, "one's wife is nearer than one's brother; and Susannah never speaks without having well considered everything."

"Excellent wife! Admirable marriage laws!" said Hal, tapping his boot with his cane—a very handsome silver-mounted cane. In fact, all the attire of this poor prodigal was of the most expensive kind.

"'What's thine is mine, and what's mine is my own!' is a well-known saying. But I always thought, Austin, that this rule applied to us, and not to the ladies. However, *tempora mutant mores*—especially family manners. Perhaps I had better go. 'It may be for years and it may be forever!' as the song says. Well—good-by, Austin."

Susannah's heart softened, her husband looked so very unhappy. After all, Hal was his brother. They had been boys together; and there was still between them that external family likeness not incompatible with the greatest unlikeness internally. The law of heredity has freaks so strange that sometimes one almost doubts its existence; yet it does exist, though abounding in mysteries capable of great modification, and above all, full of the most solemn individual warnings.

"I think you should go," said Mrs. Trevena; "but go to-morrow, not to-day. Your ways are so different from ours that we are better apart; still, do not let us part unkindly. And carry back our good wishes to your wife and child. May you live a happy life with them, and make them happy! It is not too late."

For a minute, perhaps, this man, who had never made any human being aught but miserable in all his days, felt a twinge of regret; the wing of the passing angel touched his heart—if he had one. He scanned his sister-in-law, half in earnest, as if questioning whether she was in earnest, and then the light sarcastic laugh returned. The good angel was gone.

"Oh dear no! Not too late at all. I am the most domestic man alive. I adore my home—when I am at home. And my wife—when I can get her. But as I said, she has such a devoted papa—a millionaire—that I rarely can get her. You see, Austin?"

Austin did not see, but his wife did, and turned away, remembering bitterly that hopeless proverb about the silk purse and the sow's ear, and thinking with a vague pity of her unknown sister-in-law—the mother who had a son of her very own.

But before she had time to speak came the pattering of little feet outside, and the battering of tiny hands against the study door. "I will leave you now," said Mrs. Trevena, rising. "You and Austin will like a chat together. We dine at two—our early dinner; we are homely people—as you see."

"But most delightful! I think I never

saw such a picturesque house; or"—as the door flew open and disclosed "King" Arthur standing there—a veritable little king—with his rosy cheeks, his cloud of curly hair, and his sturdy, healthy frame—"or a more attractive child. Come in, sir! Let me see the young interloper."

And Hal made as though he would take him in his arms, but Susannah sprang forward and took him in hers; from which safe vantage-ground the child looked out, facing the man with his honest baby eyes.

Children have strange instincts—are often wonderful judges of character. Allure as Hal might, and did, nothing would induce little Arthur to kiss him, or even let himself be touched by him. The pretty under lip began to fall; he clung to his mother, and would shortly have burst into an open cry had not Susannah carried him away—as she wisely did—at all times when his angelhood melted into common babyhood. As she did so, she caught the expression of her brother-in-law's eyes, which made her clasp her little one all the closer. "King" Arthur—born amongst foes, having to be protected from his own mother, and from all his unknown kin—would, she perceived, have to be protected against one enemy more.

Glad as she was to escape, she knew she must not be absent long. She dared not. If ever man combined the serpent with the dove—the smoothest, most dainty feathered, and low-voiced of doves—it was Halbert Trevena. Many a time in old days he had wound his brother round his little finger; flattered him, cajoled him, and finally fleeced him out of every halfpenny he had. All right, of course, for were they not brothers? And have not a man's own family the first claim upon him, no matter whether they deserve it or not? So reason many excellent and virtuous folk. Are they right—or wrong?

"Poor Austin!" the wife muttered, in pity rather than in anger, as she thought of the two closeted together, and what harm might possibly ensue. And then Arthur came with his entreating "Up—up!" and the clinging of his innocent arms.

"My darling!" cried Susannah, almost sobbing. "No, blood is *not* thicker than water, unless love goes with it, and respect, and honor. My boy—my own boy!" she put back the curls and looked straight down into the pure, cloudless, infant eyes. "Be a good boy, grow up a good man, and no one will ever ask how you were born."

She allowed herself a brief rest in giving Arthur his dinner, and smiled to see how before he ate a mouthful himself he insisted on feeding the dog and the cat, and even offered a morsel to the woolly lamb—his pet plaything, which always stood on the table beside him. "The boy is father to the man;" and Susannah had already detected in her baby many a trait of character which all the education in the world could never have put into him. Even at two years old there was a natural courtesy about "King" Arthur—an instinct of tenderness to all helpless things. And Susannah was far-sighted enough to be soothed and cheered. The dread which every mother must have with every child, lest it should not grow up as she could wish, was in her case doubled and trebled; for of necessity she was ever on the watch for hereditary qualities, mental and physical, which must be modified and guarded against. And yet, perhaps, this battle with unknown evils was not worse than the pang which some parents must feel to see their own or others' faults re-appearing in their child.

"If I were Mrs. Halbert Trevena, and my son grew up like his father," thought Susannah, with a shudder; and almost thanked God that her child was not her own, or he might have been like his uncle.

But little Arthur—blessed child!—feared no future and no past. He was perfectly happy in his sunshiny nursery—the room in which the late rector had died, after inhabiting it for fifty years, and which the servants had been half afraid of till the baby voice exorcised all ghosts. There the little "King" reigned supreme with his two dumb companions. They lived in mysterious but perfect harmony—dog, cat, and child. They played together, fed together, slept together—for often Susannah would come in and find Arthur lying on the rug with his head on the dog's neck and the cat in his arms—all three sound asleep.

It was always hard to tear herself from that pleasant room, where two years of firm control and careful love had made a naturally healthy and sweet-tempered baby into a thoroughly good child, so that his mother and Manette had rarely any trouble with him, beyond the ordinary little vagaries of childhood—the worst being a tendency to cry after "Mammy" whenever he saw her preparing to leave him, as now.

"Mammy *must* go—she *must* have her

dinner, my boy; but she will come back directly afterward. She promises."

Already the infant mind had taken in the fact that "Mammy's" promises were always to be relied on, that mammy meant what she said, and did it. And though he still could not talk much, Arthur understood every word she said, and obeyed it too—for absolute obedience was the first lesson Susannah had taught her child. The little face cleared, the detaining arms relaxed; he toddled back to his four-footed friends, and made himself quite happy. No sorrow lasts long at two years old.

But Mrs. Trevena, the instant she shut the nursery door, felt her cares leap back upon her with double fierceness. As she arranged her dress at the glass, she thought of that "very handsome person," her sister-in-law, not in envy, but in pity, wondering what was the real truth about her and about the marriage; for all Hal's statements had to be guessed at rather than believed. He had never held facts in the least degree necessary.

She looked out into the garden, expecting to see the brothers sauntering round it, for the rector was always proud to show his garden. Well he might be, for it was a perfect picture, with its green lawn in front, its background of stately trees, and its kitchen-garden at the side—a regular old English kitchen-garden, where flowers, fruit, and vegetables all flourished together. Polyanthus and auriculas edged the beds where the young peas were rising in green rows, and the high south wall, sheltered and sunny, was one mass of peach, apricot, and nectarine blossoms. But nobody admired them—the garden was deserted. Susannah went straight to the study, and there found her husband—alone.

"Hal has just gone out, but he will be back to dinner; unless, as he says, he finds 'metal more attractive.' Which is not likely, as he knows nobody in these parts. He came direct from London, and must go back again there immediately."

Mr. Trevena spoke lightly, but with a certain deprecation of manner which attracted his wife's notice.

"Immediately means to-morrow, I suppose?"

"Or perhaps to-night. Poor Hal! He is very poor, my dear. We ought to be kind to him."

"I wish to be kind to him—if he deserves it."

"He may do so. It is never too late to mend. And, my Susannah, you remember the command, 'seventy times seven.'"

Susannah, feeling almost like a wretch—a hard-hearted, unchristian wretch—clasped the long-beloved hand, generous as a child's—and often as unwise in its generosity. But that instant something roused her suspicions. "Why is your desk open, Austin? Shall I lock it for you? Your check-book is in it."

"Stop a minute, dear. That check-book—Hal really had not a halfpenny, though his remittances from Australia are due next week. He will repay me—I am sure he will; so I gave him a small sum—you won't mind, dear? It was very little."

"How much?"

"Only twenty pounds."

"Twenty-five pounds was all we had in the bank, and it will be six weeks before our next dividends are due."

This was all Susannah said—what good was it to say anything more? But she dropped her husband's hand, and sat down in passive acquiescence to fate. The old thing all over again! the same quiet endurance, but none the less the same bitter, resentful pain. All the bitterer that there was nothing actually to resent. Austin's invariable sweetness—his unbounded love for her—his trust in her, almost as implicit as a child's—she could not be angry with him.

"I am so sorry, my dear," said he, penitently, "but I had no idea of the state of our finances. As Hal says, it is you who manage everything. I will ask him to take a smaller check—say just five pounds—when he comes back again."

"When he comes back again!" repeated Susannah, bitterly. "He will not come back."

Nor did he. They waited dinner—half an hour—an hour—Austin was so certain that his brother had "turned over a new leaf"—except, perhaps, in punctuality at meals. They then sent down to the village in search of "the gentleman who had been at the rectory," not saying "the rector's brother," lest he might be found at the public-house, though that was unlikely, drink not being one of Hal's besetting sins. But they found him nowhere. He had vanished—probably by some field path to the nearest railway station—with the check in his pocket; and nothing more was heard of him for years.



NAPLES, FROM POSILIPPO.

NEAPOLITAN SKETCHES.

BY MARY E. VANDYNE.

LET the reader who does not know southern Italy or Naples picture to himself a city the leading characteristics of which are music, perfume, and color. In spite of all that has been said and written of the filth, squalor, and disgusting smells of Naples, and the too suggestive if not absolutely exact story of the English traveller who said that if the fleas could have been "quite unanimous" they would have dragged him out of bed, the fact still remains that this city is for beauty of situation and sensuous fascination one of the wonders of the world. Italy has majestic Rome, Florence, the centre of the glories of the Renaissance, and Venice, the Queen of the Adriatic, to be proud of; but for luxury, for brilliancy, for natural beauty and lazy enjoyment, Naples stands alone, and has stood alone from the time when the Cæsars set their seal upon it as a spot where all care might be laid aside, and existence become one protracted hour of soft delight.

Naples is a blaze of color. There seems to be a strife forever going on between nature and the inhabitants as to which shall produce the most gorgeous effects. Nature is responsible for the brilliant blue of the bay, the splendor of the sky, the varied greens of the olive and the vine wherewith the hill-sides are clothed, and the bright tints of the flowers which spread themselves like a carpet in every public park and garden. Man is responsible for the red and yellow buildings and the general gorgeousness of coloring which characterizes nearly every object, from the fresco on a ceiling to the cap of a beggar. I am writing in a room where the gilding on the walls is positively dimmed by the orange-yellow of my bed-cover, and the roses on my table are put to shame by the brilliant crimson of furniture and hangings. By an effort I have shut out the sunshine, but no curtains will keep out the heavy breath of the orange grove beneath my window, or the sound of the bagpipe, lute, and mandolin that now at ten o'clock in the morning have begun the song that will not cease until after midnight.

It would seem that Naples has been long enough on the face of the earth to be old and worn and shabby. Her history extends back to a very remote age.



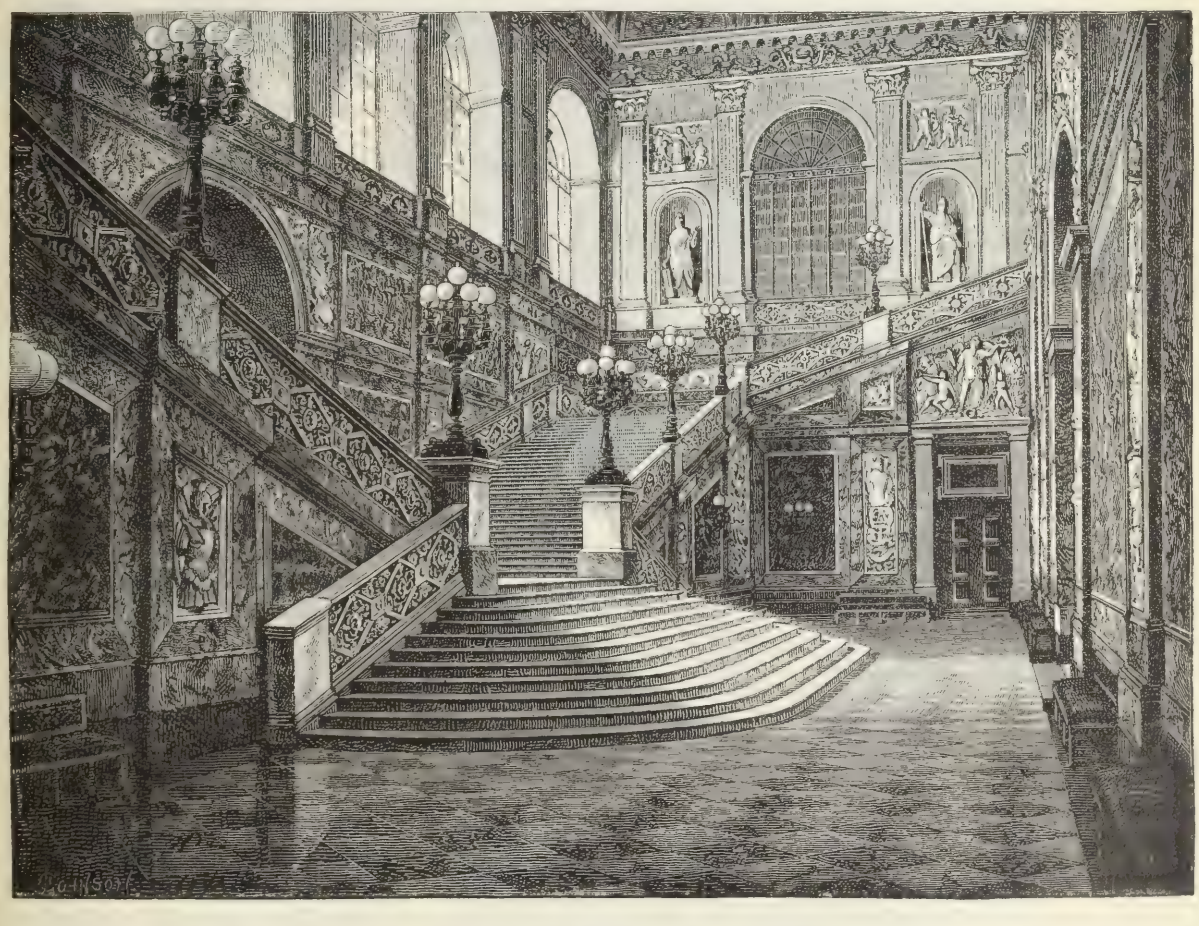
THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

We read that somewhere about the year 1056 B.C. certain Æolians came from Chalcis in Eubœa and founded the colony of Kyme, or, in Latin, Cumæ, on a rocky eminence in the bay of Puteoli. The town of Puteoli, now called Pozzuoli, is to-day a suburb of Naples. It was the principal seat of the Jews in Italy. From Cumæ the colony Phaleron, or Parthenope, named, according to the elder Pliny, after the tomb of a siren of that name, seems to have emanated at a very early period, and to have been re-enforced at various times by emigrants from Greece. The latter founded the Neapolis, or new city, while Parthenope, the portion erected by the original colonists, was named Palæopolis, or old city, a distinction maintained until the conquest of Palæopolis by Rome in 326 B.C. Owing to the beauty of its situation, Naples soon became a favorite residence of the Roman magnates, but it continued to enjoy its municipal freedom and its Greek constitution. Its inhabitants spoke the Greek language, and were long distinguished by their attachment to the manners and customs of their ancestors. It was on this account, according to Tacitus, that Nero selected Naples as a place wherein to make his début on the stage, such a proceeding being less offensive to the prevailing sentiment among the people here than at Rome.

Wherever Rome went, she took her engineers with her. Naples, taken possession of by the Mistress of the World, felt at once the creative and adjusting impress of her touch. Public works were undertaken, roads were built, and to-day the visitor makes his way through the city and about the suburbs by way of thoroughfares built for the convenience of emperors. Among these undertakings the most remarkable are perhaps the tunnels that pierce their way through the great hill of Posilippo, which separates the town from what remains of Cumæ. One of these is called the Grotto of Posilippo, wrought—so mediæval legend tells us—by the magic arts of Virgil. Scholars insist that it was an outcome of the prolific age of Augustus; and Seneca and Petronius, writing in the time of Nero, speak of it as

a narrow and gloomy pass. Alfonso I., about 1442, conceived the brilliant idea of enlarging it by lowering the level of the road, and a century later Don Pedro de Toledo caused it to be paved. Modern improvement has lighted it with gas, and today the long narrow passage, 757 yards in length, with a height varying from 87 feet at the entrance to 20 feet in the interior, and a breadth of between 20 and 30 feet, is the main thoroughfare between Naples and the small suburban towns lying toward the west. Just before the traveller enters the mouth of the gas-lit cavern he passes the tomb of Virgil. There is nothing but probability and local tradition to prove that the ashes of the Latin poet once rested here. No trace remains of the hallowed urn, but there can be no doubt that Virgil once lived and wrote upon the hill of Posilippo. Beyond the tomb, at the entrance of the passage, stands a small chapel, and in the interior are others, where the faithful stop and say a prayer. There are certain days in March and November when the sun sets directly in a line with the Grotto of Posilippo, illuminating the entire length of the gloomy cavern.

Naples owes little of her attraction to her buildings. Her National Museum was originally a cavalry barracks, erected by the Viceroy Duke of Ossuna in 1586. Subsequently it was ceded to the university, which was established there for a time, but in 1790 it was fitted up for the reception of the royal collection of pictures and antiquities. The museum contains treasures of antiquity from Herculaneum and Pompeii, together with rare objects from all parts of the world. The collection is unrivalled. Besides the various objects taken from the two great buried cities, it includes the Farnese collection from Rome and Parma, those of the palaces of Portici and Capo di Monte, and also treasures resulting from the excavations at Rome and Stabiæ.



STAIRCASE IN THE ROYAL PALACE.

Naples abounds in royal palaces. There are five in the city and suburbs, which the traveller may visit at pleasure, provided they are not at the time occupied by any



THE VILLA NAZIONALE.

member of the royal family, simply by procuring a card from some one in Naples willing to vouch for his respectability and decent behavior within such hallowed precincts. Of these the grand Palazzo Reale is the largest, and most magnificent in its interior decorations and details, though on the outside it is a plain and monotonous building. It is situated in the midst of the city, in the Piazza del Plebiscito—so called from the popular vote which in 1860 united Naples with the rest of Italy. This palace, designed by the Roman architect Domenico Fontana, was begun in 1600 under the Viceroy Count de Lemol. It was burned in 1837, but some four years sufficed to complete the restorations. On visiting it we were first conducted by an obsequious guide up a side staircase to the Garden Terrace, which extends along the whole length of the palace, 185 feet, and affords a fine view of the harbor and arsenal immediately below. The magnificent grand staircase, constructed entirely of white marble, and adorned with reliefs and statues, dates from 1651. On the side toward the piazza are situated a small theatre and a superb dining-room. In the centre of the latter formerly stood a magnificent cradle, presented by the city of Naples to the present Queen Margherita in 1869. Beyond this apartment is the throne-room, furnished with crimson velvet embroidered with gold. The embroidery was made at the Neapolitan poor-house in 1818.

Adjoining the Palazzo Reale is the theatre of San Carlo, the native home of Italian opera.

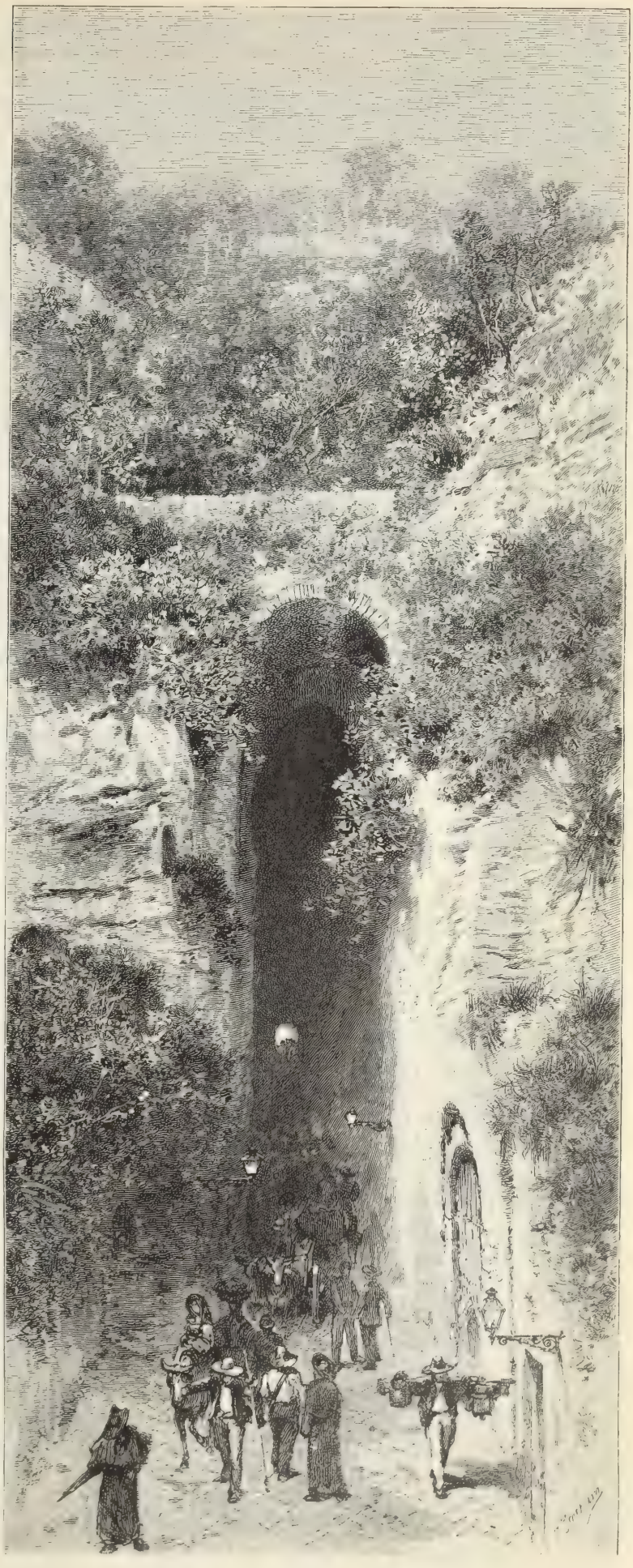
Naples has a most beautiful public park. It was laid out just one hundred years ago, and has been enlarged and embellished and improved, until now it is one of the most attractive pleasure-grounds in the world. The Villa Nazionale, as it is called, or more frequently La Villa, was formerly a narrow strip of land close to the sea, but, like the Hollanders, the Neapolitans wanted more room for their flower beds and promenades, and they forced the waters back, planting long avenues of trees where the waves once danced and rippled. The grounds are all arranged in the profusely ornamented style characteristic of Italy, and imported trees and shrubs mingle their green with the splendid foliage natural to this favored clime. The most noticeable are the magnificent palms, which spread their fan-like branches more than a hundred feet above the heads of the passers-by. The statues which adorn the park are many in number, but they are chiefly imitations of ancient and modern works, and are sadly wanting in the merits of the originals. Formerly the celebrated group of the Farnese Bull stood in the Villa, but it was removed to the museum for preservation, and replaced by a large antique basin from Pæstum. Virgil and Tasso have here temples to their honor. During the early part of the day the Villa is

comparatively deserted, but in the afternoon or evening, when the daily concerts take place, the scene is one of life and gayety almost beyond description. An Italian crowd is the brightest and gayest to be seen anywhere this side of the gorgeous East; and the Neapolitans bring their worship of light, perfume, and color to its utmost culmination in their daily promenade in the Villa.

In the centre of the Villa stands a large white marble building, the celebrated Aquarium of Naples. It belongs to the Zoological Station, and was established by the German naturalist Dr. Dohrn for the purpose of facilitating a thorough scientific investigation of the animal and vegetable world of the Mediterranean. The greater part of the expense was borne by Dr. Dohrn himself, but the German government has repeatedly contributed large subsidies. Several prominent English naturalists have also presented the institution with important sums.

The inhabitants of Naples number nearly half a million souls. Yet in spite of the generations of men of different races—Greeks, Goths, Byzantines, Normans, and modern peoples—that have dwelt in this beautiful region, Naples has rarely attained even a transient reputation in the annals of politics, art, or literature. All succumb to the alluring influences of the situation and the climate.

There are few people in the world with whom it is more difficult to arrive at anything like familiar acquaintance than with the higher class of Neapolitans.



EXTERIOR OF THE GROTTO OF POSILIPPO.



THE PUBLIC SCRIBE.

They are exclusive to the last degree. Their pride seems to be in their birth, their lineage, the magnificence of their *entourage*, and the display they can make. The common people are at once the most careless, the most indolent, and the most indigent of the human race. Yet there is nothing that seems to be capable of depressing permanently the buoyancy of their spirits. Not all the political tempests that have swept over Naples, not the oppression of tyrants, or the terrible ills resulting from indolence, stupidity, and vice, have sufficed to take from its inhabitants the feeling that existence is a boon from the great Ruler of the universe for which they are deeply thankful, and which in their easy, unthinking, uncalculating manner they intensely enjoy.

The street scenes of Naples are a study in themselves, and would entertain a traveller for days even if he never entered a building. The curious garbs of the ecclesiastics, who seem to form a large proportion of the inhabitants, the grotesque appearance of the street venders, with their wares piled up above their heads, and hanging to all parts of their bodies, the brilliant dresses of the middle-class women, and the fantastic costumes of the beggars, who are picturesque in their very nakedness, give variety to the scene. The cat's-meat man, with his viands strung on a long pole, from which he detaches a piece and carves it with his knife for each of his four-footed clients, is a most extraordinary sight. The public scribe, protected from the rays of the sun by an umbrella, as he sits at a table inditing a love-letter, perhaps, for a Neapolitan damsel as beautiful as she is illiterate, is useful as well as picturesque. Another remarkable personage is the cigar scavenger, who at night goes about with his lantern hunting for old stumps, which he sells to manufacturers to be converted into the filling for fresh cigars. To these may be added the zampognari or bagpipers, and a host of other curious characters, ranging anywhere from a cardinal, attired in crimson and riding in a gilded coach, to a baby, bound up, after the manner of Neapolitan babies, in the straitest of swaddling-clothes, and looking more like a roll of linen just come from a draper's shop than a human being.

The advent of the zampognari in Naples always heralds the approach of one of the more important Church festivals. They come from their distant homes in the mountains of the Abruzzi to Naples and the surrounding towns to celebrate the Immaculate Conception and the ad-



ZAMPOGNARI PLAYING BEFORE A PUBLIC SHRINE.

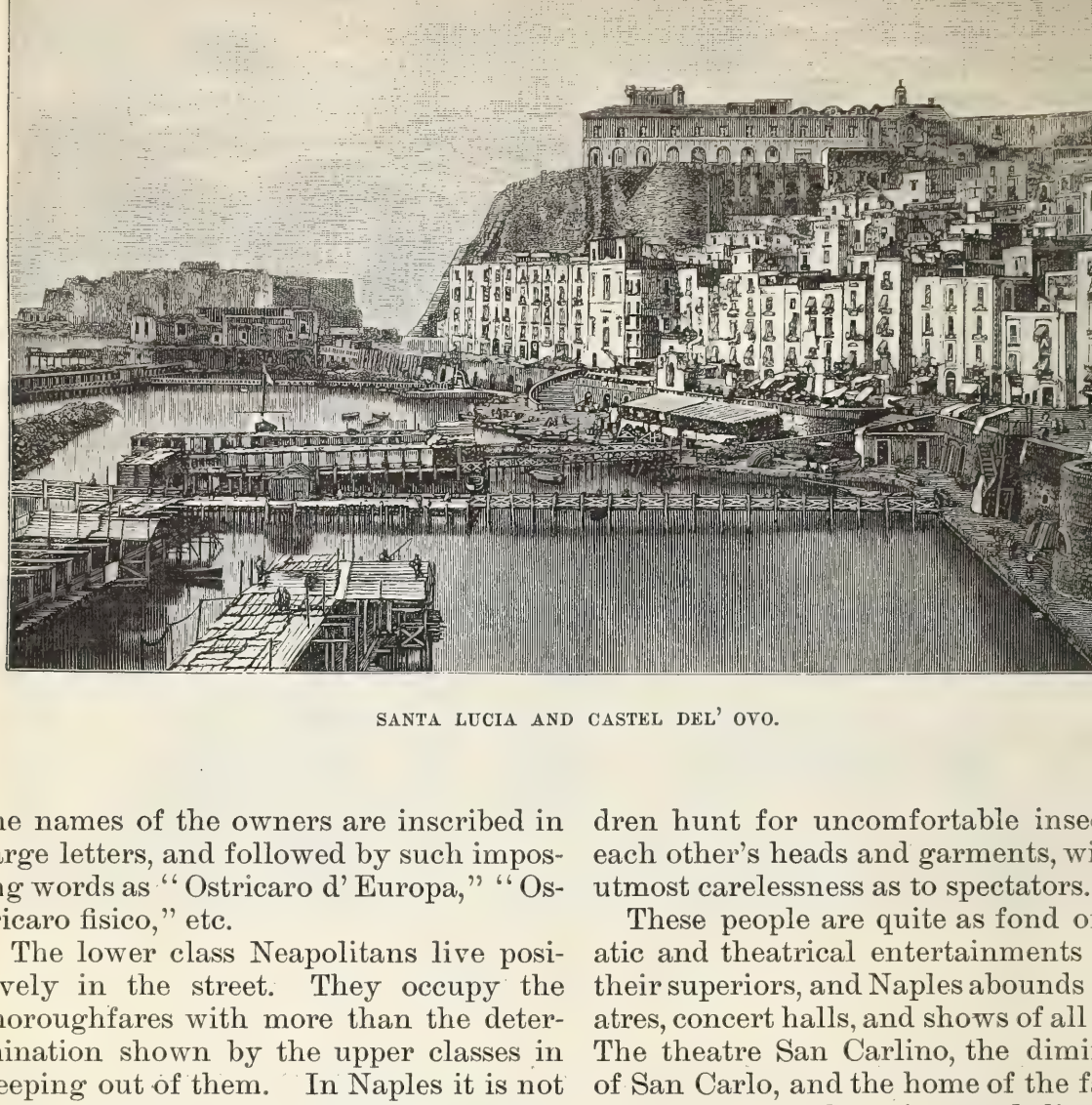
vent of Christmas. Wearing pointed felt hats, wrapped in long brown cloaks, under which occasionally appears a goat-skin jacket adorned with large metal buttons, their legs encased in tight-fitting breeches as far as the knee, and their feet



ZAMPOGNARI IN THE STREET.

adorned with rags fastened by leather thongs about the ankle and calf, they are most picturesque objects. Thus attired, the zampognari go from house to house, singing and playing before the little gilded images of the Virgin and the Child, and stopping before the street shrines, where they repeat their monotonous song. On Christmas Eve, when there is a spirit of liberality abroad, the zampognaro usually receives a large number of coppers, and as much in the way of food and drink as his stomach can accommodate. When the festival is over they return to their mountain homes, there to pass their time as laborers or shepherds until the next occurs. The bagpipers of the Abruzzi frequently act as models, their picturesque costume adapting itself readily to artistic purposes.

A capital place to study some of the leading characteristics of Neapolitan life is along the broad and pleasant thoroughfare of Santa Lucia. This is another part of the city reclaimed from the sea. To the east of the long embankment and bridge which connect the shore with the rocky island whereon stands the Castel del' Ovo stretches what was once a long and narrow strip of dirty sand, but is now a broad and handsome quay. Scenes of Neapolitan life may be witnessed here in perfection. The huts of the fishermen which once decorated the strand have given way to wharves and bridges, and handsome palaces form a background to the view from the water. But the people still claim a right to make this their lounging-place, the focus of the scene being a small promontory which is reached by a flight of steps, and where an elaborate fountain plays. Here, too, are the fish and oyster stalls, where passers-by may make a meal off the luxuries so expressively styled by the Neapolitans *frutti del mare*. The number of these aristocratic oystermen—for the majority traverse the city to sell their wares, carrying them in small baskets—is very limited, as the business and good-will can only be transmitted from father to son, or by extraordinary merit when the position is vacant. The stands are painted green, yellow, or black, and surmounted by sign-boards, on which



SANTA LUCIA AND CASTEL DEL' OVO.

the names of the owners are inscribed in large letters, and followed by such imposing words as "Ostricaro d' Europa," "Ostricaro fisico," etc.

The lower class Neapolitans live positively in the street. They occupy the thoroughfares with more than the determination shown by the upper classes in keeping out of them. In Naples it is not so much the quarter in which one lives—though certain parts of the town are always avoided by decent people—as the height at which one lives. The third and fourth stories of a building, for instance, will be occupied by families of considerable means, while in the rooms opening upon the street two or three poor families will be huddled. One room is, indeed, abundant space for the accommodation of a poor Neapolitan family, and sometimes they even take several boarders within its limits. This, so to speak, renders necessary the appropriation of a portion of the thoroughfare, and it is not at all unusual to see the single apartment filled up with beds, while the cooking stove, the dinner table, and the pots, pans, and dishes are accommodated in the street. The Neapolitan never hesitates to perform any part of his toilet in the street. He combs his hair or changes his clothing, the women nurse their infants, and adults and children hunt for uncomfortable inse each other's heads and garments, wi utmost carelessness as to spectators.

These people are quite as fond o atic and theatrical entertainments their superiors, and Naples abounds atres, concert halls, and shows of all The theatre San Carlino, the dimi of San Carlo, and the home of the f Pulcinello, to whom it was dedica 1770, is perhaps the most popular a these places. Pulcinello is a most ing personage, and of most ancien age. He is usually attired in a loos et and exceedingly baggy linen tro with a pointed cap and a small black that conceals the upper part of his In character he is a vivacious sort o cunning and foolish, cowardly and relsome, good-humored and mali caustic, lazy, gluttonous, and thi The image of Pulcinello is said to been found in Herculaneum, and ne Esquiline at Rome. He also appe ancient Etruscan vases, and in th coes taken from Pompeii. His changes frequently; it may be A Cinella, or Fiorillo; but his charac mains the same. The performan San Carlino generally turn upon d tic infelicities of some kind—co quarrels, disputes in regard to prop

and the incidents are nearly always of a comic nature. Pulcinello is the life and soul of the whole, and generally succeeds in amusing a not overdifficult audience by his sharp speeches and ludicrous pranks.

The manner in which the people of Naples are supplied with food is most amazing to a stranger. The markets are peri-



THE OYSTERMAN.

patetic, and donkeys are the motive power. Indeed, without the donkey, it seems as if the whole business of living in Naples would be brought to a stand-still. Articles of every description are conveyed from house to house by him. He is loaded with wine and water, for in Naples the drinking water is all procured from certain fountains, and sold by carriers; he carries bushels of vegetables piled in panniers, and spread upon shallow baskets, until nothing but his nose and tail are visible; and he draws loads piled on primitive carts, which, whatever their weight may be, are at least a dozen times his own bulk. In his leisure moments the donkey takes his master, and frequently two or three members of the family, for a ride upon his back.

A staple article of food in all Italian families, as is well known, is macaroni. Having been convulsed with laughter one day by a sweet little American woman, who drew an immense endless attenuated pipe-stem into her mouth, and then announced, "It's peculiar, but very nice—where does it grow?" we organized a party to visit a macaroni factory. Our innocent little friend went with us, and has never eaten macaroni since. Nearly all the places where this commodity is produced are outside Naples, but a short drive brought us to a manufactory on the road toward Torre del Greco. We were re-

ceived with *empressement*, not only by the proprietor, but by the whole staff of employés. The business of manufacturing macaroni is warm work, and the climate of Naples, save for three or four months in the year, excessively hot. As a general thing, there is a great indifference to the matter of clothing shown by the employés of such establishments; but on the appearance of a party of foreigners, two of whom were ladies, there was a grand scuffle for garments. The women were most successful, having had a foundation of under-clothing to begin upon. One boy secured a full suit. After this there were various toilets conspicuous by the absence of essential garments, while one poor fellow, oblivious of our presence to the last moment, could procure nothing but a towel. In this he arrayed himself, however, and tried to make up by extra

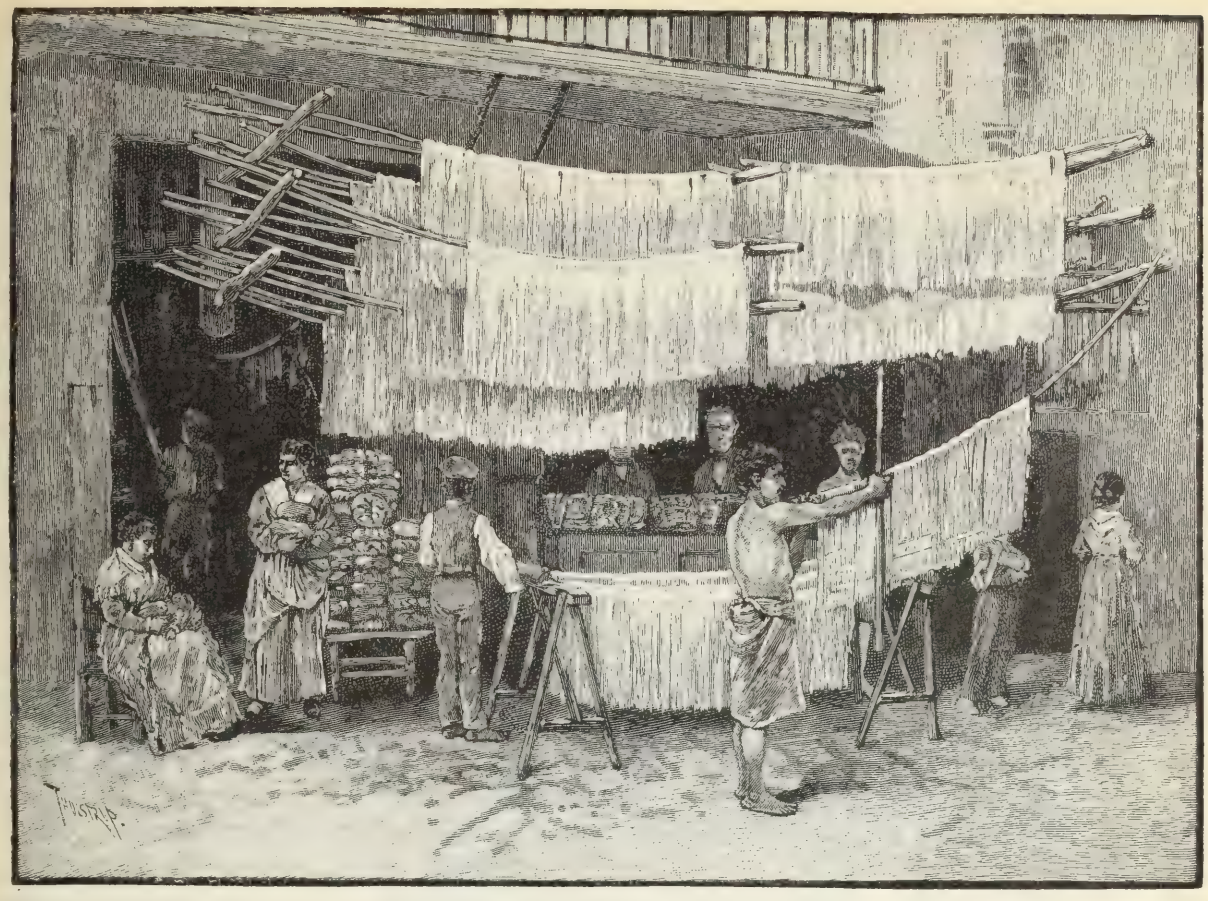


PULCINELLO IN A QUANDARY.

courtesy for what he lacked in the way of apparel. The process of manufacturing macaroni is very simple. The ground meal is mixed with water, kneaded or beaten by an immense wooden beam, and then transferred to the press. A perforated plate beneath, through which the dough is forced by means of a ponderous lever, produces the article. Upon this plate depends whether the macaroni has a diameter large or small, or whether it is flat like a ribbon. The sizes and varieties are many, and each is endowed with a different Italian name. When it issues from the press it is, of course, moist and limp. Large armfuls of it are seized by various attendants, and ranged upon long poles, suspended from the ceiling, to dry. It was this familiar handling of the dough and the macaroni, which is flung over the shoulder, wound round the arm, and patted and adjusted by the dirtiest of dirty hands, that deprived our little friend of any further appreciation of what she had taken to be a chaste product of Mother Nature.

Naples has a large foreign population, drawn hither by the fascination of the city and its beautiful suburbs. There is a considerable colony of Americans and English, and four or five Protestant places of worship. The largest and handsomest is Christ Church, situated in the Strada San Pasquali, where services are held on Sundays and saints' days, and the Holy Communion administered weekly by the English chaplain.

The city offers attractions as a permanent residence, if we except the few extremely warm summer months. The cost of living may be arranged very much as one pleases. There are the expensive hotels, arranged precisely on the plan of all other hotels throughout the world, with velvet carpets, heavy upholstery, a French cook, and a corps of waiters speaking any European language. For these luxuries one must pay, as one does in other large cities of Europe, anywhere from $3 to $5 per day, according to the length of stay. The Neapolitan *pension*, which is the refuge of a very large number of foreign residents, is usually kept by an English woman who has married an Italian, and found that he can not support a family without her assistance. At a *pension* one must pay from $1 to $2 per day. A very pleasant way of living in Naples is to take an apartment, the price of which varies according to the situation and number of rooms. A well-situated, comfortable apartment, with five furnished rooms, can be obtained for about $20 per month. Meals can then be procured either by going to or having them sent in from a trattoria,



MAKING MACARONI.

or restaurant. By going out, an excellent breakfast, and a dinner of four or five courses, with wine included, may be had at a cost of from eighty cents to a dollar per day. Housekeeping may be conducted at a moderate expense, meat and vegetables selling at low rates, and servants' wages ranging from two to eight dollars per month.

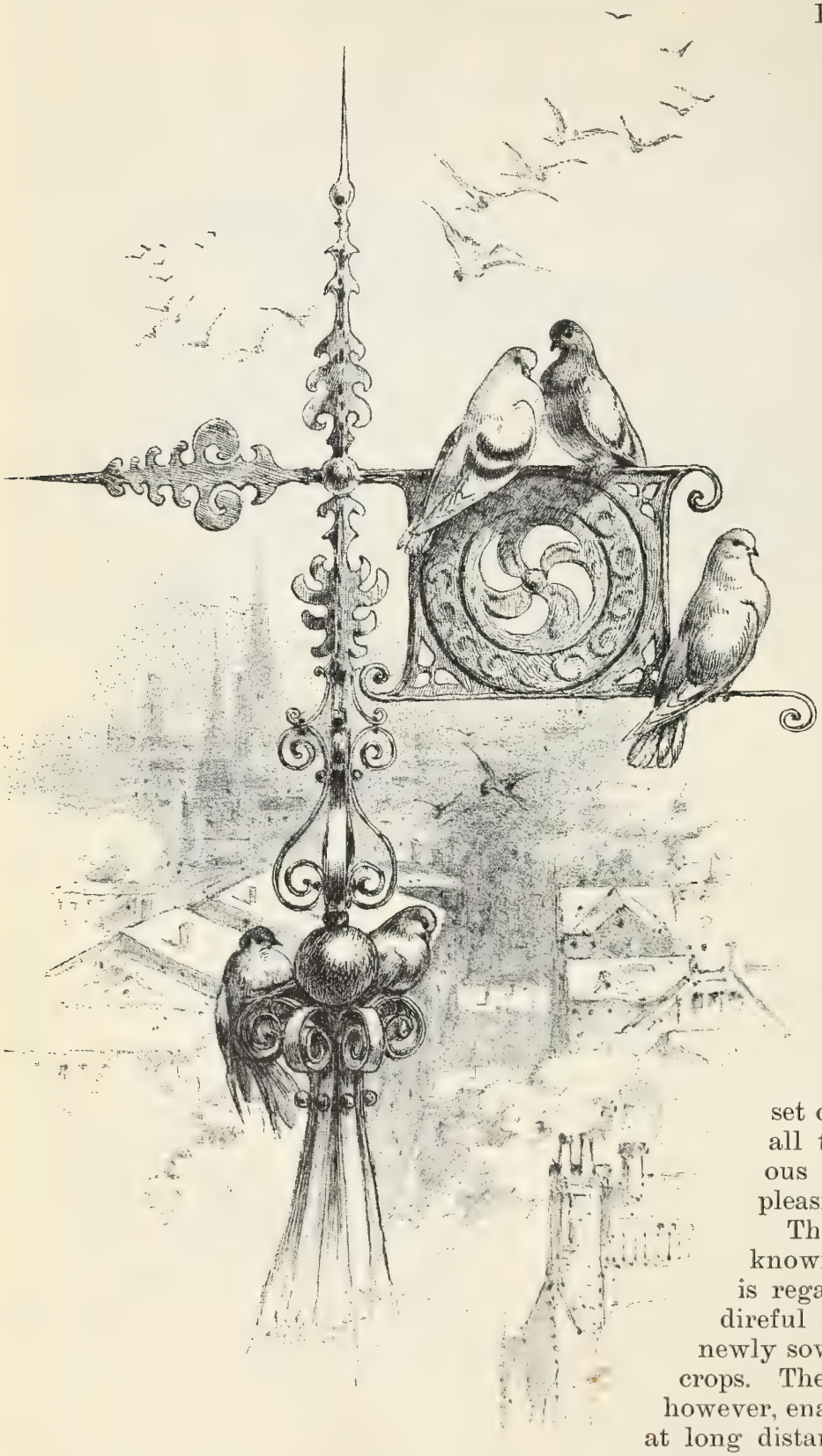
The business of living having been arranged, the person must be difficult to please who can not pass his time comfortably, and with no small degree of satisfaction to himself, in Naples. There is opportunity for occupation and amusement of every kind. Days may be passed in the museum, where the treasures of art are inexhaustible, and where there is a library open to the public which contains some 200,000 volumes and 4000 manuscripts. The number of excursions that may be made to different points of interest in the city and its environs is almost without limit. To the west, beyond Posilippo, lies ancient Pozzuoli; Baiæ, once famous as a watering-place, now silent and deserted; the baths of Nero, the chambers of which were heated by steam from a natural spring; the famous Lake Avernus, across which, ancient story tells us, no bird could fly without meeting death; and last, but not least, the terrible river Styx. To the east are greater wonders. Here Vesuvius sends her clouds of smoke to heaven by day, and her glowing fires by night; Pompeii emerges from her twenty centuries of burial, and Herculaneum and other cities stand three deep upon the plain. Every foot of earth is classic ground, and replete with memories of the various races that have had their habitations here. When all other sources of entertainment have failed, hours may be passed in drifting about the shores of the bay, of which the poet Rogers writes:

"Not a grove,
Citron or pine or cedar, not a grot,
Sea-worn and mantled with the gadding vine
But breathes enchantment. Not a cliff but flings
On the clear wave some image of delight,
Some cabin roof glowing with crimson flowers,
Some ruined temple or fallen monument,
To muse on as the bark is gliding by."

Naples the beautiful has the same fascination to-day that she had when Cicero and Lucullus built their villas here, and when the potentates of Greece and Rome left their great capitals to pass their days in indolence and luxury upon her shores.

PLEBEIAN AND ARISTOCRATIC PIGEONS.

BY F. SATTERTHWAITE.



THE hobby of keeping pigeons comes down to us from a remote period. In this country the pigeon has always been a favorite, in the cities and towns as well as in the rural districts. But although it is almost always associated with the poultry-yard, its domain there is on an entirely different footing from that of the chickens, geese, and ducks. Of these, tribute is demanded and exacted. Not so with the pigeons, which are often permitted to increase without molestation, their graceful presence alone being considered a sufficient return for the expense.

These birds, like all other domestic fowl which are allowed to roam at their own sweet will, are nothing more or less than a set of mongrels; but, for all that, they are vigorous in their flights and pleasing to look upon.

The pigeon is a well-known forager, and hence is regarded by many as a direful marauder upon the newly sown fields or ripening crops. The rapidity of its flight, however, enables the bird to feed at long distances from its home, and the restlessness which it exhibits while on the ground precludes the belief that a bird which is provided neither with a bill nor feet to dig or scratch with, will do any serious damage in any one locality. From careful observation it is thought that the pigeon picks up only the grain which lies uncovered, and that it does not harm the farmer nearly as much as the birds whose homes are in the fields and in the woods. The rearing of common

pigeons has therefore been found to be remunerative by a large number of persons, especially in the country districts close to our large Eastern cities. Many of the cots are kept up solely for supplying the various pigeon-shooting grounds, and a still larger number for the market. For these two purposes the common barn pigeons only are used. They have no individual intrinsic value. A healthy pair of these birds is not worth more than fifty cents, and unlike the fancy birds which are kept in lofts and are well fed, the barn birds which fly out and shift for themselves, feeding on every variety of food, are much less prolific. At best, the hen will not lay oftener than six times a year, nor do barn pigeons ever attain a greater age than fifteen years. Therefore, to make the keeping of common pigeons pay, the pigeon dealer must depend upon numbers, and devote some care to the rearing of his squabs; for, after all, a pigeon over six months old, whether potted or baked in a pie, is found to be objectionably tough and unsavory.

Of late years in America, as in Europe, where squab-raising has been carried on for many years, pigeon-keeping is becoming a substantial industry. From time immemorial, in England, the pigeon pie has been regarded a national institution. In America, while there was an abundance of so many choice varieties of game, the pigeon pie was less thought of; but now that the game supply begins to diminish, we may expect to see the squab usurp the position formerly occupied by the woodcock and snipe. The extraordinary demand in England for squabs has led to their importation in very large numbers from Germany and France. These are taken by professional feeders and fattened in a peculiar manner. I remember once witnessing the process in operation in London. The feeder was an elderly man with flabby, sallow cheeks and protruding eyes, long matted hair, and his general appearance was that of a man who had just emerged from a coat of tar and feathers. In his youth he had been one of the chief performers in the *Passion Play* at Oberammergau, but in the sere and yellow leaf he had degenerated into a "squab fattener," in which calling he was eminent. In a tub of water was a quantity of millet and split peas. The feeder crammed his mouth with them until his cheeks swelled out to hideous proportions. Catching up a young bird and inserting its open beak between his lips, the feeder injected its crop full, and in a second you could see, as Mr. Tony Weller would remark, "it a-swellin' wisibly before your wery eyes." The astonished bird at once assumed a complacent look. With the greatest rapidity bird after bird was picked up and the food thus blown into each. The feeders get about two cents for each dozen birds thus fed, and when it is remembered that they can fill a bird with a rapidity which excels the mechanical bottling of soda-water, it is easily seen that the professors are enabled to earn a tolerably good living at their novel calling. The birds are fed by this process twice a day, and in several days become fat and very tender.

Leaving the plebeian pigeon to be artificially crammed and introduced to the world as a "Philadelphia squab," we ascend to the higher platform where perch the birds of gentle lineage. Of these there are at least one hundred breeds, with an indefinite number of varieties as to feathering and color. Prominent among them are the English carriers, pouters, barbs, owls, fan-tails, blondinettes, satinettes, and tumblers. These are among the most valuable of the fancy pigeons. The trumpeters are also a valuable breed, while among the cheaper breeds known in this country are the turbots, swallows, ice-pigeons, nuns, and magpies. The owls are distinguished as the smallest breed, and the runts, which belie their name, and are known to have weighed two and three-quarter pounds, are the largest.

The "pigeon fancy" is of great antiquity, and thousands of cases could be culled from the classics to show with what earnest admiration and care several of the famous breeds were regarded in ancient times. Fulton says that the cultivation of fancy pigeons "is the pursuit of ideal beauty in its highest forms; it is the constant effort to approach a standard of perfection impossible of attainment; it is progress ever approaching completion, yet never completed, toward a beautiful shadow which ever and anon seems within reach, yet which is never grasped." The same conscientious exponent also compares the breeder of fancy pigeons with the enthusiastic and painstaking floriculturist who seeks to develop the beauties of his ideals. Thus it is that

the true pigeon fancier is anything but a mercenary mortal, and his pets assume under his care the same position in the world as the orchids of the floriculturist, valued far more highly by the producer than by the world which looks on and wonders at their surpassing loveliness.

In this country the "pigeon fancy" dates back some fifty years. Recently its growth has been immense, and millions of dollars are invested in perfecting the fancy and toy breeds, which are scattered broadcast over the land.

There is not a more beautiful decoration to the lawn of a country residence than a collection of the principal breeds of toy birds. To appreciate this thoroughly one has only to visit the "loft" of Mr. Bunting Hankins, at Bordentown, New Jersey, and inspect his famous prize-winners.

"Look," he said to me, when I made him a visit early last spring: "there are ten pair of white African owls, for which I can readily get $1000. They are as near perfection in their class as twenty horses would be that could each trot his mile in 2.09½. What you see at one glance it has taken me over twenty-five years to produce. I paid $125 a short time ago for a pair of birds of this breed, which I imported from Tunis, Africa, simply to make a comparison with the birds of my breeding, and the new-comers were far from approaching the same high standard."

At the time Mr. Hankins was speaking, the green lawn alongside of the "loft" was covered with over a hundred white Scotch fan-tails, of both the booted and plain-leg varieties, which the owner values at from $20 to $100 a pair. It will therefore be seen that the intrinsic value of some of the fancy breeds of pigeons is very great. In Europe $1000 is frequently paid for a pair of pouters or English carriers. These are generally the winners at one or more of the principal shows.

The success, of course, of the pigeon fancier depends upon the proper management of his "loft," and the judgment he exercises in the mating of his birds. A hobby of this kind, especially when carried out on a grand scale, requires unceasing attention, and a thorough practical knowledge of the thousand and one things to be secured and to be avoided. As Mr. Hankins's "loft" is unquestionably a model in its way, a brief description of it will indicate how birds should be bred and kept.

The "loft," as the pigeon-house is called, is located in a large garden. The front has a southerly exposure, necessary to the welfare of the birds. The house is made of a frame-work of wood and iron, the front being entirely of glass. The building is fifty feet long by twenty-five feet wide, and nine feet high. The "fly," as the yard and lawn which surround the "loft" is called, is seventy-five feet long and thirty feet in width. This on all sides is hemmed in with wire netting, and roofed with the same material.

The loft contains 200 cages for toy birds, placed on tiers of six shelves arranged on the sides and back of the loft, besides two centre tiers with cages on both sides. Each cage is 2 feet deep by 3 feet 4 inches in length, and 1 foot 6 inches in height. These are faced with wire netting of 1½ inch mesh, and each provided with a wire door. Between the two centre tiers is a large fountain bedded with coarse gravel, in which the water is constantly changing. It is shallow enough to admit the birds to bathe, wade, and drink. The floor of the building, which is on the ground, is of cement. In winter a stove is used, and the temperature of the loft is kept at 60°.

Each cage contains a nest box 15 inches square, painted white, the front being of glass. The nest boxes for the fan-tails and owls are each provided with two nestings.

In the side of each box is a round hole nine inches in diameter. The boxes, which are supported by four legs, are movable.

There is a slide in the bottom of each nest box to permit the removal of the nest. The floors of the cages are cleaned every day, and then sprinkled with white beach sand. The nests are composed of salt hay, cut fine, and wet with a solution of carbolic acid to keep away vermin. It may be interesting for fanciers to know that this admirable solution is made by dissolving one pound of crystallized carbolic acid in two gallons of hot water. It then can be best used by means of a bottle with a split cork.

A great many fanciers advocate the keeping of their birds, while nesting, in dark boxes. This is the old-fashioned style. Mr. Hankins, however, originated and advocates the use of the glass-fronted nest boxes, whereby the birds are kept in the light, and thus can be watched at all times. The change has succeeded admirably. It was at once found that it caused the birds to become very tame, and even



A PIGEON LOFT.

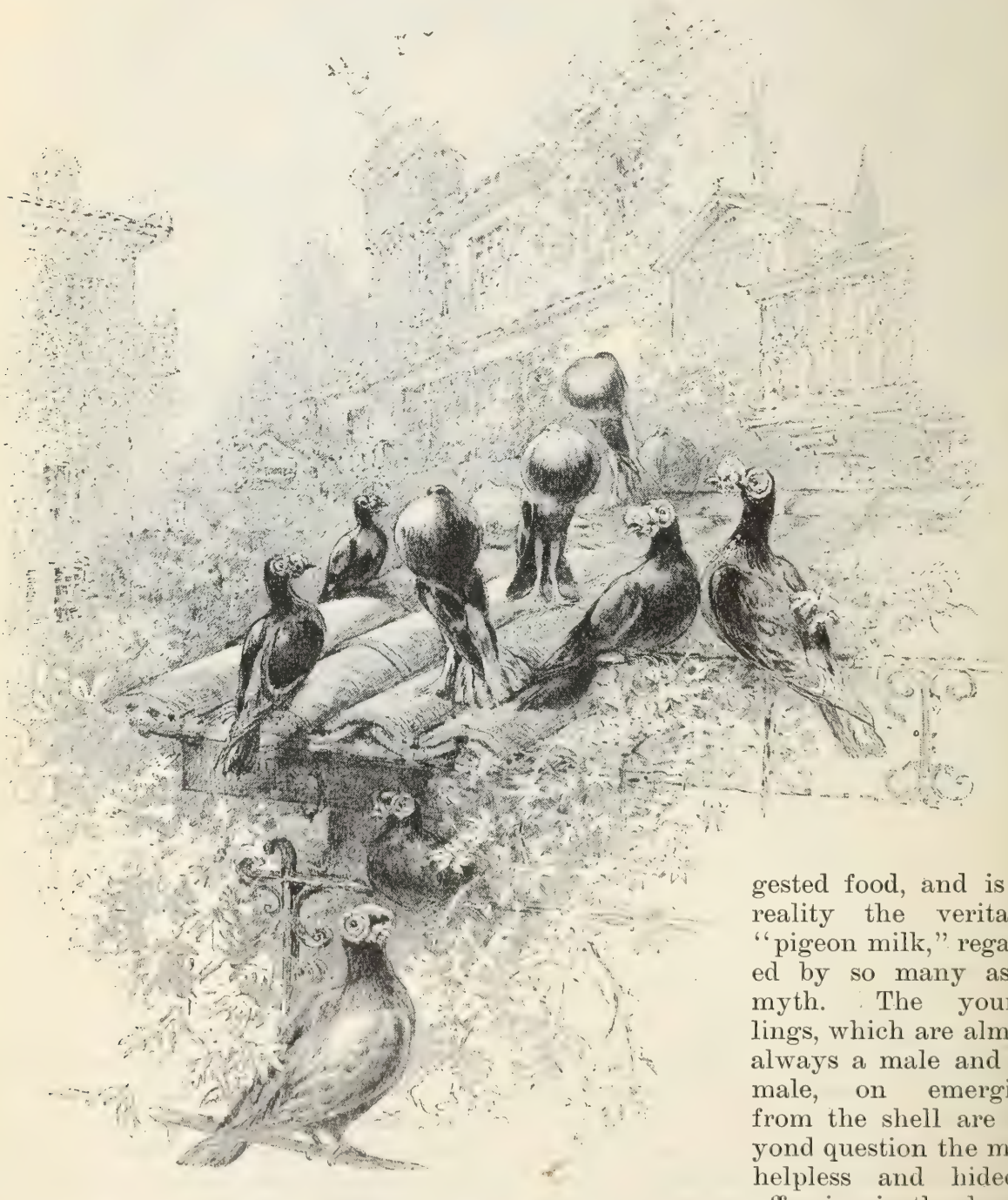
when strangers visited them they were less wild and "flighty." Moreover, as a result of the experiment, the birds increase one hundred per cent.

The visitor on entering the "loft" is astonished at the tameness of the birds. They come clustering about his feet, and some of the boldest will make free to perch on his head and shoulders. There is a continuous roaring of wings of the five hundred mated pigeons, a chorus of "cooing," and the "flip-flap" of the tumblers. Every fan-tail is a Turveydrop in its way, and a model of deportment. Their struttings and posturings are very amusing to witness. The floor is covered with some dozen breeds, which suggest to the mind of the novice the unavoidable mixture of much blood. It is soon explained to him, however, that once the birds have mated—which is done by placing the cock and hen in the same cage or contiguous cages for a few days—they are inseparably wedded to each other for life.

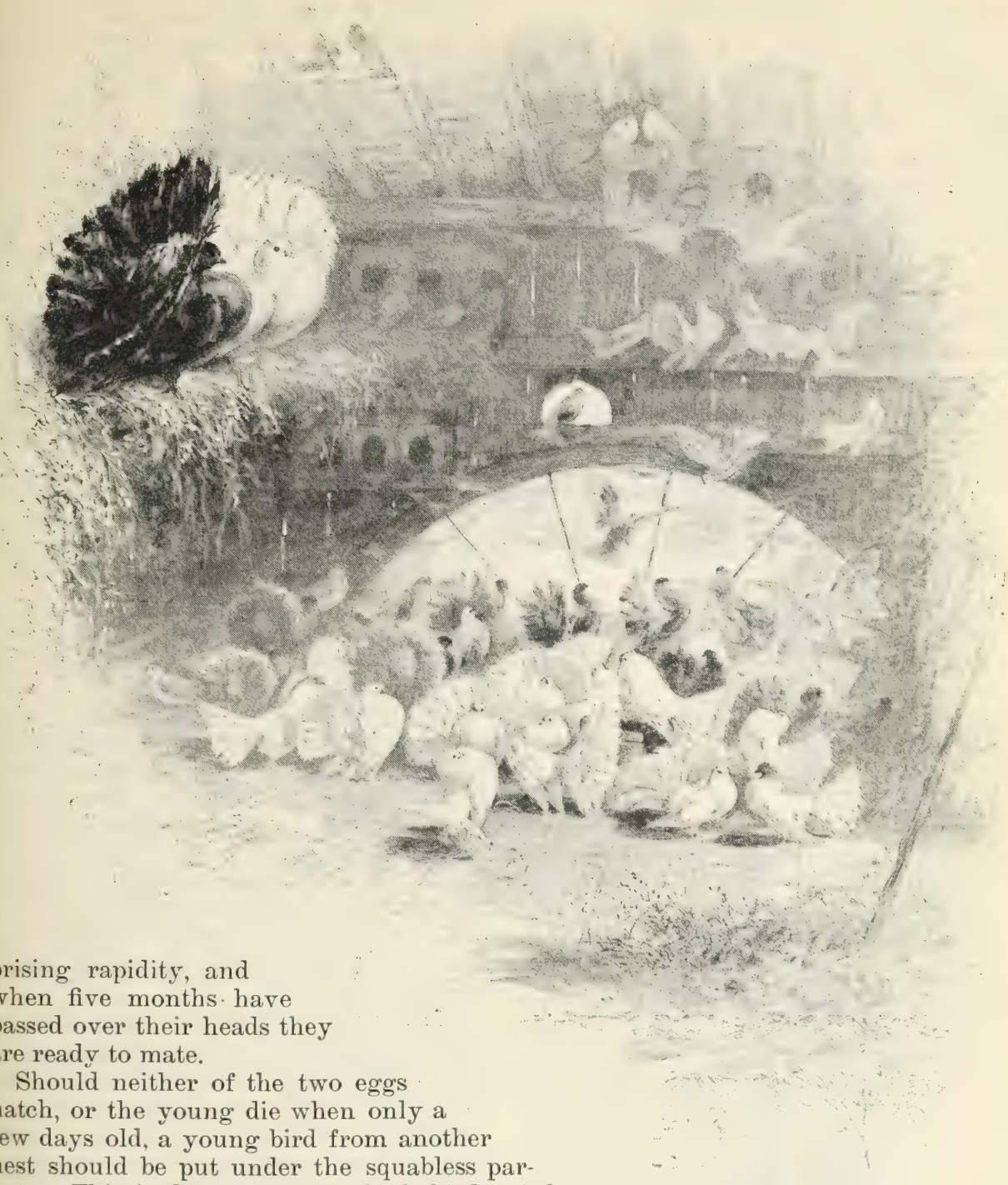
There is joy in the family when Mrs. Pigeon deposits her first egg. Proudly she stands over it to prevent its premature hatching, for, on the third day after, she

intends to lay another. This done, she nestles down upon the twain, and blandly receives the compliments of her spouse. During the eighteen days which is the period of incubation Mr. Pigeon is a paragon of devotion. He even takes his turn in sitting on the eggs. The hen generally sits from five o'clock in the afternoon until nine o'clock in the morning, and then she trips off to chat with her neighbors, while the cock at once takes her place on the nest. In rare instances when the hen bird displays carelessness in returning to her nest at the proper hour, the cock bird will go in search of her, and by pushing and pecking oblige her to take wing, when he drives her back to her nest, and then stands guard over her.

Five days before the eggs hatch, the old birds begin to secrete a soft milky substance in their crops. This is partly digested food, and is in reality the veritable "pigeon milk," regarded by so many as a myth. The younglings, which are almost always a male and female, on emerging from the shell are beyond question the most helpless and hideous offspring in the domestic animal kingdom. For ten days both parent birds feed, in turns, their offspring, taking the young birds' bills in their own, and by a pumping action ingesting this soft food into the young birds' crops. On this food the young birds grow with sur-



POUTERS, CARRIERS, AND BARBS.

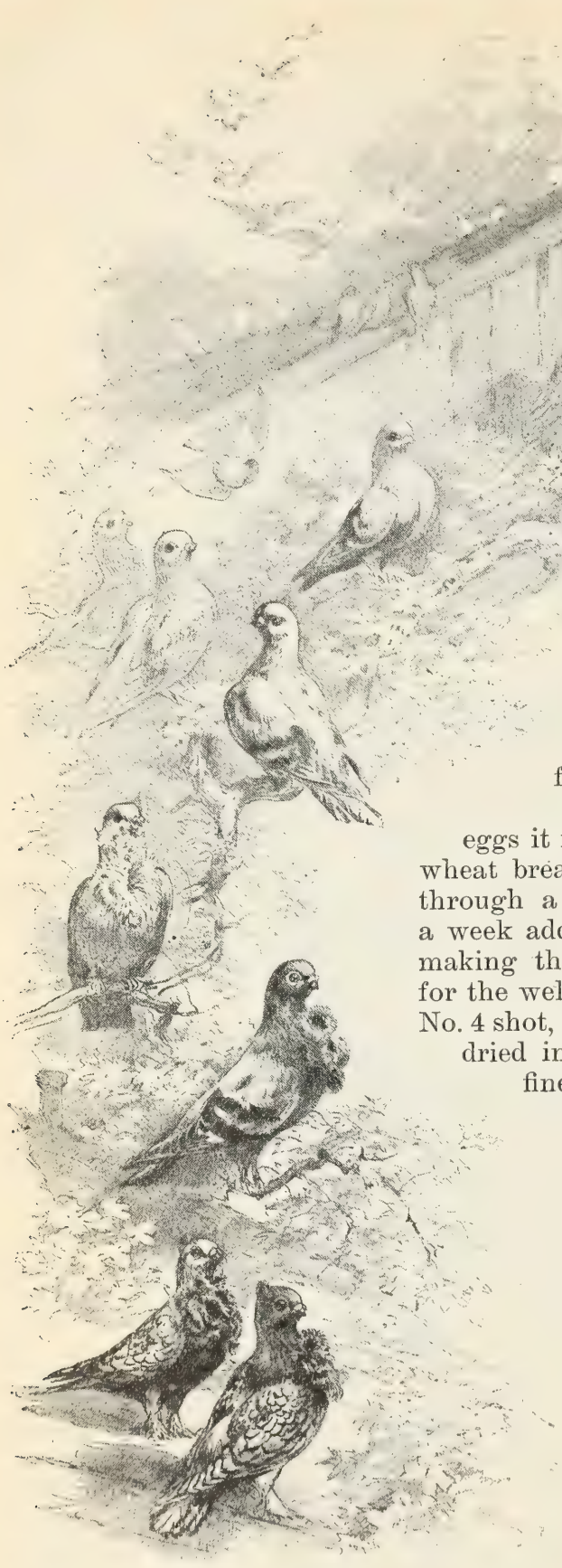


GROUP OF FAN-TAILS.

prising rapidity, and when five months have passed over their heads they are ready to mate.

Should neither of the two eggs hatch, or the young die when only a few days old, a young bird from another nest should be put under the squabless parents. This is done to relieve both birds of the soft food which, even if their young live, remains in their crops for exactly ten days after the eggs are hatched. If, however, it is neglected to give the old birds this means of relief, in their next subsequent hatching both eggs will miss, and again if no young bird is given to them to rid them of the soft food, the old birds at once commence to "grow light," and invariably die. The young bird is the only known means of relief, no artificial means having been devised to perform the same functions.

A good pair of "loft" pigeons will, with care, breed ten pairs of birds a year, this being four pairs in excess of the produce of barn birds, which, as already stated, lay not over six times in a twelvemonth. The "loft" birds moult in the spring and autumn, and during these periods do not breed. Good quality of food has much to do with the success of raising pigeons. After twenty-five years' experience, Mr. Hankins has found the following to be a mixture best suited to our climate: one bushel of Canada pease, one bushel of cracked Indian corn, half a bushel of the very best wheat (not screenings, which are unsatisfactory), and one-quarter of a



TOY PIGEONS.

peck of millet. There is no better food than this on which to regularly feed fancy pigeons.

A few days prior to the hatching of the eggs it is well to feed the parent birds on ground wheat bread one day old, after it has been passed through a sieve. A little hemp seed three times a week added to the regular feed has the effect of making the birds exceedingly tame. In addition, for the welfare of the birds, gravel about the size of No. 4 shot, and ground oyster shells, first heated and dried in an oven, and then ground moderately fine, should be distributed in small trays throughout the loft.

If the old birds should commence to nest while still having young ones to feed, an extra nest box to lay in should be added to the cage. Water and food should be supplied, and the cage door closed to keep both old and young birds in, otherwise the young birds will be neglected and die, or crowded out of their nests. The young should be thus confined until able to feed themselves.

We have now come to an important part of our suggestions for the management of pigeons, namely, the care of the young squabs, which we believe will be received with interest by breeders in this country. The young birds require to be watched daily. The owner should make the rounds of the "loft" both morning and evening, and should be on the alert that the young birds are being well fed and are exempt from sickness. When the value of the birds and the success of the enterprise are considered, and when so much is at stake, it seems unnecessary to advocate untiring vigilance. Pigeons fall heir to as many ailments as human be-

ings; neglect will cause a terrible mortality, but by attention and proper treatment most young birds can be reared. In Mr. Hankins's "loft" when I visited it, out of over five hundred birds there was not a sick one.

In the earlier stages of the squab's life it is frequently subject to colds. Arising from these, when the bird is about ten days old, canker appears in its throat. It forms a hard yellow pus, and is discerned by the fancier on opening the beak and holding the bird in a strong light. The only sure way to relieve and save the bird is by this method, which is known to but very few, and which we confidently recommend as being the most successful ever adopted: Hold the young bird in one hand, and with the thumb and forefinger pressing against its jaws, open the mouth to its greatest extent, then, with the bent portion of a small hair-pin run down the throat, pull out the canker, which can be done by an upward scraping movement. The throat should then be swabbed out with a camel's-hair brush, using Munsel's persulphate of iron in liquid, diluted with a little pure water. The young bird's crop should then be filled by means of a glass syringe charged with cooked oatmeal such as is used on the table. In going the rounds of the loft in the evening, those young birds which have not been properly cared for by their parents should receive a similar dose from the life-saving syringe.

Much has been said and written about the proper methods to pursue to insure successful results in breeding. The main point to be observed is to secure good birds in the first place, and then use discretion and judgment in making the crosses. The breeding of toy pigeons is conducted on the same principle as breeding horses and dogs. The defects of the birds must be studied and overbalanced by proper crosses. That this is Mr. Hankins's method is apparent from the fact that at the second annual show of the New York Fanciers' Club, held at Madison Square Garden, he secured seventy prizes out of an entry of seventy-four pairs of birds, all of which were bred in his loft. In pigeon-breeding the birds generally get their constitution from their mothers, and knowing this, the breeder can either weaken or strengthen the breeds he has in hand. Owls and tumblers are always interbred to produce small and weak birds; still, the infusion of new blood is necessary when the strain becomes too weak or sickly. Barbs, pouters, and English carriers, which are termed the high-grade birds, should never be interbred, even in the most remote degree. The "toys," which include the owls, blondinettes, satinettes, parlor tumblers, magpies, nuns, fan-tails, swallows, turbots, German helmets, and ice-pigeons, are all more or less interbred.

The carrier-pigeon, in the opinion of many high-grade bird-fanciers, stands pre-eminent; and as a model bird of this breed embraces so many "points" or "properties," to create a perfect one is almost impossible. A proper carrier should measure about seventeen inches from tip of beak to end of tail. The beak wattle is considered by the "fancy" to be the most important quality, and next to it the eye wattle. The bird is bred in a variety of colors, such as whites, blacks, duns, blues, and dun pieds. Its name, "carrier," strange to say, sadly belies the bird, for of almost all the breeds it is the least adapted to carry messages. The extravagant prices which first-class specimens of this breed command have already been mentioned in this article.

The pouter, though confessedly one of the best known and most popular birds in England, is not as well known in America. Of it Mr. George Ure, of Dundee, Scotland, in *Cassel's Illustrated Book of Pigeons*, writes: "The pouter is beyond question one of the very finest of all the fancy pigeons; in fact, if those who tell us that *all* our fancy birds are derived from the blue rock are in the right, then I would say he is at the very top of the whole, as no bird has been bred showing such a divergence from the original type as the pouter, and therefore no bird shows the amount of *breeding* which it does. This is apparent, whether we look at the extraordinary length of limb, the wonderful crop, the great length of feather, or the thin girth and lightness in hand (the last is a sure test of a well-bred bird, for no highly bred pouter carries much flesh); and, in addition, the lovely colors and beautifully arranged markings all combine to form a most beautiful and striking-looking bird. They are also very gentle in temper and easily tamed." The standard colors of the pouter are yellow, pied blue, red, and black.

The barb, which was first known in

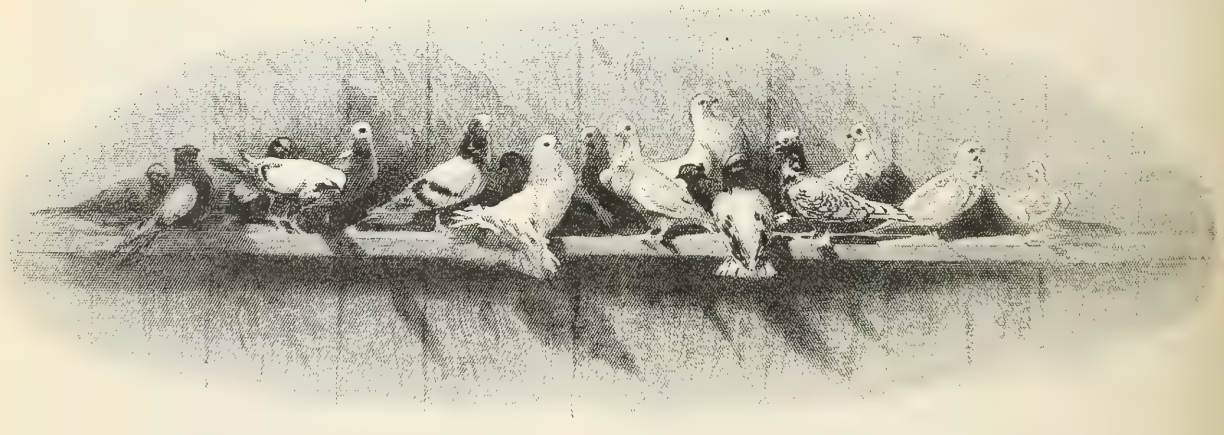
Shakespeare's time in England as the Barbary pigeon, has admirers in this country. The chief points of this bird lie in its head. The birds are small in size, and in color are white, yellow, dun, red, and black. Good pairs range in price from $10 to $100.

The owls, next to the English carriers and pouters, command the largest price of all the toy breeds. They were first introduced in England, coming from Tunis, Africa. The finest specimens weigh but from five to eight ounces each. They are remarkably aristocratic and docile birds, and stand foremost among the "toy" breeds. White African owls with black and blue tails are valued at from $20 to $100 a pair. In color they are white, silver, blue, red, yellow, and black. The Chinese variety is called the sacred bird of China; their colors are the same as the African birds, and they are nearly as valuable. Another variety is the English owl, whose standard colors are black, red, yellow, blue, and silver.

The fan-tails are divided into a number of varieties, such as white Scotch fan-tails, both booted and plain-legged; black booted fan-tails, originally imported from Calcutta; red fan-tails with plain legs, and black fan-tails with plain legs. They are valued at from $20 to $100 a pair, and are a most showy and beautiful bird, whose carriage of head and swan-like neck are regarded of the utmost importance. The pretty blondinettes and satinettes, with their lovely pencilled plumage and grouse-muffed legs, are called Oriental birds, and are natives of Turkey.

The breed of tumblers includes a large number of varieties. In solid colors they are white, black, red, yellow, and also black mottled, yellow mottled, and red mottled. From incessant interbreeding for many generations, Mr. Hankins has been enabled to create a variety which he calls "parlor tumblers." These birds can not fly but six inches from the ground, and in this attempt they turn a complete double somersault.

In closing we may say that if our eyes and ears do not misguide us, the charming custom of breeding choice pigeons will soon attain the same popularity in this country as it now enjoys in England and on the Continent.



EAST ANGELS.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"YES, I have waited. But it was because I have been trying to—to arrange something," Margaret answered.

She had taken her hand from the old pillar; she stood erect now, with the white shawl she was wearing folded closely round her.

"Something nicely calculated to make me suffer more, I suppose. I haven't been punished enough for speaking as I did."

"It wasn't anything that concerned you."

"That everlasting self-possession of yours, Margaret—what a thing it is! Here I come upon you suddenly. You're not a hard-hearted woman at all, and yet, thanks to that, you can receive me with-

out a change of expression; you can see all my trouble and grief, and talk to me about arrangements."

"You asked me—you accused me—" Her calmness was not as perfect as he had represented it.

"What are these arrangements?" he said, abruptly.

"Do you think we had better talk about them?"

"We will talk of everything that concerns you. But don't be supposing I haven't heard. I have seen Aunt Katrina, and forced it out of her. I know you intend to go back to Lanse—intend to go to-morrow."

She did not reply.

"You don't deny it?"

"No, I don't deny it."

"And these arrangements?" His face had a dull white hue of suffering under the bronze which the surface always wore.

"I—I had thought of living here."

"Here, at East Angels, you mean? Oh, you wish to bring *him* here? An excellent idea. Aunt Katrina, then, would not be separated from her dear boy, and Lanse and his retinue would fit in so nicely among all the comforts and luxuries we have between us collected here. Yes; I see. It was my place, to be sure, in the beginning. I selected it—the house—Gracias—the whole. But I can go away, of course, and stay away. I can leave it to Lanse, to the devoted colony of his admirers, who want free range here to make him comfortable."

There was a quiver for an instant in Margaret's throat, though her face did not alter. "My only thought was that perhaps it would be more of a home for me," she answered, looking off over the green open space and the thicket beyond it.

His hardness softened a little. "Of course it would. That is, if you *must* take up that slave's life again. But I am not yet convinced that you are really going to do it."

"I am convinced."

"It will kill you."

"Oh no; it won't be so simple as that. It would be simple enough to die: the difficult thing is to live. And I shall live—you will see; I shall live to grow old. I feel it."

"It will be death, all the same, Margaret—a death in everything save the actual drawing of your breath."

"Yes, it will be that."

"You acknowledge it?"

"Why should I deny it?"

Her eyes were still turned away. He changed his position so that he could have a better view of her face. It was immovable.

"You would let me come and see you now and then?" he said, beginning again. He spoke in what he himself would have called a reasonable tone. "I could help you in a good many ways. Of course, in saying this, you will understand that I agree to accept Lanse—as well as I can."

"You must never come." There was no quiver now; her voice was firm.

"Do you really mean that?"

"I mean it unalterably. Forever."

"It's because I spoke as I did—this is my punishment. But if I promise never to speak in that way again?"

"You must not come."

"Tell me just what it is you intend to do: we'll have it out now. Tell me the whole—you needn't spare."

"After to-day, I wish—I intend—never to see you again—that is, alone. It is hard that you should make me speak it out in so many words."

"Oh—make; you are capable of saying whatever you please without being made. Whatever will do me the most good and hurt me the most—the two are synonymous in your opinion — that is what you delight in."

She stopped. She had turned away with her hand over her eyes.

"You are not as strong as you thought you were; it does hurt you, Margaret, after all, to say such things to me."

There was an old stone seat, with a high back, near the pillar. She sank down upon it, her hand still over her eyes.

"What you wish is to have me leave you—tire you and vex you no more. But I can not go quite yet. I tell you that I will accept Lanse, as well as I can; I promise never again to open my lips as I did that day on the palmetto—island; and still you are going to shut your door in my face, and keep it shut; and you assure me it is forever. This is unreasonable—a woman's unreason. And it's an insult, too, as though I were not a safe person to have about. Why shouldn't I come occasionally? What are you afraid of? You will be surrounded by all your safeguards, your husband at the head. But your own will is a safeguard no human power could break; you are unassail-

able, taken quite by yourself, Mrs. Lansing Harold."

She did not look up.

"And you wouldn't be able, either, to carry it out—any such system of blockade," he went on. "Aunt Katrina would send for me; leaving that aside, Lanse himself would send. Lanse doesn't care a straw what my real opinion of him may be, so long as he can get some talk, some entertainment out of me, and it will be more than ever so now that he is permanently laid up. And if you should tell him of my avowal even, what would he say? 'Of course you know how to take rubbish of that sort'—that is what he would say. And he would laugh delightedly to think of *my* being caught."

Still she did not stir.

He walked off a few paces, then came back. "And here, again, Margaret, even if you should be able to influence both Aunt Katrina and Lanse against me, do you think that would prevent my seeing you—I don't mean constantly, of course, but occasionally? Do you suppose I would obey your rules—even your wishes? Not the least in the world. I should always see you, now and then, in some way. I shouldn't make myself a public annoyance. But—I give you warning—I shall never lose sight of you as long as I breathe, as long as I am alive."

Her hand dropped at last. She looked up at him.

"Yes, I see you are frightened; you wish me to let you go—escape, go back to the house and shut yourself up out of my reach, as you usually do. But this time I'm merciless; I feel that it's my last chance; you can not go (you needn't try to pass me) until you have given me some further explanation of that fixed idea of yours not to see me again—not to see me in spite of your many unassailable protections (including yourself), and my own promises."

She sat there, her eyes on his set, insistent face.

"Why do you make me more wretched than I am?"

"Because I can't help it. There is a reason, then?"

"Yes." She had bent her face down again.

"I thought so. And I am prepared to hear it," he went on.

His voice had altered so as he brought this out that she looked up. "What is it you expect to hear?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

"It's a new discovery, I admit—something that has only just come to me. But it explains everything—your whole course, conduct, which have been such a mystery to me. You love Lanse; you have always loved him. That is the solution. You haven't been truthful in pretending that you didn't. I suppose no woman in such a position as yours could be expected to be truthful. You love him; that is it—you love him so that, in spite of the insult of his long neglect of you, his second desertion, you are glad to go back to him. There have been such cases among women, and yours is one of them. But you do not wish *me* to see the process of your winning him over, or trying to, now that he has at last condescended to come home; so *I* am to be sent away."

She got up. "And if I should say yes to this, acknowledge it, that would be the end? You would not wish to see me again?"

"Don't flatter yourself. Nothing of the kind. Recollect, if you please, that I love you. With me, unfortunately, it's for life. You may be weak enough—depraved enough, I might almost call it—to worship Lanse. Do you suppose that makes any difference in my worshipping you? Do you think it's a matter of choice with me, my caring for you as I do? Do you think I enjoy being mastered in this way by a feeling I can't overcome—I who have always mastered other people and things and circumstances, and have never been mastered myself?"

"I am going to tell you my life," she said.

"I know it already. How beautiful you look!"

"I ought to look hideous." She walked about restlessly for a moment or two, and finally stopped, facing him, behind the old stone seat. Her clasped hands rested on the high top.

"It will make no difference what you say. I can tell you that now," he said, warningly.

"I think it will make a difference. You are not cruel."

"Oh yes, I am."

"I never loved Lanse," she began, hurriedly. "In one way it was not my fault; I was too young, too—too immature to appreciate what love meant; I was pecul-

iarly immature in my feelings—I see that now. But in other things I had high ideals, too high, probably, as girls are apt to have.

"When the blow came, the blow of my discovering—what Lanse has already told you, I was crushed by it. I had never known anything of actual evil. All knowledge of that sort had been carefully kept from me.

"He told me to 'take it as a lady should.' He seemed to have no idea of a moral view of it.

"I had no mother to go to, and I was very young. I felt instinctively, even then, that Aunt Katrina would be of no use. In the overthrow of everything I had depended upon, the best I could think of to do was to hold on to one or two ideas that were left, and that seemed to me right, and one of these was silence; I determined to tell nobody what had really happened; I would be loyal to my husband, or rather to my marriage, as far as I could be, no matter what my husband was to me.

"So I went back to Aunt Katrina (as Lanse preferred). And I told nothing.

"I have no doubt I appeared cold enough. In the beginning there *was* a good deal of coldness, though there was always suffering underneath; but later it wasn't coldness, it was the constant effort to hide, to crush out of existence. I had thought my life difficult, but I had yet to learn that there was something more difficult still. I had not loved Lanse—no; but now I was finding out what love meant, for—for I began to love—you."

Winthrop started, the color rushed up and covered his face in a flood; in his eyes shone the light of a transforming happiness which had never been there before. For this man, in spite of his successes, had never attained much positive happiness for himself in life; Lanse, Lucian, many another idler, attained more. Happiness is an inconsistent goddess, by no means has she always a crown for strenuous effort; very often she seems to dwell longest with those who do not think beyond the morrow; there she sits and basks. However, she had come to Winthrop now, and royally, bringing him that which he cared the most for. He thanked her by his glowing face, the ardor in his eyes.

"It's nothing to be glad about," Margaret had said, sadly. "It's only another trouble. I tell you because I can't endure that you should believe of me what you thought—about Lanse. And also because I am weak—yes, I confess it. You said you intended to see me, follow me. But now that you know how it is with me, you won't do that."

Winthrop's face remained triumphant. "Strange reasoning, Margaret."

"The best reasoning. So long as it was only you, you could do as you pleased. But now that you know that—that others will suffer too—" She paused. "I am sure I have not trusted you in vain?" she said, appealingly.

But he shook his head; the delight still animated him. "You can trust me in any way; I won't take advantage; that is, not now; I won't come a step nearer. But you needn't try to make me think, Margaret, that it's not something to be glad about—to know that you care for me." He laughed a little from his sheer satisfaction; then, in his old way, he put his hands compactly down in the pockets of his coat, and stood there looking at her.

"Is it anything to be glad about—my wretchedness?" she asked, strengthening herself for the contest.

"It makes you wretched? Strange!"

"I am so wretched—I have been wretched so long—that only my firm belief that my Creator knows best has enabled me to live on, has kept me from ending it."

"Why should you be more unhappy than I am? Nothing could make *me* end my life now."

She looked at him in silence.

"If you look at me in that way—" Winthrop began.

She left her place. He stood where he was, watching her; but he was not paying much heed now to what she was saying, or to anything that he might reply. He had the great fact. Man-like, he was enjoying it. It was enough for the present—after all these years.

She seemed to see how little impression she had made. She came back to the old stone a second time to complete her story. "I tried so hard—I was so glad when I saw how you disliked me—"

"It wasn't dislike."

"I thought it was. And I was miserably glad. What did I take charge of Garda for but because I thought you loved her? That should be my penance; she should be like my own sister, and I would do everything that I possibly could for her, for her sake and yours. She was so very beautiful—"

He interposed here. "Yes, she was beautiful; but beautiful for everybody. Your beauty is dearer, because it is kept back, in its fullest sweetness, for the man you love."

But no blush rose in her face; she was too unhappy for that. She was absorbed, too, in trying to reach him, to touch him, so that he would see what must be, as she saw it. "I did all I could for her," she went on, earnestly—"you know I did. I tried to influence her, I tried to love her. And I did love her, in spite of everything—there is much that is fascinating in Garda. And I was sure, too, that she cared for you—"

"It isn't everybody, you must remember, that has your opinion of me," interrupted her listener, delightedly.

"But she herself had told me—Garda had told me. However, I begin to think now that I have never comprehended Garda at all."

"Don't try."

"But I love her just the same. That afternoon when she was on her way to Madam Giron's to meet Lucian and I took her place, it seemed to me that day that a wonderful opportunity had been given to me suddenly to complete my penance to the full, and crush out my own miserable folly. I could save her in your eyes (I thought she meant no harm, she was only lawless), and I could lose myself. For, after that, you could have, of course, only contempt for me. I believed that you loved her; I didn't see how you could help it; I don't see very well even now. And I believed, too, that under all her fancies—I confess they seemed to me strange—her real affection was yours, or would come back to you."

"All wrong, Margaret, the whole of it. Overstrained; morbid, too."

"It may be so. I was very unhappy, I had brooded over everything so long; at least I was trying to do what was best. Next Lanse came back. And that was a godsend."

"Godsend!" said Winthrop, his face darkening.

"Yes. It took me away from you."

"To him."

"You have never understood—I was only the housekeeper—he wished to be made comfortable, that was all. It was infinitely better for me there."

"Infinitely! You looked so well and happy all that time." His joyousness was all gone now; anger had come again into his eyes.

"I could not be happy. How could I be? But at least I was safe. Then he left me that second time, and you were there; that was the hardest of all."

"You bore it well! I remember I found it impossible to get a word with you. The truth is, Margaret, I have never known you to falter. You are not faltering in the least even now. I can't quite believe, therefore, that you care for me as you say you do. You certainly don't care as I care for you; perhaps you can't. But the little you do give me is precious; for even that, small as it is, will keep you from going back to Lanse Harold."

"Keep me from going back? What do you suppose I have told you this for? Don't you see that it is exactly this—my feeling for *you*—that sends me, drives me back to him? On what plea, now, could I refuse to go? The pretense of unhappiness, of having been wronged?" She paused. Then rushed on again. "The law—of separation, I mean—is founded upon the idea that a wife is outraged, insulted, by her husband's desertion; but in my case Lanse's entire indifference to me, his estrangement—these have been the most precious possessions I have had! If at any time since almost the first moment I met you he *had* come back and asked for pardon, reconciliation, promised to be after that the most faithful of husbands, what would have become of me? what should I have said? But he did not ask—he does not now; I can only be profoundly grateful."

"Yes; compare yourself with a man of that sort—do; it's so just!"

"It is perfectly just. I am a woman, surrounded by all a woman's cowardice and nervousness and fear of being talked about; and he is a man, and not afraid; but at heart—at *heart*—how much better am I than he? You do not know." She stopped. "I consider it a part of my offense against my husband that I have never loved him," she added.

"The old story! Go on now and tell me that if you had loved him, he himself would have been better."

"No, that I can not tell you. Even if I had cared for him, I might have had no influence." She spoke with humility.

"You sweet woman—" He left his place.

She moved back.

"Don't be afraid." He stopped where he was.

"Lanse knew perfectly that I did not love him, and never had loved him; he knew it when I didn't," she went on. "And I really think—yes, I must say it—that if I had cared for him even slightly, he would have been more guarded, would have concealed more, spared me more: in little things, Lanse is kind. But he knew that I shouldn't suffer, in that way at least. And it was quite true. My real suffering — the worst suffering—has not come from him at all; it has come from my feeling for you. At first I had plans —I was too young to give up all hope of something better and brighter for myself, some time, in spite of what had happened. But my plans came to an end; as soon as I knew—discovered—that I was beginning to care for you, all my plans turned to keeping in the one straight track that lay before me. I did not think I should fail—"

"I can well believe that!" he interrupted.

"Oh, do not be harsh to me! you do not know. You think my will is strong. But oh! it isn't—it isn't. When Lanse left me that second time, and you were there, I knew then that there was nothing for it but to go, go as far from you as possible; anything less, no matter how I might disguise it, would be staying because I wanted to stay. And I did try to go; I would not stop at that hotel when I saw you on the shore—I went back to the empty house. You kept saying, 'Who should help you, under this blow, if not I?' But you were the last person. And it wasn't a blow—that was the horrible part of it; it was freedom, joy. I dared not stay then. I *will* not now."

"You do well to change the terms," he answered, with unsparing bitterness. "It's nothing but will to-day, whatever it may once have been. I don't believe about your not daring; I don't, in fact, believe—that is, fully—anything you have said."

"Very well; why, then, should I stay here talking longer? You must let me go." She left the place and entered the orange grove, which she was obliged to pass through on her way to the house.

But he overtook her; he stepped in front and barred the way. "You have been remarkably skillful. I demanded an explanation; I was evidently going to make trouble. So you gave me this one: you said that you had, unfortunately for yourself, begun to love me; that was the explanation of everything. You threw me this to stop me, like a bone to a dog, so that you could get comfortably away. But I have this to tell you: if you had really loved me, you couldn't have argued quite so well. And you couldn't go now, either, so self-complacently and contentedly, leaving me here in my pain."

"So be it," she said. She looked through the blossoming aisles to the right, to the left, as if in search of some rescuer, some one.

"But what does a woman like you know of love, after all—real love that burns and throbs?" he went on, with angry scorn. "As a general thing, the better she is, the less she knows. And I have never denied that you were good, Margaret."

She moved to pass him.

"Not yet. You have reasoned the whole case out too well; there was rather too much reason. A lawyer couldn't have done it better."

"I have had time to think of the reasons. How often each day do you suppose I have gone over everything—over and over? And how many days have there been in these long years?"

"It isn't the time. It's your nature."

"Very well. It's my nature."

"But you needn't suppose that your having that nature will stop me," he said, with a certain violence of tone roused by her agreement with these accusations. "You have confessed to some sort of liking for me; I shall take advantage of it as far as it goes (not far, I fear); I shall make it serve as the foundation of all I shall constantly attempt to do."

Her arms dropped by her sides. "Constantly! I believe there is nothing in the world so cruel as a man when he pretends to care for you." She moved off a step or two. "I do not love you, you say? I adore you. From almost the first day I saw you; yes, even from then. It is the one love of my life, and remember I am not a girl; it's a woman who tells you this—to her misery. And it is everything about you that I love—that makes it harder; not only what you say and how you say it, what you think and do, but what you *are*—oh! what you are in everything. The way you look at me, the tone of your voice, the turn of your head, your eyes, your hands—I love them, I love them all. I suffer every moment. It has been so

for years. I am so miserable away from you, so desperate and lonely! And yet, when I am with you, that is harder. Whichever way I turn, there is nothing but pain. It is so torturing that I wonder how I can have lived. Yet would I give it up? Never!"

The splendor of her blue eyes, as she poured forth these words, her rapt expression, the slight figure, erect and tense—he could no more have dared to touch her then than he could have touched a beautiful seraph that had lighted for an instant in his path.

Her eyes suddenly changed. "When I have hurt you," she went on, "it has been *so* hard to do it, Evert—so hard!" She was the woman now; a mist had suffused the blue.

He came toward her; he sank down at her feet. "I am not worthy," he murmured, in real self-abasement.

"No, you are not. But—I love you."

He sprang up. "I *will* be worthy. You shall do all you think right, and I —will help you."

"Yes, help me by leaving me."

"For the present—I will go."

"For always."

"Margaret, do not be too hard. And now, when I know—"

"You *do* believe me, then?" she interrupted, with winning sweetness.

"Yes, I believe you! It makes me tremble to think what it would be if we were married: they *say* people do not die of joy."

She came out of her trance. Her face changed, apprehension returned—the old pain. She rallied her sinking courage. "We will not talk of things that do not concern us," she said, gently. "All my life—that is, the peace of it—is in your power, Evert, now that you know the truth about me. But I am sure I have not put faith in you in vain."

"Don't you remember saying to me once—I have never forgotten it—'Do you wish me to die without ever having been my full self once, always kept back, restrained?' So now I say to you, do you wish to die without ever having lived, fully lived? You have never lived yet with anything like a full completeness. I am not a bad man, I declare it to you; and you are the most unselfish of women. You have a husband who has no claim upon you, either in right or law. Margaret, let us break that false tie. And then!—see, I do not move a step nearer. But I put it before you—I plead—"

"And do you think I need that?—do you think I have not felt the temptation too?" she murmured, looking at him. "When Lanse left me, over there on the river, don't you remember that I went down on my knees? It was the beating of my heart at the thought of how easily after that I could be freed—freed, I mean, by law—that was what I was trying to pray down. To be free to think of you, though you should never know it, even that would have been like a new life."

"Take it now," said Winthrop. He grasped her hand.

But she drew it from him. "Surely you know what I believe, what all this means to me—that for such mistakes as a marriage like mine there is on this earth no remedy."

"We'll *make* a remedy."

Again she strengthened herself against him. "Do you think that a separation—I will use plain words, a divorce—is right when it is obtained, no matter what the outside pretext, to enable two persons who have loved each other unlawfully to marry?"

"Unlawfully—you make me rage! *Lanse* is the unlawful one."

"That doesn't excuse me."

"Don't put the word excuse anywhere near yourself when you are talking of Lanse; I won't bear it. And nothing is wrong that we can not possibly help, Margaret; any one would tell you that. If it is something beyond our wills, we are powerless."

"Against my love for you I may be powerless—I am. But not against the indulgence of it."

"You are too strong," he began. "*I* couldn't pretend—" Then he saw how she was trembling.

From head to foot a quiver had seized her, the lovely shoulders, the long lithe length of limb which gave her the step he had always admired so much, the little hands, though she had folded them closely as if endeavoring to stop it, even the lips with their sweet curves—the tremor had taken them all from her control; she stood there helpless before him.

"I can't reason, Margaret, and I won't; in this case reason's wrong, and you're wrong. You love me—that I know. And the power for good of such a love as yours —you magnificent woman, not afraid to

tell it—that power shall *not* be wasted and lost. Have you I will!" It was more than a touch now; he held her white wrists with a grasp like iron, and drew her toward him. "I hold you so, but it won't be for long. In reality I am at your feet," he said.

She had not struggled; she made no effort to free herself. But her eyes met his, full of an indomitable refusal. "I shall never yield," she said.

Thus they stood for a moment, the two wills grappled in a mute contest.

Then he let her hands drop.

"Useless!" she said.

"Though you love me."

"Though I love you."

"It's enough to make a man curse goodness, Margaret; remember that."

"No, no."

"Oh, these good people!" He threw his arm out unconsciously with a force that would have laid prostrate any one within its reach. "You are an exception — you are going to suffer; but generally these good people who are so hard in their judgment of such things, they have never suffered themselves in the least from any of this pain; the comfortably married, who have had all they want in the way of love and home, they are always the hardest upon those who, like me, like you, have nothing, who are parched and suffering, and lonely and starved. They would never do so—oh no! they are too good. All I can say is, let them try it. Margaret"—here he came back to her—"think of the dreariness of it; leaving everything else aside, just think of that. We are excited now; but, when this is over, think of the long days and years without anything to brighten them, anything we really care for. That breaks down the best courage at last, to have nothing one really cares for."

She did not answer.

"I could make you so happy!" he pleaded.

Her face remained unmoved.

"I long for you so!" he went on. "Without you, I don't know where to turn or what to do." He said it as simply as a boy.

This overcame her; with bent head she left him, and hurried through the grove on her way to the house. He could hear her sob as she went.

Dr. Kirby's figure had appeared at the end of one of the orange aisles; when he saw Margaret hurrying forward, he hastened his steps. Then he ran. For now Winthrop was supporting her; her foot had slipped, and he had caught her. Both her hands were over her face: but her strength was gone; the sobs that shook her she could no longer control.

The Doctor came panting up. "Faintness, probably," Winthrop explained. "Perfumes affect her so, I believe. It's the grove." He got this out as well as he could.

"My dear Mrs. Harold—" began the Doctor.

But she seemed to hear neither of them.

The Doctor put his hand on her pulse. "Nervous prostration," he murmured. "Will you go to the house for help to carry her in? Or shall I?"

"I can carry her myself," said Winthrop, shortly.

"She's light, I know. Still, it's quite a distance," the Doctor answered, objectingly.

But Winthrop had already lifted her. Her hands had dropped; unconsciousness was coming over her, had already come; the garden hat she wore had fallen; her head with the closed eyes, her fair cheek, the soft mass of her hair, lay against his shoulder.

The Doctor went on with them for several hundred yards; he was not sure that Winthrop's strength would hold out. (If he could have had a glimpse of this Northerner's trained muscles he would have doubted no longer.) In his anxiety he advanced all the distance on tiptoe, in order to be able to peer over Winthrop's arm and watch the patient's face.

Winthrop's strength appeared to be perfect.

"I will hurry forward, then, and have everything ready," the Doctor said.

He let himself down on his whole foot again. Then, after one good breath, he set off. He would have liked to think that he was running; he was certainly going as fast as he could, but the gait was a trot. Thus trotting bravely, he passed out of sight.

The grove was long. Winthrop walked steadily. He reached at last the end of the white-blooming forest. Here the path entered a high thicket that lay beyond.

The fresher, unperfumed air brought Margaret to herself. She stirred. Next her eyes opened; they rested uncomprehendingly on his face.

Beyond this thicket lay the garden, where their figures would be in full view; then came the open space and the house. He was human, and he stopped. "You fainted. The perfume of the grove, I suppose," he said, explaining.

Then it all came back to her. He could see remembrance dawn in her eyes, the fear return.

It seemed a cruel thing, her fear—cruel that she should have to suffer from that.

But he had her—he had her! Perhaps he could calm it. "Margaret," he said.

She tried to put her hand up. But it fell lifelessly back.

This sign of weakness struck him to the heart. What if she should die! Women so slight in frame, and with that fair, pure whiteness like the inside of a seashell, were often singularly—to a man inexplicably—delicate.

Her eyes had closed again. He held her closely; but now, save for the holding, he would not touch her. For it seemed to him then that if he should allow himself to yield to his longing wish and put his lips down upon hers, she might die there in his arms. It would be taking advantage; in her present state of physical weakness her will might not be able to help her as it had helped her before; she was powerless now to resist, and—she loved him. But as soon as she should become fully conscious that she had yielded, then the reaction might come. For between the depth of her love and the sensitiveness of her conscience, this proud will of hers had held the balance, and if he should break it, brutally crush it, her life might yield too.

He hastened on now. He went hurriedly through the garden and across the open space toward the house. He had conquered himself for her sake. But of course he was not in the least content. "This is temporary," he thought—"only temporary. She will be better soon. Then I can convince her."

She seemed to have comprehended in some vague way that he would not disturb her, for her breathing had become less hurried; now she appeared to sleep. Yet as he looked at her again, just before he reached the house, there was in her sleeping face an expression that frightened him, a lassitude as of a person whose strength is exhausted, who has struggled to the utmost, and given up.

The Doctor and Celestine were waiting at the lower door.

The Doctor had ridden down to East Angels that day to pay one of his regular visits to Kate. And that lady, still under the disturbing influence of Winthrop's abrupt appearance and still more abrupt tone, had asked him to go out and "rescue" Margaret, who was in the garden, or "somewhere about." "I am sorry to say that my nephew—I refer now to Evert—does not approve, strange as it may seem to you, of my niece's returning to her husband," Kate announced, with stateliness. "Evert is at times subject to singular aberrations of judgment. It was the same with his father, Andrew Winthrop. Ah, my poor sister could have told a tale! But she has gone where there are no more"—it almost seemed as if she meant to say "Winthrops," and the Doctor had a quick vision of where it was she must consider them to be, but she substituted "troubles," and added that she should be much relieved if Margaret could be "brought in" (from the harassing Winthrop who had not yet gone) to that fold of peace which, she gave the Doctor to understand, always existed at her side. That day of happiness (to-morrow), when Margaret was to return to her "dear husband" (Lanse), ought not to be marred by any "unseemly contentions" on this. "Poor Gertrude! how it reminds me!" (Handkerchief.)

Much as he admired Katrina, the Doctor had not on the present occasion taken the trouble to return to her sitting-room to inform her that her niece was being "brought in" now by a harassing Winthrop in person, and that she was ill; he considered that he and Celestine were quite enough.

Winthrop refused their aid. He carried Margaret up the stairs and across the hall to her own room, where he laid her down upon the bed. It had not been sleep, after all; she was again unconscious.

"I will wait below, Doctor. Come and tell me, please, what you make out."

The Doctor had divined a good deal during this last quarter of an hour. In this stricken woman, this abruptly speaking man, he felt the close presence of something he fully believed in, old though he was—overwhelming love. Placid as they were, it could bring only unhappiness. He had no confidence whatever in

Winthrop, simply because he was a man. In such situations men were selfish (he himself should have been no better). Of course at the time they did not call it selfishness; they called it devotion. But in Margaret his confidence was absolute. And it was with a deep, tender pity for her, for all she had still to go through, that he now bent over her.

Winthrop had gone down-stairs; he paced to and fro in the long stone-flagged hall below. The door stood open; the deep soft blue of the Florida sky filled the square frame. "If she only lifts her head again—if only she doesn't die!" This was the paralyzing dread that held him now like a suffocation. He kept thinking how like a dead person she had looked as he laid her down. "If she only comes to, if she only revives, I will go away, and stay away." In his fear, he could consent to anything.

The Doctor came down after a while. They were two men together, so their words were not many; they were just enough to answer the purpose. "I think I can assure you that she will come out of it safely," the Doctor said. "She seems unaccountably weak: she will have to keep her bed for a while; but I am almost positive that it is not going to be one of those long illnesses which sometimes follow attacks of this sort."

"I am very glad to hear it," Winthrop answered. "If you would let me know from time to time? This is my New York address." He scribbled it on a card. "It will be more satisfactory to hear directly from you."

"You are going?"

"Back to New York. Immediately."

"Oh," said the Doctor. Then, "Ah," he added, this time with the accepting falling inflection.

Winthrop was behaving much better then he had thought he would. All the same, it was now the part of every one to speed him on his way. The Doctor was a good man; he was also a High-Churchman, with the deepest veneration for the sanctity of marriage. He was a conservative in all things. Yes, then, in spite of everything, this Northerner must be speeded on his way.

All the same, he was ardently sorry for him. "I will write with great regularity," he said, extending his hand in good-by. "I will write three times a week," he added, with heartiness. He wanted to do something for the man, and this was all he could do.

He returned to his patient. Winthrop went out to order the negroes to reharness the horses that had brought him from the river.

He came back while they were making ready. The lower door still stood open; the house was very quiet. He stole upstairs and listened for a moment in the hall, near Margaret's room. There was no sound within. He had the man's usual fear—non-comprehension—of a woman's illness. "Why are they so quiet in there?" he thought. "Why don't they speak? *What* are they doing to her?"

But there was a very good reason for the stillness: the Doctor had given Margaret a powerful sedative, and he and Celestine were quietly waiting for the full effect.

Winthrop at length left the door; he realized that this was not a good beginning in the carrying out of his promise to himself. The Doctor was not a man to lie. Margaret of course was not seriously ill, or he would at once have said so.

As he passed down the hall on his way to the stairs again he happened to have a glimpse into a room whose door stood partly open; here, ranged in order, locked and ready, were Margaret's trunks, prepared for the journey to Fernandina.

Well, if he was to get away at all, he must go at once.

Two weeks passed before the Doctor would allow his patient to begin her night without an opiate to numb her constant weariness into some semblance of rest. During this time he himself did not leave East Angels.

If he had known these facts, Evert Winthrop might have had grounds for accusing him of some concealments. But when the Doctor gave his first answer he really believed what he said. Margaret had not rallied as he had thought she would; her strength had not come quickly back. Celestine was her devoted nurse by night and by day. And the two powers together, physician and attendant, kept every one else from the room; without a word to each other on this subject, firmly they maintained the rule.

Aunt Katrina, as usual, made her lament over the plain facts before her: Aunt Katrina always held to the facts. "What a pity that it should have hap-

pened now, at the very moment when Lanse is expecting her! Now he will have to wait. Margaret, poor child, has next to no stamina, and in the long-run that tells. I have often wished that I could give her some of *my* endurance, which has borne me through so much! But all the Beekmans are noted for their wonderful fortitude; it's constitutional with us, I think."

At the beginning of the third week the pale woman in the darkened room began to recover some of her vitality; she asked to have the curtains drawn aside so that she could see the sky again; she spoke to them; she refused their opiates, even the mildest. The Doctor remained several days longer. Then, as the improvement continued, he went up to Gracias; he thought he might as well see what the student whom he had taken into his office had been making of his other patients meanwhile, this student being Reuben Boise, brother of Jeremiah Boise, the lawyer from Maine (whose chest had gained in breadth two full inches under the Doctor's ministrations).

That night, about one o'clock, Margaret spoke. "Celestine?"

A tall figure appeared from a dark corner.

"I told you not to sit up to-night; I feel perfectly well."

"There's a lounge here, Miss Margaret. I can lay down nice as can be."

"No, you are not to stay; I do not wish it."

Celestine demurred. But as Margaret held to her point, she yielded finally, and went out. Some minutes after the door had closed, with a slow effort Margaret raised herself. Then she sat resting for a while on the edge of her bed. Her hair, braided by Celestine in two long plaits whose soft ends curled, gave her the look of a school-girl. But the face was very far from that of a school-girl; in the faint light of the night-lamp, the large sad eyes and parted lips were those of a woman. She rose to her feet at last, feet fair on the dark carpet; her long white draperies, bordered with lace, clung about her. With a step that still betrayed weakness, she crossed the room to a desk, unlocked it, and took something out. It was a little picture in a slender gilt frame. She stood looking at this for a moment. Then she sank down beside the lounge, resting her arm and head upon it, and holding her poor treasure to her heart. She held it closely; the sharp edge of the frame made a deep dent there; and she was glad that it hurt her, that it bruised the white flesh and left a pain. At first her eyes remained dry. Then her wretchedness overcame her, and she began to cry: being a woman, she must cry. Her life stretched out before her. If only she were old; but she might live forty years more—forty years! "And I have sent him away from me. Oh, how can I bear it!"—this was what she was saying to herself over and over again.

If the man whose picture she held could have heard the words her heart spoke to him that night—the unspeakable tenderness of her love for him, the strength, the unconscious violence almost, of its sweet overwhelming tide—no bolts, no bars, no promises even, could have kept him from her.

But he could not hear. Only that Unseen Presence who knows all our secrets, our pitiful, aching, closely hidden secrets —only this Counsellor heard Margaret that night; guardian angel, is it? or may it be sometimes the mother's spirit that comes back to help her daughter? (For our mother never forgets us, I think, even in heaven.) This Unseen Presence is always merciful; much more merciful than man would ever be. Margaret, walking up and down the floor, now with sobbing breath and bent head, now with dreaming happiness in her eyes as she lost herself for a moment in adoring fancies; and now again with the pallor of exaltation and self-sacrifice, only to be succeeded by another access of despair, when, prone on the couch, the picture held again to her heart, she realized what it would be to go on, day by day, without him, never to see him (for to that it must come), the man who held her whole being in his hand—this is what the Unseen Presence beheld that night in the faintly lighted room without one word of reproach.

Women who love but once, women reserved, restrained, apparently cold, love, if they love at all, like that.

As she herself had said, "Oh, not to care so much!"

And again, in her self-abasement, she had moaned, "It is of such that the good are made."

Some of the good, no doubt. But those who can feel temptation in its utmost force, and yet resist it, stand higher, Mar-

garet, than those who have never felt it at all, or only in small degree. They are very sweet—some of these saints in whose gentle breasts nothing answers when Temptation calls. But there is another sweetness, that which, after long pain and suffering and struggle, comes with the hard-won victory.

For these tempests of fiercely torturing feelings, the longing love, the relapses into hopelessness, and then the slow, slow return toward self-control again, the merciful Unseen Presence had no rebukes at all—not one; only pity the most tender. For it knew that this was a last struggle; it knew that this conscience would at the end, though torn and crushed, come out on the side of duty and of right—that strange hard right which, were this life all, would be plain wrong. And Margaret herself knew it also, yes, even now miserably knew (and rebelled against it) that she should come out on that hard side, and from that side go forward. It would be blindly, stubbornly; there could be for her no hope of happiness; she scorned make-believes and substitutes; lies were no better because they were pious lies. She could endure, and she must endure; and that was all. She could see no further before her now than the next step in her path. But that was the way it would be—from step to step only: dreary, dull, always the same effort: that would be her life.

She did not come fully to this now; her love still tortured her; she still wept, and wept. And then at last the merciful Presence gently touched her hot eyes and despairing heart, and, with the picture still in her hand, she sank into dreamlessness, a lethargy of exhaustion.

When Celestine ventured to steal softly in an hour later, she found her charge, like a figure of snow, on the floor, the lamp-light shining across the white throat, the only place where its ray touched her.

The New England woman bent over her noiselessly. Then she lifted her. As she did so the little picture dropped; she had no need to take it up to know whose face was there. "Poor child!"—this was the old maid's mute cry. She had the pity of a woman for a woman.

She placed Margaret in bed; then lifting the picture with a delicate modesty which there was no one there to see, she put it hurriedly back into Margaret's hand without looking at it, and laid the hand where it had been, across the fair breast. "When she comes to, first thing she'll remember it and worry. And then she'll find it there, and think nobody knows—she'll think she went back to bed herself." Thus she guarded her.

Grim, flat-chested old Celestine believed ardently, like the Doctor, in love. But like the Doctor, too, she believed that marriage should be held indissoluble; the Carolina High-Churchman and the Vermont Calvinist were agreed at least in this. Mistakes were plenty, of course; but when once they had been made, there was no remedy in this life; of this she was sure. But how if one happened to be bound upon the rack meanwhile—a woman, for instance—how then? Margaret was on the rack now.

The dress-maker, after looking at her tear-wet face, went off and dropped down on her knees in the dark corner to "offer prayer." But for the first time in her life she found no words ready; what, indeed, should she pray for? That Margaret might die? She was too fond of her for that. That Lanse might be taken? That had a murderous sound, even if you called it "taken." That Margaret's love might cease? But she knew very well that it would not. So all she said was, "O Lord, help her!" very fervently. Then she got up and briskly set about applying restoratives.

A week later, when Margaret had left her room for the first time, Celestine, at work there alone, restoring for her own satisfaction that folded, speckless, lavender-scented order over every inch in which her soul delighted, found upon the hearth, mixed with the ashes, some burned bent metal fragments that had once been gilded—the top of a little frame. She knew then that the last sacrifice had been accomplished. A small one, a detail; but to women the details are hardest.

Celestine thereafter thought of Margaret with almost the same reverence (her highest for human beings) which she gave to missionaries. Missionaries to Africa.

Nothing, however, could have made the dress-maker put any of these feelings of hers into words, not even mute ones, spoken to herself alone. For the subject, pure and beautiful as it was (and her spinster mind dimly recognized that it was the most beautiful thing it had ever

come near), this subject in itself lay too near the border beyond which began what she called "Iniquity." That it stood there without yielding, that it would never overpass, this she knew absolutely. And this she was proud of. But instinctively she felt, too, that it was "no place for single women." And she kept up all the time a belief, like a tall screen, that in reality she knew "nothing about it—the whole affair." Her virginal old feelings, shy, shrinking, and a little dry, had to have that as a refuge.

"I say, Morehouse, I've never known Evert Winthrop to work as hard as he's doing now," a man in "iron" remarked one day, in New York, not long after this, to another of the same guild. "I thought he'd got through. He made enough for ten when he was in before, and I never thought he cared about money-making just for its own sake."

"Then that's where you're mistaken," Morehouse responded. "Winthrop's ambitious—that's it. Awful thing—ambition; curse of the country. I can tell yer that, Jackson." He spoke in a moralizing tone.

"Oh, is it? Who made a clean sweep not three months ago, and left us all sprawling?" demanded Jackson, sarcastically.

Winthrop was ambitious; ambitious of fully occupying himself, if that were possible. It was not always easy. His face began to wear a stern expression. "How he drives things!" people said.

The Doctor had kept him strictly informed of Mrs. Harold's health. At first the letters were all the same. But after a while he had written that he was glad to say that she was much better. And then he wrote that she was well. For a long time to come, however (he added), any over-pressure or excitement would be sure to prey upon and exhaust her nervous energy. And then, in case of a second attack, he should not be able to answer for the consequences; an illness, months long, would probably be the least of them. Later he wrote that Mrs. Harold's strength would not now be taxed by any more "untoward interruptions"; she had made her intended journey to Fernandina, he was glad to say, and had returned in safety, Mr. Harold having returned with her. Everything was now very comfortably arranged at East Angels; Mr. Harold had the west rooms, and the men he had brought with him—he had three at present—seemed to understand their duties fairly well. Mr. Harold was carried every evening into Mrs. Rutherford's sitting-room, which was an agreeable change for all. Mrs. Rutherford herself had improved wonderfully since her nephew's arrival.

Concerning these letters of his to Evert Winthrop the Doctor felt such a deep sense of responsibility that, short as they were, he wrote them and rewrote them, inspecting each phrase from every possible point of view before his flourishing old-fashioned quill finally set it down.

This last result of his selection of the fittest, Winthrop received one morning at breakfast. He read it; then started out and went through his day as usual, having occupations and engagements to fill every hour. But days end; always that last ten minutes at night will come, no matter how one may put it off. Winthrop put off his until after midnight. But one o'clock found him caught at last; he was alone before his fire; he could no longer prevent himself from taking out that letter again and brooding over it.

He imagined East Angels, he imagined Lanse; he imagined him in Aunt Katrina's pleasant room, with the bright little evening fire sparkling on the hearth, with Aunt Katrina herself beaming and happy, and Margaret near. Yes, Lanse had everything; he had always had everything. He had never worked an hour in his life; he had pleased himself invariably; he had given heed to no one and yielded to no one; and now when he was forced at last by sheer physical disability to return home, all comfort, all devotion awaited him there, bestowed, too, by the very persons he had most neglected and wronged. "Unjust! unjust!"—this was his bitter thought.

If it had not been for the fear that kept him all the time fettered he would have thrown everything to the winds and started again for Florida that night; he would have swept the woman he loved out of that house, and borne her away somewhere—anywhere—and he should have felt that he was justified in doing it. But Margaret—he had always to reckon with that determination of hers to do what was right, even in the face of her own despair. And as to what was right he had never been able in the least to confuse her, to change her, as a man can often change

the woman who loves him. Just the same she saw it now, and had seen it from the beginning, in spite of all his arguments and pleadings, in spite of all her own.

She loved him; but she would not yield; and these two forces, both so strong that they bent her and swayed her like torturers—if the strife should begin again between them, as it must if he should go to her entreating, was there not danger (as the Doctor, indeed, had written) that her life would give way under it, perhaps end? He had never forgotten the feeling in his arms of her inert form as he laid it down that day upon the bed, the helpless fallen hands, the white still face. He should not be able to overpower—he felt that he should not—that something, something stronger than herself, which he had seen looking from her eyes that day in the orange grove; this would remain unchanged, unconquered, though he should have carried her away from everybody, to the ends of the earth, and though—she loved him.

He buried his face in his hands. No; first of all she must not die. For there was always the chance that Lanse himself might die: this did not seem to him a murderous thought, as it had seemed to poor Celestine; if it was to happen, it was to happen, and nothing he could do would hasten or delay it. Meanwhile the chance existed. It came across him suddenly that Lanse would probably be quite willing to discuss it with him; he would say, "Well, you know, I can't quite die to please you; but if things are as you say, I perfectly appreciate how very convenient it would be." Lanse had no fear of death. He called it "a natural change." None but a fool, he said, could fear the natural.

Winthrop got up at last and went to the window. The brilliantly lighted street lay below him; but he was not thinking of New York. He was thinking of that old gray-white house in the South, the house he had been fond of, but whose door was now closed to him, perhaps forever. For, unexplainably, though he hoped for Lanse's death, he had not the slightest expectation of it in reality. Both he and Margaret had the sense of a long, long life before them. There would be no change, no relief, nothing unusual or exciting; only the slow flight of the long days and years, and that would be all. He came back to his hearth; the fire had died; he sat down and stared at the ashes.

The picture he had seen had been a correct one. That same night the little light-wood glow that Aunt Katrina liked to see in the evening had shown itself gayly on her hearth at East Angels, throwing out its faint sweet odor of the pine; the three lamps were shaded in rose-color; a little table in one corner held delicate cups and the old silver coffee-pot of Cornelius Beekman. Lanse always wished coffee after his dinner, and Aunt Katrina, learning this, was determined that he should have it "properly"; so she sent north for the cups and the massive squat old coffee-pot and sugar-bowl of her grandfather, a highly respectable old Dutchman, whom his granddaughter considered still (in memory) one of the bulwarks of the Hudson.

Lanse himself was extended upon a sofa, luxuriously propped with cushions. He looked well; he even looked handsome. Aunt Katrina declared that all his old beauty was coming back to him; he had lost flesh, and the well-cut line of his features, the light of his deep brown eyes, had the predominance now over the once threatening aspect of bulk. His roll of fish-nets—for he had carried out his idea of learning to make them—lay near him; within reach, too, was the beloved volume of Mino outlines. But at present he was occupied with neither of these, he was absorbed in the contemplation of a bird. The little creature lay extended on the palm of his right hand; Lanse was surveying it thoughtfully, while with his left he stroked his thick short beard, in the way that was habitual with him.

He knew much of birds. But he was not sure about this one. It had been shot that afternoon on the barren by one of his men, and he had given the fellow a piece of his mind, too, about it! To shoot harmless creatures that were not to be used as food—Lanse detested that. The little dead songster was very beautiful; his tiny throat was like dark green velvet, his plumage of brighter green and gold.

Margaret sat near a table which held one of the lamps; she was sewing. Her dress of pale soft silk, the old gleam of a few jewels, the mist of lace—all this was as it had been in the house on the point.

At the corner of the hearth was Aunt Katrina; as Winthrop had imagined, she had a very beaming face. She cared

more for Lanse than for any one in the world. Real tears of motherly joy had filled her eyes the first time he had been brought in to see her after his arrival.

"Comical, isn't it, Aunt K., that neither of us can stir a step?" had been Lanse's greeting. "There must be rheumatism on one side of the family tree, gout on the other."

"Gout, gout," said the lady. "*Suppressed* gout," she explained, with gentle emphasis.

On the present evening Dr. Kirby had been paying them a visit. He had had two cups of the delicious coffee; he had played several games of backgammon with the fascinating Kate. Then he had been obliged to take leave, as he was to ride back to Gracias that night, the moon being full.

Aunt Katrina had enjoyed his visit: she always enjoyed his visits. But even more did she enjoy the presence of her boy; she now sat leaning back and looking at him in placid satisfaction, holding up, meanwhile, according to her custom, her little silken hand-screen between her face and the fire.

"Oh, isn't this comfortable?" she broke out at last—exclamation of sheer content. "And to think how many *years*, Lanse, we were without you!"

"I'm not satisfied about this bird yet, Gretchen," remarked Lanse, still absorbed. "I wish you would write to-morrow to Greeno about it for me. If you like, I'll dictate the description, now to save time."

And then his wife put down her work, and rose to get pen and paper.

CATTLE-RAISING ON THE PLAINS.

BY FRANK WILKESON.

ALL the region lying between the Sierra Nevada Mountains and the 101st meridian I rightly designate as the arid zone. The tract of land lying between the 97th and 101st meridians I properly designate as semi-arid. The western portion of the semi-arid belt is much drier than the eastern. West of the 101st meridian the land is, as a whole, unfit for agriculture, owing to insufficiency of rainfall. Westward from the 95th meridian the rainfall steadily diminishes, and the altitude of the land increases. Along the 95th meridian there is an annual rainfall of about 37 inches, 15 of which fall during the autumn and winter; along the 97th meridian, about 32 inches, 10 of which fall during the autumn and winter; along the 99th meridian, about 27 inches, 10 of which fall during the autumn and winter; along the 101st meridian, about 17 inches, 5 of which fall during the autumn and winter; at Denver, about 13 inches. In the basin lying between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada Mountains little rain falls. The peculiarities of the climate west of the 101st meridian are determined by the direction of the wind and the physical configuration of the country. The prevailing winds on the Pacific coast are westerly. Sweeping over the warm Japan stream, they strike the coast heavily laden with vapor. During the summer, when the land is warmer than the water, the moisture these winds carry is not precipitated in crossing the Sierra Nevada Mountains or the Rocky Mountains, nor is it precipitated in the arid basins, or on the parched plains, where the air is heated as if by a furnace. In the winter the land is colder than the water. The air is chilled as it sweeps over the Coast Range of mountains. Precipitation sets in. Then crossing the Sierra Nevada Mountains, the westerly winds sweep across the arid basin lying east of that mountain system, and strike the Rocky Mountains, consisting generally of three lofty and parallel ranges. The excessive cold encountered on these snowy heights, where the mercury stands far below zero for months, wrings the last particle of precipitable moisture from the clouds, and they disappear, leaving a cloudless sky over the great plains. The truth of this theory is shown by the snowfall in the mountains. From fifteen to twenty feet of packed snow falls in the Cascade Mountains in Washington Territory. The snowfall in the Sierra Nevadas is almost as great. In the third range of the Rockies I have seen sixteen feet of snow in the timber; in the second range, seldom more than six feet;

in the front range, not more than three or four feet falls. The rain-storms that occasionally rage over the arid plains during the summer are probably bred among the mountains, where the snow lies. The peculiarities of the climate of the cattle or range country are probably unchangeable, and if it is to remain a grazing country, it is essential that it remain arid.

By the middle of July the grass on nearly all the cattle ranges is dry. It has ripened. It is dead. Nature has not saved the cattle-growers the labor of providing winter's food for their animals, as they would have the ignorant believe; but she has, in conformity with her laws governing plant life in an arid land, hastened the growth of the grass, and brought it to early maturity. After the grass is thoroughly dry, every rain that falls injures it by washing out some of its nutriment. This being so, it is easy to see why the rains that fall in late summer and autumn are dreaded by the cattle-raisers. If but little rain falls after the grass is dead, the stronger cattle can live through almost any winter, it matters not how severe it may be, provided the range is not overstocked. But if a large portion of the nutriment has been washed out of the grass by unseasonable rains, and this disaster is followed by a hard winter, many thousands of range and pilgrim cattle die. It is not possible for an animal to eat sufficient quantities of dead, water-soaked grass to supply the fire of life with fuel.

During the winter of 1871 and 1872 I engaged in the handling of Texas cattle in the semi-arid belt of Kansas. I had provided no food for my stock. I knew that cattle could and did winter on the plains far north and west of where I was; but I did not know that there was a difference in the nutritious qualities of the different prairie grasses. I did not understand the peculiarities of the climate of the semi-arid belt, nor the effects of rain falling on dead grass. Stupid of me, of course, but I had plenty of company. My neighbors were bright Germans, intelligent Englishmen, and keen Americans from almost every State in the Union. We were a hopeful band, young, strong, and eager. When we gathered into our wretched hovels o' nights, and the pipes were glowing, our talk was of cattle, cattle, cattle. The sales of steers off the range at six cents per pound, live weight, made the previous spring, were strongly dwelt upon. I was repeatedly assured that the Kansas winters were so mild that I would not need a coat. The height the new prairie grass would surely be on the 1st of March was measured on table legs by outstretched and dirty index fingers for my instruction and encouragement. There was not one of all the band of eager men who rode the Kansas plains in those days who did not firmly believe that our fortunes were made. The country was full of cattle. November came in with a blizzard, and, with slight interruptions, kindly allowed by Nature for the purpose of affording us opportunities to skin dead cattle, the blizzard lasted until March, and the cold, stormy weather for two months longer. There was no new grass until the middle of May. In all the Texas herds held in Kansas the losses were heavy. Hardly a herd lost less than 50 per cent., and 60, 70, and 80 per cent. losses were common. By spring we learned that great herds of heavy beef cattle, held on the Smoky, Cottonwood, and Arkansas rivers, had been frozen on the range, and that the Texans had saddled their horses and gone home. The creeks were dammed with the decaying carcasses of cattle. The air was heavy with the stench of decaying animals. The cruelties of the business of starving cattle to death were vividly impressed on me. Every wagon sent from the cattle ranges to the railroad towns was loaded with hides. The next summer, bankruptcy stalked over the Kansas plains and struck men down. Our trouble was that none of us knew that the tall blue-joint grass was worthless for winter feed unless it were made into hay, none of us knew that the fall rains had washed the nutriment out of it, and none of us knew that about once in ten years there is a hard winter in the far West, during which the mercury modestly retires into the bulb of the thermometer, and blizzard chases blizzard over the plains in quick succession. Some of us learned the lesson at once; others, who claimed that the cattle needed protection, not food, erected sheds, which proved to be death-traps, the cattle "stacking" under them during cold weather, and tried it again, and went into bankruptcy promptly after the second venture. As it was in Kansas, so it is, in a less degree, in the so-called "cattle country." A wet autumn, followed by a hard winter, kills the cattle held on Northern ranges by the thousand.

Where are the cattle? The cattle-growers who graze their herds on the northern ranges have kept the fact of their being engaged in that business so constantly before the public that they have created the impression that the larger portion of the cattle in the country graze on the arid plains or in the Rocky Mountain valleys and parks. This is a mistake.

Given a country where corn thrives, there will be found cattle and hogs in large numbers. All intelligent agriculturists know that the Mississippi Valley is divided into great belts of land, each distinguished by some marked peculiarity of soil and climate that determines the use to which it is devoted. The upper Mississippi Valley is wheat land; the lower upper, corn land; the upper lower, cotton land; and the lower, so-called sugar land. It is true that corn can be raised in the wheat and in the cotton belt, and even in the sugar belt; but it is not corn as the Western corn-growers use the word. The corn belt proper includes Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, and Eastern Kansas and Nebraska. Portions of Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, and Tennessee properly belong in this belt. But I use the first division for convenience of illustration. Where corn grows to perfection there is always plenty of feed for cattle. Millet will grow and yield bountiful crops throughout the region. The same is true of oats; and wheat, though not a sure crop in the corn belt, is extensively sown.

In 1870 there were 22,501,337 domestic horned cattle in the United States. In 1880 the census shows that there were 34,931,670 cattle in the country—an increase of 12,430,333 during the decade. Of this increase 5,022,968 were in the five corn States of Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska. When the last census was taken, more than one-fourth of the cattle in the country were in those States. In 1880 our production of corn was 1,754,591,676 bushels. The five corn States produced 1,071,505,344 bushels — more than half the crop. It is plainly seen that where the land yields large crops of corn, there the cattle naturally gravitate.

In 1880 there were, in all that extensive area composed of Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Idaho, Nevada, Oregon, and Washington, 1,786,262 cattle, or 594,714 less than there were in Illinois, and but 351,974 more than there were in the young State of Kansas. New York, which is never spoken of as a cattle-growing State, contained in 1880 2,300,088 cattle—613,826 more than then grazed on the whole of the arid belt, the much vaunted grazing grounds of the West. In my opinion the census of 1890 will show that there will be more cattle in the three corn-growing States of Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri than in the entire plain region, excepting Texas, of course. And there will not be as much acute suffering, nor as many miserable deaths from starvation and cold, in the three States as there will be among the cattle existing through the winter in a single county in the so-called cattle country.

In 1880 there were 3,994,102 cattle in Texas. The Texas cattle men so thoroughly understand their business, and the State is so well adapted to raising cattle, that nothing need be said of them or their lands. All Texas cattle-growers realize that they must not overstock their range, now fully stocked. Those at all familiar with Texas know that as long as grass grows and water runs that State can be relied upon to supply from 750,000 to 1,000,000 cattle annually; cows can raise calves on the Texas ranges and live, and the same is true of New Mexico and Arizona and portions of the Indian Territory.

The map of the United States shows that the unoccupied western portion, where the arid grazing lands lie, is about equal in area to the eastern or agricultural portion. It has been the fashion of Americans to boast of these uninhabited lands, and to assert, with intense self-satisfaction, that we have room for all the oppressed of all nations. The truth is that the agricultural lands of the United States are practically exhausted. The land that figures so brightly on the maps is but an arid tract scantily covered with herbage. A large portion of it lies so remote from water that it has no value at all, even to cattle-growers; other portions are sandy deserts; still others, alkaline plains. How large an area of the uninhabited West is available for cattle-raising? An accurate answer can not be given to that question, but I will state some facts that are vital factors in all estimates of the value of the grazing ground.

On the trail, when the cattle crowded off the Texas ranges are travelling north, they are driven an average of fifteen miles per day—some days a little more, some a little less. They are the best

travellers of all domestic cattle: they travel free; they do not fret; they are easily guided. Many years' experience has taught the Texas cattle men that fifteen miles per day is the utmost distance these cattle can travel without serious loss of flesh. Driven that distance, they about hold their own. It is true that the yearlings and calves do not thrive when on the trail, but they live, and, if not driven over alkaline plains, are not seriously injured. The distance these cattle can travel being known, it is easy to compute the value of high-lying and waterless land. If the range is more than ten miles from water (and there are many extensive areas within the arid zone that are twenty miles from water), it is worthless, it matters not how plentiful the feed. It is true that cattle ranging at will, and free from the control of man, which they resent, will travel farther and hold their flesh better than if driven. Say they can thus travel twenty miles per day. Then, if their grazing ground is not more than ten miles from water, they can live, and maybe thrive. So far as the range lying beyond the ten-mile line is concerned, it might as well be a grassless desert. The cattle can not use it. The cattle like to loiter along the streams, to graze on the low lands, to make the valley their home. They journey long distances for food only when compelled. The effects of the cattle loitering in the valley can be plainly seen in the upper Arkansas Valley, in Colorado, where they have tramped the grass out. What has occurred in the Arkansas Valley will inevitably occur in other valleys if the range is overstocked. Once the destruction of the grass in the valley begins, the lines of destruction will annually recede farther and farther from the water, until all the grass within grazing distance of the stream is destroyed, and the range rendered valueless. In 1873 the Arkansas Valley in Colorado was carpeted with nutritious grass; in 1881 it was a desert where dust clouds coursed. The destruction of the grass in this valley was the direct outcome of overstocking the ranges. Fifteen miles from the river, on the uplands, the grass is as good as ever it was.

The native grasses of the arid belt do not stand close grazing, as the pastures of the Eastern States do. During the summer of 1871 I was in northern Montana, in the region between the Rocky Mountains and the Belt range, and northward to the Belly River in the northwest territory. At that time the Dearborn Valley range was virgin. On it was the best bunch-grass I saw in the Territory, excepting on the upper Milk River. The Sun River Valley was a famous cattle-feeding ground in those days. To-day the whole region, that was in 1871 covered with tall bunch-grass, has been practically abandoned by the cattle men. The grass is eaten out. The range was overstocked. Its value has been destroyed. The per cent. of loss among the cattle unwisely held there during the two winters last past was very large.

In 1883 the grass in northern Colorado was very badly injured by overstocking—so much so that many cattle men believed that it had been permanently injured.

The number of acres of arid land necessary to carry an animal without injury to the grass varies widely. The species of the grass, whether bunch, buffalo, or gamma, and the quantity standing on an acre, as well as the character of the soil, whether it is sandy or gravelly, must be taken into consideration. Intelligent cattle-growers assert that on a new range, such as the Yellowstone Valley was a few years ago, fifteen acres per head of cattle is sufficient to insure the permanency of the range. Others, more conservative, or maybe more greedy for range, assert that twenty-five acres is not too much if the range is to be a permanent one. This in the arid belt, of course.

In the semi-arid belt the grass forms a thick sod, and when the region is virgin there are but few weeds among the grass. But let this prairie be closely pastured for two years, and weeds, rank, unwholesome, and worthless, make their appearance. If the cattle are held on the ground, the grass will almost disappear in four or five years, and what looked to be an indestructible pasture will be only a field of weeds.

Westward from the 96th meridian all prairie grass lacks vitality. Close feeding injures it. Mowing seriously affects it. When the natural meadows lying within the arid belt were first mown, they yielded large crops of the most nutritious hay in the world. The first cutting was heavy; the successive crops were lighter and lighter, until now all these meadows must be carefully irrigated, or the grass

crop will be so light as not to be worth cutting. So to a great extent is it in the semi-arid belt. But there, owing to the slight fall in the streams, irrigation can not be practiced. In the semi-arid belt land that has once been good hay land is always good corn land, and many meadows that no longer yield sufficient hay to pay for cutting will be ploughed and devoted to corn.

I have said that the annual drive from Texas will probably be from 750,000 to 1,000,000 cattle. A large proportion of these will be stock cattle—cows, heifers, and young steers. Where are these cattle to be held until fit for market? At the Cattle Growers' Convention, held in St. Louis, November, 1884, the Texas cattle-growers were unanimous in advocating the creation of a national cattle trail, six miles wide, and extending from Texas to our northern boundary. The Northern grazers opposed the proposed trail on the ground that the Texas cattle were infected with a disease known in the business as the Spanish fever. They asserted—and truthfully, too—that the driving of through Texas cattle along the trail would infect their herds. The Spanish fever does not injure Texas cattle; but all native cattle—that is, all Northern stock, no matter what their blood—catch the disease by grazing on the ground over which through Texas cattle have passed, and they generally die. Here were two parties disputing about a fact that both knew to be a fact, both cunningly endeavoring to conceal their real hopes and fears. There are Territorial and State laws in force in the West that forbid the driving of through Texas cattle on to many ranges. A national law enacted for the purpose of providing a cattle trail would override these local laws, which many lawyers pronounce unconstitutional, and open the Northern grazing ground to the Texas cattle. The Southern stock-growers want the trail created so that they can drive young steers that are strong enough to endure the severe winters of the Northwest through to the bunch and buffalo grass pastures of Wyoming and Montana in one season, and so avert overstocking their home range, which is secure from invasion of Northern herds, as no native cattle can be driven on to the grazing ground of Texas and live. The Spanish fever stalks abroad there. The Northern men assert and re-assert that the opening of the trail would endanger their herds. They ignore the fact that the first heavy frost kills the Spanish fever, and ends all danger. They endeavor to conceal their real reason for opposing the opening of the trail, which is the danger of overstocking the Northern grazing ground if the Texas men are allowed to drive their surplus young steers there. They dread having from 200,000 to 300,000 young steers annually driven North to feed on a range that they all realize will, under the present land laws, be speedily overstocked, and eventually destroyed, and destroyed by the greed of the cattle men.

Underlying all talk of renting the public lands, or of buying them, and of any and all schemes concerning the disposition to be made of the public domain that emanate from the cattle-growers, is the determined purpose to secure the land, and to place it under the control of the cattle-growing associations, and then limit the number of cattle that shall be allowed to graze on it. The spectre that is ever present to the Northern cattle-growers is overstocking. All talk of their desire to conserve the public domain is false. They desire to secure absolute possession of the range; and if they succeed, they will as surely stop agricultural settlers from entering the arid belt to acquire low-lying farms along the streams as if they owned the land in fee-simple.

During the few years last past cattle ranches have changed hands freely, at very extravagant prices. The price of beef has been high, and the profits of cattle growing or grazing exceedingly large. During this same time the tendency has been to the consolidation of individual cattle owners into corporate associations, for the more economical administration of the business. Corporations can manage the business of growing cattle cheaper and better than individuals, provided the active officers of the company hold its stock, for which they have paid either money or cattle. But if the stock is held by Eastern men or by foreigners, and their agents on the plains do not own stock for which they have paid, the stock of that cattle-growing association would be about as valuable as that issued by some of the silver-mining companies of Colorado.

The reason for the high price of cattle during the past four years has never been fairly stated so that Eastern investors could understand it. For three years

previous to 1884 the West did not make a full corn crop. The failure of the corn crop forbade the breeding of swine on a sufficiently extensive scale to keep pace with our increase in population, and at the same time supply the foreign demand. With corn worth forty-five and fifty cents per bushel, the farmers could not afford to assume the risks incident to breeding swine in large numbers. They bred, to be sure, but they did not stock their breeding pens. The small supply of pork increased the demand for beef, and the price of the latter rose. But since 1884 large corn crops have reversed the situation, and we have entered upon an era of low prices.

The grazing grounds of great altitude are the grave-yards of cows. For years the trails leading from Texas to the Northern ranges have been crowded with stock cattle that were driven North to be used in establishing ranches. The number of cattle in Texas is so great, and so near the capacity of the land to carry, that during the decade ending in 1880 from 500,000 to 700,000 cattle, old and young, male and female, were driven from the State annually. It is fair to assume that in the past at least one-fourth of the Texas drive were females, and young females generally. Where are the cows that have been driven from the mesquite and gamma ranges of Texas during the past decade? The business of raising cattle on the Northern plains is not old. It is safe to assert that at least 1,000,000 female cattle have left Texas for the Northern grazing ground during the ten years last past. In a suitable climate these cattle would have been alive to-day. Where are they? The bones of thousands of them lie bleaching on the wind-swept flanks of the foot-hills of mountain ranges; they pave the bottoms of miry pools; they are scattered among the pines standing below the eternal snow-drifts of the Rocky Mountains; they lie in disjointed, wolf-gnawed fragments on the arid, bunch-grass ranges; they are scattered over the short buffalo-grass, low-lying monuments of man's inhumanity to the dumb animals he has arrogantly assumed charge of; they have died of hunger; they have perished of thirst, when the icy breath of winter closed the streams; they have died of starvation by the tens of thousands during the season when cold storms sweep out of the North and course over the plains, burying the grass under snow. Other thousands have been frozen into solid blocks during blood-chilling blizzards.

There has been a movement of young cattle, steers generally, from the corn States to the plains, for several years. Many of the men who own or control Wyoming, Dakota, and Montana ranges have practically abandoned the business of breeding cattle, driven out of it by the severe losses of female cattle during the winters, and now confine their attention to grazing young steers, known as "pilgrims," which they bring upon the range from Eastern States. These animals are generally high-grade steers from the corn States, or long-horned cattle from Texas. If the latter are bought, those that have been held over one winter in Kansas or Nebraska or Indian Territory are preferred. In the past, this business has proved to be fairly remunerative, because, since it has been started, the price of beef has been high, and there has been no exceedingly severe winter on the plains. The country these cattle are held in has been in the white man's possession for but a few years. The men who have accurate knowledge of its climate can be counted on the fingers of one hand. The Northern cattle-growers assert that the climate is mild and the winters balmy. There are a few men in the Northwest who have traded in the Yellowstone Valley in the winter and early spring when the Sioux occupied the land. Some of these men have told me that during some winters the snow was deep on the ground for weeks, and the cold was most intense. They said that occasionally the winters were so severe that large numbers of hardy Indian ponies died. It is a well-known fact that Indian ponies can endure a greater degree of cold than American horses, and that American horses can endure a greater degree of cold than cattle, it matters not where the latter are raised.

It is estimated that 220,000 cattle were driven or carried into Montana and Dakota during 1884. The larger portion of this stock was brought on to the range to be fattened. They were young steers. It is also estimated by competent authorities that 100,000 of the 220,000 cattle that entered the far Northern range during 1884 were young native cattle from the corn States. The number of "through" cattle that were included in the great herd of Texans no man can tell. The Texas

drover is famous throughout the arid belt for never telling the truth as to where his cattle come from. He is always willing to swear that they passed the previous winter in Kansas or Nebraska, and as cold weather kills the Spanish fever, his cattle are sound, and he is not responsible for damages if the disease makes its appearance in Northern herds. The truth is that a large proportion of the Texas cattle driven into Montana and Dakota during the season of 1884 were fresh from the Southern range. The young cattle that are brought on to the Northern grazing grounds from the agricultural States come from a land of plenty. They have been well fed and attentively watered from the day of their birth until they are sent West. They have been protected from severe winter storms. They have had intelligent and anxious care. Their instincts have been blunted by the protective care of man. These immature animals have been taken West and turned on the range to shift for themselves. They can do so in a mild winter. Last year, up to September 8, the Northern Pacific Railroad carried 68,860 young cattle from the East into Montana and western Dakota. Many thousands have been driven in, and other thousands carried in by other railroad companies. But let a hard winter come, following a wet autumn, and the grazing ground be covered with snow, and blizzard after blizzard sweep out of the frozen North in quick succession. Then how will these cattle fare? and how will the through Texans fare? I answer, just as they did in Kansas in the winter of 1871–2. They would disappear from the range. And if the winter should be as severe as some of the Indian traders told me they had seen in the Yellowstone Valley, so severe that the Indians were forced to cut cottonwood-trees so that their ponies could feed on the buds and tenderer limbs, the toughened range cattle will be decimated before spring.

It has frequently been asserted by interested parties that cattle keep fat on the range all winter. If this were true, the cities situated in the heart of the cattle country would be supplied with beef from the adjoining ranges. A stranger walking through the streets of Denver would, knowing himself to be in the cattle country, suppose that the prime quarters of beef he saw hanging in the butchers' shops were the carcasses of range cattle. But if he will go to the railroad depots he will see those choice quarters, or others just like them, unloaded from cars that came from the corn belt. If a Denver butcher is remonstrated with for charging exorbitant prices for his beef, he defends himself by saying that he has to bring his meat from Kansas City, and that transportation charges are high on the Union Pacific Railroad.

Recently a new method of handling beef cattle on the range has sprung into existence, and one that has made one branch of the cattle business on the plains safe, reasonably profitable, and humane. The hay cut on the irrigated meadows lying within the strictly arid belt is the most nutritious in the world. The rule seems to be that the greater the altitude of the meadow, the finer and more nutritious the hay it yields. A few years ago it was discovered that steers that were full fed on this hay would gain flesh during the winter. I have seen as fat beeves killed in Wyoming in March as are killed in the smaller towns in the corn belt.

There are many small meadows lying along the streams that flow through the grazing country that, with irrigation, would annually yield from 100 to 150 tons of hay. Each of these spots would afford a young man of modest means a home, where he could live in comfort and save money for his old age. He could keep a hundred head of stock cattle, or he could feed from fifty to seventy-five steers, every winter. That the industry of feeding steers hay during the winters will rapidly increase is inevitable, and many men of small means, or who are conscientiously opposed to freezing and starving cattle to death, will engage in it, providing that the cattle-growing associations do not seize all the water rights and all the meadows, which they will surely do if they can. It is the aim of all cattle growing or breeding associations which operate in the arid belt to secure the water rights in the plain country, and the natural meadows of the grazing land of high altitude. On the plains the water determines the value of the land. In the highlands there is plenty of water; but hay is an article of prime necessity to the man of small means who seeks a home. So when an unoccupied meadow is found in the range used by a cattle-growing association, one of the employés of the association is instructed to homestead or enter it, which he prompt-

ly does. When he procures a patent from the government, he deeds the land to the association employing him. Another poor man has been deprived of a home, but the association has been benefited.

Where is the best cattle country? Where can cattle be handled or raised with small loss and sure profit and no cruelty? Unhesitatingly I answer in the semi-arid belt. Here are the requirements of a perfect cattle country. Grass to usually start early in the spring, say by the middle of April. The summers should be warm. The winters dry, so that the cattle will not tramp their feed into the ground, where the hogs that follow them can not find it. Corn should grow to perfection. The land should be comparatively free from hog and cattle diseases. Such a land is the semi-arid belt, lying between the 97th and 99th meridians, and extending from Dakota to Texas. Within that area hog cholera is almost unknown. The cattle are free from disease. There is plenty of cheap corn. Large crops of millet can be grown on all the land. Wheat is almost a sure crop. The corn stalks, wheat straw, and millet supply the cattle with an abundance of roughness during the winter. All points of the belt are convenient to market. The creeks seldom freeze over solidly, and the cattle have free access to water. The ground seldom becomes miry, and the cattle's feet are always sound. The business of raising cattle, or of feeding them, in the semi-arid belt is profitable. There are plenty of well-bred and intelligent people in the country. The country is healthful. There are good schools in every town. Land may be purchased on reasonable terms, but only the bottom land in the western portion of the semi-arid belt is corn land. The best of corn land, say twenty miles from a thriving town, can be bought for from $20 to $30 per acre. Near the towns good bottom land can be bought for from $50 to $75 per acre. The upland of the western portion of the belt is dear at any price.

The increase in the number of cattle in the semi-arid belt during the five years last past has been most remarkable. As long as wheat sold at remunerative prices the farmers did not pay much attention to cattle-growing. But when the price of wheat began to fall, and the value of cattle to increase rapidly, they realized that it was no longer wise to burn their straw, or to devote corn land to wheat culture. To show how closely intelligent men who are engaged in the same business employ the same methods of thought and arrive at the same conclusions, I instance the farmers of Kansas. Up to the autumn of 1881 calves were freely sold by these men. After the crop of calves of 1882 was born, it was rare to see veal hanging in a butcher's shop. Almost all the calves born in the semi-arid belt of Kansas since 1882 have been raised. Last spring, when travelling in Kansas, in a region where but few cattle were held three years ago, I saw small herds of cattle in every barn-yard. The statistics of Kansas for 1883 show that there were 1,801,348 in the State in the spring of that year. There are about 2,500,000 in the State now. There has been a similar increase in Nebraska; and there has been an astonishing increase since 1880 in the number of cattle in the five corn States—amounting now to 13,000,000.

A BIRTHDAY.

BY JENNY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

O BIRTHDAY of the long ago,
The joy that filled my bosom then
But makes the darker seem the woe
With which the days now overflow.

Like bird in safely sheltered nest,
A child within my arms was pressed,
And sipped life's blossoms at my breast.

The bird to safer shelter flown,
The nest is empty, and alone
I make my broken-hearted moan.

A POSTMASTER'S EXPERIENCE OF CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

AN experience of over two years in one of the large offices to which the Civil Service Act applies has given me an opportunity to observe its workings, and to compare its merits with the old system of making appointments.

Many years of continuous employment in the government service had taught me the absolute necessity of some change in the mode of selection for subordinate positions, and had also convinced me that even isolated cases of administrative reform were not to be looked for in our larger cities, no matter how high the character, honest the purpose, or marked the attainments of the head of the office might be.

It required the sanction of a law of Congress and the support of an honest and conscientious Chief Magistrate to enable a postmaster or collector to stem the current for the first two years in which he was engaged in "commending an unwelcome law to an unwilling people." In some few cities, to be sure, a system of examinations had been inaugurated, and a board of examiners had been appointed; but their duties were merely nominal, and their functions were never exerted to the exclusion of a political favorite whose appointment was necessary, or, if already appointed, whose promotion would advance the interests of the appointing officer or his political friends.

When, therefore, the announcement was made that on and after July 16, 1883, in the larger offices of the country and in the departments at Washington, all save a few excepted places were to be filled only by those who had passed a competitive examination, there was at first a feeling of incredulity on the part of the Old Guard of office-seekers, which soon became one of indignation and astonishment when it was found that the law was really to be enforced.

To be sure it only applied, outside of Washington, to the post-offices and customs offices having more than fifty employés, but as these offices had heretofore afforded the largest number of political places, their loss was sure to be severely felt.

The head of a large office (to which it was subsequently found the law did not apply), meeting me in Washington about the time the law was to go into effect, inquired, gravely, "What are you going to do about it? how are you going to get round it?" and seemed paralyzed with astonishment when I replied that I was not going to do anything about the new law except to enforce it in the office under my charge, and that I did not intend to try to "get round" it. "But," he replied, "it will break up the party in my district. I must take care of the 'workers'. How is it to be done?" I answered that, melancholy as it was, the workers must now take their chances with others in passing the examination. The look of disgust on his face convinced me that he did not regard this as practical politics, nor the plan suggested as a feasible one; nor did my further suggestion, that possibly leaders without sufficient intelligence or education to enable them to pass a simple examination in the rudimentary branches might be supplanted without serious detriment to the body-politic, meet with any better reception. I concluded that Ephraim was joined to his idols, and left him to ruminate on a plan of "how not to do it."

When it became known that the law was really a fixed fact, and that an examination had actually been held at the office under my charge, there was no little curiosity to see the new appointees. Had they been men of an entirely different race from ours, their advent in the office would hardly have been awaited with more interest. There was something so extraordinary in appointing to a place in the public service a man entirely unknown to the representatives of the old *régime*, gathered from every ward in the city, that the representative of this departure from a time-honored custom naturally became the centre of discussion and speculation.

The office at this time had been pretty thoroughly weeded out, not in the sense of general and sweeping removals, for changes had been made only for cause, but rather in the policy of the survival of the fittest, and it therefore afforded in the character, intelligence, and standing of its employés a high standard of comparison by which to judge the new appointees.

The annual allowance made soon after the 1st of July gave the office an increased force that year, and there was therefore an early opportunity to carry the law into execution.

The two persons first appointed, select-

ed from the highest on the eligible list, did not prove satisfactory, and both were speedily dismissed, one for intemperance, and the other for general unworthiness, insubordination, and absence without leave during business hours. These two men were at once compared with two others appointed to fill vacancies occurring a short time before the law went into effect, and who, as it happened, were both thorough representatives of the old system of official rewards for faithful party service, but who proved, in this instance, to be capital clerks, and soon earned advancement by intelligent and quick perception of their duties.

Had I entered upon the duty of administering the new law with preconceived prejudices, and with doleful forebodings as to the future, the comments made at this juncture would have been consoling in a melancholy degree; but with the certainty that the principle was right, with the knowledge that all things must have a beginning, and that all is well that ends well, I replaced the dismissed men with the next on the list, and with this unfortunate episode the unfavorable aspect of the new law ended. Only a single additional case of this character occurred during the ensuing two years, and these, with one other case growing out of a disposition to incur debts which the employé could not possibly liquidate, and which were assumed on the strength of his official position, constitute the sum total of removals during the two and one-sixth years in which the law has been in operation, and embracing a total of about seventy-five appointments.

Not one of the number has failed to secure a favorable report at the end of his six months' probationary period, and all at the end of that time have been recommended for permanent appointment.

This report has been made upon the daily record kept by the different superintendents to whom they have been assigned, and who, themselves appointees of the old system, and most of them party men of the strictest sect, could hardly be suspected of undue leniency or favoritism in making up their estimate of the six months' work.

One of the assistant superintendents, who was known to be hostile to the law, and who was sharply critical in his estimate of the work of the new men, came into my office one afternoon, in the absence of his superintendent, who was absent on his annual vacation, and remarked that Mr. A——, one of the civil service men, who had been in the office a couple of months, was exceedingly slow, and apparently unable to master the details of the work, and at the same time desiring to know if the instructions I had previously given to report for dismissal men found to be incapable after a fair trial were to be applied to the "civil service men," or if they were to be allowed to serve out their six months' probationary period, regardless of the character of their service.

I informed him that although a six months' probationary period had been fixed before granting a permanent appointment, it was not my understanding that the government was bound to be afflicted during this time with the services of an appointee found hopelessly dull or incapable of practical work, but that after a reasonable trial such a clerk would be reported to me for dismissal for cause; all that I should require would be satisfactory evidence of the man's inefficiency and his inability or indisposition to do the work assigned him, and that I should expect this fact to be ascertained and reported without the slightest prejudice. He stated that he wanted a little more time in which to observe the progress of the clerk in question.

Two weeks later he reported marked improvement, and at the end of six months he joined with the superintendent in cordially recommending the man for permanent appointment. The responsibility for the clerk's retention resting with him aroused his American sense of fair play, and his personal honor was enlisted in seeing that justice was done, notwithstanding he came into my office with, I believe, a strong prejudice that would have grown stronger had he found a disposition on my part to keep an appointee of the new system beyond the time allotted to others who failed to come up to the average standard of good office work.

Little by little the ice was broken, and the relations between the old and the new men became less strained. The "civil service men" were joked and chaffed, not unpleasantly, about being "school-masters," and were plied with absurd questions picked up from the opposition papers, which teem with impossible questions and burlesque examinations; they sensi-

bly took it in good part, and soon a spirit of comradeship was manifested in good words and kind deeds, and now the last signs of jealousy and ill feeling are rapidly disappearing. I attribute this result, in part at least, to the policy I have deemed it not only wisest but manifestly fairest to pursue, that of placing the new men in the lower grades and at the minimum salaries paid in the office, and leaving it entirely with themselves whether they staid there. Occasionally where good penmanship was an indispensable requisite, or where record work was to be done, and none of the old employés in the lower grades could well be promoted, or where, as in some cases, they did not desire a change of work, the new men were assigned at once to the advanced work, but always at the minimum salary, which was never increased during the probationary period, and often not within the first year.

Many of the new appointees came from the rural districts, and nearly all of them were entirely unacquainted with office work of any description. Their progress, under the circumstances, was something remarkable, and indicated a degree of intelligent appreciation and close study for which I was unprepared, although hopeful of good things from the new system, and entirely confident of the final result. Many of those who had passed the examination and had been certified for appointment seemed to be imbued with the spirit of doubt and uncertainty about the new law "meaning anything" which was so generally prevalent, and upon being ordered to report for duty manifested considerable anxiety to know if the appointment was permanent, and if an opportunity would be given them to learn the work before requiring full and efficient service. On being assured that impossibilities were not expected, and that precisely the same chance would be given them that had been extended to clerks now experienced in the service, they took hold with alacrity, and soon overcame the nervousness incident to new duties performed under the observation of a large number of skilled employés.

My greatest fears were for the letter-carriers, who, in addition to mastering the details of the new work, had also to learn the city, to which many of them were almost entire strangers. In this work, as in the office, however, I found that there was no ground for apprehension; they entered upon their work vigorously and with marked intelligence, and I do not now recall a single reasonable complaint, except in the case of one or two who became financially embarrassed by reason of anticipating and exceeding the small salary earned as substitute or auxiliary carriers.

But while the new employés were growing in grace and favor with the public and their fellow-clerks, what shall be said of the effect of the adoption of the new system upon the appointing officer? On this subject it is impossible to convey to the general public any conception of the relief experienced. Senators, Representatives, and heads of bureaus in Washington may have some idea, but even they can not adequately estimate the completeness of the change that followed. The former could sometimes escape the army of office-seekers and their friends by absence from their hotels or rooms, or by pleading the necessity for their presence in the House, while the bureau officer could always secure a certain degree of privacy not attainable in a local office. The general public are properly very sensitive on the subject of the exclusiveness of government officials. There was accordingly nothing for it but to face the music, and receive day after day the ceaseless throng of office-seekers and their friends. From early morn till dewy eve they came in singly, in twos and threes, in half-dozens, and in dozens.

If the aggregate influence they represented and the number of votes they controlled had been accepted at their own estimate, the Republican party in our city would have had such a majority that nothing would have been left to the unfortunate Democrats but to move to make it unanimous. Some of these interviews terminated in a manner that would have been as startling to the applicant, could he have heard the conversation, as it was disgusting to myself, who, less fortunate than he, was bound to stay and listen. After a long and fulsome encomium on the merits and political solidity of the applicant, and a full statement of his varied services to the party in his ward, he would be dismissed with the remark that they wished to see me personally for a few minutes. The door would scarcely be closed before I was saluted about as follows: "Say! we don't want that feller appointed; he's no good. We want So-

and-so appointed. We had to show up with him, you know, to keep his friends from kicking." In one case, on being pressed for the name of their real candidate, and the reason for his absence, it appeared that he was in durance vile for some "indiscretion," and therefore could not be produced. The man thus shamefully betrayed and fooled was often an intelligent, upright citizen, who had probably rendered his party far more valuable and certainly more gratuitous service than the "heeler" who came to recommend him, and whose measure of fealty and usefulness in a campaign was generally in exact proportion to the amount of funds he was allowed to handle.

One of the peculiarly unfortunate features of the old system was that the pressure for places was greatest at the very time when the officer was most engrossed with the pressing duties incident to assuming control of a new office. For three months after the commencement of my term of office I did not find a single hour of the day when I was free from the importunities of office-seekers, and often for a week at a time I would dismiss one man or delegation only to receive another, and finally, worn out with the unequal contest, would run the gauntlet on my way home only to find a delegation awaiting me there. Had I desired to do so, it would have been impracticable, if not unjust, to attempt to deny these men a hearing. It was not the applicant, but the system, that was in fault. Times were hard. These men were poor, and needed employment. They believed that my appointment meant the removal of a large number of employés. That I was going to retain any considerable number of the old employés to the exclusion of my own "friends," present or prospective, they could hardly persuade themselves to believe. The realization that vacancies would come singly and for cause only, instead of by dozens and scores, as they had fondly anticipated, never did fully come home to them until the advent of the new law extinguished the last lingering hope of somehow obtaining a place through favoritism or influence.

The change that followed the adoption of the new system was greater than I had dared to hope, although I had expected a great deal. There was at first the usual protest when some man unknown in local political circles was appointed through the examination, and this protest changed into angry denunciation and unmeasured personal abuse of the appointing officer when it became known that the appointee was of the opposite political faith to the party in power. Some even of the more thoughtful men of the party, men really entitled to rank as leaders, and presumably acquainted with the mandatory character of the civil service law in its application to the appointing officer, called to remonstrate at this point, and suggested that this was perhaps going a little too far. A reference to the law and regulations, however, satisfied them at once, and after the first few days the situation was quietly accepted by these gentlemen, and no further objections were ever made—at least not to me. But there was a class into whose souls the iron entered deeply, and for a long time they refused to be comforted.

The relief from pressure for places was felt at once, and grew more marked when it became known that no exceptions were to be made to the rule requiring examinations for positions in the office. If one of the places exempt by law became vacant, it was filled by promotion from a lower grade, and this vacancy by another promotion, and the place finally left vacant by the appointment of the civil service eligible, and in almost every instance in the exact order in which they passed, beginning with the highest on the list, and working down to the lowest. Unless there was delay in responding to the notification to report to the office for appointment, or unless some one of the four certified possessed peculiar knowledge or experience rendering him more immediately available and valuable than those above him, the first of the group was always selected. The knowledge that promotions would be made from the inside instead of from the outside has had an inspiring effect, and has insured a service not otherwise possible. The time previously given to applicants for office has been devoted to the vast accumulation of details that are constantly arising in a large office, not individually perhaps of great importance, but making up in the aggregate that indefinable something which, if properly attended to, makes good service, and which, if neglected, gradually leads to demoralization.

It was not alone the pressure for appointments that so severely taxed the head of

an office, but the pressure for removals was equally great. I do not believe that a more severe trial of the patience and temper of an officer could be devised than an interruption at some unusually busy time by a delegation whose business it was to urge the immediate removal of some thoroughly efficient clerk, about whose character and standing as a citizen there was no question, and whose ability and usefulness in the office had been established by years of good service and an excellent record. Often no attempt was made even to assail his political fidelity to the party; it was conceded that as a voter and contributor he was all right, but the place was wanted for another man—a "worker." In one instance an attack was made on a clerk of the highest character and responsibility, and of known loyalty to the party, and his summary removal demanded, to make place for a man who one week later was before the police court, a candidate for work-house honors.

It is impossible for a man of candor and unbiassed judgment to look back over four years' control of an office having large patronage and say that he has not made some mistakes in his appointments, but I can review the situation from the advanced stand-point I now occupy, and say, with much confidence, that I have not made a mistake in my removals. I started out with the determination to make removals only for cause, and adhered to it, notwithstanding the fact that more than half the employés of the office were at one time or another selected by outsiders for removal, and pursued in many instances with a malevolence that could hardly have been exceeded had it come from unscrupulous political enemies, instead of being, as it was, the work of their own party friends.

It has not been deemed best to institute an examination for promotions other than a practical test of the knowledge gained in the office; in this way the old employés have not only had a fair chance, but a manifest advantage, growing out of greater length of service and experience in the different branches of the work to be done. Notwithstanding this fact, the civil service appointees have earned their full share of promotion, and in case examinations and on the average found by checking errors they have attained a high rank, while their general superiority in penmanship has given them an advantage in promotions and assignments to purely clerical positions. The interest in the work and the evident ambition to succeed have increased in a marked degree throughout the office since the passage of the law, and it is no longer treated as a make-shift position intended to last simply during the term of the present head of the local office, but as one promising permanency and promotion, if earned by good work and strict attention to the business of the office.

Wherever the law has failed—if it has failed anywhere—the cause will be found to be the prejudice of the appointing officer, or exemptions made to defeat the purpose of the law. Let the Commission define just who in each office shall be exempt from the operation of the law, let this exempted list be made as small as the law itself will admit, taking especial pains to see that the lower grades in an office are *not* exempt from examination, and many of the so-called imperfections will disappear. Let it be further understood that this law is to be obeyed like any other law, without discussion or comment, and that its evasion will be attended with the same consequences that would inevitably follow conversion of government funds, appropriation of government stamps, or any other unlawful act, and the "crudities" of the law will soon be forgotten.

Appointing officers do not seem called upon to assume the arduous duties of critics or censors, nor to construe laws of Congress. The scope of the reform might be largely extended. It is difficult to see why a post-office having more than fifty employés should come within the scope of a law from which the internal revenue office in the same city, with an equal or greater number of employés, is exempt. No thinking man will insist that the duties of an internal revenue officer are less important than those of a post-office clerk, or that a lower standard of education and intelligence suffices to discharge those duties properly. Upon these officers devolve the collection of almost one-half the revenues of the government. There will not, I judge, be any dissent from the opinion that there was never a time when examinations were more imperatively demanded than now, when this service seems selected for sweeping and rapid changes.

To say that the head of an office will of his own volition institute an examination tending to show the fitness of an appli-

cant, or that he will select for appointment only intelligent, capable, and worthy men, is to belie the experience of every competent observer during the last fifty years. So long as appointments are made the mere stepping-stone to some advanced political position, so long will subordinates be selected, unless the law intervenes to prevent, solely for their ability to advance the political interests of their superior, and to satisfy the demands of the worst elements in each party. Confident of the support of the ward and precinct boss, sure of the delegation in the next convention, he is in position to make to the long-suffering people the same dreary old answer, "What are you going to do about it?" Let the civil service regulations be extended so as to embrace offices having very much less than fifty employés, let it include all branches of the civil service, enforce it as other laws are enforced, and the reign of such bosses will soon come to be regarded as impossible as would now be the revival and enforcement of the old blue laws, the trials for witchcraft, or the persecution of the Quakers.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THERE is always a pleasant strain of comedy in the most solemn and imposing public affairs, and the utmost official decorum is always at the mercy of a joke. If Dr. Parr's wig was awry, his most serious exhortations in the pulpit ceased to be impressive; and the sense of humorous incongruity between traditions of costume and conduct and the spirit of the age or the consciousness of the spectator—as if a Lord Chancellor should wear motley—is sometimes so acute that all gravity is lost. Nothing is more important at the time than the due observance of social conventions. It is as foolish and unavailing to protest that the immortal soul of man is superior to mere fashions of dress as it was for the indignant friend to assure the incumbent of the stocks that he couldn't be put in the stocks for the offense alleged. "Perhaps not," was the philosophical reply; "but here I am." To violate the social conventions is to be laughed at. The instinctive feeling is that a man who insists upon wearing knee-breeches and a scarlet coat flowered in gold upon an occasion when everybody else wears a black broadcloth coat and trousers is to betray an eccentricity which does not comport with sound judgment.

The Easy Chair knew a well-meaning youth who was much oppressed with a sense of the artificiality and insincerity of society, and he resolved for his part to protest by drawing nearer to nature. He decided to begin the protest with his dress. "Can any sensible man," said the ingenious youth, "give a good reason for the shape of our trousers?"—they were then made very loose around the ankle. "Why should not our tailoring follow nature, and our trousers conform to the shape of the limb? The leg does not expand toward the foot—why should the trouser?" To this great question the child of nature prepared a practical answer which would have charmed Rousseau. It was summer, and he caused a pair of white duck trousers to be made which fitted his legs closely, and buttoned around the ankles. But when he issued from his room arrayed in a garment conformed to the leadings of nature, although his legs were dressed like those of our ancestors who wore "tights," the impression was irresistible that he had forgotten to put on all his clothes. The courage which sustained the well-meaning youth during the storm of chaff that accompanied his very brief appearance in this garb was admirable. But it was also wasted. The courage was excellent, and it is a great quality. But so is common-sense.

The heroism of this good youth is kindred to the patriotism which greets with uproarious enthusiasm "the plain evening dress" of the American Minister at foreign courts amid the glittering embroideries of the court dresses of royal and imperial ambassadors. Fashion is a great humorist, and it happens that the dress which an American gentleman properly wears in the evening at the President's reception is also that of a waiter in many a fine foreign house. Our republican pride is naturally great, but it is not wholly clear that it must be agreeable to republican pride to have the Minister of the republic mistaken for a waiter. Undoubtedly man is superior to his accidents, and dress is the merest accident. Undoubtedly, also, the resplendent costumes of courtly ceremony are mediæval and even grotesque, like the triple crown of the Pope, or the uniform of the British beef-eaters. And, again, undoubtedly simplicity is the best decoration of the lady or the gentleman. But these comfortable axioms do not atone for the possible indignity of ordering the American Minister to bring a glass of negus, nor do they console his compatriots who have their own opinions of titled flunkies and a lofty scorn of royal liveries.

At the state receptions of the first President of the French Republic in the palace of the

Élysée, the President, whose name was Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, stood in a military uniform beneath a portrait of the first Napoleon, who was depicted in imperial velvet and ermine and lace—a costume in fact which would cover an American President with the utmost ridicule. But it was not ridiculous when Napoleon wore it, as the four stars upon the shoulder of General Sheridan are not ridiculous now. It was simply the conventional costume of an Emperor, as the distinctive buttons and stars upon the coat are the conventional uniform of the American General. But the dress in both cases is symbolic as well as ceremonial.

Charles Fox used to rise on his field days in the House of Commons dressed in blue and buff. They were the traditional colors of the Whigs, and Daniel Webster, the great American Whig, also wore them when he made an important speech. The colors were traditional and conventional symbols. Blue, as the Liberal color, was adopted by the Covenanters as against the scarlet of the King's troops, and they took the color from the Book of Numbers, in which the children of Israel were directed to make fringes to their garments, and to put upon the fringe a ribbon of blue. Gradually the reason fades out of memory. The colors become conventional, but they are symbolic, like the crown and sceptre of royalty. Now, fellow-republican, why not a ceremony of dress, since royalty's self is but a ceremony? A man should dress with propriety. But what is propriety in such a matter but a nice regard for the fitness of the occasion?

In the same sense ambassadors and ministers are but ceremonies, and if a republic chooses to send a minister to a foreign court, what better guide in regard to social conventions can there be than common-sense? When a sensible Protestant enters a Roman Catholic church, he does not emulate Brown or Jones or Robinson in Doyle's delightful picture, and stand bolt-upright staring about him while the congregation around him is reverently kneeling toward the altar, nor does he abjure the Lutheran heresy and become reconciled to Rome because he behaves like a gentleman and not like a Hottentot. So when the Misericordia passes in Florence, and everybody lifts his hat in salute to that swift errand of mercy, does the American who is worthy of the name pull his hat over his forehead and sneer at superstition?

There is no court dress at the White House. That is happily true, and it is recorded that fellow-citizens in their shirt sleeves have entered at a public levee to pay their respects to the President. It follows, then, probably, that the American Minister, the official representative of republican simplicity, should salute the Queen in his shirt sleeves. Away with flummery and toggery and liveries! But, *siste, viator!* The Easy Chair read this very morning that the President received last evening at the White House in full evening dress. Alas! away with flummery and toggery and liveries! What is a white cravat but flummery, and a dress-coat but toggery and livery? Why did not true republican simplicity dictate to the President the morning business suit of plain tweed? Alas! alas! again, what is a business suit in the morning but a miserable livery?—that is to say, a dress suitable to the occasion.

That, indeed, is the dictate of common-sense, and our tornadoes of republican wrath with official gold-lace and the courtly liveries of snobs and flunkies may be calmed by the consoling reflection that a man who is fit to be a minister of the republic is capable of dressing himself and of behaving himself properly. The free and independent fellow-citizen whom it is necessary to warn not to stir his neighbor's tea with his own finger, nor to wear arctics into the Queen's drawing-room, nor to don the dress of a Feejee when he goes to a court dinner, may be a paragon of all the virtues, but he is not fitted to be a foreign minister of the republic. If for that reason—that is, because there are Americans who can not be trusted to dress with propriety—all the American legations in foreign countries should be abolished, so let it be. But, brethren—for that reason?

It was hoped that the worthy people who have been in the habit of disturbing the opera with loud talking and laughing had returned to the congenial circles of miners and Indian reservations upon the frontier. But they have delayed their departure, and are still to be heard and marked at their old tricks of annoying the intelligent and well-bred persons whom an unkind fate dooms to sit near them. The wrath of some of these latter sufferers is great, and it has found expression in the newspapers. But the expression is a cry of despair rather than a suggestion of practical relief. It is evident that the sufferers regard the offenders like a swarm of mosquitoes, or an epidemic of the measles, or an obnoxious stench, for which the only remedy is flight.

It is not a fault that an ear for music has been withheld from a man or woman, or that circumstances have deprived them of the benefit of refined associations, or that nature has denied them that fine instinct of courtesy which is not due to training, but is found equally in savage and civilized life. But as the city regulations protect the innocent citizen by prohibiting the driving of wild cattle through the streets, and as public nuisances are abated by law, it should seem that the wisdom of educated men might devise some effectual method of suppressing this common enemy in a place of amusement, and even in so choice a retreat as the opera-house.

On behalf of the excellent people who chatter and giggle in the boxes, however, and who are wholly ignorant of good-breeding, it must be said that they behave after their kind, and furnish a spectacle and entertainment which were not promised in the bills. While we expected to hear and to see the beauty and the melody of imaginative genius, to be touched,

elevated, and inspired by the sweet enchantment of the musical drama, and to watch the idealized play of human emotions and passions, we are suddenly summoned by the neighboring box to behold the manners and the decencies and the vulgarities of Dead Man's Gulch, or Sandy Barren, or Poker Flat, or some other semi-civilized community—vulgarities which are made the more ludicrous because they are presented by persons dressed in the most extravagant fashion of the hour and showing the usual signs of good society, although with the under-breeding of excess. It must be said, also, that the rival side company in the box is usually quite as successful in its performance as the more legitimate company upon the stage. However skillfully the singers upon the stage may represent the romantic or fairy world which they feign, not less admirably is the world of the Gulch and the Flat and the mines depicted by the rival company in the box, without the advantage of scenery or costume, and in ordinary evening dress.

But the most amusing suggestion in regard to the side company from the Gulch, and which might be therefore called the Gulchers, is that they are really masqueraders, and not true Gulchers at all. Indeed, the Easy Chair has heard the names of the reputed revellers, and there can be no violation of trust in saying here, in the strictest confidence, that the side company in the box which so accurately presents the social characteristics of the Dead Man's Gulch and other centres of fashion at the mines is declared to be no other than Mrs. Tiptop and her friends. This is an excellent jest, and shows the best spirits upon the part of the jester. But it lacks the charm of probability which gives so fine a point to such jokes. Mrs. Tiptop is a lady who would not giggle and chatter in her pew at church, and she knows that, so far as mere manners or consideration for others are concerned, it is as ill-bred to disturb your neighbors at the opera, or a concert, or a lecture, as at church.

The basis of good manners is good feeling. Their very purpose is to spare annoyance to others. It is ill-bred and vulgar to whisper audibly, or to laugh, or to rustle and move constantly, in a room where others are intent upon a song, or an address, or any other subject of common interest. And why? Because it disturbs others. That is the simple reason; and does the jester suppose that Mrs. Tiptop does not know it? Would he assert, or, as legislative debaters say, is the honorable gentleman from Skittles prepared to affirm, that Mrs. Tiptop, knowing this fundamental rule of good manners, deliberately breaks it? To maintain that is to argue that Mrs. Tiptop is vulgar. For surely the honorable gentleman is not prepared to affirm that ladies who occupy boxes at the Metropolitan Opera are vulgar. For if he be ready for such an appalling assertion, what is to become of the foundations of society?

But we must not be lured from our trail. Whether the side company whose performances distract the unhappy neighbors from the music, and destroy the pleasure of the evening for which they have paid, be in truth a party of genuine Gulchers from Poker Flat, which is the only probable theory, or Mrs. Tiptop and her friends masquerading—a supposition which pains every polite mind—the pressing question is that of relief. How can the nuisance be abated? If people disturb the reverent silence of a church, they are either overwhelmed by the indignation of the congregation or they are removed from the building by the proper officers. Could such a process be employed in the opera-house? The directors are not exactly deacons, but might they not have power? A desperate correspondent suggests "a strong, shrill policeman's whistle." But, as he hints, that might be mistaken for a fine Wagnerian outbreak in the orchestra. The effect of a personal appeal was tried a year or two since. But the Gulchers have held their ground, and Poker Flat still reigns triumphant in certain boxes. Hissing would be a well-meant remonstrance, but sure to be misunderstood, and the hissers might be hissed, which would produce confusion, and consequent failure of moral effect.

The case plainly demands heroic treatment. Theodore Thomas was equal to the occasion when he stopped his orchestra and feared that the music interrupted conversation. His example gives the precedent. Let the performance be arrested in mid-career, and an appeal be made to the audience whether the singers or the talkers shall stop. As the disturbers might say, in the choice dialect of their native flats, that would smoke out the Gulchers. Would this course threaten the summary closing of the house? Well, then, there is another heroic method. It is the way of the sun, not of the wind. When the Gulchers, masquerading as Mrs. Tiptop and her friends, display the manners of the mine, and talk and laugh without regard to the hideous disturbance of neighbors interested in the music, suppose that all the neighborhood, all the sitters in boxes and in the parquette who are annoyed, should turn *en masse* and silently fix their gaze upon the vulgar disturbers! That still, concentrated look would quell the rioters. As the lamia, under the steady eye of the philosopher, shrank to a snake and glided away, the long-tolerated nuisance would be abated.

If a man were compelled to choose which sense he would lose, he would not relinquish his sight. That, indeed, is the last sense with which he would part. How precious it is is shown in the pathetic tenderness of feeling with which we regard the blind, and the feeling is deepened by the sweetness of disposition and manner which is characteristic of them, as if nature would atone for that deprivation. They have also a fondness and often

a striking talent for music. The story of the blind Milton at his organ always recalls to those who knew the blind organist Oliviero that devoted and diligent musician, whose hand every Sunday seemed to the young fancy to evoke the voices of cherubim and seraphim as he pressed the keys of the great organ and filled the church with heavenly harmony. Those young pietists in the pews used to shut their eyes to have a more vivid sense of the actual darkness in which Oliviero lived, and nothing touched the young hearts with softer pity than to see him passing in the street, led by a child in whom he confided so fully that he walked without shrinking.

But to add to blindness extreme poverty is to produce as sad a situation as can befall a human being. There is no figure which appeals more strongly to sympathy than that of the blind child in the squalor of the tenement-house, or in any "den" of utter destitution. With eyes, a child may somehow emerge and fight his way. In any event, he will not seem to the parent a hopeless, helpless, life-long burden; and it is the tragedy of such destitution that the parental heart is often hardened, and the helplessness that naturally softens merely exasperates. The fate that follows is terrible. In that unbroken night, without occupation, without education, without the kindly society of fond comrades, alone in an unspeakable sense of solitude, the young soul shrinks and wastes; the human child sinks toward the brute. It is a horrible enchantment, one of the sorest trials of human faith, as well as a fearful form of human suffering.

When the late Dr. Howe—one of the noble and heroic Samaritans who in every age and in every sphere of suffering and sorrow vindicate human nature and restore the faith that wavers—first opened the School for the Blind at South Boston, he was accustomed to receive the youngest blind children from the most squalid retreats and renew their lives with the sweet magic of affection and intelligence. No man in this country, whatever his ambition or his career, pursued his purpose with a loftier enthusiasm and success than Dr. Howe, and the institution which owes so much to him still feels his animating impulse under the conduct of his daughter and son-in-law, who, with the same earnest and disinterested devotion, seek like him to lead benighted childhood with that kindly light which shines on when the clearest eye is dimmed.

Some time ago, the Easy Chair—assured of the patience and sympathy of its parish, or, more truly, its diocese—mentioned the hope of Mr. Anagnos to establish a Kindergarten, or primary school, for the blind. This would be "a complete and sunny nursery" into which the poor waifs who are resistlessly drifting toward mental barbarism could be gathered from their mournful and degrading circumstances, and under friendly intelligence and experience and care acquire the command of powers which would make them self-helpful, contented, and happy, but which otherwise, like limbs absolutely dormant, would shrivel and waste into imbecility. The experiment of the Kindergarten for the blind, as far as it has been tried, is most successful. The result is inspiring. By the gentle and unconscious tutelage of plays and exercises and occupations, the young children learn to observe attentively, to perceive correctly, to listen intelligently, to apprehend readily, to think spontaneously, to express themselves clearly, to gain bodily activity and manual dexterity, to acquire a taste as well as capacity for labor, an appreciation of beauty, and a love of truth and goodness.

So says the director of this good work. The spell-bound soul is awakened to its powers as the helpless hand is taught first to feel, then to move, then to grasp, and on and on until the flying fingers hover over the keys of an instrument and draw out its melody, or, busy in some other form of pleasant industry, enable the blind child literally to work his way with those who see. Nothing is more interesting and touching than the zeal with which the children who have been trained at the Kindergarten contribute their labor and share their gifts to promote the extension of the opportunity to their fellows. One little girl gave part of her Christmas presents to a bazar to aid the enterprise; one little fellow sent his top. The generous benefactors of all good works have not forgotten the Kindergarten for the destitute blind children, and already a pleasant estate is bought, upon which the buildings, cottages for homes, school-rooms, music-rooms, libraries, workshops, museum, gymnasium, will be created as the means are furnished.

It is a noble and pathetic charity, which among all the worthy and necessary and humane beneficences makes its own penetrating appeal. To rouse the dwindling soul, to open the inward eye of the poor young children who shall never see the beauty of the world, to enable the most helpless to help themselves—this is the charity for which this little sermon is preached, and for which the box will now be passed around.

When, a month or two since, the Easy Chair playfully spoke of erecting a statue to the authors of the Gilbert-Sullivan opera as public benefactors, it had little thought that Mr. Gilbert himself would so soon pose himself upon a pedestal. *Punch* used to make great fun of the statue of the Duke of Wellington in London. But, at least, the Duke was not his own sculptor. Mr. Gilbert, however, has chosen to make so comical a figure of himself that it is impossible not to laugh at it. He has written the libretto of several comic operas which Mr. Sullivan has set to music, and which have been justly very popular in this country, to the great emolument of Mr. Gilbert and his associate. The verses of Mr. Gilbert are very amusing, and although he

could sell no right to their publication in this country, and no publisher who should issue them could have the least protection, or be sure that the fact of the publication would not attract a dozen competing editions the next day, yet the publishers who chose to issue them at this risk also chose to show their good-will to Mr. Gilbert, the author, which is all that they could do under the existing law, by sending him a draft for a small amount.

It was a simple act of courtesy, which showed that the publishers were disposed to recognize the claim of the author to his own work, although the law did not acknowledge it, and in fact the publishers had been actively engaged for some years in securing such a legal acknowledgment for the foreign author. But the courtesy of this particular foreign author led him in hot wrath to send the letter of the publishers to the newspapers, and to take the air of holding them up in some way to public reproof for assuming to send to him for the republication of his verses money which the law did not require them to send. This author's courtesy rested this extraordinary conduct upon the plea that he was not a beggar, and that other publishers in this country had pillaged him right and left. His courtesy selected as proper objects of public opprobrium the publishers who had not pillaged him, but who, on the contrary, had sent him a perfectly fair consideration for issuing his work without any kind of security against competing issues. There is really no situation in any comic opera of Mr. Gilbert's so farcical as this. He has chosen to surpass in his own conduct the utmost absurdities of Sir Joseph Porter and Pooh-Bah and Bunthorne.

There is no international copyright. Mr. Gilbert may properly think that there ought to be such a copyright. He may hold that American publishers have no moral right to issue his verses without his authority. But since he can not confer such authority, and if he could, the object of conferring it would be to receive compensation, and since, although he can not confer it, nor secure any advantage to the publisher, the publisher chooses nevertheless to acknowledge the claim which Mr. Gilbert asserts, but which the law does not allow nor protect, and chooses also to send him compensation, is there off the deck of the *Pinafore*, or out of the streets of Titipu, a being who would gravely and defiantly shout, "Sirs, I am not a beggar, and I scorn your gift; I have been outrageously robbed by somebody, and therefore I kick your money into a poverty-stricken hospital"? It is a situation which moves pity. The best advice to give to a man overtaken by such a whim of melancholia as this would be to go and see one of Gilbert's operas.—What does he say? Alas! alas! I am Gilbert!

This is a case in which Doctor Charles Lamb would have called for candles to examine the bumps of the patient. If the sufferer were not plainly for the nonce beyond the pale of common-sense, he might be asked why, if he be not a beggar, he does not promptly toss back money which he stigmatizes as alms, or how it is that, if sending the money be so gross an outrage, keeping it is not equally outrageous, and giving it to a hospital simply absurd. Or, again, in the absence of an international copyright law, and consequently of any protection to the American publisher who issues an English book, would it seem to anybody but Ko-Ko an abominable iniquity for that publisher to prove in a substantial way that, law or no law, he recognizes the author's right? If Mr. Gilbert were resolved never to touch an American penny until the great wrong of the copyright should be rectified, very well; but why, then, does he take the money which he so publicly disdains? and why does he pocket the dastardly American receipts from the performance of his operas?

There are other English authors, and of a larger and somewhat different renown from that of Mr. Gilbert, who, pending an international copyright, have hitherto made such arrangements with American publishers, each for his own interest, as the situation permitted, and with mutual satisfaction. Recently such arrangements have become impossible, and less compensation has been paid to English authors than for many years before, and American authors and publishers are now actively co-operating in the most friendly spirit to secure by law an equitable adjustment for the authors of both countries. This is the felicitous moment that Mr. Gilbert has chosen for sneering at American publishers who offer him the best possible proof of their good faith. He steps up not to the pedestal of the public benefactor whom the Easy Chair had in mind, and who moves the public laughter at extravagance and folly, but to the seat of the common scold, who moves the public laughter at himself as a more ludicrous figure than his most ridiculous creation.

Ever since Jeremy Collier took a short view of the immorality and profaneness of the English stage, when, under Charles the Second, the reaction against Puritanism was extreme, the protest against the theatre has been constantly renewed, but without relaxing its hold upon public interest. The proof of this, in our own experience, is not only the number of play-houses which are open day and night in every great city, but in the large space which the daily papers give to descriptions of plays and criticisms of actors and the gossip of the theatre. Amusement, indeed, is a business of the utmost importance, and those whose profession it is to amuse others are naturally solicitous of their professional honor, and remark with indignation and censure what they feel to be its decline or degradation.

In generalizing the function of the stage as amusement the Easy Chair does not depreciate it. The word includes the instruction, the quickening of lofty impulses and of gener-

ous sympathy, indeed, every form of influence and impression which belongs to the stage. To amuse is to entertain, and to entertain is to hold the attention agreeably, as a fine picture or statue or building holds it. The most sensitive "professional" need not disclaim his part of entertainer of the public, and his views of the true canons of such entertainment are worthy of attention. When, therefore, a veteran speaks—a comedian of an older day—his words are those of one who cherishes a high sense of the honor and duty of the stage, and may well be heeded.

Such a veteran lately deplored the decline of true dramatic art since he began to act. Scenic effects, he admits, have improved amazingly, and the payment of players is much more liberal; but the stage now, he thinks, appeals to the eye rather than to the mind. Fine scenery, he says, insures the success of a poor play, but "long runs" are injurious to young actors. This is worth heeding; but before testing the justice of the censure it is necessary to remember how much larger were the peaches of boyhood than the attenuated fruit of to-day, and how much more exquisite the enjoyment of the balls at which we danced when Hercules Jackson was grappling with the hydra-headed Bank than the wild and unseemly revels in which our grandchildren whirl to-day.

Edmund Kean, says our veteran, used to play Othello in a costume that no human being on the earth or below it ever wore. But Lamb and Hazlitt, Dana and Verplanck, sat in the pit upon a bench without a back, and thought of the acting, not of the clothes. Garrick, too, or some other great actor, used to play Hamlet in a full-bottomed wig, and amid the chairs and tables of contemporary England. And did not Rachel lay her superb spell upon the New York of thirty years ago in a grotesque poverty of scenery which added severity to the stern old tragedy? Yes, genius surmounts and confounds circumstance. The Easy Chair has seen the elder Booth in a barn, and that particular peach is one of the hugest that it recalls. But had the stage presented the scene of Phedre as truly as Rachel the unhappy woman, would the art have been injured or the effect have been weakened? If Booth's bare scenic environment in Shylock had been enchanted into the vivid semblance of Venice, with the fit perspective and tone and suggestion and romance with which Irving surrounded it, would the scene have dominated the actor's power, or Shylock have seemed less Shylock? If, indeed, the scenery be more faithful than the actor, and bear off the honors of the play, it is unfortunate for the actor; but is it the faithful scenery that should be discarded? Might not the actor wisely ponder that deep saying of the æsthete, "I hope to live up to my tea-pot"?

It is easy to see that the "long run" may deprive the younger actor of his chance. He is cast in a poor part, and must remain in it so long as the public demands the play, and consequently there is no opportunity of trying another part that might reveal his genius and make his fame. It is hard for the young actor. But shall the public lose the beautiful play of genius that creates Rip Van Winkle in order that the young actor may discover whether he also may not have genius? Moreover, as our veteran admits, the question of dollars must be considered also, and if the manager fills his house nightly with a play which gives unquestioned genius full scope, could he do better for himself or please the public more?

Into the mazes of the veteran's comments upon the ballet how shall an Easy Chair venture? It did not see the *Black Crook*, but it saw Taglioni and Cerito and Fanny Elssler, and the ballet then was a pretty pantomime with marvellous grace of movement. But all except the famous dancers were ludicrous and painful posturers. And in the latter day there seem to be few famous dancers. The coming of Fanny Elssler to New York was almost as great an event as that of Jenny Lind. Is there any dancer now whose horses the gilded youth of the Metropolitan and the Academy would unharness that they might draw the peerless *diva* home? The realm of the ballet is like that of the opera. They are both a fairy-land in which the only absurdity is to think it absurd that men and women should sing instead of talk, or communicate by kicking up their heels. The wise man must take care lest he turn the laugh against himself by declaring that a man who expires in a roulade, or a woman who expresses fond affection by poising herself upon her foot and twirling on her toe, is unworthy of serious consideration. True, good sir, and so are Puss in Boots and Jack the Giant-Killer. They are palpably untrue stories. How could a boy climb to the sky upon a bean-stalk? It is sheer nonsense, as you say, quite unworthy of serious attention. And meanwhile, good sir, the smile is general.

Our veteran will not misunderstand, nor doubt, the Easy Chair's hearty acquiescence in his honest denunciation of every abuse of his ancient and honorable profession which tends in the slightest degree to relax the rule of innocence and propriety which the self-respecting player in his gayest moment instinctively respects. But spare us the wholesome nonsense, the merry laugh, the genuine rollicking fun of—for instance—the *Rehearsal of the Christmas Pantomime* with which Rosina Vokes's company amused the town during the last holidays. It would not bear serious consideration. No, indeed; that was its great merit. Seriousness was impossible.

The Autocrat of everybody's breakfast table lately reminded everybody, in his delightfully incisive way, that he was extremely sorry that he could not mind everybody's business. He has learned by much experience one of the

chief penalties of fame and popularity, and he has discovered that a man who shows himself worthy of universal confidence is very sure to receive it. When an author proves by his published word that he knows the mysterious working of the heart of young women and the generous impulse and aspiration of young men, and when by sympathy and delicate skill he reveals the mother and the father to themselves, he has attracted them to himself with a force as fine and resistless as that of the magnet rock which drew out the nails from Sindbad's ship.

These good people will all instinctively seek to draw him in turn into their lives. They will overwhelm him with confidences of every kind, in many sheets closely written, and they will require his counsel upon the most delicate questions, stated in full, with copious explanatory details. Above all, whoever reads, whoever sees, his name, or catches a whisper of his fame, will demand the autograph of such a friend of mankind, with a few appropriate sentiments, and at no cost to himself but time and paper and postage stamp and the invention of a crisp and witty phrase, and this only twenty times a day. Nothing could be more reasonable. Is not the request for an autograph the most delicate flattery? Does it not say, without saying, that you are somebody, and would any churl decline to pay the small price demanded for such interesting personal intelligence?

A pleasant paper in a recent number of the *Magazine of Popular Science* describes the flight of some arctic birds at certain seasons. They darken the air, it says, and fill it with a murmuring sound. The paper would doubtless recall to the Autocrat, and all who like him have climbed the height where Fame's proud temple shines afar, the flight of the autograph seekers, not at certain times, but at all seasons. They also darken the air; but the murmuring sound is heard from another source—"not where they eat, but where they are eaten." These are the birds whom the Autocrat chiefly takes in hand. He does not chide, he counsels; he provides a short and easy way with autograph seekers. Let them send, he says, a card in an addressed envelope stamped. There are other victims who pursue a more relentless method. They confiscate the stamps inclosed, as a just remuneration for the time and temper expended in opening and destroying the letter.

But there is another and a less severe view of this kind of bird which is arctic only in its demand. The autograph seeker shows sometimes, indeed, his habits of confirmed seeking. His collection becomes like a rich man's library furnished to order with books that no gentleman's library should be without, but which no gentleman of this kind reads. Such a library is not indicative of the owner's literary tastes and studies, for he has none. It is a general tribute to the settled renown of the authors whose works are placed upon the shelves. So autograph collections are not revelations of individual preferences. They are omnivorous. Eugene Aram's autograph and Housman's, whom he murdered, are alike welcome; Vittoria Colonna's and Lucrezia Borgia's—even before Mr. Astor restored her—are of the same value.

But the larger part of the requests disclose the honest wish of ingenuous youth to possess some personal memorial of the author whom they admire. It is not always so, indeed. When the young woman in her romantic years wrote to Mr. Mark Twain that she had only just read his *Reveries of a Bachelor*, and that her intellect was led captive by the soundness of its reasoning, Mr. Twain may have winced, but surely he returned a specimen of his firmest hand. So when the Washington belle, as she leaned upon the arm of a young poet, fervently praised the poem of a rival bard as his own, it was a trying situation. But it had this alleviation, that it showed the fair lady knew him to be "somebody."

But when the tribute of admiration for the poet or the author takes the form of a request to read the manuscript of an epic poem or a novel, the burden of honor is too great to be borne. It is not a demand for a few moments, a sheet of paper, and a postage stamp, but for a day or two and a critical letter. Have these unconscionable but excellent birds of prey ever reflected upon the significance of Emerson's description of certain people as "devastators of the day"? Do they know that authors are the most laborious of men, and that nobody works longer or more constantly than the professional man of letters, and that it is as preposterous to ask one of the laborious guild to renounce his work and to give a day to your manuscript as to request a lawyer in full practice to stop and devote a day to examining your papers and decide whether you have a case? Lawyers do such work undoubtedly. But they do it professionally as work, and they are paid prodigious fees for doing it, if they have the standing in their profession that the Autocrat, for instance, has in his.

Reading manuscript with a view to publication is a professional work as much as examining titles to property; and the fact that we like the Autocrat's books—which we read because we like them, and, with Oliver Twist, ask for more—gives us no right to require him to read ours, and in difficult manuscript too. That we like an author places him under no obligation to us, and gives us no right personally to obtrude ourselves upon him. He is human, undoubtedly, and receives with pleasure every token of honest admiration. But if the request for an autograph may be considered such a token—and of this many authors are in serious doubt—the request to examine our poems and philosophies and histories, and give an opinion upon them, is not a tribute of admiration. Indeed, just what it is the Easy Chair forbears to say.

But it will not forbear to say—nay, it says

with great pleasure—that this is the very work which is done, as it should be done, professionally, by its friend and fellow-laborer in letters, Dr. T. M. Coan, in New York, who will give the advice which none of the Autocrats will give, and which rightfully they can not be asked to give. The Doctor, however, can not furnish any autograph but his own. Yet if the diligent seeker will follow the advice of the Autocrat, he may be very sure of his reward. The stamped addressed envelope and the card are the wonder-workers.

Editor's Study.

I.

THE evolution of a believer in a God sensible to human need and in the life hereafter, from a metaphysician so purely scientific as Mr. John Fiske, is certainly one of the most interesting phases of Darwinism. Of course it proves nothing very conclusive, but for the moment one does not realize this; and if one's heart is not altogether at rest in orphanage and nonentity, as we suppose very few hearts are, it comforts, it encourages. So many scientists have denied so many things that it is hard to understand that Science herself denies nothing, to begin with, but seeks only and always to know the truth. The emotions and desires concerning our origin and destiny which seem innate are as fit subjects for her inquiry as the material world; it was to the satisfaction of these that Mr. Fiske lately addressed himself in his little book on *The Destiny of Man as viewed in the Light of his Origin*, and now again he addresses himself to the same end in *The Idea of God as affected by Modern Knowledge*. We need not say what spirit he has brought to his work, or what literary grace: his humane and high intent, his admirable art, are present in all he does; and we do not think they have ever been more sympathetic than in this essay, where he arrives at the conviction that "the everlasting source of phenomena is none other than the infinite Power that makes for righteousness," or that "however the words may stumble in which we try to say it, God is in the deepest sense a moral Being." This will not seem much to those who are accustomed to accept God from authority, and who have always believed what they were bid (which is no bad thing, perhaps, and seems to save time); but it is a good deal as the result of reasoning that begins and ends outside of all authority except that of fact scientifically ascertained; and it is still more as an induction from the Darwinian theory, which teaches Mr. Fiske that in natural selection psychical variations were preferred to physical variations, that infancy was prolonged in the interest of the family and morality, and that man, thus differentiated from the other creatures, has been perfected by the gradual predominance of the soul over the body; that the long period of his development is closing; that strife and the habits bred of war must cease as naturally as they began, and that "a stage of civilization will be reached in which human sympathy shall be all in all, and the spirit of Christ shall reign supreme through the whole length and breadth of the earth."

Throughout his essay it is interesting to find Mr. Fiske unable to language his thoughts of infinity at supreme moments except in the words of the old Book of those Semitic tribes so remote from Darwin; and it is remarkable that modern light and knowledge have no hope or type more sublime than Christ and His millennium. At the moment when we were reading the argument which could culminate in nothing higher than faith in these, there came to us another book which we think others may find it well to read together with Mr. Fiske's. It is not a new book in Europe, but we believe the American translation gives it for the first time to English readers, and it may not be superfluous to say that the great Russian novelist, incomparably the greatest writer living in that sort, who has set forth in it his doctrine of the right life, is fully a believer in Christianity; too fully, perhaps, for those who believe it ought to be believed, but not that it ought to be practiced. He supposes that Jesus Christ, being divinely sent to make God known to man, was serious when He preached meekness, submission, poverty, forgiveness, charity, and self-denial; and that He actually meant what He said when He bade us resist not evil, eschew courts of law, forbear judgment, refuse to make oath, take one wife and cleave to her till death, have no respect to persons, but love one another. The author says all this is not only possible, but easy, and he does not relegate the practice of the Christian life to some future period, but himself attempts it here and now. This must of course strike Christians who kill, and litigate, and divorce, and truckle to rank, and hate, and heap up riches, as very odd; but none of the sort who take Christ in the ironical way can help being startled by the attitude of this literalist, and suffering perhaps some pangs of disagreeable self-question. We can not help being moved by certain appeals which the author of *My Religion* makes to our experience and our reason in behalf of the life taught by Him who said His yoke was easy and His burden was light; he certainly seems to show that the yoke of the world is not easy and its burden is not light. He tells us that in this century thirty millions of men have perished in war; and he asks us how many have given up their lives for Christ's sake. These things give one pause, but

probably an average American humorist could dispose of his arguments in a half-column funny article. A graver critic might point out that the Society of Friends, except in the single matter of heaping up riches, which they have been rather fond of, long lived the life he commends; and that it is no new thing, either, in the practice of the Moravians, who were possibly somewhat nearer his ideal. One might readily believe one's self to be reading the confession of an early Quaker or a despised Herrnhuter in these passages from the pen of one of the subtlest, the deepest, the wisest, students of human nature in our time: "Everything that once seemed to me important, such as honors, glory, civilization, wealth, the complications and refinements of existence, luxury, rich food, fine clothing, etiquette, have become for me wrong and despicable. Everything that once seemed to me wrong and despicable, such as rusticity, obscurity, poverty, simplicity of surroundings, of food, of clothing, of manners, all have now become right and important to me.... I can not, as I once did, recognize in myself or others titles or ranks or qualities aside from the quality of manhood. I can not seek for fame or glory; I can no longer cultivate a system of instruction which separates me from men.... I can no longer pursue amusements which are oil to the fire of amorous sensuality, the reading of romances and the most of poetry, listening to music, attendance at balls and theatres.... I can not favor the celibacy of persons fitted for the marriage relation.... I am obliged to consider as sacred and absolute the sole and unique union by which man is once for all indissolubly bound to the first woman with whom he has been united."

But it is not Thomas Ellwood, or Zeisberger, the Apostle to the Delawares, who says these things; it is Count Leo Tolstoï, a Russian nobleman of our day, born rich, an accomplished scholar, a brave soldier, a brilliant man of society, the greatest creative talent in fiction which his country, fertile in such talents, has produced, except, perhaps, Tourguéneff. To him the dream of the Christ-life on earth, the heavenly vision which again and again has visited generous souls, comes once more; and in his hope of realizing it he has turned from the world and its honors and embraced poverty and toil. He works with his own hands among his peasants in the fields, and he celebrates his happiness in this life as a final fruition, for, strangely and sadly enough, this latest of the apostles does not believe in the personal or individual life after death. At the time when Mr. Fiske finds the hope of this in Evolution, Count Tolstoï discovers no promise of it in Scripture, but regards it as a survival from savage times, when death and sleep were confounded in the minds of men.

II.

This curious trait of agnosticism in such a devout Christian seems like a survival itself, a projection into the hopefulness and ardor of the early Christianity which Tolstoï's doctrine and practice recall, of the vast, passive Asiatic melancholy which seems to tinge all Russian character. One is familiar with it in Tourguéneff's people, and it is a pensive light, if not a positive color, on the wonderful pages of Tolstoï's novels, where a good heart and a right mind, sensible from the first word, console and support the reader against it. After one has lived a certain number of years, and read a certain number of novels, it is not the prosperous or adverse fortune of the characters that affects one, but the good or bad faith of the novelist in dealing with them. Will he play us false or will he be true in the operation of this or that principle involved? We can not hold him to less account than this: he must be true to what life has taught us is the truth, and after that he may let any fate betide his people; the novel ends well that ends faithfully.

It is this conscience, present in all that Tolstoï has written, which has now changed from a dramatic to a hortatory expression. The same good heart and right mind are under all and in all. Their warmth and their light are not greater in *My Religion* than in *Anna Karenine*, that saddest story of guilty love, in which nothing can save the sinful woman from herself—not her husband's forgiveness, her friends' compassion, her lover's constancy, or the long intervals of quiet in which she seems safe and happy in her sin. It is she who destroys herself, persistently, step by step, in spite of all help and forbearance; and yet we are never allowed to forget how good and generous she was when we first met her, how good and generous she is, fitfully and more and more rarely, to the end. Her lover works out a sort of redemption through his patience and devotion; he grows wiser, gentler, worthier, through it; but even his good destroys her. As you read on you say, not, "This is like life," but, "This is life." It has not only the complexion, the very hue, of life, but its movement, its advances, its strange pauses, its seeming reversions to former conditions, and its perpetual change; its apparent isolations, its essential solidarity. A multitude of figures pass before us recognizably real, never caricatured or grotesqued, or in any wise unduly accented, but simple and actual in their evil or their good. There is lovely family life, the tenderness of father and daughter, the rapture of young wife and husband, the innocence of girlhood, the beauty of fidelity; there is the unrest and folly of fashion, the misery of wealth, and the wretchedness of wasted and mistaken life, the hollowness of ambition, the cheerful emptiness of some hearts, the dull emptiness of others. It is a world, and you live in it while you read, and long afterward; but at no step have you been betrayed, not because your guide has warned or exhorted you, but because he has been true, and has shown you all things as they are.

III.

At the close of some vivid *Scenes of the Siege of Sebastopol*, lately translated in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Tolstoï, who had seen what he describes, and had been part of it, exclaims: "It is not Kalougine, with his brilliant courage, his *bravura* of gentleman, his vanity, the principal motive of all his actions; it is not Praskoukine, null and inoffensive, albeit he fell on the field of battle for the faith, the throne, and the country; nor Mikhaïlof, so timid; nor Pesth, that child without conviction and without moral principle—who can pass for traitors or heroes. No, the hero of my tale, that which I love with all the strength of my soul, that which I have sought to reproduce in all its beauty, that which has been and ever will be beautiful, is the True."

It is the might of this literary truth, which is also spiritual truth, that has made the Russians so great in fiction, so potent to move the heart and the conscience. In another paper of the *Revue*, on "Les Écrivains Russes Contemporains," which we commend to any one interested to know the sources of the present universal literary movement, the writer says of Nicolas Gogol: "A realist in the best sense of the term, he has furnished a fit instrument for the thought and the art of our time; he has clearly foreseen its future use; he has discerned the issue in Russia, at least, of that exact study of phenomena and of men which he began. If any one doubts it, let him take this sentence, one of the last that fell from his pen, in *The Confession of an Author:* 'I have pursued life in its reality, not in the dreams of the imagination, and I have thus arrived at Him who is the source of life.'" The sentence is valuable to the reader of Tolstoï's last book, and is full of suggestion for all. In another place Gogol, who began to write realistically fifty years ago, said of himself and his public: "Thankless is the fate of the writer who ventures to show what passes at each moment under his eyes.... The contemporary judge will treat his creations as low and useless; he will be assigned a despised rank among the writers who defame humanity; he will be denied all soul, heart, talent.... The reader is revolted by the meanness of my heroes.... He could have forgiven me if I had shown him picturesque rascals; he can not forgive me for showing him base ones."

The Russian criticism of 1836 was in fact as immature as much American criticism of 1886. It did not wish to see men and things in fiction as they really are: it wished to see them as the romancers had always made believe they were; it still cried for its Puss in Boots and its Jack the Giant-Killer, and would have them in some form or other.

IV.

The Russians who have followed Gogol and learned from him, as now the whole world must learn from them, have not heeded those childish demands, and they form a group from which one can hardly turn to other literatures without feeling that he enters an atmosphere of feigning, of insincere performance and ignobler ideals. The French, with their convention of indecency, the English, with their convention of propriety, alike dwindle—all except that colossal George Eliot woman—before these humane, simple masters, who have no convention, but wish merely to be true.

It is a long step to descend from them to American fiction; one holds one's breath and looks anxiously to see if there is really any footing down there; but again we can console ourselves with the fact that what our writers are doing is mostly in the right direction. The author of *Margaret Kent* has gone rather far in it, though she (the pseudonym of Henry Hayes does not hide the fluctuation of feminine draperies) seems to have been frightened back at times. This story, very clever in spite of its defects, is the story of a beautiful and unwise young grass-widow who lives in New York by her pen, while her husband lives in Rio Janeiro no one knows how. They are Southern people, who were married too young, and the wife has everything to regret in her marriage except the little girl whom it has left her—a child truthfully and winningly portrayed, and one of the successes of the book. Margaret Kent has more men to her friends than women; there is no harm in her, but a great deal of wandering, selfish good intention. One of the men, not knowing her husband's survival, wishes to marry her, and she palters for a moment with the notion of a divorce. The husband suddenly comes back, recalled by a childish appeal from the little daughter, who has been always longing and grieving for the father she has not seen—her part in this is very touching—and begins to waste his wife's earnings as he had already wasted her fortune. A mortal peril which he falls into recalls her from her scorn of him; she tries to love him, and succeeds in being good to him. When he gets well he goes South, and dies opportunely of yellow fever. The lover gets back from Europe (whither the lovers of ladies unprepared to marry have gone a great deal in novels), and after the rescue of the little Gladys by his science from diphtheria, Margaret and he are married.

The temper of the book is romantic, but many of its phases are naturalistically studied; the women figures are very well done; the men figures are such men as women draw, except always the handsome, boyish scamp-husband: he is a triumph. The lover is a doctor, of the masterful species prevalent in novels ever since Charles Reade invented it. He is not new, and neither, quite, is Mrs. Kent's dragon, the old artist whom she lives with, and who supplies with her brush the gaps that Mrs. Kent's pen leaves in their common gains; but we are compen-

sated for her conventionality by the freshness of the portrait of Mrs. Townsend, the society newspaper correspondent; and again we say the book, as a whole, is very clever; and if it is not safe to let ladies believe that unloved husbands will die about the time that self-banished lovers wish to come home from Europe, still there is a moral sense in the story very uncommon in women's novels. We have some suspicion that if the burden of tradition had not been upon the author—if she had not been enslaved to the theatre-goer's ideal that a story should "end up" well—so skillful an artist, so fine a student of woman nature, if not human nature, as she shows herself to be, might have given us a conclusion more in keeping with what she must know of life.

V.

We admit that it would have been difficult with a novel-reading public like ours, well-meaning, sympathetic, appreciative, but superabounding in a fibreless soft-heartedness that can not bear to have pretty women disappointed in fiction; yet from a writer like the author of *Margaret Kent* we have a right to expect entire fidelity. Till we have that from our clever writers we shall have clever writers and nothing more, and we must turn elsewhere for examples of what fiction may be at its best.

One would not perhaps look first to find them in Spain, but we have just been reading a Spanish novel which is very nearly one. Of course it is a realistic novel; it is even by an author who has written essays upon realism, and who feels obliged, poor fellow, in choosing a theme which deals with the inside rather than the outside of life, to protest that the truth exists within us as well as without, and is not confined to the market-houses, the dram-shops, the street corners, or the vulgar facts of existence. Don Armando Palacio Valdés believes that his *Marta y Maria* is a realistic novel, although it is not founded upon current and common events, and that the beautiful and the noble also lie within the realm of reality. We should ourselves go a little farther, and say that they are to be found nowhere else; but we have not at present to do with our opinions, or even the prologue to Señor Valdés's novel, though we should be glad to reproduce that in full, it is so good. We must speak, however, of the admirable little illustrations of his book, so full of character and spirit and movement. They are badly printed, and the cover of the book, stamped in black and silver, is as ugly as a "burial casket," but our censure must almost wholly end with the mechanical execution of the book. The literature is delightful: full of charming humor, tender pathos, the liveliest sympathy with nature, the keenest knowledge of human nature, and a style whose charm makes itself felt through the shadows of a strange speech. It is the story of two sisters, daughters of the chief family in a Spanish sea-port city: Maria, who passes from the romance of literature to the romance of religion, and abandons home, father, and lover to become the spouse of heaven, and Marta, who remains to console all these for her loss. We do not remember a character more finely studied than that of Maria, who is followed, not satirically or ironically, through all the involutions of a conscious, artificial personality, but with masterly divination, and is shown as essentially cold-hearted and selfish in her religious abnegation, and as sensuous in her spiritual ecstasies as she was in her abandon to the romances on which she first fed her egoistic fancy. But Marta—Marta is delicious! We see her first as an awkward girl of thirteen at her mother's *tertulia*, helplessly laughing at some couples who give a few supererogatory hops in the dance after the music suddenly stops; and the note of friendly simplicity, of joyous, frank, sweet naturalness, struck in the beginning, is felt in her character throughout. Nothing could be lovelier than the portrayal of this girl's affection for her father and mother, and of the tenderness that insensibly grows up between her and her sister's lover, left step by step in the lurch by the intending bride of heaven. One of the uses of realism is to make us know people; to make us understand that the Spaniards, for example, are not the remote cloak-and-sword gentry of opera which romance has painted them, abounding in guitars, poniards, billets, *autos-da-fe*, and confessionals, but are as "like folks" as we are. It seems that there is much of that freedom among young people with them which makes youth a heavenly holiday in these favored States. Maria's lover has "the run of the house," in this Spanish town, quite as he would have in Chicago or Portland, and he follows Marta about in the frequent intervals of Maria's neglect; he makes her give him lunch in the kitchen when he is hungry, this very human young Marquis de Penalta; he helps her to make a pie, the young lady having a passion for all domestic employments, and to put away the clean clothes. Her father, Don Mariano Elorza, has a passion for the smell of freshly ironed linen, much as any well-domesticated American citizen might have, and loves to go and put his nose in the closets where it hangs. His wife has been a tedious, complaining invalid all her married life, but he is heart-broken when she dies; and it is at this moment that Maria—who has compromised him in the Carlist movement because that is the party of the Church, and has tried in the same cause to make her lover turn traitor to the government which he has sworn as citizen and soldier to defend—comes ecstatic from the death-scene to ask his permission to complete her vocation in the convent. He gives it with a sort of disdain for her pitiless and senseless egotism. The story closes with the happy love of Marta and Ricardo, clasped to the old man's breast and mingling their tears with his; and the author cries, "O eternal God, who dwellest in the hearts

of the good, can it be that these tears are less grateful to Thee than the mystical colloquies of the Convent of St. Bernard?"

A sketch of the story gives no idea of its situations, or, what is more difficult and important, the atmosphere of reality in which it moves. The whole social life of the quiet town is skillfully suggested, and an abundance of figures pass before us, all graphically drawn, none touched with weakness or exaggeration. It is a book with a sole blemish—a few pages in which the author thinks it necessary to paint the growth of little Marta's passion in too vivid colors. There is no great harm; but it is a lapse of taste and of art that libels a lovely character, and seems a sacrifice to the ugly French fetich which has possessed itself of the good name of Realism to befoul it.

VI.

We must not close the door of the Study this month without speaking of some other books that have been giving us pleasure. Chief of these is Mr. T. W. Higginson's admirable *Larger History of the United States*, which has gone far to make us believe with him that our national story is "more important, more varied, more picturesque, and more absorbingly interesting than any historic subject offered by the world beside." He has at least made a thoroughly delightful book about it, and has approached it with a fresh sense, and treated it with a charming ease and familiarity which it seems impertinent to say is never trivial, and which knows how to rise at the right moments into all the necessary dignity and force. We can promise the reader that in Mr. Higginson's handling he will not find the "commonplace" story of these States less fascinating than, for example, the romantic *Story of the Fourth Crusade*, though Mr. Edwin Pears has told that again extremely well. He raises the regret, the pang, without which one can not read of that conquest of Constantinople by the French and Venetians. That calamity wrecked an ancient civilization, retarded learning, darkened Christianity, and opened to the Turk the garden lands which his presence has blighted for four centuries; and the new historian of the event shakes us anew with the doubt whether the course of events is always, even finally, the accomplishment of good, and whether the effect of this or that great crime or error is not lastingly bad.

To those who think that the career of Bonaparte was such a crime or error, *A Short History of Napoleon the First*, by Professor John Robert Seeley, will bring greater conviction, perhaps, than to Mr. John C. Ropes, say, whose Napoleon we commended last month. Professor Seeley rapidly narrates the facts of Napoleon's life, and then in a second part makes a study of his character and place in history. Briefly, he finds that if there had not been Napoleon, there would have been somebody else to do his work, and that almost any soldier of great ability could have done it better. He leaves very little of Napoleon, who looms up again as soon as Professor Seeley has done with him.

We have two excellent books which we still wish to speak of, if the reader has a moment left: *Japanese Homes and their Surroundings*, by Edward S. Morse, and *Chosön, the Land of the Morning Calm*, a sketch of Korea, by Percival Lowell. Mr. Morse's book is a store of facts concerning Japanese houses, great and simple, in city and country, which seems to comprise all that is knowable on the subject; and the driest details are so admirably treated that we can not forgive him for leaving these houses uninhabited; he should have filled them with the life of the people he knows so well, and no other could have described so interestingly. He still owes this to the public. In the mean time his volume is a treasure of architectural facts, and could not be too highly valued. Mr. Lowell, with some posturing which we could wish absent, has made a book of unique freshness and interest. Korea was about the only untravelled land; now he has been there and surprised its whole secret, which he tells again: its strange, melancholy, womanless civilization, its null commerce, its arrested art, its passive religion, the entire circle of its negations. The book is wonderfully full of novel material, well philosophized, and has a value which now can not belong to any future book of travel till we begin to explore the moon.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 16th of February.—Senator Hoar's Presidential Succession Bill passed the House January 15, by a vote of 183 to 77, and was approved by the President January 19.

The Senate devoted an entire day, January 26, to eulogies upon Vice-President Hendricks.

The House, February 1, passed the bill increasing the pensions of widows and dependent survivors of Union soldiers from eight to twelve dollars a month.

The bill for the admission of South Dakota as a State passed the Senate February 5.

The Dingley Shipping Bill, providing for the removal of certain fees, charges, and burdens on American vessels engaged in the inland and coastwise trade, passed the House February 4.

Three United States Senators were re-elected January 19: from Maryland, A. P. Gorman; Mississippi, E. C. Walthall and J. F. George.

The public debt of the United States was reduced during January $8,672,553 81.

The Queen opened Parliament in person January 21. On January 26 Mr. Collings moved an amendment to the address, expressing regret that her Majesty's speech contemplated no measures for the relief of suffering in Ireland in consequence of the depression in trade and agriculture, particularly through facilities to farm laborers for obtaining allotments of small holdings on equitable terms (derisively characterized as a "three acres and a cow" measure). Mr. Gladstone strongly supported and the Marquis of Hartington opposed the amendment, which was adopted by a vote of 329 to 250, the ayes including 73 Parnellites as well as Messrs. Gladstone, Chamberlain, Dilke, Trevelyan, Labouchere, and Bradlaugh. The following day the Salisbury Ministry resigned, and a new cabinet was announced February 3, as follows: William E. Gladstone, Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury; Sir Farrer Herschell, Lord High Chancellor; Earl Spencer, Lord President of the Council; H. C. E. Childers, Home Secretary; Earl Rosebery, Secretary for Foreign Affairs; Earl Granville, Secretary for the Colonies; Earl of Kimberley, Secretary for India; H. Campbell-Bannerman, Secretary for War; Sir William Vernon-Harcourt, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Marquis of Ripon, First Lord of the Admiralty; Joseph Chamberlain, President of the Local Government Board; George Otto Trevelyan, Secretary for Scotland; A. J. Mundella, President of the Board of Trade; Mr. John Morley, Chief Secretary for Ireland.

The "starving mechanics" of London held a mass-meeting in Trafalgar Square February 8. The red flag was waved, and a resolution was read denouncing the existing order of things, and summoning Parliament to immediately relieve the distress of British workmen. A riot followed, and the police charged the mob, but were powerless to overcome them. The immense crowd spread through the adjacent streets, stoning club-houses and dwellings, sacking saloons, and smashing windows. Several thousand pounds' worth of jewelry, clothing, etc., were looted. The mob dispersed during the evening of its own accord, the police, however, breaking up some of its remnants.

Emperor William, in opening the Prussian Diet, January 14, said: "I am grateful for the love and fidelity of my people, and for the benevolent sympathy which has been extended to me from foreign countries. Our foreign relations are friendly, and support fully our belief that the peace of Europe is sure to continue."

Prince Bismarck, in the debate in the Prussian Landtag, January 27, on the expulsion of the Poles from Germany, made a long speech. He said the primary cause of the government's action was the disloyalty of the Poles to the Prussian crown. They were constantly engaged in intrigues against the government, and had made themselves a steady annoyance to Prussia. By acting as accomplices of the opposition in the German Parliament they effected a majority against the government, and the crown could do nothing less than either deny the demands of such a majority, or else destroy the evil element which made the majority possible.

President Grévy has signed a decree granting amnesty to persons convicted of political offenses since 1870.—The President, in his Message to the Chambers, January 14, said, "A republic is the form of government necessary for France, in view of the importance and divisions of its opponents."—M. Le Royer was re-elected President of the French Senate by a majority of 24.

DISASTERS.

January 13.—Thirteen men killed by an explosion of fire-damp in a coal mine at Almy, Wyoming.

January 21.—Explosion at the Orrel Coal Company's mines, Newburg, West Virginia, killing thirty-nine men.

February 15.—Eighteen persons drowned from the British steamer *Douglass*, wrecked at Swatow.

OBITUARY.

January 16.—In Cambridge, Massachusetts, Rev. Henry N. Hudson, Shakespearean scholar, aged seventy-two years.

January 17.—In France, Paul Jacques Aimé Baudry, artist, aged fifty-seven years.—In Italy, Amilcare Ponchielli, composer, in his fifty-second year.

January 26.—In Clinton County, Missouri, Hon. David R. Atchison, ex-United States Senator, and for one day President of the United States, aged seventy-nine years.

January 30.—In Paris, France, Armand Baschet, author, aged fifty-seven years.

January 31.—In Washington, D. C., Mrs. Thomas Francis Bayard, wife of the Secretary of State.

February 2.—In Washington, D. C., General David Hunter, U.S.A., in his eighty-fourth year.—In Danvers, Massachusetts, John D. Philbrick, LL.D., public educator, in his sixty-eighth year.

February 5.—In Philadelphia, George T. Lanigan, journalist, aged forty-eight years.

February 7.—In New York city, Dr. Alfred C. Post, in his eighty-first year.

February 8.—In Rome, Italy, Prince Alexander Torlonia, in his eighty-sixth year.

February 9.—At Governor's Island, New York Harbor, General Winfield Scott Hancock, U.S.A., aged sixty-two years.—At Seattle, Washington Territory, John G. Thompson, ex-Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives, aged fifty-three years.

February 10.—In New York city, Henry J. Scudder, lawyer, in his sixty-first year.

February 12.—In Utica, New York, Hon. Horatio Seymour, ex-Governor of the State of New York, in his seventy-sixth year.

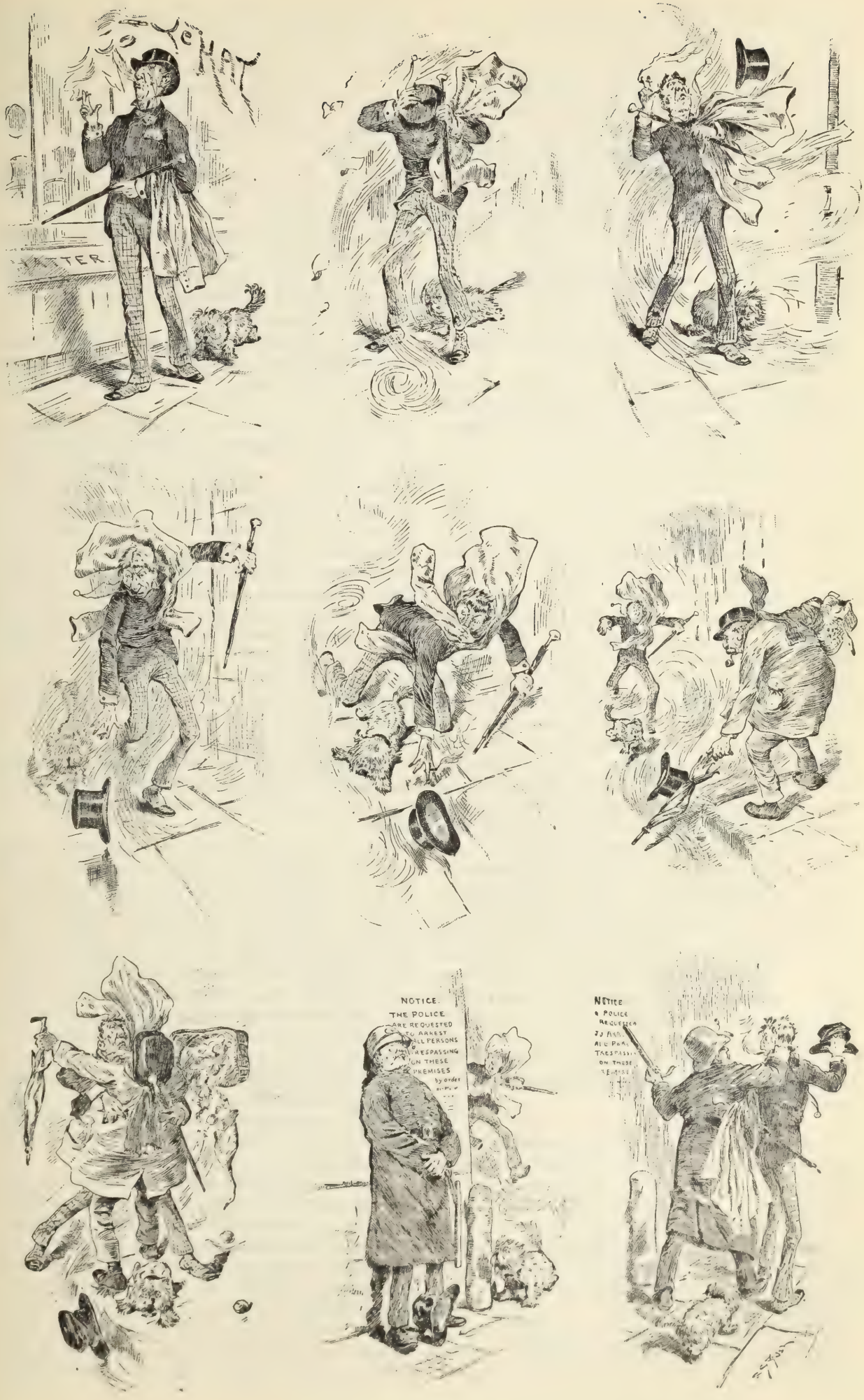
Editor's Drawer.

THE Drawer referred some time ago to the young man who is one day to be President of the United States, and the desirability of his fitting himself for this position. But on reflection the subject assumes a graver aspect. What the young man ought to be thinking of is his ability to become an ex-President. Anybody can be President who gets votes enough: the ability to get the votes is quite distinct from the qualifications to fill the office. And when a man is in, thanks to the excellence of our machinery, he can not do much injury in four years, except to himself and his party. Moderate ability will carry him through respectably. But it requires a great man to be a successful ex-President. The office of President is a very exalted one. And when the man lays it down and retires and stands alone, and people compare him with the position he has just left, he must have very large proportions to stand the comparison. This aspect of the case has not been enough considered. Men are very anxious to get the office, and their friends push them for it, without thinking of the figure the successful man may make when his term is over. The fact is that in the contrast he may appear much more insignificant than if he had remained in private life. There has been a great deal of talk lately about giving the ex-Presidents a pension in order to place them in a position of dignity, and enable them to maintain something of the state the people have been accustomed to see them in. It has been often remarked that a king out of business becomes an object of compassion, even if he has invested money in foreign funds. Nothing but the possession of great qualities can save him from contempt. It is so with an ex-President. The practical suggestion to be made, therefore, is that the young man to whom we have alluded should fit himself to be an ex-President. If he can not attain the character and the qualities needed for that, he may be sure that the office of President will be but a hollow satisfaction.

It is getting to be very embarrassing, this civilization, especially to women. We are accumulating so much, our establishments are becoming so complicated, that daily life is an effort. There are too many "things." Our houses are getting to be museums. A house now is a library, an art gallery, a bric-à-brac shop, a furniture warehouse, a crockery store, combined. It is a great establishment run for the benefit of servants, plumbers, furnace-men, grocers, tinkers. Regarded in one light, it is a very interesting place, and in another, it is an eleemosynary institution. We are accustomed to consider it a mark of high civilization; that is to say, the more complicated and overloaded we make our domestic lives, the more civilized we regard ourselves. Now perhaps we are on the wrong track altogether. Perhaps the way to high civilization is toward simplicity and disentanglement, so that the human being will be less a slave to his surroundings and impedimenta, and have more leisure for his own cultivation and enjoyment. Perhaps life on much simpler terms than we now carry it on with would be on a really higher plane. We have been looking at some pictures of Japanese dwellings, interiors. How simple they are! how little furniture or adornment! how few "things" to care for and be anxious about! Now the Japanese are a very ancient people. They are people of high breeding, polish, refinement. They are in some respects like the Chinese, who have passed through ages and cycles of experience, worn out about all the philosophies and religions then on, and come out on the other side of everything. They have learned to take things rather easily, not to fret, and to get on without a great many encumbrances that we still wearily carry along. When we look at the Japanese houses and at their comparatively simple life, are we warranted in saying that they are behind us in civilization? May it not be true that they have lived through all our experience, and come down to an easy *modus vivendi?* They may have had their bric-à-brac period, their overloaded-establishment age, their various measles stages of civilization, before they reached a condition in which life is a comparatively simple affair. This thought must strike any one who sees the present Japanese craze in this country. For, instead of adopting the Japanese simplicity in our dwellings, we are adding the Japanese eccentricities to our other accumulations of odds and ends from all creation, and increasing the incongruity and the complication of our daily life. What a helpless being is the housewife in the midst of her treasures! The Drawer has had occasion to speak lately of the recent enthusiasm in this country for the "cultivation of the mind." It has become almost a fashion. Clubs are formed for this express purpose. But what chance is there for it in the increasing anxieties of our more and more involved and overloaded domestic life? Suppose we have clubs—Japanese clubs they might be called—for the simplification of our dwellings and for getting rid of much of our embarrassing *ménage!*

Stephen A. Douglas, in his campaign against Lincoln, spoke in front of the hotel, and Old Rube was an attentive listener. Afterward he was asked what he thought of the speech.

"Dat was heaby doctrine," said he—"de heabiest kind ob doctrine. But dar was lots ob ign'ant folks dar, Mr. Hall, dat didn't understand dat doctrine—not a bit ob it. Dey didn't understand it, Mr. Hall, no more'n *you* did."


NOTICE
THE POLICE
ARE REQUESTED
TO ARREST
ALL PERSONS
TRESPASSING
ON THESE
PREMISES
by order

PLANTATION CHARCOALS.

THE TRANCE.

John Gus was emotional and religious. A prayer-meeting stimulated his spiritual nature beyond bodily endurance. One of these happy seasons was generally followed by a trance, in which state John Gus had visions of heaven and hell, for he visited either place with equal facility. His reply to my greeting one morning was rather startling, and his haggard appearance was quite confirmatory of his words.

"I ain't feelin' so well dis mornin', thank'ee, doctor. I went to hell las' night. Yassir, I was dere, sho."

"What did you see there? Meet any of your acquaintance?"

"Yas indeed, sir. Seed three or fo' overseers I knowed, an' old Sauk was dere a-ploughin'." Old Sauk was a mule noted for his indomitable will and nimbleness of heels.

"And what was it like down there, John Gus?"

"Well, doctor, dis de way it was. 'Peared like dere was a great *big* jimmyjohn, an' you hatter ride down a long lane, which is de neck o' de jimmyjohn, an' you ride a hoss what seem like it gwine stumble, an' yet it don't—jes oneasy like, you know. When you git ter de en' de lane, you go plum over dat hoss head, an' you drap down de bottom o' dat jimmyjohn, which is red-hot. An' dere's a man an' a great big dog name Ranger, an' he set Ranger on you, an' you *can't* git out'n de way. An' dere was red-hot cotton fiel's, an' red-hot men a-ploughin' red-hot mules. An' you plough an' you plough clean till Sa'day night, an' you don' res' Sunday nuther, 'case all dem ashes got ter be tooken out'n de way, an' Monday you got ter begin dat red-hot ploughin' agin. An' you look up an' git a glimp o' hebben thoo de neck o' de jimmyjohn, an' you see dem angels a-flyin' frum cherry-beam to cherry-beam, holdin' little white books in dey han's, an' settin' on de cherry-beam jes whar you can see 'em, singin' out'n de little white books. An' dere dey is, aggervatin' yo' soul, an' you never kin git out no mo' ever an' ever. O Lord, be merciful onto me!"

A groan of agony forbade any levity, even though John Gus converted the blissful cherubim into *cherry-beams*.

Not long ago one of the men from the plantation came to see "missy" on business. When this had been attended to, he lingered as if he had something more on his mind.

"Well, Sam, anything else?"

Sam shuffled deprecatingly from one foot to the other. "You see, missy, I don't never like to make complaints, but there is some gwines on I know you wouldn' like."

"Well, what?"

"Bad langidge, missy, while we all's washin' up."

"Washing up what?"

"Jes washin' up, you know, missy—*washin' up de Lawd.*"

"Missy" could not help an exclamation and a laugh. She is not often at a loss to understand these her intimate friends, but this time she had to acknowledge that she was taken by surprise.

Sam was quite embarrassed, and said, apologetically, "You know I always was thick-tongued, missy."

His landlady indulged in no further levity. "You are perfectly right, Sam. It is against the law for any religious assembly to be disturbed in their worship, and I can allow no such conduct on the place."

Armed with "missy's" authority, Sam went back to the plantation to rebuke sinners more faithfully than ever.

I must now introdnce Aunt Clary Brown. She comes up from the plantation occasionally to remind M——, that she once had the honor to be her nurse, one of the renowned twenty. These women who belonged to "old marse's time" bestow upon their present landlady the remarkable title of "Babe." This is done in the spirit of devoted loyalty, and the distinction is borne with simple dignity as an evidence of affection. Dressed gorgeously in a yellow spotted calico, with a hat of remarkable style set on top of her "head-hankercher," Aunt Clary wends her way from the kitchen, through the dining-room, and across the wide hall into her lady's apartment. She treads rather gingerly upon the soft carpet, and retraces her steps to the mat at the door to make sure that the sand has been rubbed from her ample shoes. M—— meets her with extended hand.

"How you do, Babe? I 'clare you looks right peart." Her fat cheeks seem to fold back to make way for wide-spreading smiles.

M—— assures her of her good health, etc., and then begins to return Aunt Clary's complimentary interest. How is her cotton turning out? what is the state of supplies? and how is the mare? Aunt Clary is very proud of her mar', as she calls that meek-looking creature upon which depends her year's ploughing.

All questions having been answered, Aunt Clary wobbles about uneasily, not knowing how to end the interview gracefully.

M—— puts a period to it by handing her a silver dollar. "Here, Aunt Clary, take this dollar and buy yourself a present."

Aunt Clary's illuminated countenance breaks into a succession of smiles, but a curious shadow falls upon it as she says: "Thankee, Babe. I'm gwine take dis dollar an' put a quarter to it, an' I'm gwine git me a black dress, and I'm gwine mou'n fer Dick. I misses dat nigger." Tears trickle down her black face. "I 'ain't got uster doin' dout him yit. Me an' Dick had one ner all dese years, an' when I sets down to eat my corn-bread an' bacon, I feels

lonesome. We had one ner sence we was chillun. We never had no better sense, an' I'm gwine mou'n fer Dick." The copious shower of tears is wiped away on the back of her fat hand and the corner of her gingham apron, and sunshine at once returns. "I bin allers uster havin' a man, an' I don' know how to git on dout a man. I wants a nigger to plough fer me. Nex' time you sees me, Babe, I spec I be married."

With a radiant good-by the hopeful widow goes on her way to mourn for Dick. S. D.

A great many excellent people think that man is losing caste in this country, and that the argument is all in favor of the superiority of the female sex. It may comfort such people to read the argument of a colored woman on the other side. The document is a genuine one, and the colored sister's appreciation of the value of man as man is refreshing and encouraging:

Essay on the Resolve question, that Man is more Beneficial to the world, the Lord made Adam, and afterwards, he made Eve, and therefore I think if the women had been more profitable the Lord would have Created woman first, if it ware not for the gentlemen I think there would be no Laws for People to Live under nor the law never would have Been past that a Person Should be hung for Murdering another. So therefore I think there would be very much Murder. Ware it not for the gentlemen I think there would be no voting, the gentlemans voting Causeth us to have Presidents that make Laws for us to live under, and to have congressmans. Ware it not for the jentleman we would have no nice Roads to travel, if we walked we would very often Stumble and perhaps fall. By the laws of the jentleman the president the Roads are nicely prepared for us to travel ware it not for the jentleman Some of us Probaly would Be in very much nead for water there might be no Spring in Convenience we would nead a well and who Should dig it. Should the Lady take the pick-axe and Dig the well no nobody But the jentleman Ware a Person to Be Baptized Should a Lady Baptize them. I think it would Be very peculiarly to See a Lady Baptizing or Diging a well or Diging a Grave. O no it needs the jentleman to Do this I am sure that there is not a Lady in this house that would like to Do Either of these. Ware it not for the jentleman there would be But very little Preaching altheau I have heard of Ladies preaching But I am sure thay would not take the Resolution that the jentleman takes to go to farther Countries to preach the gospel to heatheners. Moreover there might Be no Ships to sail across the great Ocean to Cary them For I am sure that Ladies do not Build Ships. Neither are Ladies the Ruler of Ships. ware it not for the jentleman I think there would Be scarcely any produce to be had, there would be but few Ladies that would be Farmers, and ware it not for the farmers there would be scarcely any Dry gods, only that produced by the Wool that grows on the Sheeps Backs and that produced By the Sik worm and the flax plant, and velvet and could But few people wear that, for it would Be very Precious and I think it would be very Dear, therefore cotton makes the most excellent goods, that is the most useful gods, and ware it not for the farmer jentleman there would not very much be made. Moreover I think there would be But very few ladies that would have the Resolution to Cut and Mall and Grub and Plow and Reap and to attend horses and cattle Especial when Snow is on the Grown, how mony Ladies are here that can say with clear Evidence thay would I am not under the least Doubt that there is not one I think the Ladies would scarcely make out to pay thare taxes By Farming that is if thay had any to pay Ware it not for the jentlemen who would prepapare all those fine Buildings all the houses in the Cities I think it would be very much Curiosity to see a Lady Building upon a house. And all those great Macinaries Such as Saw Mills Griss Mills thrashing machines should ladies rule them. Ware it not for the Saw Mills we would have no indecent houses to live in we would have to live on Dirt flowers as those of old times. Ware it not for the jentlemen Sick patience would very often be lost for this Cause, the patience might get worse in the night, the Lady being a fraid to go for the Doctor the Patience Might Be lost, or Probaly the Doctor Being a lady and having Been Sent for in the Day and perhaps might not Be at home. When *she* gets home it might be so Dark that she would be a fraid to come, the poor patience might Be Lost. Now for the jentleman — the gentleman Being not afraid (if) it should be night Right out for the Doctor he goes now had it not been for the jentleman that patience might have been lost. Moreover who should cary our mail through the Countries where there is no trains, a Lady would Do very well in the Day time But when night comes all Done just where night catch them all a lone, there thay would stop. So we could not well do without the gentlemen, and I think they would never starve on account of Being to Lazy to prepare their own food.

Jesus was a man and he Died for us all. had it not Been for the Lord where might we have Been.

The popular Governor of one of the States was colonel of a regiment, and was leading his men in the celebrated charge at Malvern Hill, when a rabbit broke from the brush in front of the regiment and made briskly to the rear. The Governor looked after it longingly a moment, and then cried out, "Go it, Molly Cotton-tail; if I hadn't a reputation to sustain, I'd like to join you."

"CUT, CUT BEHIND!"

Vhen shnow und ice vas on der ground,
  Und merry shleigh-bells shingle;
Vhen Shack Frost he vas peen around,
  Und makes mine oldt ears tingle—
I hear dhose roguish *gamins* say,
  "Let shoy pe unconfined!"
Und dhen dhey go for efry shleigh,
  Und yell, "Cut, cut pehind!"

It makes me shust feel young some more,
  To hear dhose youngsters yell,
Und eef I don'd vas shtiff und sore,
  Py shings! I shust vould—vell,
Vhen some oldt pung vas coomin' py,
  I dink I'd feel inclined
To shump righdt in ubon der shly,
  Und shout, "Cut, cut pehind!"

I mind me vot mine fader said
  Vonce, vhen I vas a poy,
Mit meeschief alvays in mine head,
  Und fool off life und shoy:
"Now, Hans, keep off der shleighs," says he,
  "Or else shust bear in mind,
"I dake you righdt across mine knee,
  Und cut, cut, cut pehind!"

Vell, dot vas years und years ago,
  Und mine young Yawcob, too,
Vas now shkydoodling droo der shnow,
  Shust like I used to do;
Und vhen der pungs coom py mine house,
  I shust peeks droo der plind,
Und sings oudt, "Go id, Yawcob Strauss,
  Cut, cut, cut, cut pehind!"

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

Poor old Aunt Polly was passing away. Her daughter, best known as Young Polly, though she looked every day as old as her mother, and twice as capable, had nursed her faithfully, received her last directions, and, when she could do no more, stood by the bed, hoping that the apparently unconscious woman might recognize her once more. Suddenly her mother's face brightened and her eyes opened. The daughter bent eagerly forward, and the whole neighborhood, who were in attendance, as is customary in such cases, drew back as silently as possible. "Polly, always keep hot water on the stove, won't you?" said the old lady, feebly; and then she was gone.



SARCASM.

THE MAJOR. "Now, then, what's the matter there?"
BUGLER SIMMONS. "Beg pardon, sir, but I don't like to ride this horse."
THE MAJOR (*politely*). "Really! Sorry, Mr. Simmons, but the regulations don't provide barouches for battery buglers."

LITERARY NOTES.

MR. JAMES F. HUDSON'S book, *The Railways and the Republic*,[1] is of absorbing interest to every American, if only as a contribution to contemporary history. The facts concerning the railway system, which he has compiled with great industry, will be more novel and more surprising to most readers than any narrative of party struggles in Great Britain or of Russian aggression in Asia. Many writers have given glowing descriptions of the growth of railways, of the ingenuity and energy which have built them up, and of their services to civilization, showing how they add efficiency to productive industry, improve and enlarge our national resources, and overcome the narrowness of local and provincial life by diffusing a broad national spirit. But Mr. Hudson, while recognizing the full force of these familiar thoughts, examines the subject from another point of view, and finds in it one of the gravest social and political problems which ever confronted a great people. He shows that the railway corporations have acquired and now exercise a power over trade and industry such as no government, however despotic, ever dared to usurp; that the managers of the roads, by their secret and irresponsible control of rates, became the arbiters of success or failure in mining, manufactures, and commerce; that they can thus acquire unearned fortunes for themselves, and can largely dictate the distribution of wealth in society at large according to their caprice or favor, and without regard to industry, enterprise, or merit. He describes in detail the process by which these powers have been used in several typical instances to neutralize the laws of trade, to destroy the natural advantages of particular places, to ruin whole groups of independent competitors, and even to build up actual monopolies. His account of the rise of the Standard Oil Company by the aid of discriminations made in its favor by the "Trunk Line" railroads, until from one among many refiners of petroleum it has become absolute master of the trade in this staple, is the romance of a career of conquest in business not less marvellous than was Hannibal's in war. He explains how the rapid development of agriculture in the Western States, with advancing values of lands, has been coincident with a decline of the same interest in the Eastern and Middle States, and an actual decrease in the value of farms, as the direct result of the persistent discrimination of the railroads against "local freights." He sketches the history of "pooling" among the railroads, from its origin in the combination of two or three parallel lines to destroy their mutual competition, down to the audacious and magnificent scheme by which it is now proposed to subject all the great highways of the nation to the dominion of a secret commercial oligarchy. He proves clearly that if such a conspiracy is successful, it will have the power to subjugate and rigidly monopolize other branches of trade far more important than that in oil, and that its controlling minds will have the strongest temptation to exercise that power. He exposes the true nature and causes of the "railway wars," of late so frequent, so disturbing to trade, and so disastrous to investors. They are the direct result of the pooling method, and of the desire of each road to extort from its rivals concessions in the pool; but they are always tainted with the suspicion that managers, knowing how such contests and the agreements which end them will affect the price of shares, are administering their trust so as to gamble with loaded dice against the public on the Stock Exchange.

Many of these facts have been widely published, and are known in a fragmentary form to all intelligent men, yet every reader will be startled by their terrible significance when grouped together. Mr. Hudson brings into just prominence their influence upon business morality and national character. As far as success in trade is made to depend on railway favor, instead of being the reward of sagacity and enterprise, mercantile independence is destroyed. When estates vaster than that of Lucullus or of Seneca are built up in a few years by men who have rendered no signal service to the community, the whole financial world is corrupted by such examples, and multitudes aspire to grasp sudden wealth by the same means of railway "financiering," by conspiracies to issue fictitious securities through construction companies, consolidations, and stock dividends, by secret contracts for discriminating rates, or by the perilous "manipulation" of prices in the stock market. The enormous masses of capital which are swayed by a single purpose hidden behind impersonal forms, seeking aggrandizement and deterred by no scruple, must protect themselves against encroachment or confiscation by the community; and so it becomes "necessary" to control legislatures and courts, municipal councils and public officers; and these are sometimes made instruments of the corporations through the managers of party machinery, and sometimes are directly bought and sold. The principles of the common law, which inexorably suppressed every form of monopoly, and forbade every combination in restraint of trade, are subjected to gradual encroachments; and the courts of to-day dare not repeat the rulings of Baldwin and Walworth made a generation ago. The positive prohibitions of half our State Constitutions against combinations between competing lines and discriminations in rates are openly defied. In short, mighty forces are at work undermin-

[1] *The Railways and the Republic.* By J. F. HUDSON. 8vo, Cloth. (*Just ready.*) New York: Harper and Brothers.

ing public and private morals, and the tendency of the times is to bring the nation under the rule of a group of irresponsible and conscienceless corporations. The economical revolution which the railways are working in facilitating intercourse and multiplying wealth is accompanied by a less obvious but more profound revolution in the moral structure of our civilization. Its strength in the supremacy of justice, in the independence of the individual citizen, in the certainty of the rewards of labor, is every day impaired; and it may be doubted whether the institutions and laws which met the needs of society forty years ago can bear the strain of the forces which now agitate it, and of the emergencies which threaten it.

Mr. Hudson proposes a solution of the problem which is startling in its simplicity, and which must take a prominent place in the future discussion of the subject. It is the re-establishment by law of the principle of the public highway. Let the ownership and maintenance of the railway be effectually and completely severed from the business of the common carrier. Let every railway be made a public highway, open on equal terms, under fixed, uniform, and reasonable tolls, to the trains of every carrier. He contends, with a weight of argument which must command attention, that this single measure is practicable, that it will in no way impair the usefulness of the roads, and that it is within the legitimate powers of legislation. And he proves beyond question that, if enforced, it would end all the great abuses of the railway system. This plan has never yet been fairly tried. Mr. Hudson is, indeed, the first who has ever intelligently proposed and discussed it. But it finds powerful support in the legal principles which governed all forms of public highways until the railways asserted their monopoly of transportation, in the fundamental law of political economy that free competition is the true and only perfect regulator of trade, and in the unquestionable fact that the union of ownership of way and the exclusive right of transportation in our railway corporations has led to evils which are fast becoming intolerable. The growth of these evils cannot continue unchecked for another generation. Statesmanship must bring the forces of law and order to suppress them, knowing that if these forces are permanently perverted to the service of oppression and wrong, other forces will arise to do in other ways the work they have neglected. For while there is no limit to the arrogance, injustice, and corruption of which corporate sovereignty is capable, there is a limit to the forbearance of a people which retains its traditions of liberty. The railroad riots of 1877, and many a wild cry of wrong heard since among the classes on whom the burden of all such oppression falls, have warned us of the truth that Pindar sang and Plato proclaimed: "The law of the strongest is king of heaven and earth, and at times with overbearing hand carries all before it, justifying the extreme of violence."

The territory included within the boundaries of the United States attained its present area slowly and by consecutive enlargements. Civilized occupation and use of this territory goes on now as heretofore under conditions not paralleled elsewhere. The American pioneer pushes the frontier forward daily in spite of vast obstacles. Deep interest attaches to the enterprises and endurances by which inanimate nature is overcome— river and forest, desert and mountain chain. Far more intensely, more absolutely interesting, often more thrilling, than any possible work of imagined romance, is the story of the ceaseless attrition of the white race with the red, and of the slow compulsion of order among the discordant white elements inevitably present in such a feverish border-land.

The preservation and setting in readable order of the materials and elements of this marvellous story are a task the importance of which is better understood than are its difficulties, and the writer who searches out and rescues any considerable part performs a valuable public service. Such a work is that of Mr. J. P. Dunn, Jun., entitled *Massacres of the Mountains.*[2] It is a history—full, accurate, just, and teeming with dramatic interest—of the acquisition of the Western territory, and of the wars with the Indian tribes which were the consequences of that acquisition. The localities of the several occurrences selected for narration are for the greater part included in the vast central mountain country of the United States, extending from the British frontier on the north to the Mexican line on the south—that portion of our national domain now opening to settlement, and which for the next hundred years must present unceasingly its peculiar problems of administration. The work is indispensable to a thorough understanding of the Indian question. Long and patient investigation has supplied the author with the most ample material for the presentation of the tragic events of these mountain conflicts, not only in their immediate details, but also in their relation to the circumstances, of whatever kind, which acted as their near or remote causes, or which influenced them in any way. He describes the aboriginal population, the customs and characters of the various tribes, the hardy and daring intruders who entered into possession of the country, the provocations to hostilities given and received on different occasions, and the manner in which they were met and resented on both sides. The physical characteristics of the country, as affecting conditions of life, are brought out clear-

[2] *Massacres of the Mountains.* A History of the Indian Wars of the Far West. By J. P. Dunn, Jun. Profusely Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth. (*Just ready.*) New York: Harper and Brothers.

ly. Local history is laid under contribution when necessary to show the effect of race origins and former political relations. The source and nature, as well as the legislative and executive treatment of the possessory rights to the lands held by the Indians under their treaties with the United States are grimly illustrated by the frauds, blunders, tyrannies, and stupidities of acts of dispossession and eviction. The Indian agency system is placed in the strong light of its results, which appear in red men dying of disease and starvation or driven by wrongs to acts of blind revenge. Not the least important of Mr. Dunn's pictures of the bloody scenes enacted among the mountains of the far West is that which gathers and preserves all that is known of the "Mountain Meadow Massacre."

The work cannot in any just sense of the term be classed as "sensational," although its title is barely an adequate suggestion of its terribly vivid presentations. Possessing the true spirit and method of the judicial historical investigator, the author has wisely refrained, on the one hand, from injudicious attempts at mere word-painting—leaving his plain, unvarnished tales to produce their own proper effect—and on the other from the advocacy of any theory or policy, exposing the facts on both sides with rigid impartiality. From page to page the facts and figures given tell their own story and point their own moral with startling distinctness. In revealing the simple truth relating to the events which constitute his theme, and around which, as centres, could be grouped the evils or mistakes or defects of administration operating as their causes, Mr. Dunn has produced a book which will have a place of its own in American historical literature.

It has been said that all human history is thoroughly organic, but that it has no "plot" visible to the eye of the ordinary observer. The *Massacres of the Mountains* are separate pictures of detached subjects, yet through the entire group of narratives runs the well-kept idea of continuously operative forces, breaking out at given opportunities into disastrous effects. The sanguinary tragedies depicted in these pages had their causes, and as these causes still exist and call for action through many voices—notably in the reports of consecutive generals of the army—the interest of Mr. Dunn's work, for those who are solicitous for the welfare and honor of the country, will be of the present as much as of the past. The book is one which will not be read in haste, and which will be returned to again and again when once taken up.

It is an interesting incident of English literature that the writings of naturalists have always been noteworthy for the purity and beauty of their style. This has been amply illustrated by White of Selborne, Buckland, Kirby and Spence, Wilson, Audubon, Darwin, Thoreau, and many others, whose chroniclings of the beings and doings of the lower creation still retain all their first freshness and attractiveness. This charm of a genial and graceful style, superadded to the interest excited by their close observations of the creature world around them, and by their minute unfoldings and revealings of the traits of familiar or rare or beautiful forms of animal and vegetable life, has secured for the writings of naturalists an assured place in our choicest literature, and has won for this department of letters an unusual degree of popular favor. It would be difficult to find among recent naturalists one who more worthily maintains the literary standard of his brotherhood, both as to charm of style and minute fulness of observation, and, we may also add, as to the faculty for graphic description, than the author of the delightful volume entitled *Upland and Meadow*.[3] This gentleman, Dr. Charles C. Abbott, of New Jersey, shows what a wealth of interesting material is to be gathered from the systematic observation and accumulation of the facts concerning those "unconsidered trifles" which people the air, the land, and the water immediately around our homes, and the study of which requires no considerable expenditure of time or money, and no long and distant journeyings, but is within the ability of every intelligent man who knows how to use his eyes while pursuing his occasional recreative rambles in the intervals of his daily avocations. The special suggestion of *Upland and Meadow* is the magnitude and interest of the results that may be secured by studying with the eye of a naturalist an exceedingly limited and familiar area, even in the closely settled parts of one of the "Old Thirteen." In this book Dr. Abbott makes the scene of his observations and investigations of nature the few miles of country that environ his rural home in southern New Jersey, with its upland and meadow, its cultivated fields and spreading orchards, its sequestered brooks and creeks, its quiet nooks and corners, its clumps of woodland and underbrush, its solitary trees, and its tangles of shrubbery and wild flowers. Here he studied the creature life around him—birds, beasts, reptiles, insects, etc.—in his diurnal rambles, and surprised many a secret from them touching their habitats, their times of coming and going, their modes of summering and wintering, their ways of intercommunicating with each other, their peculiar physical and psychical endowments, and all that related to the entire round of their lives and their special habits and characteristics. And in the book before us he has chronicled all that was revealed to his keen and nature-loving eye, with a geniality, a heartiness, and a kindly sunniness that will be reflected in the mind of the reader, and also with a zest-

[3] *Upland and Meadow.* A Poaetquissings Chronicle. By Charles C. Abbott, M.D. 12mo. Cloth, pp. 397, $1 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

fulness that haply may inoculate the reader with the tastes of a naturalist, and go far to convert him into one.

An impartial, comprehensive, and connected narrative of European history during the last four centuries, sufficiently concise to be available in the class-room as an educational text-book, sufficiently attractive in its style to win the attention of youthful students or readers, and sufficiently clear in its method and general treatment to be intelligible to them, has long been a desideratum with those who are charged with the higher education dispensed in our academies, preparatory schools, high schools, and colleges. There has been no book which precisely met this want, although there was no lack of excellent books of general history relating to the earlier periods, or of special histories of limited periods and of particular European nations. *A History of Modern Europe*,[4] which has been prepared for the "Student's Series," by Richard Lodge, M.A., Tutor of Brazenose College, Oxford, supplies the "missing link" most satisfactorily. Very wisely the author has made no attempt to go into the details of the domestic history of each European state, but has confined himself to those current public events and occurrences which, while profoundly influencing the affairs of each particular state, also exercised a mutual and controlling influence over all the Continental nations. He has also very judiciously abstained from entering into the history of England, except so far as it is directly involved with the history of the Continental states. The period treated in the book is that which is comprised in the four hundred and twenty-five years from the capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453 to the Treaty of Berlin in 1878; and the author has invested his narrative with the charm of unity and of connected interest, too often lacking in works of general history, by grouping the history of the different Continental states around the central and main currents of European affairs. No state is given greater prominence than its influence deserves, none is passed over slightingly or perfunctorily, and the history of each, and of its differences and contests with other states, is related with exemplary accuracy and impartiality. In like manner the references to those statesmen, soldiers, and sovereigns who were prominent in the history of the several states, or who exerted a potential or a modifying influence upon the destiny of Europe, are full, graphic, and noteworthy for their judicial candor. The book is equipped with an elaborate chronological table showing the procession of the more memorable events of the period, and with an index so exhaustive as to make reference and comparison easy. Although primarily designed as a manual for the use of pupils and students, and admirably adapted to that end, the general reader who has not the means to acquire or the time to peruse the larger histories of modern Europe will find this a most satisfactory compend, sufficiently full to give him an intelligent view of the current of European history during a most important period of transition and development.

No book better deserves study and perusal by our public men, and indeed by all men who give solicitous attention to the pressing political problems of the day, than a little pamphlet from the pen of the veteran historian and statesman George Bancroft, entitled *A Plea for the Constitution of the United States of America Wounded in the House of its Guardians*,[5] which has just been published by the Messrs. Harper. The unpretentious size of this little book bears no proportion to its great importance. As its title dimly intimates, it is an examination and review of a recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. Bancroft shows indisputably that the Supreme Court erred egregiously when it declared that the impressing upon bills or notes of the government the quality of a legal tender was a power universally understood to belong to sovereignty in Europe and America at the time of the framing and adoption of the Constitution, the historical fact being, as he overwhelmingly proves, not only that this peculiar prerogative of sovereignty was *not* universal either in Europe or America, but that the reverse was the case. He also shows by the acts and carefully weighed statements of the framers of the Constitution, and of its early administrators and expounders, that even if this kind of sovereignty had existed in Europe and America, it had no place in the Constitution of the United States, but that, under it, Congress has no powers in an unlimited sense, no *inherent* powers in any sense, no powers but those that have been delegated to it by positive grant, and that anything that is not given is reserved to the States and the people. And finally he shows conclusively, by the record of the Supreme Court itself, that the power of Congress to emit bills of credit is not now (*i. e.*, at the time of the decision under review in 1884) nor ever has been established by its decisions, but on the contrary that the uniform and universal judgment of statesmen, jurists, and constitutional lawyers has denied the constitutional right of Congress to make paper a legal tender to any extent whatever. Mr. Bancroft's argument is convincing, and it is weighted with a degree of earnestness, solemnity, and apprehensiveness that makes it profoundly impressive.

[4] *A History of Modern Europe, from the Capture of Constantinople by the Turks to the Treaty of Berlin*, 1878. By Richard Lodge, M.A. "Student's Series." 12mo, Cloth, pp. 772, $1 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[5] *A Plea for the Constitution of the United States of America Wounded in the House of its Guardians.* By George Bancroft. "Harper's Handy Series." 16mo, pp. 95, 25 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

THE CENTURY

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

MAGAZINE.

May 1885, to October 1885



THE CENTURY CO., NEW-YORK.

F. WARNE & CO., LONDON.

Vol. XXX. *New Series Vol. VIII.*

Copyright, 1885, by The Century Co.

Press of Theo. L. De Vinne & Co.
New-York.

INDEX

TO

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXX. NEW SERIES: VOL. VIII.

PAGE.

AFGHANISTAN. See "India."

ALASKA, THE GREAT RIVER OF ..... *Frederick Schwatka* 738, 819

Illustrations by Henry Sandham and J. A Fraser, after drawings by the author: Map of Alaska — Canoeing — Perrier Pass — Creeping through the Fog — The Grand Cañon — Cascade near the Grand Rapids — In the Rink Rapids — General View — The Raft — The Yukon from Kitt-ah-gon (two views). Part II. A Medicine-man — Along the Banks — Old Fort Yukon — Indian Burial Ground — Sweepers — Ayans pulling the Raft — Johnny's Village — Fishing — Killing a Moose in the Water — Anvic Indians. (See also page 970.)

ARTISTS, AMERICAN, THE SUMMER HAUNTS OF ..... *Lizzie W. Champney* 845

(See also page 973.)

Illustrations by Harry Fenn, George Inness, Jr., T. Moran, Percy Moran, R. Swain Gifford, W. F. Halsall, Harry Chase, Elbridge Kingsley, J. A. S. Monks, R. M. Shurtleff, and R. Birch: Studios of Thomas Cole, George Inness, George Inness, Jr., Harry Fenn (two views), Thomas Moran, Percy Moran, Samuel Colman (two views), Eastman Johnson, R. Swain Gifford, William Sartain, William F. Halsall, Harry Chase, Elbridge Kingsley, J. A. S. Monks, George Fuller, and R. M. Shurtleff.

BORNEO, NORTH, FRANK HATTON IN. By his father ..... *Joseph Hatton* 437

Notes of Exploration by ..... *Frank Hatton* 439

Illustrations by E. J. Meeker and from photograph.

BOSTONIANS, THE ..... *Henry James* 58, 256, 423, 553, 692, 861

BOWLES, SAMUEL. See "Journalism."

BULL-DOG, THE ..... *R. and W. Livingston* 33

With illustration of the Champion Bull-Dog "Boz."

BULL-TERRIER, THE ..... *James Page Stinson* 34

With illustration of Bull-Terrier "Silk II."

CAMP GRINDSTONE ..... *Henry Eckford* 499

Illustrations by W. A. Rogers: Camp-fire Oration — The Fleet — Our Venetian Night-Festival — The Morning Bugle Call — "Sobby" — Welcoming a Veteran — Race of Canoe and Skiff — Squaw Point — Headquarters — The Hurry-scurry Race — The Chorus — Searching for a Pirate — Overboard.

CHESAPEAKE DUCK-DOG, THE ..... *George Norbury Appold* 36

With illustration of Chesapeake Duck-Dog "Chess."

CANOEING. See "Camp Grindstone."

CANADA PACIFIC RAILWAY, THE ..... *George M. Grant* 882

CLAY (HENRY), A FEW WORDS ABOUT ..... *George Bancroft* 479

With portrait from a daguerreotype, engraved by T. Johnson.

COLLIE, THE ..... *Thomas H. Terry* 528

With illustration of Collie Dog "Ladd."

PAGE.

COLONIES, SOCIAL LIFE IN THE ..... *Edward Eggleston* 387
With numerous illustrations by W. H. Shelton, W. H. Drake, A. Hosier, Miss A. Eggleston, E. J. Meeker, Francis Lathrop, and C. C. Cooper.

CROW'S NEST ..... *Mrs. Burton Harrison* 724
Illustrations by W. J. Smedley.

DEER-HOUND, THE SCOTCH ..... *John E. Thayer* 532
With illustration of Stag-Hound "Jahrl."

DISCOURAGER OF HESITANCY, THE. A Continuation of "The Lady, or The Tiger?" ..... *Frank R. Stockton* 482

DOGS, TYPICAL ..... *Gaston Fay* 29, 526
(Introduction — Mastiff — St. Bernard — Bull-Dog — Bull-Terrier — Greyhound.
PART II. Chesapeake Duck-Dog — Water-Spaniel — Collie — Fox-Terrier — Scotch Deer-Hound.)
Illustrations drawn by Miss Lucy T. Fenner, J. M. Tracy, and Harry Lyman: engraved by Gaston Fay.

ELIOT'S, GEORGE, COUNTY ..... *Rose G. Kingsley* 339
Illustrations by Alfred Parsons and Homer Martin: "Milly's Grave" — South Farm, Arbury Park — A Warwickshire Village — A Ribbon-Weaver — Astley Church — Chilvers Coton Church — Griff House — The Moat in the Field — Corner of Griff House — The Canal — Lime Avenue — Arbor in the Garden — Arbury Hall — Nuneaton.

FOX-TERRIER, THE ..... *James Watson* 530
With illustration of Fox-Terrier "Richmond Olive."

FLORENTINE MOSAIC, A. (Third Paper) ..... *W. D. Howells* 199
(See also "Siena" and "Tuscan Cities.")
Illustrations by Joseph Pennell: Loggia dei Lanzi — The Brothers of Misericordia — The Clown — A Scavenger — A Court-yard — On the Arno — An Arrangement in Chimney-pots — Fountain in the Boboli Gardens — Relief from Piazza della Signoria.

GARRISON, WILLIAM LLOYD ..... *Thomas Wentworth Higginson*, 587; *Wendell Phillips Garrison*, 589, 780; *Francis Jackson Garrison* ... 592
Illustrations by William Lathrop and from photographs. Frontispiece portrait engraved by T. Johnson, after a photograph by Rockwood (facing page 499). Birthplace and Grammar School — Portrait, when young — George Thompson, William Lloyd Garrison, and Wendell Phillips. Part II. Prudence Crandall — Arnold Buffum — Rev. Samuel J. May — Prudence Crandall Philleo.

GREELY (LIEUTENANT) AT CAPE SABINE ..... *Ensign Charles H. Harlow* .. 77
With maps and fac-simile.

GREYHOUND, THE ..... *H. W. Huntington* 34
With illustration of Greyhound "Bouncing Boy."

GRIZZLY, STILL-HUNTING THE ..... *Theodore Roosevelt* 220
Illustrations by R. Swain Gifford and A. B. Frost: In the Big Horn Mountains — The Death of Old Ephraim.

HERSCHELS, THE THREE ..... *Edward S. Holden* 178
Illustrations: Portraits of Sir John, William, and Caroline Lucretia Herschel.

HILARY'S HUSBAND ..... *Grace Denio Litchfield* 268

HOTEL-KEEPING — PRESENT AND FUTURE ..... *George Iles* 577

IMMORTALITY AND MODERN THOUGHT ..... *T. T. Munger* 67

INDIA, THE GATE OF ..... *W. L. Fawcett* 408
With map by Jacob Wells.

INDIAN COUNTRY, THE ..... *Henry King* 599
With map.

INDIANS, AN ARTIST AMONG THE ..... *George DeForest Brush* 54
Illustrations by the author: Mourning her Brave — The Picture Writer.

JOURNALISM, INDEPENDENT, A STUDY IN ..... *George S. Merriam* 830
With frontispiece portrait of Samuel Bowles, engraved by Henry Velten from a photograph (facing page 819).

"LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT" ..... *Brander Matthews* 838

MASTIFF, THE ..... *W. Wade* 30
With illustration of English Mastiff "Duke."

MISTRAL ..... *Alphonse Daudet* 416
Illustration: Frontispiece portrait engraved by T. Johnson from a photograph by Cayol (facing page 339).

NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION, THE ..... *Eugene V. Smalley* 3, 185
(See also page 492.)
Illustrations by E. W. Kemble and E. J. Meeker: Initial — Horticultural Hall — A Corner in Japan — Mexican Silver — The White Stallion — Pig-Show — Sugar-cane and Rice House — At the Entrance of the Main Building — The Cotton Pavilion — China's Dummy — Corn is King. Part II. Mule-car — On Dixie's Line — "The Smoker was obdurate" A Stevedore — Some Members of the Mexican Band — Cactus from Mexico — A Study in the Hotel — Creoles — The Promenade — "What's the cheer good for?"—"When did you come?" — The Liberty Bell.

PAGE.

NEGRO, THE, HOW SHALL WE HELP? ..... *Bishop T. U. Dudley* 273
(See also "South, The Silent," and Index to Vol. XXIX.)

ORCHIDS ..... *Sophie Bledsoe Herrick* 230
With sixteen illustrations by the author.

PRINCE'S LITTLE SWEETHEART, THE ..... *Helen Jackson (H. H.)* 50
POETS, THE TWILIGHT OF THE ..... *Edmund C. Stedman* 787

RISE OF SILAS LAPHAM, THE. (Conclusion) ..... *W. D. Howells* 15
241, 353, 513
RIVERSIDE PARK ..... *William A. Stiles* 911
Illustrations by Alfred Parsons and Harry Fenn: Looking up the Hudson — Claremont, from the South — Riverside Drive at Ninety-sixth Street — Riverside Drive near Claremont — Across the Hudson from Claremont.
ROBERSON'S MEDIUM ..... *Ivory Black (T. A. Janvier)* 374
Illustrations by E. W. Kemble.

ST. BERNARD, THE 31
With illustrations of St. Bernard "Bonivard."
SIENA, PANFORTE DI ..... *W. D. Howells* 534, 659
Illustrations by Joseph Pennell: A Mountain Town — A Street — A High Breeze — Up and Down — Under the Arches — Fountain Outside of the Wall — Washing Day — From the Cathedral. Part II. The Return from the Fountain — A City Gate — Walls and Gardens — A Mediæval Sienese — An Archway — One of the Listeners — A Home — Farm-house — Outside a Gate — Picturesque Peasants — Tower of the Mangia — Going to Town.
SOUTH, THE SILENT ..... *G. W. Cable* 674
(See also "Negro.")
STAG-HOUND. See "Deer-Hound."
STORY, A, WITH A HERO ..... *James T. McKay* 569
SUSSEX, AMONG THE RED ROOFS OF ..... *Alice Maude Fenn* 709
Illustrations by Harry Fenn: In the Kitchen — The Homestead — Sheep-washing — Sheep-shearing — The Studio — In the Hay-field — The Mail in Summer — The Mail in Winter — The Swing — The Village Street — On the Common.
TUSCAN CITIES ..... *W. D. Howells* 890
Illustrations by Joseph Pennell: From Cathedral at Lucca — The Landing Stairs, Leghorn — The Sweep of the Arno — An Arcaded Street — The Clock Tower — A Sketch — A Stairway — The Tower — A Corner — Armorial Drawings of Podestà — Market-place — A Street in Fiesole — A Country Villa — A Courtyard, Fiesole — From the Cathedral, Lucca.

WATER-SPANIEL, THE ..... *J. F. Kirk* 526
With illustrations of Irish Water-Spaniel, "Champion Barney," and English Water-Spaniel.
WHITTIER ..... *Edmund C. Stedman* 38
YUKON. See "Alaska."

ZWEIBAK: BEING NOTES OF A PROFESSIONAL EXILE 960

BATTLES AND LEADERS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

(SEE ALSO VOLUME XXIX. AND "MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.")

BROWN, JOHN, AT HARPER'S FERRY ..... *Capt. John E. P. Daingerfield* 265
BULL RUN. See "Manassas."

FRAYSER'S FARM. See "Richmond."

GAINES'S MILL, THE BATTLE OF ..... *Gen. D. H. Hill* 294
Illustrations by W. Taber, A. J. Volck, W. L. Sheppard, Harry Fenn, A. C. Redwood, and T. de Thulstrup: Initial — Stonewall Jackson — Confederate Skirmish Line — Exterior Line of Defenses of Richmond — Map of the Upper Chickahominy — Mechanicsville — Plan of the Battle — Charge of Confederates at Beaver Dam Creek — The Battle-field of Beaver Dam Creek — Charge of a Sutler — Gen. A. P. Hill — Present Aspect of Gaines's Mill — Gen. F. J. Porter — Old Cold Harbor Tavern — "Captured by Stonewall Jackson himself."
GAINES'S MILL, THE BATTLE OF, AND ITS PRELIMINARIES. *Gen. Fitz John Porter* 309
(See also page 777.)
Illustrations by W. Taber, A. R. Waud, W. L. Sheppard, and from photograph by G. S. Cook: Lowe's Military Balloon — Confederate Retreat through Mechanicsville — Union Artillery at Mechanicsville Shelling Confederate Works — Union Defenses at Ellerson's Mill — The Battle-field of Gaines's Mill — The Battle of Gaines's Mill (after the painting by the Prince de Joinville) — Capture of Abandoned Union Guns — Gen. Longstreet.
GLENDALE. See "Richmond."
GRANT, GENERAL ..... *Gen. Adam Badeau* 151
With a portrait taken in 1864.
GRANT, GENERAL, THE LAST DAYS OF ..... *Gen. Adam Badeau* 919
Illustrations: Grant's Birthplace at Point Pleasant, Ohio — Lieut. U. S. Grant and Gen. Alexander Hays — Captain U. S. Grant — General Grant's Cabin, formerly Headquarters at City Point — General Grant, Mrs. Grant, and Master Jesse at Headquarters at City Point — General Grant at Headquarters during the Virginia Campaign — Autograph of General Grant written while at West Point.
(See also page 955.)

PAGE.

GRANT, GENERAL, REMINISCENCES OF ..... *Gen. James Harrison Wilson* 947
(See also "Lincoln" and page 958.)

HARPER'S FERRY See "Brown, John.

JACKSON, "STONEWALL." See "Shenandoah."

LEE, GEN. ROBERT E., AN INTERVIEW WITH ..... *John Leyburn* 166
LINCOLN AND GRANT ..... *Gen. Horace Porter* 939

McCLELLAN'S CHANGE OF BASE ..... *Gen. D. H. Hill* 447

THE CONFEDERATE PURSUIT.

Illustration by E. J. Meeker; Map by Jacob Wells.

MALVERN HILL. See "Richmond" and "Seven Days' Battles."
MANASSAS, INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE OF ..... *Gen. John D. Imboden* 92
(See also pages 640 and 641.)

Illustrations by E. J. Meeker: Ruins of the Henry House — Plan of the Battle-field.

MANASSAS TO SEVEN PINES ..... *Gen. Joseph E. Johnston* 99
(See also "Seven Pines" and pages 130 and 641.)

Frontispiece (facing page 3), Portrait of Gen. George B. McClellan, engraved by T. Johnson from a photograph by G. C. Cox; Illustrations by C. H. Stephens and from photographs: Sudley Springs Ford — General Map — Map of the Virginia Campaigns — Maj. Gen. J. B. Magruder — Maj. Gen. Benjamin Huger — Maj. Gen. G. W. Smith — Maj. Gen. D. H. Hill — Maj. Gen. Couch — Maj. Gen. Sumner — Map showing relative positions — Maj. Gen. Keyes — Maj. Gen. Heintzelman — Gen. R. E. Lee and Gen. J. E. Johnston.
(See also 958.)

MECHANICSVILLE. See "Gaines's Mill."

NELSON'S FARM. See "Richmond."

PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN, THE. (May and June, 1862) ..... *Gen. George B. McClellan* ... 136

Illustrations by W. Taber; Map by Jacob Wells: On the road — Encampment of the Army of the Potomac — The French Officers at Dinner.

See also papers by

GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON 99
GENERAL GUSTAVUS W. SMITH 122
GENERAL D. H. HILL 294, 447
GENERAL W. B. FRANKLIN 454
GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET 468
GENERAL FITZ JOHN PORTER 309, 615

(Also pages 130, 280, 478, 606, 633, 642.)

PRIVATE, RECOLLECTIONS OF A ..... *Warren Lee Goss.*

IV. TO THE CHICKAHOMINY — THE BATTLE OF SEVEN PINES 130

Illustrations by W. Taber, A. R. Waud, and Julian Scott: Confederate Sharpshooter — White House; McClellan's base of supplies — Ruins of the White House — Sumner's March — Sumner's corps crossing the overflowed "Grapevine" Bridge — After Fair Oaks: Putting the wounded aboard the cars — Line of Battle of Gen. Devens's Brigade.

V. RETIRING FROM THE CHICKAHOMINY 633

Illustrations by E. J. Meeker, A. R. Waud, W. L. Sheppard, and J. D. Woodward: The Camp Kitchen — Map of the Change of Base — Supplying the Hungry — The Fortified Camp at Harrison's Landing — The Westover Mansion — McClellan's Headquarters, Harrison's Landing — Dummies and Quaker Guns.

RICHMOND, THE SEVEN DAYS' FIGHTING ABOUT ..... *Gen. James Longstreet* 468

Illustrations by W. L. Sheppard, A. R. Waud, A. C. Redwood, Harry Fenn, and W. Lathrop: "Gin'l Longstreet's Body-sarvant" — Gen. J. E. B. Stuart — Battle of Frayser's Farm — Opening of the Battle—Charge of Confederates — Frayser's Farm-house — Gen. W. H. C. Whiting — Col. E. M. Law — Gen. George A. McCall — Maj. Gen. W B. Franklin — Vicinity of Malvern Hill — "Jeb" Stuart's Hat.

SAVAGE'S STATION, REAR GUARD FIGHTING AT ..... *Gen. W. B. Franklin* 454

Illustrations by W. Taber, J. D. Woodward, A. R. Waud, R. F. Zogbaum, W. L. Sheppard, T. de Thulstrup, and Julian Scott; Map by Jacob Wells: Woodbury's Bridge — The Chickahominy Swamp — The Retreat — Building Grapevine Bridge — Second Line of Union Works at Fair Oaks — Dr. Trent's Farm-house — Field Hospital at Savage's Station — Plan of the Battle — The Battle — The Artillery Engagement at White Oak Swamp — Maj. Gen. W. F. Smith — The Rear Guard.

SEVEN DAYS' BATTLES, THE, THE LAST OF ..... *Gen. Fitz John Porter* 615

See also "Peninsular Campaign."

Illustrations by W. Taber, Harry Fenn, A. C. Redwood, and T. de Thulstrup: Fort Darling (two views) — Obstructions in the James — Map of Malvern Hill — Maj. Gen. Morell — Malvern Hill (two views) — The Malvern House — The Crew House — The Main Battle-field (Federal and Confederate Positions) — Maj. Gen. Sykes — Brig. Gen. Armistead — The West House — View from the Crew House — Maj. Gen. Mahone — Gen. McQuade — Berdan's Sharpshooters — Scene of the Confederate Attack — Repulse of Confederates — The Parsonage.

SEVEN PINES, THE SECOND DAY AT ..... *Gen. Gustavus W. Smith* 122
(See also "Manassas to Seven Pines," pages 478 and 641.)

Illustrations by W. Taber, H. Fenn, A. R. Waud (Initial from sketch by George L. Frankenstein): The Seven Pines — Two Views of Fair Oaks Station — Houses used as Union Hospitals — Burying the Dead and burning Horses.

PAGE.

SHENANDOAH, STONEWALL JACKSON IN THE ..... *Gen. John D. Imboden* 280

Illustrations by A. C. Redwood; Map by Jacob Wells: A Confederate of 1862 — Map of the Virginia Campaigns.

VICKSBURG, THE SIEGE OF ..... *Gen. U. S. Grant* 752

With fac-similes of Gen. Grant's Dispatch announcing the surrender of General Lee, and the original "Unconditional Surrender" Dispatch; and with maps.

VICKSBURG, THE SIEGE OF, A WOMAN'S DIARY OF 767

With an introduction by G. W. Cable. 767

VIRGINIA GIRL, A, IN THE FIRST YEAR OF THE WAR ..... *Mrs. Burton Harrison* 606

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

PAGE.

BULL RUN, BEAUREGARD'S (GENERAL) COURIER AT *(Robert R. Hemphill)* .. 478
(Campbell Brown) 779
Congress-Merrimac FIGHT, THE *(Edward Shippen)*. 642
CONTRADICTED "FAMOUS SAYING," A *(Gen. D. C. Buell)* 956
COOKE'S CAVALRY, THE CHARGE OF, AT GAINES'S MILL *(Gen. P. St. George Cooke)* 777
Recollections of a Participant *(Rev. W. H. Hitchcock)* 779
"FORTRESS" MONROE *(John P. Nicholson)* 478
GRANT'S, GENERAL, PREMONITION *(M. E. Seawell)* 958
HEINTZELMAN, GEN., IN THE PENINSULA CAMPAIGN *(Mary L. Heintzelman)* 956
ISLAND NO. 10, SAWING OUT A CHANNEL ABOVE (with map and diagram) *(Col. J. W. Bissell)*..... 324
Comment *(Gen. Schuyler Hamilton)*..... 776
MALVERN HILL, THE REAR-GUARD AFTER *(Henry E. Smith)*..... 642

PAGE.

MANASSAS, INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE OF, BY GENERAL IMBODEN *(Henry Kyd Douglas)* 640
(Editor) 641
MEMORIALS, NATIONAL, OF THE CIVIL WAR *(Charles W. Eldridge)*. 957
Mississippi, THE, AT THE PASSAGE OF THE FORTS..... 478
SEVEN PINES, THE SECOND DAY AT 641
SEVEN PINES, UNION TROOPS AT..... 478
SHILOH, GENERAL LEW WALLACE AND GENERAL MCCOOK AT *(Gen. U. S. Grant)*..... 776
Taylor OR *Tyler*, THE GUNBOAT..... 150
WIND, EFFECT OF, UPON THE SOUND OF BATTLE *(S. H. Prescott)* 150
WINTHROP (THEODORE), THE DEATH OF *(J. B. Moore)*..... 478
YORKTOWN, SUBTERRANEAN SHELLS AT *(Gen. Fred T. Locke)* 641
ERRATA..... 150

POETRY.

BECKER, ABIGAIL ..... *Amanda T. Jones* 800
BIGOTRY ..... *Edgar Fawcett*..... 958
BIRD-VOICES ..... *A. Lampman*..... 163
BROKEN WINGS ..... *C. P. Cranch* 53
DEAD COMRADE, THE ..... *Richard Watson Gilder*..... 955
FONTANELLE, A FANCY FROM ..... *Austin Dobson*..... 422
GILEAD ..... *Edmund Gosse*..... 28
GLORY OF THE YEAR, THE..... *Ernest Whitney*..... 550

Illustrations by Kenyon Cox.

GRAY GULL'S WING, THE ..... *Mary Allen* 860
HUMMING-BIRD, THE..... *Laura M. Marquand*..... 512
LOVE 'S IN THE CALENDAR ..... *Robert Underwood Johnson* .. 446
L. F. D. (Died February 19th, 1885)..... *L.* 14
MARCH IN JANIVEER ..... *H. C. Bunner* 910
MAY-BLOOM..... *H. C. Bunner*..... 57
MY THOUGHT AND I..... *Charlotte Fiske Bates* 37
NEW WINE..... *Dora Read Goodale* 786
NEXT OF KIN..... *James T. McKay*..... 240
NIGHT IS STILL, THE..... *Edith M. Thomas*..... 576
PARTING OF ILMAR AND HAADIN, THE ..... *John Vance Cheney*..... 91
POET'S SOLILOQUY, A..... *Christopher P. Cranch*..... 837
REPENTANT..... *William H. Hayne*..... 373
SONG ..... *Edith M. Thomas*..... 484
"TAPS." AUGUST 8, 1885 ..... *F. M. Newton* 955
TIDES..... *Charles G. D. Roberts* 568
TROUBADOURS, THE NEW. (Avignon, 1879)..... *Richard Watson Gilder*..... 422
"WHOM HE LOVETH HE CHASTENETH." ..... *Owen Innsly*..... 723
WIND, THE, UPON THE SUMMIT OF MT. WASHINGTON ..... *W. P. Foster* 606

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

PAGE.

ABETTING THE ENEMY 327
CENTURY, THE, A NEW VOLUME OF 164
CHRISTIAN CONGRESS, THE, AND ITS FRUITS .. 644
CITIES, THE SENSITIVENESS OF 804
CIVIC RIVERS 967
DEPRESSION, THE PRESENT 803
EGGLESTON'S (DR. EDWARD) HISTORICAL PAPERS 487
GRANT'S (GENERAL) PAPERS IN THE WAR SERIES 805
HUDDLING IN THE TOWN AND LIVING IN THE COUNTRY 802
LAW'S DELAY, THE, THE CAUSES OF 328
(See also "Open Letters.")
LEGISLATORS, THE BLINDNESS OF 486
LIFE, THE FUTURE 165
MERIT SYSTEM, EXTEND THE 643
NORTH AND SOUTH 965
POLITICS 327, 486, 643
PREJUDICE AND PROGRESS 965
REVISED VERSION, THE, OF THE OLD TESTAMENT 645
WAR, TWENTY YEARS AFTER THE 485
(See also "Negro," "South," "North," and "Prejudice.")

OPEN LETTERS.

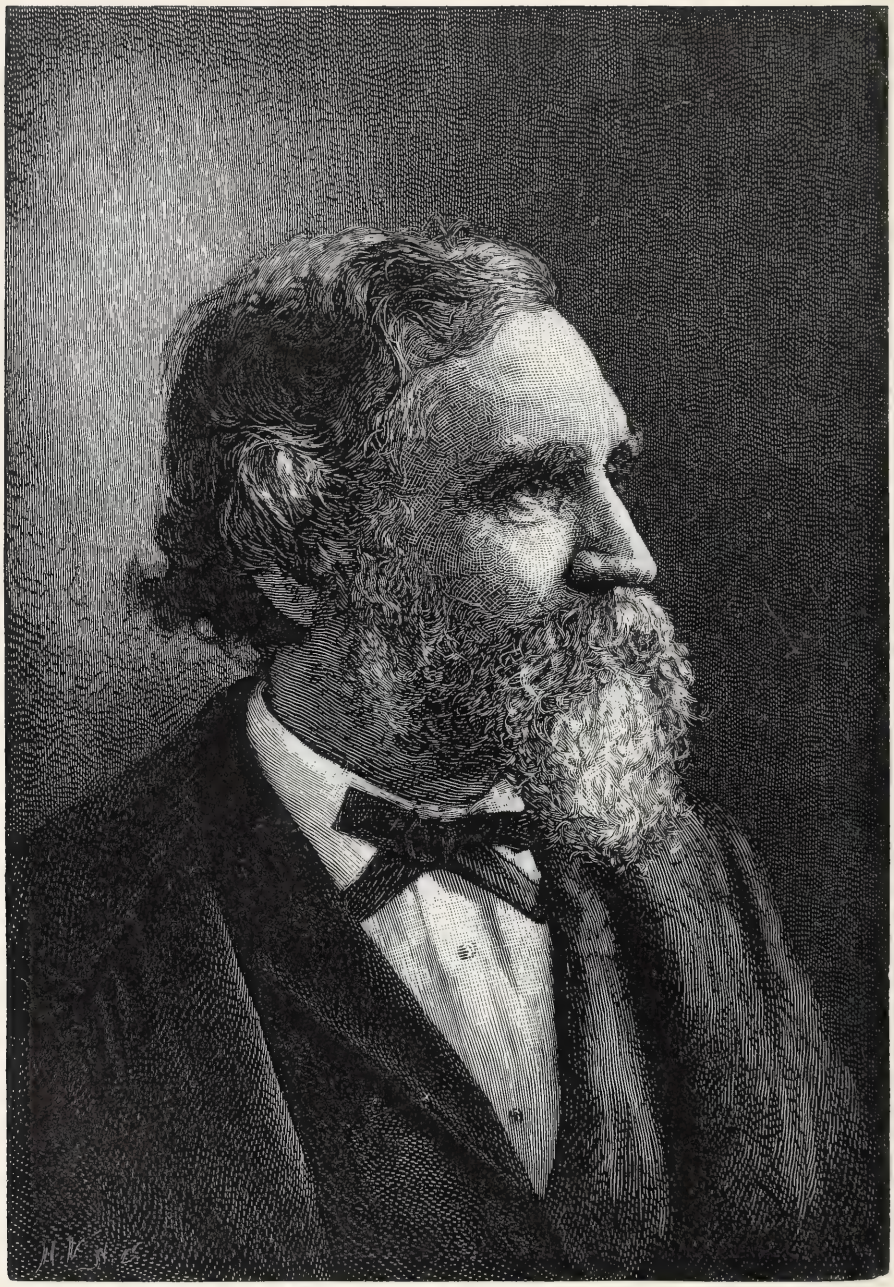
ARCHÆOLOGICAL STUDY IN AMERICA *(Thomas W. Ludlow)* 652
"BREAD-WINNERS, THE" 649
BRYENNIOS (BISHOP) AND THE TEACHING OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES (With Fac-similes) *(Edmund A. Grosvenor)* 167, *(Philip Schaff)* 170
"BUNTLING BALL, THE" 649
"CENTURY, THE," ON THE PRINTING OF *(Theodore L. De Vinne)* 808
CHICAGO 493
CHILCAT COUNTRY, IN THE *(Mrs. Eugene S. Willard)* 970
"CHRISTIANITY AND POPULAR AMUSEMENTS" *(Washington Gladden)* 334
CHRISTIAN MINISTER, THE CALLING OF A *(A Minister of the Gospel)* 490
CLUB, OUR *(W)* 492
CLUBS, SOCIAL 493
COLERIDGE 492
COLOR-BEDDING (With plan) *(Samuel Parsons, Jr)* 333
COPYRIGHT, INTERNATIONAL *(Oliver Wendell Holmes)* 488
COPYRIGHT QUESTION, THE *(George Parsons Lathrop)* 488
CRADDOCK'S (CHARLES EGBERT) "WHERE THE BATTLE WAS FOUGHT" 649
CRAWFORD'S (F. MARION) "AN AMERICAN POLITICIAN" AND "ZOROASTER" 649
DEFENSES, OUR NATIONAL *(Lieut. Com. C. F. Goodrich)* 173
DODGE'S (MRS. MARY MAPES) "DONALD AND DOROTHY" 650
EDUCATION, NATIONAL AID TO *(C. N. Jenkins)* 810
EX-PRESIDENTS, WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH OUR? *(A)* 647
FICTION, A BOY'S APPETITE FOR *(Eliot McCormick)* 650
HAWTHORNE'S (JULIAN) "ARCHIBALD MALMAISON" AND "THE PEARL SHELL NECKLACE." 650
H. H.'S "RAMONA" 649
HOUSTON, GENERAL SAM: A Correction *(Alexander Hynds)* 174
HOWE'S (E. W.) "THE MYSTERY OF THE LOCKS" 650
"HUNTING THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT" 973
INDIAN QUESTION, THE *(Eugene V. Smalley)* 813
INDIAN SCHOOLS OF NEW MEXICO, THE *(R. W. D. Bryan)* 814
INVENTIONS, RECENT *(Charles Barnard)* 809
LAW'S DELAY, THE *(Walter B. Hill)* 330
(See also "Topics of the Time.")
LEE (GEN. ROBERT E.), AN INTERVIEW WITH *(John Leyburn)* 166
MINNEAPOLIS 493
NEW ORLEANS, THE NATIONAL FLAG AT *(Marion A. Baker)* 492
NEW YORK 493
NORTHWEST, RIVAL CITIES OF THE 493
NURSES, TRAINING SCHOOL FOR, THE CONNECTICUT 969
POLICE REFORM *(L. Edwin Dudley)* 972
POLITICAL EDUCATION *(J. B. Peterson)* 807
PRESIDENTS. See "Ex-Presidents."
"RAMONA" (H. H.) 649
RELIGION, FAMILY *(Washington Gladden)* 806
ST. PAUL 493
SERIAL STORY, THE *(Charlotte Porter)* 812
SOUTHERN WOMAN, LETTER FROM A *(A. Z.)* 653
SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, UNITARIAN, TEXT-BOOKS IN *(Henry G. Spaulding)* 492
"TECUMSEH, THE DEATH OF" *(D. B. Cook)* ... 332
"TRAJAN" (HENRY F. KEENAN) 650
TWAIN'S (MARK) "HUCKLEBERRY FINN" *(T. S. Perry)* 171
WOMEN AND FINANCE *(Emily F. Wheeler)* 811

BRIC-À-BRAC.

ACCEPTED *(Robertson Trowbridge)* 974
ALTRUISM *(Robertson Trowbridge)* 495
AT THE PIANO *(Frank Dempster Sherman)* 816
APHORISMS FROM THE QUARTERS *(J. A. Macon)* 814
CAMERON'S HERD *(Alice Wellington Rollins)* 176
COMPENSATIONS *(J. A. Macon)* 976
CURSE, THE *(Robertson Trowbridge)* 336
GERMAN, IN THE *(Charles W. Coleman, Jr.)* 176
GETTING ROUND GRANDMAMMA *(John Vance Cheney)* 816
HEART AND HAND *(George Birdseye)* 494
HOBBY-HORSE, THE *(Henry S. Cornwell)* 496
HOBSON'S CHOICE *(Francis E. Leupp)* 976
HUMILITY *(Walter Learned)* 336
IMPATIENCE *(Alice Ward Bailey)* 335
IN PARENTHESIS *(Frank Dempster Sherman)* 336
KEYS *(Bessie Chandler)* 336
KING REDWALD'S ALTARS *(H. H.)* 815
LASS LURLINE *(John Vance Cheney)* 656
LESSON IN COURTING, A *(M. A. De L. V. H.)* .. 816
LUCK AND WORK *(R. U. J.)* 654
MADRIGAL *(Frank Dempster Sherman)* 974
MAIDEN LADY, A *(Mary E. Wilkins)* 654
MARIETTE *(Dora Read Goodale)* 496
MY RIVAL *(Bessie Chandler)* 976
"NO," A WOMAN'S *(Arthur Graham)* 816
RACE, THE *(Charles G. Blanden)* 976
REMINISCENCE, A *(Frank Dempster Sherman)* 496
SEA SONG, A *(Stanley Wood)* 176
SEE-SAW *(Jennie E. T. Dowe)* 815
SHAKSPERE'S SONNETS *(Charlotte Fiske Bates)* ... 496
SKIT, A *(Charles Henry Webb)* 654
SPRING, TO *(J. A. Macon)* 176
TENNIS, A LESSON IN *(C. F. Coburn)* 654
UNCLE ESEK'S WISDOM *(Uncle Esek)* 175, 335, 494, 654, 814
UNCLE GABE ON CHURCH MATTERS *(J. A. Macon)* 656
UNSPOKEN *(George Birdseye)* 176
WOOD-SPRITE, THE *(Roger Riordan)* 974

CARTOONS.

AT THE EXHIBITION *(E. W. Kemble)* 175
MR. NEWRICH IN PARIS *(W. H. Hyde)* 335
SCRIPTURAL REMINISCENCES *(E. W. Kemble)* ... 494
SKETCHES AMONG THE BRETONS *(E. B. Smith)* .. 655
A STUDY IN FINANCE *(W. H. Hyde)* 815
AT THE CAPITAL *(E. W. Kemble)* 975



Sam'l Bowles

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

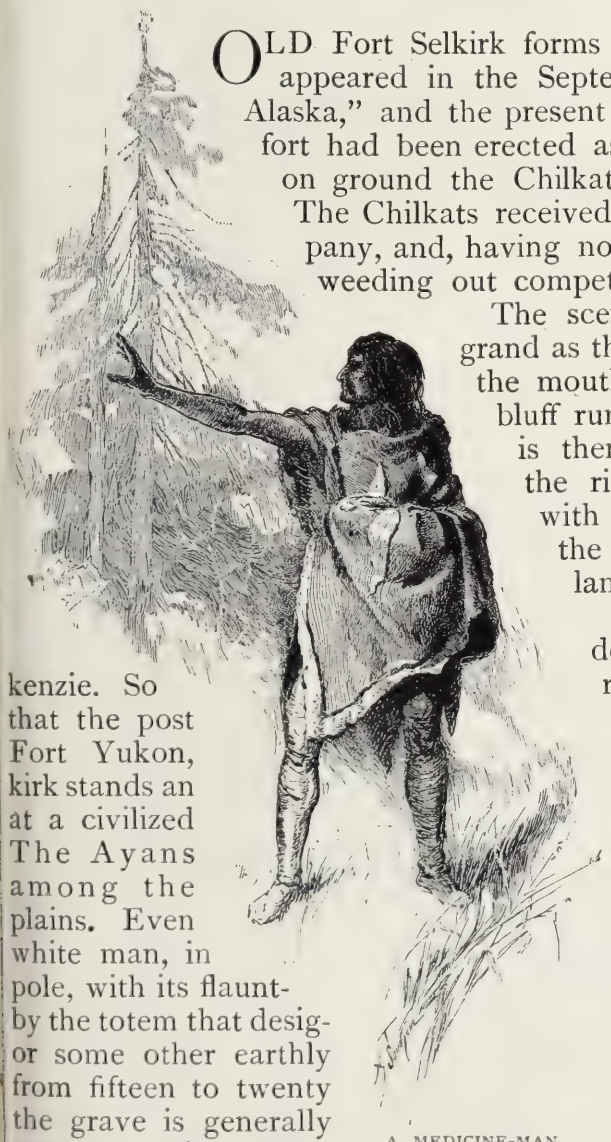
VOL. XXX. OCTOBER, 1885. No. 6.

THE GREAT RIVER OF ALASKA. II.

EXPLORING THE MIDDLE AND LOWER YUKON.

OLD Fort Selkirk forms the connecting link between the article which appeared in the September CENTURY, entitled "The Great River of Alaska," and the present paper. (See map with the former article.) The fort had been erected as a trading-post by the Hudson's Bay Company on ground the Chilkat Indians claimed as their own trading ground. The Chilkats received their trading stores from the Russian Fur Company, and, having no use for Fort Selkirk, took the Indian method of weeding out competition.

The scenery around Selkirk is fine, though hardly so grand as the high ramparts a hundred miles below. From the mouth of the Pelly, across the river, a high basaltic bluff runs down the Yukon for nearly twelve miles, and is then lost among the bold hills that crowd upon the river. Beyond this bluff lie high, rolling hills, with their green grass tops contrasting vividly with the red ocherous soil of their steep sides that the land-slides leave bare.



A MEDICINE-MAN.

Selkirk was first occupied by traders who came down the Pelly from the tributaries of the Mackenzie. So rough was the way down the Pelly to Selkirk, that the post was finally supplied by the roundabout way of Fort Yukon, lower down the river. On the site of Selkirk stands an Ayan grave, not unlike a very rough attempt at a civilized one, and is probably borrowed from civilization. The Ayans formerly buried their dead on rude scaffolds among the trees, like the Indians of the great Western plains. Even when adopting the burial methods of the white man, in part, they cannot abolish the ever-present pole, with its flaunting strips of many-colored rags, surmounted by the totem that designates the clan, a fish, or a goose, or a bear, or some other earthly thing converted into an idol. As this pole is from fifteen to twenty or twenty-five feet in height, the place for the grave is generally selected near the foot of some healthy young spruce. A little pruning and peeling of the bark is, in this case, the only labor. The graves are always near the river banks, but I never noticed any number of them together. At Selkirk several Ayan Indians met us and anxiously asked us to visit their village, but a short distance below. They were a far superior race to the abject tribe we had left behind us on the Upper Yukon. A conspicuously Hebrew cast of countenance was noticeable in this tribe, and some of its younger numbers were respectably neat and

Copyright, 1885, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

clean compared with Indians in general. Their canoes, of birch-bark covering and fragile cedar framework, were the smallest and lightest I had ever seen, except the skin canoes of the Eskimo, and they were well made to the smallest detail.

Though the grass was almost luxuriant on the plain about Selkirk, no signs of game were seen. It seemed fair to infer that the dense swarms of the omnipresent mosquito could alone account for the absence. This pest is sufficiently formidable in the summer months to put an end to all ideas of stock-raising as a possible future industry. Shortly after noon on the 15th of July the raft was cast loose, and we started down the picturesque river. So scattering had been the Indian population on the river above Selkirk, that we were greatly surprised, on rounding the lower end of an island, to see nearly two hundred Indians drawn up across the south channel of the river. We worked at our cumbersome oars valiantly, cheered on by the wildly frantic throng, that plainly feared that we, the supposed traders, would pass. Many excited Indians came out to assist us, and placing the prows of their canoes against the outer side of the raft, paddled us furiously towards shore. Our line was run out at last, and, seized by nearly two hundred Indians, who brought us to land with a crash. Shortly after our landing the throng formed a line, from one to three deep, the men on the left and the women and children on the right, and gave us a dance,—the same old Indian monotonous *Hi-yi-yi* with the well-measured cadence as its only musical part, and with an accompanying swaying of the body from side to side, while their long mop-like hair swung round like a magnificent mosquito-brush.

After I had distributed a few insignificant articles among them, I tried to get a photograph of some attitude that was a part of the dance, and though I am sure my object was understood by the more intelligent, I did not succeed. Often, when ready to take the cap from the camera, we were foiled by some young man starting a low *Hi-yi-yi.* In an instant it ran the whole length of the combustible line, and all were swaying like leaves in the wind. A similar attempt to get a picture of the three head men, Kon-it'l, his son the hereditary chief, and the medicine man, was almost equally futile, until I formed the center to the group. The tube of the camera had a gun-like appearance that made some of them uneasy. My willingness to sit with them was sufficient assurance of no danger. The village proved to be a much ruder affair than the improved appearance of the Indians over the natives of the Upper Yukon gave me to expect. Their houses were mere hovels of brushwood, with here and there a covering of moose-skin or a worn strip of canvas.

Though the slight character of the houses might find excuse in the fact that these were only used during the summer months, while



ALONG THE BANKS.



OLD FORT YUKON.

the inhabitants fed on the salmon that ran up the river to spawn, a closer inspection showed that the household utensils were equally rude. We found a few buckets and pans, ingeniously made of single pieces of birch-bark. We also found a few spoons made of the horn of the mountain sheep or goat, but the carvings on the handles were dismal failures compared with the elaborate work of the Indians on the Pacific coast of Alaska.

The brush houses of the Ayans seem to be constructed so as to accommodate two families, with a common ridge-pole and an aisle, open at both ends, running down between the two compartments. Possibly this style of architecture was necessary where there was no tree for the pole to rest against. In the roofs of the houses strings of salmon were hung up to dry, and the sleeping dogs held the floor below. Though little room was left, the stranger was always welcome.

In drying the salmon they split it, as packers do when salting the fish. In addition they slice the flesh to the skin in longitudinal and transverse cuts an inch apart. They prepare none for winter use, I understand, though the fish are abundant enough, but depend in that season upon moose, bear, and caribou.

In winter they live in moose-skin tents much like the circular tepees, or lodges, of the Sioux, Cheyennes, and other



INDIAN BURIAL GROUND.

Indians of the treeless plains of the West. When one reflects that winter in this region is simply polar in all its aspects, one wonders how life can hold out in such abodes. From a trader's description of the winter tents, I learn that the Indians know the non-conducting powers of a stratum of air, for these tents are made double.

Directly opposite the large Ayan village is another much smaller one, called Kowsk-hoú, and a sketch of it is introduced to show the general tenor of the banks over the larger portion of the Yukon River: — great rolling bluffs, fringed with a footing of spruce, and lower down an almost impenetrable underbrush of deciduous vegetation, make a pleasant contrast in color with the more somber green of the overtopping evergreens. On low alluvial banks, especially those of the islands, this glacis of bright green has been washed away, and the spruce, becoming undermined by the swift eroding current, form a network of ragged boughs, almost impassable to one who would reach the bank.

One may see this in temperate climes, where felled trees still cling to the washed-out roots, but along the Yukon the soil, frozen to the depth of six or eight feet, will not fall until undermined for many feet. When it does fall, it is with a crash that can be heard for miles, reverberating up and down the valley like the report of a distant cannon. The whole bank, sinking into the shallow current, presents to one approaching its intact forest of trees, like a body of Polish lancers. Where the current is swiftest the erosion is most marked, and on the swiftest current our raft was always prone to make its onward way.

The morning of the 16th of July we took an early start to avoid much begging, and dropped westward with the current. It was hard that day to imagine, with a blistering heat on the river and thunder-showers often going over us, that we were within a few days' journey of the Arctic circle.

Shortly after one o'clock on the afternoon of the 17th we passed the mouth of the White River. Here the Yukon entirely changes its character. Heretofore a clear, bright mountain river, with now and then a lake-like widening that caught and held the little sediment it might bear, it now becomes the muddiest river on the western coast of North America, and holds this character to its mouth.

This change is caused by the White River. The White is very swift, and is thus enabled to hold in solution the débris that the glaciers pour into its head-waters. Meeting the Yukon, its rapid current carries its silt and sediment nearly across that river, and changes the blue of the greater stream to a chalky white. All our sport with hook and line now disappeared, and we were thereafter dependent upon the nets and weirs of the Indians for our fish.

A few miles below the White a river of nearly equal size comes in from the right. This is the Stewart, or, as the Indians call it, the Nachonde. Years ago the Hudson's Bay Company had a thriving trading-post near its head-waters, but it, too, fell shortly after the fall of old Fort Selkirk. A small party of American miners had found good prospects in placer digging at the mouth of the Stewart, and were preparing their camp. They certainly deserved success. I took our old water-logged canoe, and, with a half-breed native, visited them at their camp.

Returning late in the evening, with the sun in my face and with no knowledge of the resting-place of my party, I found, in the vast spreading network of islands, no assurance of a speedy meeting. We had made an agreement on parting that the advance should burn spruce boughs at reasonable intervals, that I might have a sign on my return. Though spruce was everywhere in sight, there was that night none found on the island where the camp was made. So I had no sign. I never knew until that evening how like an ascending smoke looked the pencil-points of ridges of spruce fading into the water's edge, and tinged with the rays of the setting

sun. An occasional shout was at last rewarded with an answering cry.

We met a tribe of Indians calling themselves "Tahk-ong" on the following day. With them we found resting four of our Ayan friends, and both said that a short distance ahead we would come upon a trading-post. It was not until the following day that we drifted past the post, marked on the map as Fort Reliance, and found it deserted, to our great disappointment, for we had there hoped to obtain stores.

That evening at ten o'clock we went into camp at a point where a fine river came in from the east, with water so clear that it tempted some of our party to get out their fishing gear again, but to no purpose. This the traders call the Deer River, from the large number of caribou that congregate in its valley during certain seasons of the year. Here lies the narrowest part of the Yukon for many hundreds of miles. Though its width here cannot be more than two hundred and fifty yards, the majestic river sweeps by with no added force or haste, showing the great depth it must have to discharge the vast volume of water that a short distance above had spread over a bed two or three miles wide.

Here I tried to "check" my dead-reckoning by astronomical observations, and waited till noon. Only two rough "sights" rewarded my delay. During this time of the year the prevailing winds, I noticed, were from the south, and always brought fog or light rain, a circumstance easily explained by the theory that the winds, coming off the warm Pacific loaded with moisture, have the moisture precipitated in crossing the glacial summits of the Alaskan coast-range.

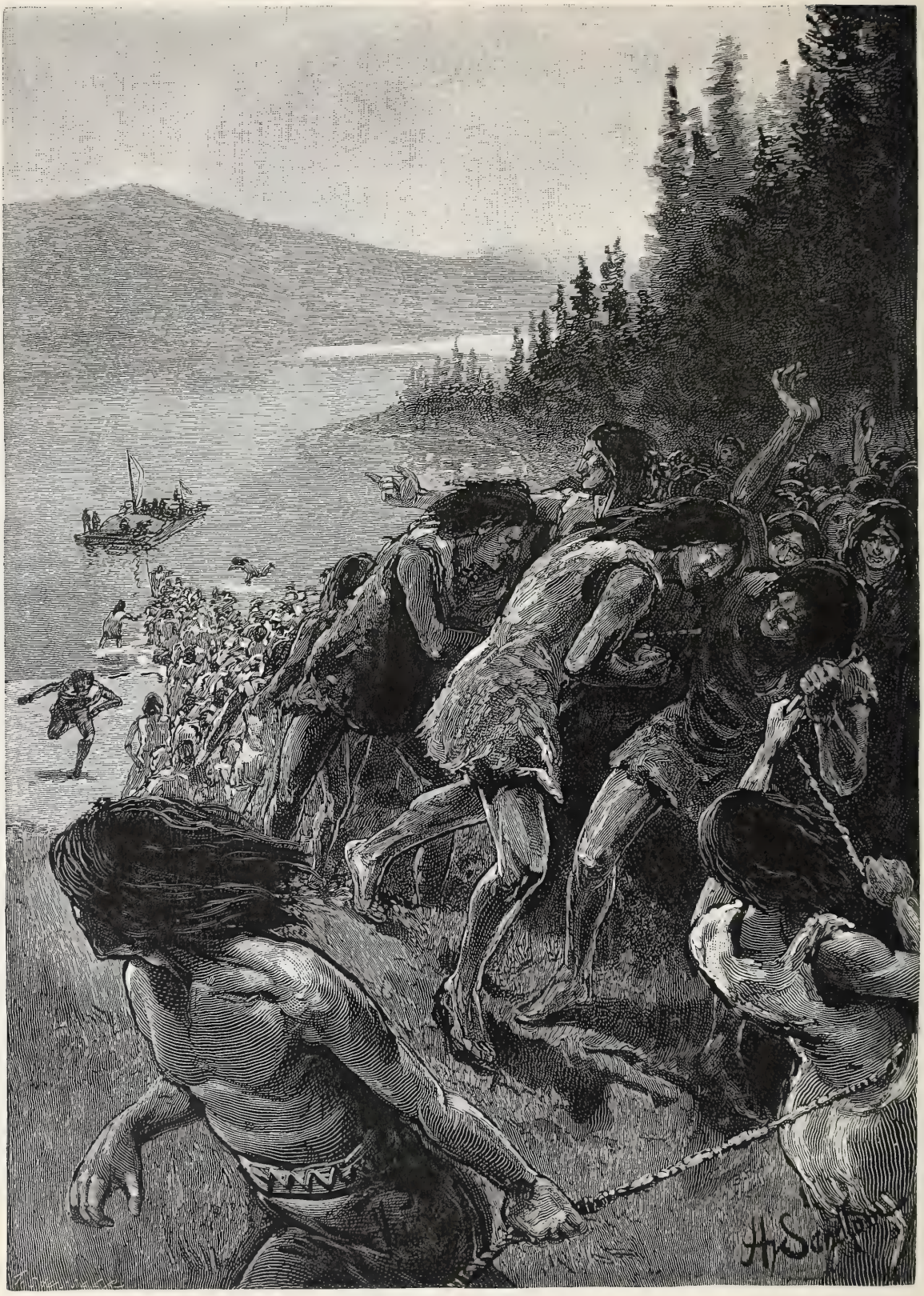
At the Indian village of Nuclaco, opposite the site of Fort Reliance, the entire population, with a large number of Indians from the Tanana River, received us with a great banging of guns. From here to the mouth of the river this method of welcoming strangers is universal. We made no stop, however, and the salute died suddenly out as we drifted slowly past.



SWEEPERS.

The Tanana Indians, the visitors at Nuclaco that day, are said to be hostile in their own country, but on their frequent trading excursions are discreetly inclined towards peace. The river from which they take their name, the Tanana, is probably the largest unexplored river of the Western continent. Nearly two miles wide at its junction with the Yukon, it is nearly as long as the latter.

On the 20th of July we drifted a little over



AYANS PULLING THE RAFT.

fifty miles in eleven hours. This was one of the very few days that we were not aground for any appreciable length of time, and the distance traveled was great enough to establish firmly the reputation of the river as probably the swiftest stream of any magnitude in the world. We were aground but once that day, having run upon a submerged rock while the entire party was occupied in using four bears for movable but untouched targets. We came to a halt with a shock that would have disjointed our craft had she been less stanch than a well-nigh solid piece. She swung safely around, however, and in three minutes was again holding her undisturbed way.

About three o'clock a most remarkable rock was seen on the east bank of the river, springing directly out of a level plain, bounded in the distance by a crescent of low hills sweeping around a huge bend in the river. It was probably three hundred feet high, and rose with perpendicular sides from the plain. On



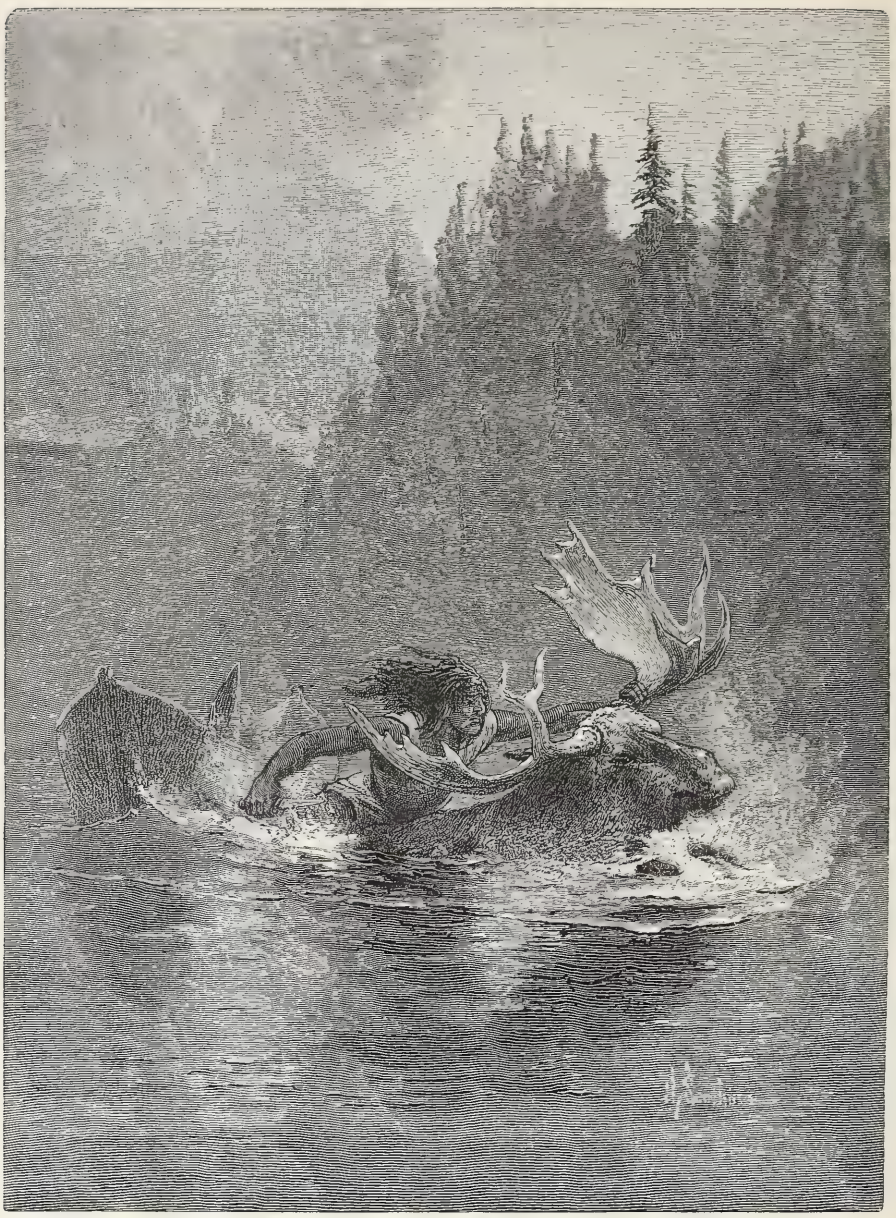
JOHNNY'S VILLAGE, OR KLAT-OL-KLIN.

the other side of the river, directly opposite, stood another rock, the exact counterpart of the first, except that the second fades away into the bluff behind it. The Indians explain the situation by a legend which holds that the rocks were long ago man and wife, but incompatibility of temper led the husband to kick the wife out into the plain and draw the river from its bed, near the distant hills, for a perpetual barrier.

July 21st brought us to the Indian village of Klat-ol-klin, a name we found with difficulty, as even the natives call it "Johnny's village," from the Americanized name of its chief. This was the first permanent village we had seen on the river. There were but six log houses in all, abutting against each other, with their gable-ends turned towards the river. It was perched on a steep bank, so close to the crest that two could not pass between the houses and the river. At the water's edge was a perfect network of birch-bark canoes, and back of these an inclined scaffolding of spruce poles, where salmon hung drying in the sun. Here, for the first time, we found the Indians preparing any considerable number of this fish for winter use. The fish are caught with scoop-nets three or four feet long, fastened on two poles from ten to twelve feet in length. A watcher, generally a squaw, standing in front of the cabins, heralds the approach of a fish, perhaps a half-mile down the river. Never more than one fisherman starts. Paddling out to the middle of the river, he guides his canoe with his left hand, as the voices from the shore direct, and with his right dips his net to the bottom. Upon the



FISHING ON THE YUKON.



KILLING A MOOSE IN THE WATER.

careful adjustment of this depends his success. Failures are rare. As the fish swim near the bottom, I do not understand how they are detected in the muddy water of the river.

On the 22d the soil appeared thick, black, and loamy, and grass, always good, was now becoming luxuriant, with the mosquitoes increasing in number and the country perceptibly opening. On the 23d we came to "Charley's" village, an exact duplicate of "Johnny's," even to the number of the houses and the side of the river.

The next day we camped at St. Michael's Bar, or Island. From here to Fort Yukon the country is as flat and open as the Pampas, and but five or ten feet above the level of the river. Our Indians, having never been so far, thought we were going out to sea, although we were over a thousand miles from the river's mouth.

As soon as this flat country is entered the channel splits and subdivides every few miles, until for days we could not tell whether we were on the main stream or on one of the many waterways between the many islands. At Fort Yukon the river is said to be seven miles wide. In spite of the many channels into which the river spreads, the current never decreases, and we went drifting on in the same good old way until Fort Yukon was reached.

At this point, one thousand miles from the river's mouth and about the same distance from its head, the river sweeps with a marked curve into the arctic regions, and then, with less enthusiasm than most polar seekers, turns back into the temperate zone, having been in the arctic for less than a league, and, as the current runs, for less than an hour. The early traders at Fort Yukon supposed their river ran parallel to the Mackenzie; and so it was mapped, its bed being continued north to where its hypothetical waters were poured into the Arctic Sea. The conservative slowness of the English to undo what the English have done

had a new illustration as late as 1883, when one of the best of English globe-makers, in a work of art in his line, sent the Yukon with its mighty but unnamed tributaries still into the Arctic. There it will be made to flow until some Englishman shows that it surely flows elsewhere.

For a hundred miles above and two hundred miles below Fort Yukon, the river flows through a region so flat that it seems like the floor of an emptied lake. This area is densely timbered with spruce, and but for this would be nothing but a salient angle of the great flat arctic tundra of the polar coast. The dreariness of unlimited expanse is broken to the northward by the pale-blue outline of the Romantzoff Mountains, so indistinct as to seem a mirage; while to the south arise, in isolated points, the Ratzel Peaks, the outlying spurs of the Alaskan Range, from the Upper Ramparts of which the Yukon flows towards the Lower. Fort Yukon was left behind on the 29th of July, our raft that day drifting by a village where nothing greeted us but a howling troop of dogs. This village would have attracted no attention further up the river, but here, where the river divides itself in many channels, making salmon-catching of but slight importance, villages are very rare.

The 29th was a hot, sweltering day, with the sun and its thousand reflections sending their blistering heat into our faces. In fact, our greatest inconvenience near this short arctic strip of the stream was the tropical heat and the dense swarms of gnats and mosquitoes that met us everywhere when we approached the land. That night none of the party could sleep, despite the mosquito-bars over us. Mosquitoes do not depend for their numbers so much on their latitude as on the superficial extent of stagnant water in which they can breed, and nowhere is this so abundant as in the tundras and timber-flats of the polar coasts. The intense cold of winter sinks its shafts of ice deep into the damp earth, converting it into a thick crust of impervious stone. However warm the short summers may appear to one who judges it from the acclimated standpoint of a rigorous country, it is insufficient to melt more than a superficial portion of this boreal blanket, where only a swampy carpet of moss may flourish upon the frozen stratum below. Through this the stagnant water cannot sink. As the weather is never warm enough to carry it off by evaporation, these marshes extend far and wide, even up the sides of the hills, and give the mosquito ample room to propagate.

We took an early start the next morning, and drifted down the hot river, by low banks that needed nothing but a few breech-clouted negroes to convince us that we were on the Congo. Between six and eight in the evening the thermometer stood about eighty degrees Fahrenheit in the shade, with shade for nothing but the thermometer. Hoisting one of the spare tents for a protection from the sun would have prevented the helmsman from seeing his course and made grounding almost certain, and heat was to be preferred to this, with its attendant labors.

Singularly enough, at this very time a couple of sun-dogs put in an appearance, a phenomenon we usually associate with cold weather, and now sadly out of place. Rain made sleep possible that night and traveling impossible the next day, and left us nothing to do but to sit in the tent and watch nature waste itself in a rainfall of four inches over a vast marsh already six inches deep. Some of our party, wandering over the gravel-bars, through the showers, found the scattered petrified remains of a huge mastodon. All through the valley such remains are numerous.

On the evening of the 2d of August we came in sight of the high hills where the "Lower Ramparts" begin. So closely do the ramparts of the lower river resemble those of the upper that I could not help thinking them parts of the same range, which bears eastward and westward like a bow-string across the great arc of the Yukon, bending northward into the flat arctic tundra.

Near our camp that night we saw the only family burial-ground we had seen on the river. It contained a dozen graves, perhaps, and was decorated with the usual totems perched on high poles, some of which were fantastically striped in the few simple colors the Indians had at their command.

A gale of wind on the 4th allowed us to drift but twenty-six miles. From here to the mouth of the river strong head-winds are generally raging at this season of the year. On both sides of the river, from this point, the small tributary creeks and rivers bear down clear, transparent water, though deeply colored with a port-wine hue. The streams drain the water from the turfy tundra where the dyes from decaying leaves impart their color. Probably iron-salts are also present.

On the 5th we approached the rapids of the Lower Ramparts, and made all preparations for their stormy passage. Making hasty inquiries at an Indian village concerning them, we found that we had already left them behind us. This part of the river was picturesque, and not unlike the Hudson at West Point. I should have stopped to take some photographs but for the dark lowering clouds and constantly-recurring rain-squalls.

Eighteen miles below the mouth of the



ANVIC INDIANS.

Tanana, we found the trading station of Nuklakayet. Here our raft-journey of over thirteen hundred miles came to an end, the longest of its kind in the interest of exploration. As we dragged the raft upon the bank and left it there to burn out its existence as firewood, we felt that we were parting from a true and trusty friend.

We met our first Eskimo dogs here, a finer and larger race than those I had seen farther to the east. They seemed a distinct type of dog in their likeness to each other, and not the vagabond mass of variable mongrels of all sizes and conditions that my previous knowledge of cold-weather canines had led me to consider them.

At Nuklakayet we were furnished with a small decked schooner of eight or ten tons, called, in the rough Russian vernacular of the country, a "barka." It was said to be the fleetest "barka" on the river, when the sails were spread in a good wind. We had good wind in abundance, but there were no sails, so the current was again our motive power. There was, indeed, a palsied jib that we could tie up when the wind was just right, but the wind rarely made its use possible. We got away from Nuklakayet on the 8th, and drifted down the river till camping-time. Then we found that the "barka" drew so much water that we could not get within thirty or forty yards of shore, and were obliged to bring our rubber boots into use.

All the next day we had a heavy head-wind and made but eight miles, our craft standing so high out of water that at times she actually went up-stream against a three-mile current. At night, however, these daily gales fell and left us a prey to the swarms of mosquitoes. All day the 10th we passed Indian villages, with their networks of fish-weirs spread on the river. We passed, too, the mouth of the Newicargut, or Frog River. On this part of the Yukon we pass, in succession, the Sooncargut, Melozicargut, and Tosecargut, which the traders have simplified into Sunday-cargut, Monday-cargut, and Tuesday-cargut, *cargut* being a local Indian termination meaning river or stream. The Newicargut marks the point where explorers from the upper river connected with those of the lower, and established the identity of the Pelly of the English and the Kwichpak of the Russians. Since then the river has been known as the Yukon, the Russian name disappearing, and the name Pelly becoming restricted to the tributary that flows into the Yukon opposite Selkirk.

Near the Indian village of Sakadelontin we saw a number of coffins perched in trees. This was the first time we had seen this method of burial on the river. In all the Indian villages on this part of the river we found the number of women greatly in excess of the men, for at this season all the able-bodied hunters were inland on the tundra north of the river hunting for their winter stock of reindeer clothing and

bedding. The Russian or local name for the reindeer coat is "parka," and here we saw the first one made from the spotted or tame reindeer of the native tribes of eastern Siberia. The spottings are great brownish-red and white blotches like those on a "calico" pony. A generous offer to the owner of this particular "parka" was immediately and scornfully refused.

Facing the usual gale, we drifted slowly down the river to Kaltag, where the south bank becomes a simple flat plateau, though the north bank is high and even mountainous for more than four hundred miles farther.

It seemed not improbable that this had been the Yukon's ancient mouth, when the river flowed over all the flat plain down to the sea. Certainly the deposit from the river is now filling in the eastern shores of Bering's Sea. Navigators about the coast say it is dangerous for vessels of any considerable draught to sail within fifty or a hundred miles of land near the Yukon's mouth, and every storm lashes the sea into a muddy froth.

We amused ourselves, late in the evening of the 18th, by drifting far into the dark hours of the night in search of a fair place for a camp, but without avail. Two days later it blew so hard that we could not think of stirring, but lay at our moorings in momentary danger of shipwreck. Anvic, a picturesque little trading-post, was reached on the 22d. The trading-posts become more numerous now, but just beyond Anvic the last Indian village is passed, and forty miles below the Eskimo villages begin.

Myriads of geese were now seen everywhere, mobilizing for the autumn journey to the south. We had a further token of coming autumn on the morning of the 24th, when we found the high grass white with frost, and we were told by the trader at Anvic that ice would sometimes be thick by the 1st of September. The little trading-steamer came down the river the same day, and taking us in tow, brought us down to a mission where an old Greek church of the Russian Company still draws subsidies from Russia. The following day we reached an Eskimo village, and slept for the first time since spring under a roof. Andreavsky was made the next day, where the hills were plainly lowering. The spruce and poplar disappeared now, and low willows took their place, though plenty of wood still abounded in immense drifts on the upstream ends of the numerous islands. Near Andreavsky begins the delta of the Yukon, with its interminable number of channels and islands.

We reached Koatlik, at the mouth of the river, on the 28th, and came to St. Michaels on the afternoon of the 30th, meeting our old acquaintance, the southern gale, outside. We had hoped to take sail on the revenue cutter *Corwin*, but she had been gone already two weeks, and we were forced to turn our hopes to the schooner *Leo*.

It was not until the 8th of September that the *Leo* hove in sight, bearing down upon St. Michaels in a gale of wind. She had on board Lieutenant Ray's party from the international meteorological station at Point Barrow, and, although overcrowded already, we were kindly made welcome. The *Leo* was in a bad way, having "stove in" her bow against the ice while trying to make Point Barrow, and a few doubts were expressed as to her seaworthiness in the choppy seas of the autumn. We got under way on the 11th, however, and, once out of Norton Sound, made a quick passage across to Oonalaska in the Aleutian Islands. Here the *Leo* was beached and repaired. We had grown tired of long strolls and trout-fishing in the mountain-streams at Oonalaska, and were glad at last to take ship and bear away from the last foothold on Alaska.

Frederick Schwatka.



A STUDY IN INDEPENDENT JOURNALISM.

THE present year and its predecessor have witnessed a striking development of political independence in the newspaper press. There have been other periods when independence was in fashion, which have been followed by a return to strong partisanship; but on the whole, it can scarcely be doubted, the movement of the better portion of the press is toward independence.

The time may come when such an attitude will be taken as a matter of course, and the term "independent journalism" will be like "an impartial judiciary"— the partisan journal being considered as abnormal as a partial judge. The advance of morals is marked by the ceasing to regard certain virtues as exceptionally meritorious. It was counted a fine eulogy two or three centuries ago to say of a certain English family that "all the sons were brave and all the daughters virtuous." In our day, to say that the women of an English or American family are virtuous is not reckoned as high praise; it is only what is expected.

The phrase "independent journalism" came into fashion during the Greeley campaign, but an independent newspaper in the highest sense was no new thing under the sun in 1872. It had been the ideal of the London "Times" for the better part of a century. Political independence, with some limitations, had characterized the best representatives of the new school of American journalism, which had begun to flourish before 1850. But the successive phases of the great conflict between slavery and its opponents kept politics at a high tension,— men and newspapers were driven to take definitely one side or the other in the controversy; and the breaking of party ties by great journals in 1872 was a sign that the old quarrel was almost over, and the peaceful virtues of moderation, fairness and love of truth were more demanded than passionate devotion to a struggling cause.

It is designed here to set forth a little of the early history of one newspaper; to show something of how its maker's ideal shaped itself, and how that ideal became embodied in reality. "Sam Bowles," as everybody called the editor of the Springfield "Republican," came of New England stock. His father established the "Republican" as a weekly paper in 1824, two years before the birth of the son who was to make it famous. The boy showed no special promise; he was faithful to his tasks, fond of reading, but as a student rather slow, with not much physical vigor, and with little to point at his future career, unless a strong liking for his own way was a presage of the masterful will that was to carry him through toils and combats. He went to school until he was sixteen and then entered his father's office, and two years later persuaded him to make the "Republican" a daily paper. From that time the son carried the chief burden of it.

Of the period in which his work began Mr. Bowles wrote in the "Independent" thirty years later:

"American journalism was undergoing the greatest transformation and experiencing the deepest inspiration of its whole history. The telegraph and the Mexican war came in together; and the years '46–51 were the years of most marked growth known to America. It was something more than progress, it was revolution. Then the old 'Sun' was in its best estate; then Mr. Bennett was in the prime of his vigorous intellect, and his enterprise and independence were at the height of their audacity. He had as first lieutenant Mr. Frederic Hudson, the best organizer of a mere *newspaper* America has ever seen. Then Mr. Greeley and Mr. Dana were harmoniously and vigorously giving the 'Tribune' that scope of treatment and that intellectual depth and breadth which have never departed wholly from it, and which are perhaps the greatest gifts that any single journal has made to the journalism of the country. Then Mr. Raymond commenced the 'Times' and won for it at once a prominent place among its rivals. And then began that horde of provincial daily journals, springing up like mushrooms all over the land. Hardly a town of ten thousand inhabitants but that essayed its diurnal issue in those fertile years."

It was in this field of provincial journalism that Mr. Bowles's work was done. Of the old-fashioned country newspaper he once wrote:

"News had grown old when it was published. The paper did the work of the chronicler or annalist merely, and was the historian of the past rather than a spectator and actor in the present. It was not upon the printed column that the events of the day struck the heart of the living age, and drew from it its sparks of fire. In those times that place of contact was found in the personal intercourse of men. News ran then along the street, from mouth to mouth; the gossiping neighbor carried it; the post-rider brought it into the groups gathered at the village store. By and by came the heavy gazette, not to make its impression but to record the fact. . . . The journalism was yet to be created that should stand firmly in the possession of powers of its own; that should be concerned with the passing and not with the past; that should perfectly reflect its age, and yet should be itself no mere reflection; that should control what it seemed only to transcribe and narrate; that should teach without assuming the manners of an instructor, and should command the coming times with a voice that had still no sound but its echo of the present."

The editorial work on the daily was done by the younger Bowles, at first jointly with

his father, then with one temporary assistant after another, until Dr. J. G. Holland became his colleague in 1849. He remained in the office of the paper until 1857, and was a constant contributor to its columns until 1864. At the start Bowles's qualifications for his work were unflagging industry, an observant eye, and a stout will. He had at first little facility or power as a writer, and he did not aspire to special success in that direction. He expected to devote himself to the general conduct of the paper, while other men should wield the editorial thunder. But he was a good reporter. He could see what was before him and tell it in a plain story. He began by assiduously picking up the crumbs of village news. The townspeople began to look in his paper for a little daily history of their community. He took always a keen interest in politics; and when he was twenty-two years old he was writing editorials in advocacy of General Taylor for the presidency as against his rivals, Cass and Van Buren. The "Republican" in its early politics was stanchly Whig, and was largely influenced by George Ashmun, one of the most brilliant of Webster's followers in Massachusetts, who sacrificed his half-completed career when his great chief fell.

The accession of Dr. Holland to the "Republican" was an important event in its history. He and Mr. Bowles supplemented each other. Mr. Bowles was a born journalist, and showed early an instinct for news, an aptitude for politics, and a skill in administration. Dr. Holland, who was seven years his senior, came to the paper equipped with more of literary culture and taste, and was always a writer rather than an editor. He was strong in his convictions, warm in his feelings, sensitive to the moral element in any question, and the master of a forcible, lucid, and popular style. His interest lay not so much in politics as in the personal conduct of life, and social usages and institutions. His editorials in the "Republican" were one of the earliest signs that the newspaper press was beginning to exercise, along with its other functions, that of direct moral instruction, which had hitherto been almost a monopoly of the church. Many of his articles were short and pithy lay sermons. They dealt directly with morals and religion, in their practical rather than theological applications. They discussed such topics as the mutual duties of husbands and wives, of laborers and employers; the principles of conduct for young men and young women, and the like. This was an innovation in journalism. It found favor among a community which takes life seriously and earnestly. It signified in truth an expansion of the newspaper's possibilities, which has as yet only begun to be worked out. Dr. Holland was admirably qualified for a pioneer in this kind of work. He was so far in sympathy with the established churches and the accepted theology that he reached and held a wide constituency; while he was little trammeled by theological or ecclesiastical technicalities. He was quite as impatient as Mr. Bowles of any assumption of authority by a party or a church, and the "Republican" early showed an independence of the clergy, and a willingness to criticise them on occasion, which often drew wrath upon its head. But its attitude toward the churches and the religion they represented, though an independent was also a friendly one. In general, Dr. Holland added to the paper a higher literary tone and a broader recognition of human interests. The paper's growth was won by unsparing labor, by close economy, by making the utmost of each day, yet looking always toward the future. Dr. Holland, just after Mr. Bowles's death, wrote as follows:

> "As I think of my old associate and the earnest exhausting work he was doing when I was with him, he seems to me like a great golden vessel, rich in color and roughly embossed, filled with the elixir of life, which he poured out without the slightest stint for the consumption of this people. This vessel was only full at the first and it was never replenished. It was filled for an expenditure of fifty or sixty years, but he kept the stream so large that the precious contents were all decanted at thirty. The sparkle, the vivacity, the drive, the power of the 'Republican,' as I knew it in the early days, the fresh and ever eager interest with which it was every morning received by the people of Springfield and the Connecticut Valley, the superiority of the paper to other papers of its class, its ever widening influence — all these cost life. We did not know when we tasted it and found it so charged with zest that we were tasting heart's blood, but that was the priceless element that commended it to our appetites. A pale man, weary and nervous, crept home at midnight, or at one, two, or three o'clock in the morning, and while all nature was fresh and the birds were singing, and thousands of eyes were bending eagerly over the results of his night's labor, he was tossing and trying to sleep. Yet this work, so terrible in its exactions and its consequences, was the joy of this man's life — it *was* this man's life; and as the best exponent of this kind of devotion to an idea and a life-work I have ever known, I give its memory most affectionate reverence."

He was spending his life-blood, but he got a great price for it. He knew what he was doing; at least he thought he did. When a friend once remonstrated with him about his over-work, he answered: "I know it just as well as you do. When my friends point out that I am working toward a break-down, they seem to think that is to influence my action. Not at all! I have got the lines drawn, the current flowing, and by throwing my weight here now, I can count for something. If I make a long break or parenthesis to get strong, I shall lose my chance. No man is living a

life that is worth living, unless he is willing if need be to die for somebody or something,— at least to *die a little!*"

The faculty in which he first showed eminence was skill in gathering news. Said Mr. Bryan, who was added to the paper's force in 1852: "He and I would go into a little restaurant on Sanford street, and one and another would drop in and exchange a few words, and while we were eating our lunch he would pick up half a column of news." Said a friend in a neighboring town: "I would meet him on the street, we would chat a few minutes about the events of the day, and next morning I would find in the paper everything I had told him." In the political conventions which he attended and reported, he was in his native element. He button-holed everybody, and offended nobody; found out the designs of every clique, the doings of every secret caucus, got at the plans of the leaders, the temper of the crowd, *sensed* the whole situation; and the next morning's "Republican" gave a better idea of the convention to those who had staid at home than many of its participants had gained. These reporting expeditions were full of education to him. His mode of growth was by absorption. Other people were to him sponges out of which he deftly squeezed whatever knowledge they could yield.

It was during these years that he established the system of requiring advance payments from subscribers. A few of the great city papers had led the way in this innovation, which was introduced by the New York "Herald" in 1835, but it was so contrary to the tradition of provincial journalism that many predicted utter discomfiture for the rash experiment. But it succeeded. It was a great step to a firmer business footing; and it was also a sign of the new attitude which newspapers were taking in the community. The old-time journal was very deferential to its subscribers and advertisers. It spoke of them as its "patrons." It was ready to praise the wares which they advertised, and to give all manner of friendly notices and puffs. It was patient, though sometimes plaintive, toward their delay in making payment. The possible message, "Stop my paper," hung over the editor's head, keeping him docile and respectful. All this was swiftly changing. The newspaper, strengthened by railroad and telegraph, was becoming so strong that it needed not to ask favors or depend on them. The "Republican" took the lead among provincial papers in this independent attitude, of which the advance-payment system was the commercial sign. It had never a master, either among the political chiefs or in the classes with whom its business interests lay. It depended on their support for its existence; but the editor won that support by making it for their interest to subscribe for his paper and to advertise in it.

The great achievement of Samuel Bowles was that he built up under the limitations of a country town a paying newspaper of national reputation and influence, which expressed the editor's personal opinions, bound by no party, by no school, by no clique. From its early years the paper avowed its opinions and made its criticisms with a freedom that provoked frequent and often emphatic dissent among its readers. The nature of its field made this independence hard to maintain. A great city offers an immense and various constituency, and a paper which can make itself readable to some one large class can afford to ignore even a wide and weighty disapprobation from other classes. But the "Republican" was in a small community; it could reach, at most, only a circle of country towns; the utmost number who would take a daily paper was limited; and the paper could ill afford to drive off subscribers, or incline them toward the local rivals which from time to time disputed the ground with it. Besides, a provincial neighborhood is full of strong prejudices. It has its heroes who must not be lightly spoken of; its traditional code of manners and morals which must be deferred to. There is still a deal of very stiff stuff in the descendants of the Puritans, but the community thirty years ago was far more provincial, more conservative, more set in its preferences and prejudices than it is to-day. The environment was by no means favorable to the outspoken independence which was a growing trait of the "Republican." The editor conquered his environment. He did it by making so good a newspaper that the people had to buy it. By industry and skill he won the opportunity for independence.

There grew up in Mr. Bowles's mind an ideal of "journalism," — a combination of principles, methods, and instincts, based partly on ethics, partly on expediency. With him, to say a thing was or was not "good journalism" was to put the final seal upon its character. It belonged to good journalism, in his idea, to tell all the news, and as a part of this to give every side a fair hearing. His opponents and critics could always find place for their articles, under reasonable conditions, in his paper. But it also belonged to his ideal of journalism that a paper should as seldom as possible own itself in the wrong. Accordingly, if a man wrote to him in correction of a statement, or in defense against criticism, he generally found his letter printed, but with some editorial comment that gave

the last word tellingly against him. It was commonly said that to seek redress from the "Republican" did more harm than good. This trait was partly due to deliberate unwillingness to weaken the paper's authority by admission of error. But it was probably more due to a personal idiosyncrasy. In many ways a most generous man, Mr. Bowles always hated to admit that he had been in the wrong. Sometimes he did it — not often — in private life; but in his paper never, when he could help it. "We sometimes discussed this," said Dr. Holland, "and he once said: 'I sympathize with the Boston editor, to whom a man came with the complaint, "Your paper says that I hanged myself, and I want you to take it back." "No," said the editor, "we're not in the habit of doing that, but we will say that the rope broke and you escaped!"'"

But it must be said that this fault lies at the door of a good many papers besides the "Republican." It is a characteristic sin of journalism — one of the vices of irresponsible power. The English press is assumed to be far more fair and decorous than the American; but Trollope, that faithful photographer of English manners, characterizes the "Times" in this same respect. "Write to the 'Jupiter,'" counsels Bishop Grantley to the aggrieved Mr. Harding who has been misrepresented by that paper. "Yes," says the more worldly-wise Archdeacon, "yes, and be smothered with ridicule; tossed over and over again with scorn; shaken this way and that, as a rat in the grip of a practiced terrier. A man may have the best of causes, the best of talents, and the best of tempers; he may write as well as Addison or as strongly as Junius; but even with all this he cannot successfully answer when attacked by the 'Jupiter.' Answer such an article! No, Warden; whatever you do, don't do that."

The vital principle of independent journalism, as Mr. Bowles understood it, was illustrated by an incident which occurred in 1856. While Mr. Bowles was out of town a prize-fight was attempted in Springfield, and among those who gathered to witness it were some young men of good social standing, belonging to families with whom he was in friendly relations. Dr. Holland treated the incident in a very sharp article, as an instance of the coarse immoralities in which the rapidly growing town was beginning to imitate the worst features of the great cities. The article stated that the matter would come up in the police court, and those who had been concerned in it might expect full publicity to be given to their conduct. Before the trial Mr. Bowles returned to town. In the evening, sitting on the door-step, his wife said to him, "Can't you let this thing drop? If you publish these young men's names it will wound and alienate a great many of our friends." He answered, "Mary, I have considered it all, most thoughtfully and conscientiously. The blame must be given where it is deserved. This is the time to put an end to prize-fighting in Springfield." The trial was fully reported in the "Republican," including the names of those who as attendants at the prize-fight were called as witnesses; and the paper commented in a few vigorous words on their presence at such a scene. Personal alienations did follow, painful and not soon healed. But there never was another prize-fight in Springfield. In this and similar cases the morals of the town were vastly the gainer by the unsparing publicity given to the misdeeds of men who had reputations to suffer. Just as the introduction of street-lights into cities did more to stop nocturnal crime than constables and courts could do, so by its reports of wrong-doing has the modern newspaper added a new safeguard to social morality. To exercise that great function as free from fear or favor as the judge on the bench was the aim of the "Republican." Its editor liked to make his power felt,— he liked to use it for the public good,— but the personal alienations which it brought were none the less painful to him.

The limitation on the moral power of politician or journalist is that in order to lead he must in a degree conform. In a democracy no kind of leadership is free from that necessity, save that of the pure idealist — the poet or the prophet. Over all but him conformity lays its heavy hand. But under the sharpest rein of all does it hold the man who makes it his business to take active part in government. Agreement with the majority is the inexorable price of his personal success. As often as election-day comes round he must have the approval of a majority of his constituency or be thrown out of his work. The journalist's necessity, on the other hand, is to make a paper that men will buy. One way to that end is to express sentiments agreeable to its readers,— to soothe them with assent and approval. Another way is to make a newspaper so attractive by its general merits that men will buy it even though they dissent from its doctrines. That was the path which Mr. Bowles chose for the "Republican."

Not till near the end of his life was the paper confronted with the severe test of directly opposing, in a presidential campaign, the party to which the mass of its readers belonged. But at a much earlier stage it committed itself to the then novel position of criticising with entire freedom the special measures and the individual leaders of the

party to which it gave a general support; its theory of independent journalism was as clearly avowed, as sincerely followed, in 1856 as in 1872. The difference was that until the later date the editor's political convictions differed from the mass of his constituents only as to occasional and subordinate issues. But the old theory of party allegiance — a theory still substantially practiced in this year of grace 1885 by a large majority of American journals — is that the individual or the newspaper shall support the party, as the patriot stands by his country or the believer by his church. Interior discussion, guarded criticism, are allowable, but are always to be subordinated to the prime object of victory over the foreign foe, the heretic or the opposing faction. The approved temper toward the party is to

> "Be to its faults a little blind,
> Be to its virtues very kind."

The "Republican," after it began its existence as a daily, was never extreme in its partisanship; but for its first decade it virtually owed allegiance to the Whig party.

Its declaration of independence was made in February, 1855. In the previous year, when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise roused the North for the first time to a general resistance to the extension of slavery, the "Republican" had vainly pleaded with the Whig leaders in the State to merge that organization in a new party devoted to freedom. It had given a lukewarm support to the Whig nominees, the Republican organization being at that time abortive, and the proscriptive Know-nothing movement sweeping to a sudden and brief success. After the election the paper devoted itself with fresh energy to building up a genuine Republican party, but at the same time it asserted its freedom thenceforth from all partisan trammels. It took occasion on the enlargement of its sheet to review its own history; and after mentioning the general improvement in journalism dating from the era of the telegraph, it continued:

> "With the dawn of a new national growth upon the press of America, at the period of which we speak, came also a more perfect intellectual freedom from the shackles of party. The independent press of the country is fast supplanting the merely partisan press. Parties are taking their form and substance from the press and pulpit, rather than the press and pulpit echoing merely the voice of the party. A merely party organ is now a thing despised and contemned, and can never take rank as a first-class public journal. The London 'Times,' the great journal of the world, is the creator, not the creature of parties. There is not in New York, where journalism in this country has reached its highest material and intellectual perfection, a single party organ in existence. All are emancipated. None conceal facts lest they injure their party. None fear to speak the truth lest they utter treason against merely partisan power. The true purpose of the press is understood and practiced upon. They are the mirrors of the world of fact and of thought. Upon that fact do they comment with freedom, and to that thought do they add its freshest and most earnest cumulations.
>
> "Such in its sphere does the 'Republican' aim to be. Whatever it has been in the past, no more shall its distinction be that of a partisan organ, blindly following the will of party, and stupidly obeying its behests. It has its principles and purposes. But these are above mere party success. To these it will devote itself. Whenever and wherever the success of men or of parties can advance those principles and purposes, the 'Republican' will boldly advocate such success; whenever men and parties are stumbling blocks to the triumph of those principles, they will be as boldly opposed and denounced."

To one who knows the character of the New York press, and the American press in general, during most of the thirty years since this was written, this description of its impartial character reads like a sarcasm. The era of journalistic independence was as brief as that of the disintegration of parties. When the new lines had been drawn the newspapers fell into place on one side or the other, — not upon the whole with the old subservience, yet with a degree of partisan fidelity which grew with the growth of party discipline as the Republican party matured and the Democratic party recovered from its successive disruptions; so that in 1872 "independent journalism" was greeted by the general public as a new phenomenon. There were, of course, exceptions among the press, to trace which would belong to a general history of journalism. But through the intervening period, whether heartily favoring or criticising or opposing the general course of the Republican party, Mr. Bowles's paper never hesitated to pronounce a frank, independent judgment on the measures and men of that party and of all parties. Its political news was honest. Its readers could always find the views of its opponents fairly quoted and ungarbled. Its regular correspondents at Washington and elsewhere were always under instructions to give the facts as they were, whether they suited the editorial views or not. In the correspondents' galleries in the Capitol one may sometimes hear such remarks as this: "The situation looks to me so and so — but the old man at home will not let me say so in my dispatches." The "Republican" correspondents had no occasion to say that. They were chosen with due regard to their general agreement with the paper's views, but the instructions given them were to tell the truth. They were allowed, too, to tell it largely from the stand-point of their personal convictions. It was often the case that the paper's own Washington dispatches were considerably more radical in their tone than the editorial columns; while the biting criticisms of "Warrington," the

Boston correspondent, fell often on the measures and men that the "Republican" editorially approved.

To trace even in outline the relation of the "Republican" to the political events of the period in which its chief's life fell, is foreign to the scope of this article. It is designed here only to show the broad ideas out of which were developed the principle and the practice of independent journalism. An instance has been given of the application of that principle to politics, but it has a far wider application than to questions of civil government. Something further may be added on the spirit in which Mr. Bowles dealt with a subject as to which a courageous and wise independence is quite as essential as in politics, and even more difficult for the American journalist.

Nothing was more characteristic of the "Republican" than its attitude toward the churches and the questions connected with them. The half-century of Mr. Bowles's life witnessed immense changes in the social life of the Connecticut Valley. The multiplying of interests, the new forms of industry, the quickening of pace, the widened range of thought, the change in the whole aspect of the community were such as volumes could not describe. The church organizations necessarily partook of the general changes; but, as is generally the case with religious institutions, they showed a tenacity and conservatism beyond most other departments of social life. They continued to include in their membership a preponderance of the social respectability, the intelligence, and the virtue of the community. In their formal creeds there was little change; but their preaching showed a growing indisposition to emphasize the harsher elements of the old creed, and a growing insistence on ethical rather than dogmatic themes. The thought and research which within that period had unsettled the foundations of the ancient creed of Christendom were, of course, felt throughout the intelligent part of the community — or rather through the whole community; no social stratum has any longer a belief or a doubt peculiar to itself. But whatever of radical doubt or dissent existed lay largely beneath the surface. The ministry were as a body very conservative of the substance and most of the form of the ancient faith. Of the earnest and sober-minded laity, a larger proportion held more or less closely to the same faith, which offered an assurance of human salvation, of God, of immortality, while no equally clear and authoritative utterance seemed to come from any other quarter. The churches fostered an atmosphere throughout the community which made open dissent unpleasant for most men who wished to live on good terms with their neighbors. They assumed to offer the only way to a right life in this world, and to something better beyond this world. Those who did not in their hearts admit the assumption, seldom cared to openly deny, still less to defy it.

The "Republican" acquiesced neither openly nor tacitly in the churches' assumption of an infallible way of salvation; but it neither made war upon the churches nor ignored them. It always assumed that they were a great and useful instrumentality in improving the community. It recognized them as associations for helping men in right living. It discussed their practical methods as freely as it discussed questions of politics. It did not discuss the dogmas of theology, just as it did not discuss the fundamental principles of philosophy or of science. Not even the broad realm of the daily newspaper includes the settlement of the ultimate principles of special departments of thought. But, just as the "Republican" reported as a matter of news the progress of opinion among scientists concerning Darwinism or among philosophers concerning evolution, so it took note of the theological movements and controversies. Whenever questions of church administration had a direct bearing on the practical interests of the community, the paper not only reported them as news, but took part in the debate as an advocate. A contributor once offered an editorial in regard to the ostracism of the Liberal sects by the Orthodox; the form of expression being, "The world, looking on at the conduct of the church which seeks to convert it, is inclined in a friendly way to suggest, etc." Mr. Bowles sent back the article with the answer: "There is a fault of construction in your article for the 'Republican.' We have always discussed these questions as insiders, and not as outsiders. I have no idea of giving up the churches to the ministers and deacons." As to all questions of dogma, the "Republican's" habitual ground was not that some particular doctrine was true or false, but that all doctrine should be held and used with reference to the moral advancement of men; that no question of intellectual belief should stand in the way of anything which could make men stronger, sweeter, more useful to the community. Its independence of creeds was distasteful to the professional guardians of orthodoxy; its free criticism of churches and ministers often drew on it the wrath, not only of the immediate object of criticism, but of the ecclesiastical body in general, sensitive at seeing its dignitaries so summarily dealt with. Yet the paper had nowhere warmer friends than among the most intelligent and earnest of the clergy, orthodox as well as

liberal. It was in strong sympathy with the most vital elements in church life. It appealed to the clergy as the natural leaders of moral reforms. It was unfriendly to destructive methods in theology and religion. Its principles were just those on which the American churches have found their best growth depends,— the exaltation of spiritual life above dogma and ritual; the widening of fellowship beyond the limits of sect, to "the blessed company of all faithful people"; the conception of religion not as a particular set of opinions but as the spirit of duty, love, and faith. The church as an institution is saved by the men who reform it.

As to Mr. Bowles's ideas of the church and of the newspaper, a few sentences may be borrowed from a private letter in 1861 to Dr. Frederick D. Huntington, with whom the "Republican" had had some controversy, and who was a personal friend of the editor.

"The 'Republican' has assumed a ground to which you hardly do justice. It is greater than the practice or position of its Editors — higher than denominations or sects, as life is greater than thought, practice than profession, Christianity than theology, piety than prayer. It seems to me to stand above the strife of sects, above the 'bandying of phrases,' and to reach to the truest and purest ideas of the Divine purpose. . . . We are content to say [of the various Christian denominations], they are all alike — to put them in one great plan, or scheme, each having excellences, each defects, each having its field, its work, its mission, and all seeking the glory of God and the purification and elevation of men.

"Individually, each of us may have our choice and preference; but is not the idea of the journal worthy of respect? . . . It would be presumption in *me* to pretend to discuss theology as thoroughly as politics, but I have made no such pretense. The 'Republican' has, and has the right to, because it can command and does command talent and learning equally in both sciences. It has on its regular editorial staff one man* as learned in all the dry and disgusting lore of the theological schools as ninety-nine out of one hundred clergymen, and another† whose fervor and unction as a lay preacher are hardly less than the rector of Emanuel's himself‡ in the pulpit. Pray make the distinction. . . .

"The 'Republican's' sympathies and its hopes are in the right direction. In the quick judgments and rough, direct diction of daily journalism, it must assuredly often mistake, often wound; and wanton doubtless is it in its freedom of utterance; but I know that its heart is right and that you and such as you ought never long or seriously have reason to complain of it. I shall send you the 'Republican,' for I wish you to see that its pretensions to being a religious, as well as a political paper — 'to discuss religious questions' (not theology purely or mainly) 'and distribute religious intelligence' — these being our words,— are not mere pretensions. Our idea of a public journal covers all life — life in its deepest and highest significance, as well as the superficialities of food and raiment, business and government."

One quotation may here be given from the "Republican's" later utterances as illustrating the spirit in which it treated religious subjects. It is from an editorial of December 3, 1874, on "John Stuart Mill as a theologian"; the occasion being the publication of his posthumous essays. The article does not bear the mark of Mr. Bowles's hand, but is in full harmony with the larger personality of the "Republican" itself.

"The misconception which runs through the two essays of Mill on 'The Utility of Religion' and on 'Theism' is indeed that which lies at the bottom of the whole utilitarian philosophy; namely, that the human soul acts only or chiefly upon selfish motives, and that human life in this world and the next is an affair of logic and comprehensible by the understanding. However high the point of cultivation reached, however noble the morality which rests upon reasoning, there is always a beyond where the divine powers, the supernatural attitudes of the soul, range free and direct our activity. In that realm the hope of pleasure and the fear of pain are equally indifferent to the enlightened spirit, and all the ordinary sanctions and promoting causes of religion shrink out of sight. The oriental legend of the believer who was met on the road with a torch in one hand and a pitcher of water in the other, conveys a meaning which seems almost beyond the apprehension of Mr. Mill. 'With this fire,' said the mystic, 'I go to burn up the palaces of Heaven, and with this water to quench the flames of Hell, so that man hereafter may worship God truly, and no longer serve Him for hope or for fear.'

"The sadness of the book is neither depressing nor likely to infect others; its warnings and encouragements are all of a high mood, and its errors are such as throw no blame upon its author. To this great man, lingering upon the confines of the two worlds and sharpening his vision with love and regret toward the world unseen and almost despaired of, the life of mankind assumed a serious and tender aspect, not devoid of a melancholy hope, and rich in virtuous manly endeavors and accomplished deeds. The truly devout alone have the right to censure him, for he stands, like the Stoics and the highest of the followers of Epicurus, far above the plane of the ordinary religions of the world. Such souls need the teachings of Christ himself, not the discourses of Paul or of the ecclesiastics."

The church and its ministry have high functions which the press cannot share. The personal cure of souls; the spoken word of inspiration, sent home with the impact which only figure and face and voice can impart; the organization for direct mutual help in the conduct of life; the supplying of a visible basis and stronghold for the moral forces of the community,— these are still the church's province. But men no longer look to the church's pulpit as they used to look for guidance in thought and opinion. That scepter has passed to the journalist. He, in a broader sense than any other, is the teacher of the community, or rather the official teacher; for the highest leadership is not an office, but a personal endowment. The transfer of authority has been going on for centuries, but it was consummated in that same third of a century in which Mr. Bowles built up the "Republican." In the beginning of that period it might have been fair to take Mr. Peabody, pastor of the Uni-

*Joseph E. Hood. †Dr. Holland. ‡Dr. Huntington.

tarian church in Springfield, as the type of the public teacher in New England,— a dignified personage, speaking his weekly word from the pulpit, clad in gown of solemn black; dwelling much on the transitoriness and woe of this present life, urging an ideal of character which was pure and lofty, but had few points of contact with the matter-of-fact world in which his hearers must needs live. Against this figure thirty years later we may set the journalist at his desk, alert, high-strung, the telegraph pouring upon him the news of the whole planet, with now and then an item from the solar system beyond, his swift pen touching every interest of politics, trade, society, conduct, faith, every phase of the great world's teeming activity. He is now the King,— well for him if he be also the Saint and Prophet! "You see in me only a fraction of the king," Mr. Bowles would have said; "here is the sovereign, the paper itself— with world-wide agencies at its command; fed by the life-juices of many workers; governed by an ideal which is a birth of the age-spirit, and which unstinted labor and love have built up. The life I have planted in the paper is as distinct from my own as the life which a father transmits to his son, and it shall live when I and my sons have passed away."

George S. Merriam.

A POET'S SOLILOQUY.

On a time, not of old,
When a poet had sent out his soul, and no welcome had found
Where the heart of the nation in prose stood fettered and bound
In fold upon fold —
He called back his soul who had pined for some answer afloat;
And thus in the silence of night and the pride of his spirit he wrote:

Come back, poet-thought!
For they honor thee not in thy vesture of verse and of song.
Come back — thou hast hovered about in the markets too long.
In vain thou hast sought
To stem the strong current that swells from the Philistine lands;
Thou hast failed to deliver the message the practical public demands.

Come back to the heights
Of thy vision, thy love, thy Parnassus of beauty and truth —
From the valleys below where the labor of age and of youth
Has no need of thy lights; —
For Science has marshaled the way with a lamp of its own.
Till they woo thee with wakening love, thou must follow thy pathway alone.

We have striven, have toiled —
Have pressed with the foremost to sing to the men of our time
The thought that was deepest, the lay that was lightest in rhyme.
We are baffled and foiled.
The crowd hurries on, intent upon traffic and pay.
They have ears, but they hear not. What chance to be heard has the poet to-day?

So we turn from the crowd,
And we sing as we please — like the thrush far away in the woods;
They may listen or not, as they choose, to our fancies and moods
Chanted low, chanted loud
In the sunshine or storm — 'mid the hearts that are tender or hard.
What need of applause from the world when art is its own reward?

Christopher P. Cranch.

"LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT."

A DOUBTFUL day of mingled snow and rain, such as we often have in New York in February, had been followed, as night fell, by a hard frost; and as Robert White mounted the broad brown-stone steps of Mrs. Martin's house and, after ringing the bell, looked across Washington Square to the pseudo-picturesque University building, he felt that form of gratitude toward his hostess which has been defined as a lively sense of benefits to come. His ten-minute walk through the hard slush of the pavements had given an edge to his appetite, and he knew of old that the little dinners of the Duchess of Washington Square were everything that little dinners should be. He anticipated confidently a warm reception by his hospitable hostess; an introduction to a pretty girl, probably as clever as she was good-looking; a dignified procession into the spacious dining-room; a bountiful dinner, neither too long nor too short, as well served as it was well cooked; and at the end a good cup of coffee and a good cigar, and a pleasant quarter of an hour's chat with four or five agreeable men, not the least agreeable of them being Mr. Martin, who was known to most people only as Mrs. Martin's husband, but whom White had discovered to be as shrewd and sharp as he was reserved and retiring.

And so it came to pass, except that the state of the streets had made White a little late, wherefore the Duchess was slightly hurried and peremptory. She took him at once under her wing and led him up to a very pretty girl. "Phyllis," she said, "this is Mr. White, to whom I confide you for the evening."

As White bowed before the young lady whom Mrs. Martin had called Phyllis, he wished that the Duchess had kindly added her patronymic, as it is most embarrassing not to know to whom one is talking. But there was no time for inquiry,; the rich velvet curtains which masked the open doorway leading from the parlor into the hall were pushed aside, and the venerable colored butler announced that dinner was served. White offered his arm to Miss Phyllis, and they filed into the dining-room in the wake of Mr. Martin and Mrs. Sutton; the Duchess, on the arm of Judge Gillespie, brought up the rear.

There were fourteen at table,—a number too large for general conversation, and therefore conducive to confidential talks between any two congenial spirits who might be sitting side by side. White had at his left Mrs. Sutton, but she was a great favorite with Mr. Martin, and White had scarcely a word with her throughout the dinner. On the other side of Miss Phyllis was a thin, short, dyspeptic little man, Mr. C. Mather Hitchcock, whom White knew slightly, and whom Miss Phyllis evidently did not like, as White saw at a glance. So it happened that White and Miss Phyllis were wholly dependent on each other for entertainment, as long as they might sit side by side at the Duchess's table.

"A mean day like this makes the comfortable luxury of a house like Mrs. Martin's all the more grateful," began White, by way of breaking the ice; "don't you think so?"

"It has been a day to make one understand what weather-prophets have in mind when they talk about the average mean temperature of New York," she answered, smiling.

"I hope you do not wish to insinuate that the average temperature of New York is mean. I have lived here only a few years, but I am prepared to defend the climate of New York to the bitter end."

"Then you must defend the weather of today," she retorted gayly, "for it had a very bitter end. I felt like the maid in the garden hanging out the clothes, for down came a black wind to bite off my nose."

"Just now you remind me rather of the queen in the parlor eating bread and honey."

"I have an easy retort," she laughed back. "I can say you are like the king in his chamber counting out his money; for that is how most New York men seem to spend their days."

"But I am not a business man," explained White, thinking that Miss Phyllis was a ready young lady with her wits about her, and regretting again that he had not learnt her name.

"They say that there are only two classes who scorn business and never work — the aristocrats and the tramps," she rejoined mischievously. "Am I to infer that you are an aristocrat or a tramp?"

"I regret to say that I am neither the one nor the other. A tramp is often a philosopher — of the peripatetic school of course; and an aristocrat is generally a gentleman, and often a good fellow. No, I am afraid your inference was based on a false premise. I am not a business man, but, all the same, I earn my living by my daily work. I am a journalist, and I am on the staff of the 'Gotham Gazette.'"

"Oh, you are an editor? I am so glad. I have always wanted to see an editor," ejaculated Miss Phyllis with increasing interest.

"You may see one now," he answered. "I am on exhibition here from seven to nine to-night."

"And you are really an editor?" she queried, gazing at him curiously.

"I am a journalist, and I write brevier, so I suppose I may be considered as a component unit of the editorial plural," he replied.

"And you write editorials?"

"I do; I have written yards of them—I might almost say miles of them."

"How odd! Somehow the editorials of a great paper always remind me of the edicts of the Council of Ten in Venice—nobody knows whose they are, and yet all men tremble before them." As she said this, Miss Phyllis looked at him meditatively for a moment, and then she went on, impulsively, "And what puzzles me is how you ever find anything to say."

A quiet smile played over White's face as he answered gravely: "We have to write a good deal, but we do not always say anything in particular."

"When I read the telegrams," continued Miss Phyllis, "especially the political ones, I never know exactly what it's all about until I've read the editorial. Then, of course, it all seems clear enough. But *you* have to make all that up out of your own head. It must be very wearing."

The young journalist wondered for a second whether this was sarcasm or not; then he admitted that he had been using up the gray matter of his brain very rapidly of late.

"I know I exhausted myself one election," she went on, "when I tried to understand politics. I thought it my duty to hear both sides, so I read two papers. But they contradicted each other so, and they got me so confused, that I had to give it up. Really I hadn't any peace of mind at all until I stopped reading the other paper. Of course, I couldn't do without the 'Gotham Gazette.'"

"Then are all our labors amply rewarded," said White gallantly, thinking that he had only once met a young lady more charming than Miss Phyllis.

"Now tell me, Mr. White, what part of the paper do you write?"

"Tell me what part of the paper you read first — but I think I can guess that. You always begin with the deaths and then pass on to the marriages. Don't you?"

Miss Phyllis hesitated a moment, blushed a little,— whereat White thought her even prettier than he had at first,—and then confessed. "I do read the deaths first; and why not? Our going out of the world is the most important thing we do in it."

"Except getting married — and that's why you read the marriages next?" he asked.

"I suppose so. I acknowledge that I read the marriages with delight. Naturally I know very few of the brides, but that is no matter — there is all the more room for pleasant speculation. It's like reading only the last chapter of a novel — you have to invent for yourself all that went before."

"Then you like the old-fashioned novels which always ended like the fairy stories, 'So they were married and lived happily ever afterward'?" he queried.

"Indeed I do," she answered vehemently, "Unless I have orange-blossoms and wedding-cake given to me at the end of a story, I feel cheated."

"I suppose you insist on a novel's being a love-story?" White inquired.

"If a story isn't a love-story," she answered energetically, "it isn't a story at all. Why, when I was only nine years old, a little chit of a girl, I wouldn't read Sunday-school books, because there was no love in them!"

Robert White laughed gently, and said: "I spurned the Sunday-school book when I was nine, too, but that was because the bad boys had all the fun and the good boys had to take all the medicine, in spite of which, however, they were often cut off in the flower of their youth."

"Do you ever write stories, Mr. White?"

"I have been guilty of that evil deed," he answered. "I had a tale in the 'Gotham Gazette' one Sunday a few months ago, called 'The Parrot that Talked in his Sleep'; it was a little study in zoölogic psychology. Did you read it?"

"I don't seem to recall it," she hesitated. "I'm afraid I must have missed it."

"Then you missed a great intellectual treat," said the journalist, with humorous exaggeration. "Fiction is stranger than truth sometimes, and there were absolutely no facts at all in The Parrot that Talked in his Sleep.'"

"It was a fantastic tale, then?"

"Well, it was rather eccentric."

"You must send it to me. I like strange, weird stories—if they do not try to be funny. They say I haven't any sense of humor, and I certainly do not like to see anybody trying hard to be funny."

With a distinct recollection that "The Parrot that Talked in his Sleep" had been noticed by several friendly editors as "one of the most amusing and comical conceits ever perpetrated in America," White thought it best not to promise a copy of it to Miss Phyllis.

"Perhaps you would prefer another sketch I published in the 'Gotham Gazette,'" he ventured. "It was called 'At the End of his Tether,' and it described a quaint old man who gave up his life to the collecting of bits of the ropes which had hanged famous murderers."

"How gruesome!" she exclaimed, with a little shudder, although the next minute she asked with interest: "And what did he do with them?"

"He arranged them with great care, and labeled them exactly, and gloated over them until his mind gave way, and then he spliced them together and hung himself on a gallows of his own inventing."

"How delightfully interesting!"

"It was a little sketch after Hawthorne—a long way after," he added modestly.

"I just doat on Hawthorne," remarked Miss Phyllis critically. "He never explains things, and so you have more room for guessing. I do hate to see everything spelt out plain at the end of a book. I'm satisfied to know that they got married and were happy, and I don't care to be told just how old their children were when they had the whooping-cough!"

"A hint is as good as a table of statistics to a sharp reader," said the journalist. "I think the times are ripe for an application to fiction of the methods Corot used in painting pictures. Father Corot, as the artists call him, gave us a firm and vigorous conception veiled by a haze of artistic vagueness."

"That's what I like," agreed Miss Phyllis. "I like something left to the imagination."

"Your approbation encourages me to persevere. I had planned half a dozen other unconventional tales, mere trifles, of course, as slight as possible in themselves, but enough, with 'The Parrot that Talked in his Sleep' and 'At the End of his Tether,' to make a little book, and I was going to call it 'Nightmare's Nests.'"

"What an appetizing title!" declared the young lady. "I'm so sorry it is not published now — I couldn't rest till I'd read it."

"Then I am sure of selling at least one copy."

"Oh, I should expect you to send me a copy yourself," said Miss Phyllis archly, "and to write 'with the compliments of the author' on the first page."

Robert White looked up with a smile, and he caught Miss Phyllis's eye. He noted her bright and animated expression. He thought that only once before had he ever met a prettier or a livelier girl.

"You shall have an early copy," he said, "a set of 'advance sheets,' as the phrase is."

Here his attention and hers was distracted by the passing of a wonderful preparation of lobster, served in sherry, and cooked as though it were terrapin; this was a specialty of the Duchess's Virginian cook, and was not to be treated lightly. When this delicacy had been duly considered, Miss Phyllis turned to him again.

"Can't you tell me one of the stories you are going to write?" she asked.

"Here — now — at table?"

"Yes; why not?"

"Do you play chess? I mean do you understand the game?"

"I think it is poky; but I have played it with grandpa."

"There is a tale I thought of writing, to be called 'The Queen of the Living Chessmen'; but ——"

"That's a splendid title. Go on."

"Are you sure it would interest you?" asked the author.

"I can't be sure until you begin," she answered airily; "and if it doesn't interest me, I'll change the subject."

"And we can talk about the weather."

"Precisely. And now, do go on!"

She gave an imperious nod, which White could not but consider charming. There was no lull in the general conversation around the table. Mr. Martin was monopolizing Mrs. Sutton's attention, and Mr. C. Mather Hitchcock had at last got into an animated discussion with the lady on the other side of him. So White began:

"This, then, is the tale of 'The Queen of the Living Chess-men.' Once upon a time ——"

"I do like stories which begin with 'Once upon a time,'" interrupted Miss Phyllis.

"So far at least, then, you may like mine. Once upon a time there was a young English surgeon in India. He was a fine, handsome, manly young fellow ——"

"Light or dark?" asked the young lady. "That's a very important question. I don't take half the interest in a hero if he is dark."

"Then my hero shall be as fair as a young Saxon ought to be. Now, on his way out to India, this young fellow heard a great deal about a beautiful English girl, the daughter of a high official in the service of John Company ——"

"Is she going to fall in love with him?" interrupted Miss Phyllis again.

"She is."

"Then this is a love-story?"

"It is indeed," answered the author, with emphasis.

"Then you may go on," said the young lady; "I think it will interest me."

And White continued:

"The young doctor had heard so much about her beauty that he was burning with anxiety to behold her. He felt as though the first time he should see her would be an epoch in his life. He was ready to love her at first sight. But when he got to his post he found that she had gone to Calcutta for a long visit, and it might be months before she returned. He possessed his soul in patience, and made friends with her father, and was permitted to inspect a miniature of her, made by the best artist in India. This portrait more than confirmed the tales of her beauty. The sight of her picture produced a strange but powerful effect upon the doctor, and his desire to see the fair original redoubled. From Calcutta came rumors of the havoc she wrought there among the susceptible hearts of the English exiles, but, so far as rumor could tell, she herself was still heart-free. She had not yet found the man of her choice; and it was said that she had romantic notions, and would marry only a man who had proved himself worthy, who had, in short, done some deed of daring or determination on her behalf. The young Englishman listened to these rumors with a sinking of the heart, for he had no hope that he could ever do anything to deserve her. At last the news came that she was about to return to her father, and at the same time came an order to the doctor to join an expedition among the hill-tribes. He called on her father before he went, and he got a long look at her miniature, and away he went with a heavy heart for the love he bore a woman he had never seen. No sooner had his party set off than there was trouble with the Hindoos. The British residents and the native princes led a cat-and-dog life, and there began to be great danger of civil war. There were risings in various parts of the country."

"In what year was this?"

"I don't know yet," answered the journalist. "You see I have only the general idea of the story. I shall have to read up a good deal to get the historical facts and all the little touches of local color. But I suppose this must have been about a hundred years ago or thereabouts. Will that do?"

"If you don't *know* when your story happened," said Miss Phyllis, "of course you can't tell me. But go on, and tell me all you *do* know."

"Well, the young doctor was captured by a party of natives and taken before a rajah or whatever they call him, a native prince, who had renounced his semi-allegiance to the British and who had at once revealed his cruelty and rapacity. In fact, the chief into whose hands the young surgeon had fallen was nothing more nor less than a bloodthirsty tyrant. At first he was going to put the doctor to death, but fortunately, just then, one of the lights of the harem fell ill and the doctor cured her. So, instead of being killed, he was made first favorite of the rajah. He had saved his life, although he was no nearer to his liberty."

"Why, wouldn't the rajah let him go?" asked Miss Phyllis with interest.

"No, he wanted to keep him. He had found it useful to have a physician on the premises, and in future he never meant to be without one. After a few vain appeals, the doctor gave up asking for his liberty. He began to plan an escape without the rajah's leave. One evening the long-sought opportunity arrived, and as a large detachment of English prisoners was brought into town, the doctor slipped out."

"Did he get away safely?"

"You shall be told in due time. Let us not anticipate, as the story-tellers say. Did I tell you that the rajah had found out that the doctor played chess, and that he had three games with him every night?"

"This is the first I have heard of it," was the young lady's answer.

"Such was the fact. And this it was which led to the doctor's recapture. On the evening of his escape the rajah wanted his chess a little earlier, and the doctor could not be found; so they scoured the country for him, and brought him before the prince, who bade them load him with chains and cast him into a dungeon cell."

"And how long did he languish there?"

"Till the next morning only. At high noon he was taken out and the chains were taken off, and he was led into a spacious balcony overlooking a great court-yard. This court-yard was thronged with people and the sides were lined with soldiers. In the center was a large vacant space. This vacant space was a square composed of many smaller squares of alternating black and white marble. Unconsciously the doctor counted these smaller squares; there were exactly sixty-four — eight in a row and eight rows."

"Just as though it was a huge chess-board?" inquired Miss Phyllis.

White was flattered by the visible interest this pretty girl took in his narrative.

"It *was* a huge chess-board, nothing else," he answered, "and a game of chess was about to be played on it by living chess-men. Soon after the doctor was brought into the gallery, there was a movement in the outskirts of the throng below and four elephants came in and took their places at the four corners of the gigantic chess-board. Two of these elephants were draped with white and two with black,

and their howdahs were shaped like castles. Then came in four horsemen, two on white steeds and two on black, and they took their places next to the castles."

"They were the knights! Oh, how romantic!" ejaculated the young lady.

"Next came four fools or jesters, for in the oriental game of chess the bishop is replaced by a clown. Two of these were white men and two were Hindoos. They took their places next to the knights. Then there entered two files of eight soldiers, and the eight white men took the second row on one side while the eight Hindoos faced them on the second row opposite."

"They were the pawns, I suppose?"

"They were the pawns. The doctor now began to suspect what was going on, and he saw a white man and a Hindoo, both magnificently caparisoned, and with tiny pages supporting the skirts of their robes, enter the square allotted to the kings. Finally in two litters or sedan-chairs the two queens were borne in; the doctor saw that one was a white woman and the other a Hindoo, but the white pieces were on the side of the court opposite him, and he could not distinguish the features of any of his countrymen — for that they were English captives he felt convinced."

"But who was to play the game?" asked Miss Phyllis eagerly.

"The rajah and the doctor. The rajah came into the balcony and told the doctor that since he wanted to get away he might have a chance for his life. If he could win the game, the rajah would not only spare his life, but he might depart in peace, and, even more, he might select from the English captives any one he chose to depart with him."

"But if he lost the game?"

"Then he lost his life. For the doctor that game of chess with the living chess-men meant life or death. But the sturdy young Englishman had a stout heart and a strong head, and he was not frightened. Although he had generally managed to lose when playing with the rajah, he knew that he played a finer game. He knew, moreover, that although the rajah was a despot and a bloody-minded villain, yet he would keep his word, and if he lost the game the doctor would be sent away in safety and honor, as had been promised. So the doctor planned his game with care and played with more skill than the rajah had suspected him of having. After half a dozen moves there was an exchange of pawns. The captured men were led to the sides of the court-yard, and there stood an executioner, who whipped off their heads in a second."

"What!" almost shouted Miss Phyllis. "Do you mean to say he killed them?"

"The living chess-men, white or black, English or Hindoo, were all prisoners and had all been condemned to death. The rajah was using them for his amusement before killing them — that was all. As soon as they were taken in the course of the game, they were no longer useful, and the headsman did his work upon them at once."

"You don't call *this* a love-story, do you?" was Miss Phyllis's indignant query.

"You shall see. When the doctor saw the fate of the captured pieces he almost lost his self-control. But he was a brave man, and in a little while he regained courage. An attendant explained that these men would die anyhow, and in time the doctor got interested in the game and intent on saving his own life, and he ceased to think about the lives of the hapless human chess-men. And the rajah gave him enough to think about. The rajah, having nothing at stake, and knowing it was the last game with the doctor, played with unusual skill and success. With oriental irony the rajah had chosen the white pieces, and he kept sending the white queen on predatory excursions among the black chess-men. The doctor saw that if he did not take the white queen he was a dead man; so he laid a trap for her, and the rajah fell into the trap and sent the white queen close to the black pieces, taking a black pawn. For the first time the doctor got a good look at the white queen. His heart jumped into his mouth and beat so loud that he thought the rajah must hear it. The white queen was the beautiful English girl of whom he had thought so much and so often and whom he had never seen. He knew her at a glance, for the miniature was a good likeness, though it could not do justice to her wonderful beauty; it was indeed fit that she should be robed as a queen. As soon as the doctor saw her he felt that he loved her with the whole force of his being; no stroke of love at first sight was ever more sudden or more irresistible. For a moment love, astonishment, and fear made him stand motionless."

"And what did she do?"

"She could do nothing. And what could he do? It was a tremendous predicament. If he captured the white queen, she would be killed at once. If he did not capture her, the rajah in all probability would win the game — and then both he and she would have to die. He had a double incentive to win the game, to save his own life and to save hers also, by selecting her as the one to accompany him. But the game became doubly difficult to win, because he dare not take the rajah's most powerful piece. To make the situation more hopeless, the rajah, seeing that the doctor let him withdraw the queen from a posi-

tion the full danger of which he discovered as soon as the move was made, and detecting the signals with which the doctor tried to encourage the woman he loved, and to bid her be of good cheer — the rajah began to count on the doctor's unwillingness to take the white queen; he made rash raids into the doctor's intrenchments and decimated the doctor's slender force. In half an hour the game looked hopeless for the young Englishman. Less than half of the thirty-two living chess-men stood upon the marble squares, and of these barely a third belonged to the doctor. The rajah had the advantage in numbers, in value, and in position."

"Then how did the doctor get out of it?"

"The rajah's success overcame his prudence, and he made a first false move. The doctor saw a slight chance, and he studied it out as though it were an ordinary end game or a problem. Suddenly the solution burst upon him. In three swift moves he checkmated the astonished rajah."

"And saved his own life and hers too?" asked the young lady, with great interest.

"So they were married and lived happily ever afterward. You see my love-story ends as you like them to end."

"It's all very well," said Miss Phyllis," but the man did everything. I think she ought to have had a chance too."

It must not be supposed that there had been any break in the continuous courses of Mrs. Martin's delightful dinner while White was telling the tale of "The Queen of the Living Chess-men." In fact, he was unable to answer this last remark of Miss Phyllis's as he was helping himself to a delicious *mayonnaise* of tomatoes, another specialty of the Duchess's, who always served it as a self-respecting *mayonnaise* should be served — in a shallow glass dish imbedded in the cracked ice which filled a deeper dish of silver. So the young lady had a chance to continue.

"I do not object to the bloodshed and murder and horrors in your story, of course. I don't mean that I *like* horrors, as some girls do, but I am not squeamish about them. What I don't like is your heroine; she doesn't *do* anything."

"She is loved," answered the author; "is not that sufficient?"

"You *say* she is loved, but how do I know that she loves back? I have only your word for it; and you are a man, and so, of course, you may be mistaken in such matters."

"What more could I do to convince you of her affection for her lover?"

"You needn't do anything, but you ought to have let her do something. I don't know what, but I feel she ought to have done a deed of some sort, something grand, heroic, noble,— something to make my blood run cold with the intensity of my admiration! I'd like to see her sacrifice her life for the man she loves."

"You want a Jeanne d'Arc for a heroine?"

"Rather a Mary Queen of Scots, eager to love and to be loved, and ready to do and to die — a woman with an active spirit, and not a mere passive doll, like the weak girl your doctor married."

Robert White remarked that her slight excitement had heightened her color and that the flush was very becoming to her.

"We shall have to go back," he said, "to the days of Rebecca and Rowena, if you insist on having lissome maidens and burly warriors, hurtling arrows and glinting armor, the flash of scarlet and the blare of the trumpet."

"I don't think so," she retorted; "there is heroism in modern life, and in plenty too, though it goes about gravely and in sad-colored garments. And besides," she added, changing the subject with feminine readiness, "you tell us only about the peril they were in, and nothing at all about their love-making. Now, that's the part I like best. I just delight in a good love-scene. I used to wade through Trollope's interminable serials just for the sake of the proposals."

"It is never too early to mend. I will take your advice, and work up the love interest more. I will show how it was that the young English beauty who was 'The Queen of the Living Chess-men' came in time and by slow degrees to confess that the young doctor was the king of her heart."

"Then I will read it with even more pleasure."

"But, do you know," he continued, dropping his mock-heroic intonation, "that it is not easy to shoot Cupid on the wing? Indeed, it is very difficult to write about love-making."

"From lack of experience?" inquired Miss Phyllis mischievously.

"Precisely so. Now, how does a man propose?" asked White innocently.

The flush of excitement had faded before this, but suddenly a rich blush mantled her face and neck. For a second she hesitated; then she looked up at White frankly, and said, "Don't you know?"

Under her direct gaze it was his turn to flush up, and he colored to the roots of his hair.

"Pray forgive me if I have seemed personal," he said, "but I had supposed a young lady's opportunities for observation were so many more than a man's, that I hoped you might be willing to help me."

"I think that perhaps you are right," she replied calmly, "and that 'The Queen of the Living Chess-men' will be interesting enough without any love-passages."

"But I have other stories," he rejoined eagerly; "there is one in particular,—it is a love-story, simply a love-story."

"That will be very nice indeed," she said seriously, and as though her mind had been recalled suddenly.

"I am going to call it 'Love at First Sight.' You believe in love at first sight, don't you?"

Again the quick blush crimsoned her face. "I — I don't quite know," she answered.

"I thought all young ladies maintained as an article of faith, without which there could be no salvation, that love at first sight was the only genuine love?"

"I do not know what other girls may think," said Miss Phyllis, with cold dignity, "but I have no such foolish ideas!"

White was about to continue the conversation, and to ask her for such hints as she might be able to afford him toward the writing of "Love at First Sight," when the Duchess gave the signal for the departure of the ladies. As Miss Phyllis rose White fancied that he caught a faint sigh of relief, and as he lifted back her chair he wondered whether he had been in any way intrusive. She bowed to him as she passed, with the brilliant smile which was, perhaps, her greatest charm. As she left the room his eyes followed her with strange interest. The heavy curtain fell behind the portly back of the Duchess, and the gentlemen were left to their coffee and to their cigars; but Mat Hitchcock took the chair next to White's, and began at once to talk about himself in his usual effusive manner. The aroma of the coffee and the flavor of his cigar were thus quite spoilt for White, who seized the first opportunity to escape from Hitchcock and to join the ladies. As he entered the spacious parlor Hitchcock captured him again, and although White was able to mitigate the infliction by including two or three other guests in the conversation, it was not until the party began to break up that he could altogether shake off the incubus. Then he saw Miss Phyllis just gliding out of the door, after having bade the Duchess a fond farewell.

Robert White crossed over to Mrs. Martin at once. "I have to thank you for a very delightful evening," he began. "The dinner was a poem,— if you will excuse the brutality of the compliment,— and the company were worthy of it — with one unworthy exception, of course."

"Oh, Mr. White, you flatter me," said the pleased Duchess.

"Indeed, I do not. Very rarely have I heard such clever talk ——"

"Yes," interrupted Mrs. Martin. "I do like the society of intellectual people."

"And," continued White, "I quite lost my heart to the very pretty girl I took in to dinner."

"Isn't she charming?" asked Mrs. Martin enthusiastically. "I think she is the nicest girl in New York."

"By the way — do you know, I did not quite catch her name ——"

"Hadn't you ever met her before? Why, she is the daughter of old Judge Van Rensselaer. You must have heard me talk of Baby Van Rensselaer, as I always call her? She's engaged to Delancey Jones, you know. It's just out. She didn't like him at first, I believe, and she refused him. But he offered himself again just after we all got back from Europe this fall, and now she's desperately in love with him. Dear Jones would have been here to-night, of course, but he's in Boston building a flat, so I put you in his seat at table. You know dear Jones, don't you?" And the Duchess paused for a reply.

"Mr. Jones is a cousin of Miss Sargent's, I think ——" began White.

"Of Miss Dorothy Sargent? Of course he is. Sam Sargent married his mother's sister. Dorothy's a dear, good girl, isn't she? Do you know her?"

At last White had his chance.

"She is a great friend of mine," he said, blushing slightly; "in fact, although it is not yet announced generally, I do not mind telling *you*, Mrs. Martin, that she's engaged to be married."

"Dorothy Sargent engaged to be married?" cried the Duchess, delighted at a bit of matrimonial news. "And to whom?"

"To me," said Robert White.

Brander Matthews.





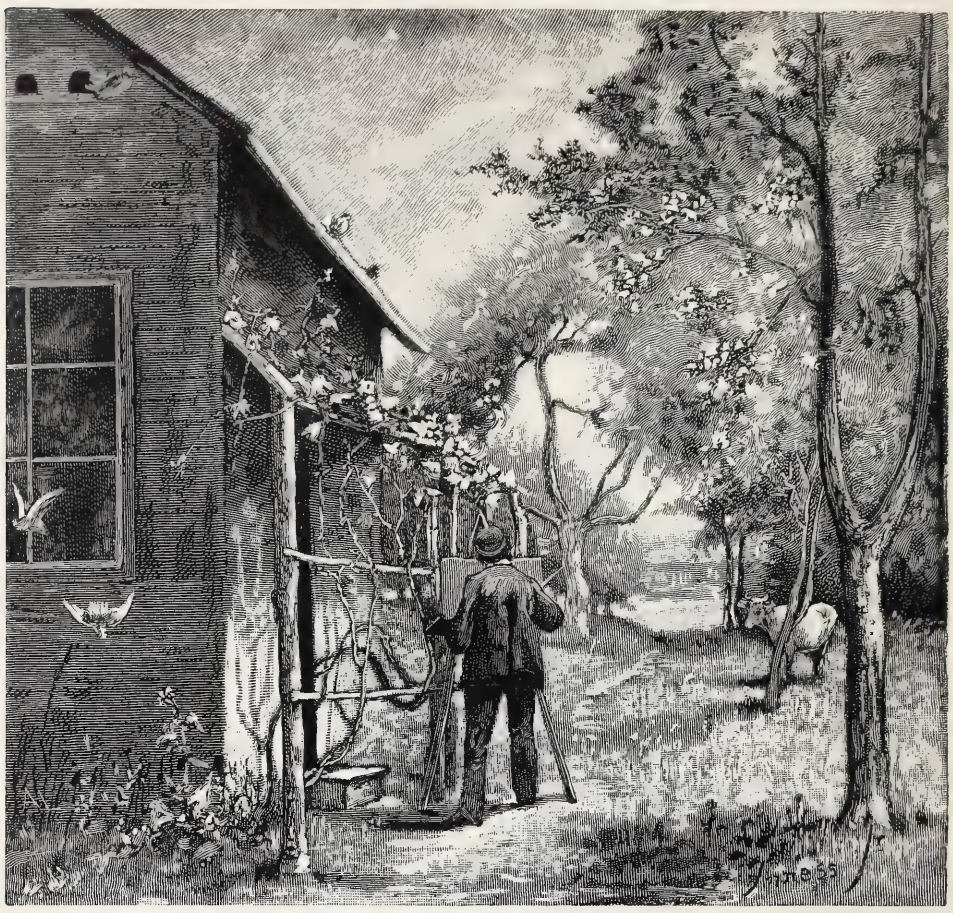
STUDIO OF THOMAS COLE.

THE SUMMER HAUNTS OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.

EVERY summer the Europe-bound steamers go out freighted with tourists; and, in proportion to their numbers, our artists are more fully represented in the general exodus than any other class. They have strapped their sketch-boxes for out-of-the-way nooks in Surrey and Kent; for the Scottish Highlands and Lakes; for Normandy and Brittany, the Rhine and the Black Forest; for Grez and Barbizon; for the Tyrol or the Pyrenees, or the fiords and mountains of Scandinavia. Yet those who stay at home are more numerous than those who seek foreign scenes and exhibitions, and include, naturally, names of assured reputation,— men who have already profited by the educational advantages of Europe, and for whom castles, cathedrals, and wooden-shoed peasants have lost a little of the novelty and romance which appealed to their earlier years, and upon whom has dawned a growing appreciation of the artistic resources of their own country. They know that there is hardly a picturesque spot in Europe which is not so copyrighted by genius and association with some great name that any further painting of it seems plagiarism and impertinence.

It has come to be an open secret that most of the artists who go abroad do so for the stimulus which comes from associating with skilled men, and for the instruction which they gain from the exhibitions, rather than for the attractions of a foreign sketching-field. The Royal Academy, the Grosvenor, and above all the Salon, are magnets more powerful than all the scenery of Europe, and — heresy though it seem — than the galleries of the Old Masters. Many of our traveling artists have taken only a short holiday to attend these exhibitions, and, after a brief call at the studios of old friends abroad, will return to their chosen surroundings in America, having hardly touched brush to canvas during their absence. The demand made by the public and the critics that the work of American artists should be American in subject at least, is largely conceded; and the varied scenes of our mountains and coasts, and our more pronounced and picturesque human types, are everywhere studied with avidity. One can now scarcely make a summer excursion in any picturesque locality without encountering the white umbrellas and light portable easels of the nomad artist. A few favorite sketching-grounds, typical artist-camps and summer studios, it is our purpose to describe.

The Hudson has long been considered the property of the older men. The broad sweep of its waters suggested to Cole his "Voyage of Life." He wrote from Italy, "Neither the Alps nor the Apennines, nor even Etna itself, has dimmed in my eyes the beauty of our own Catskills." Kensett delighted in its crags and rocks, and F. E. Church, one of the celebrated of the river-gods, built long ago his picturesque cottage opposite the Catskills, where, as it seemed to him, sunset panoramas were to be obtained rivaling those of the Andes. Lower down Mr. Bierstadt's stately residence lifted its towers at Irvington until it was so unfortunately destroyed by fire, with its valuable contents. In these later days other less imposing names and buildings have bor-



EXTERIOR OF GEORGE INNESS'S STUDIO, MONTCLAIR, N. J.

dered each side of the river with a picket-line of studios. Some are mere gypsy booths, or bivouacs in barns and venerable canal-boats which have outlived their days of commercial usefulness and now luxuriantly devote their declining years to Art; and over in the Catskills we have artistic campers and trampers whose entire summer's outfit might be fastened in a pair of shawl-straps. So varied is the environment with which artists love to surround themselves that one is tempted to ask for a new definition of the word studio. We have borrowed it from the Italian, where it means study or school. The French *atelier*, workshop, on account of its newness smacks a little of affectation, but it pretends to less and would serve our purpose better. Especially is it appropriate to the painter's summer shed. In the city he often yields to the temptation of a *show* studio, a museum of rare bric-à-brac and artful effects of interior decoration; in the country he surrounds himself rather with the necessary conditions of *work*, and with some these conditions are very simple, embracing little more than Nature and isolation. Barns have always been favorite workshops for artists. The airy loft, with its one great window and undivided space, would seem to furnish favorable light and elbow-room. But inasmuch as hay is dusty, an abandoned barn is a still greater treasure.

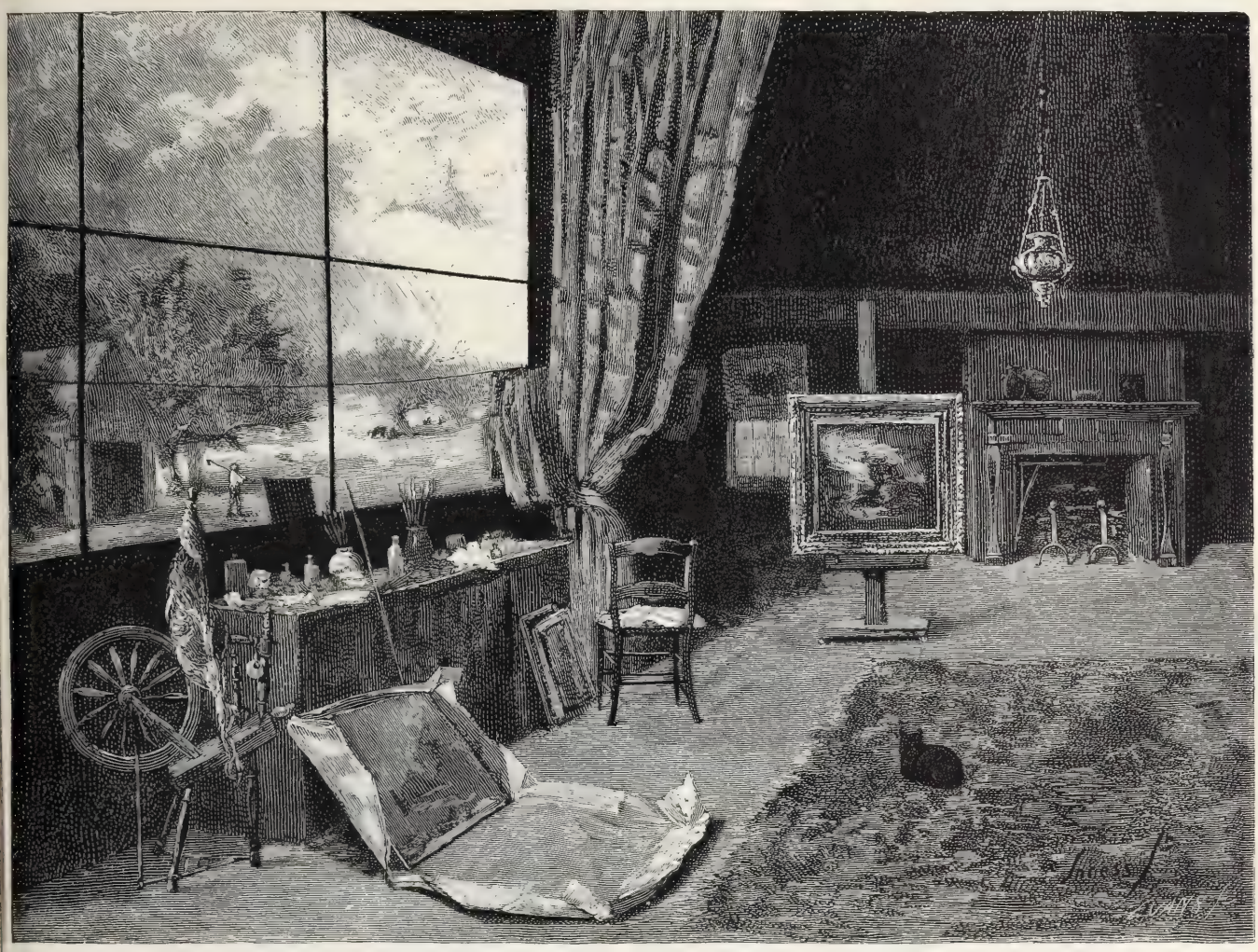
One of the humbiest studios on the Hudson, a certain old barn in an apple-orchard at Milton, belonged until his removal to Montclair to George Inness, Sr. This old orchard has been a mine of artistic wealth to the artist. But Mr. Inness is a many-sided man; he does not always paint old orchards or wrap us in reveries. Sometimes he limns the factory chimneys of Montclair or an engine and train of cars on a railroad embankment, when, somehow, a certain dignity creeps into the unpicturesque subjects. One might guess that, although the technique of his work has been compared with that of such widely different artists as Corot, Rousseau, and Turner, in spirit Mr. Inness sympathizes most with Millet.

Mr. Will. H. Low also has a studio at Milton —an old tool-house, in which the carpenter's bench serves as model-stand. In one of the old gardens here he painted his recent picture, "Telling the Bees." A little girl is draping the bee-hives in mourning, in observance of the old superstition that unless the bees are told of the death at the house they will all desert their homes. The child's face is simple and unintellectual, as befits the artist's idea, but it is full of the pathos of a sorrow past its own comprehension.

Mr. Nicoll owns a charming country-house at Shrub-oak, six miles from Peekskill. Drives through retired and shaded lanes to the lakes, which are the feature of this locality, tempt

to the exercise of his horses, and an unusual extent of piazza-space furnishes a promenade for rainy days. The gardener's lodge, overgrown with vines, is a picturesque adjunct to the grounds.

The Indian summer continues to gild river and woodland and hill-top around Sandford little gables, you'll make your studio look like one of them old Dutch manor-houses at Kingston." Here Mr. Blum spent a summer in sketching and photographing; and at Ellenville, if we are to judge from the portfolio of the Misses Greatorex, is the very queen of old-fashioned gardens:



STUDIO OF GEORGE INNESS, JR., MONTCLAIR, N. J.

Gifford's deserted studio in the Catskills, but other artists catch the effects of which he was so fond. The autumn tints are reproduced in the canvases of Jervis McEntee, who paints with equal power the November woods. Arthur Parton prefers the quiet charm of misty mornings. His "Ice on the Hudson" at the late Prize Exhibition also shows his appreciation of the river in its winter phases.

In the Neversink Valley, Sullivan County, Messrs. Guy and J. G. Brown have found fascinating old barn-yards and rustic models; while at Ellenville a group of artists have taken possession of one of the old farm-houses. Here Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Henry have established themselves. Mr. Henry, in building a studio, found great difficulty in impressing his ideas of architecture on the local carpenters. "If you have the rafters show like that," they complained, "and stick the roof all over with

> "There are the red rose and the white,
> And stems of lilies strong and bright;
> The streaky tulip, gold and jet;
> The amaranth and violet;
> The crumpled poppy, brave and bold;
> The pea, the pink, the marigold."

The Jersey Flats would seem at first glance to offer but scant inducement to landscape painters, and yet here Messrs. Murphy, Dewey, and Silva have found suggestive material. Mr. De Luce has sketched about Morristown, where Mr. G. H. McCord has a home; and Mr. W. M. Chase has found interesting roadway studies at Hackensack. At South Orange Mr. H. Bolton Jones has painted many of his delightful wood, brook, and marsh subjects, always charming, whether under the guise of winter, when the fields are smothered with swan's-down and leafless twigs outline themselves against faintly flushed sunset skies, or when spring sets fuller palette.



GABLE OF HARRY FENN'S STUDIO.

Montclair, near Orange Mountain, is the home of George Inness, Jr. His country studio near by gives him every facility for the painting of his favorite subjects, animals in landscape. It is an old house remodeled with every needful appliance, including a stable-yard under glass, for the posing of his dumb models with outdoor lighting and effects. This zoölogical glass house is especially serviceable in winter, when the animals can be painted against a background of snow while both they and the artist are snug and warm.

Harry Fenn has recently built a picturesque home on the slope of Orange Mountain, five hundred feet above tide-water. From his veranda the view includes Coney Island and the Highlands of the Hudson as far north as Peekskill. The house is built in imitation of the old English dwellings, "half timbered," with plaster from beam to beam, on which Mr. Fenn has incised patterns intermixed with bosses of glass. The studio is directly under the roof. A feature of the room is a quaint corner extending into a north gable, not included in the illustration. Sketches are tacked upon the wall, whose subjects "range from Florida to Egypt and from Warwick to Jerusalem," and scattered about are costumes of various Oriental and European peoples, relics of many artistic pilgrimages.

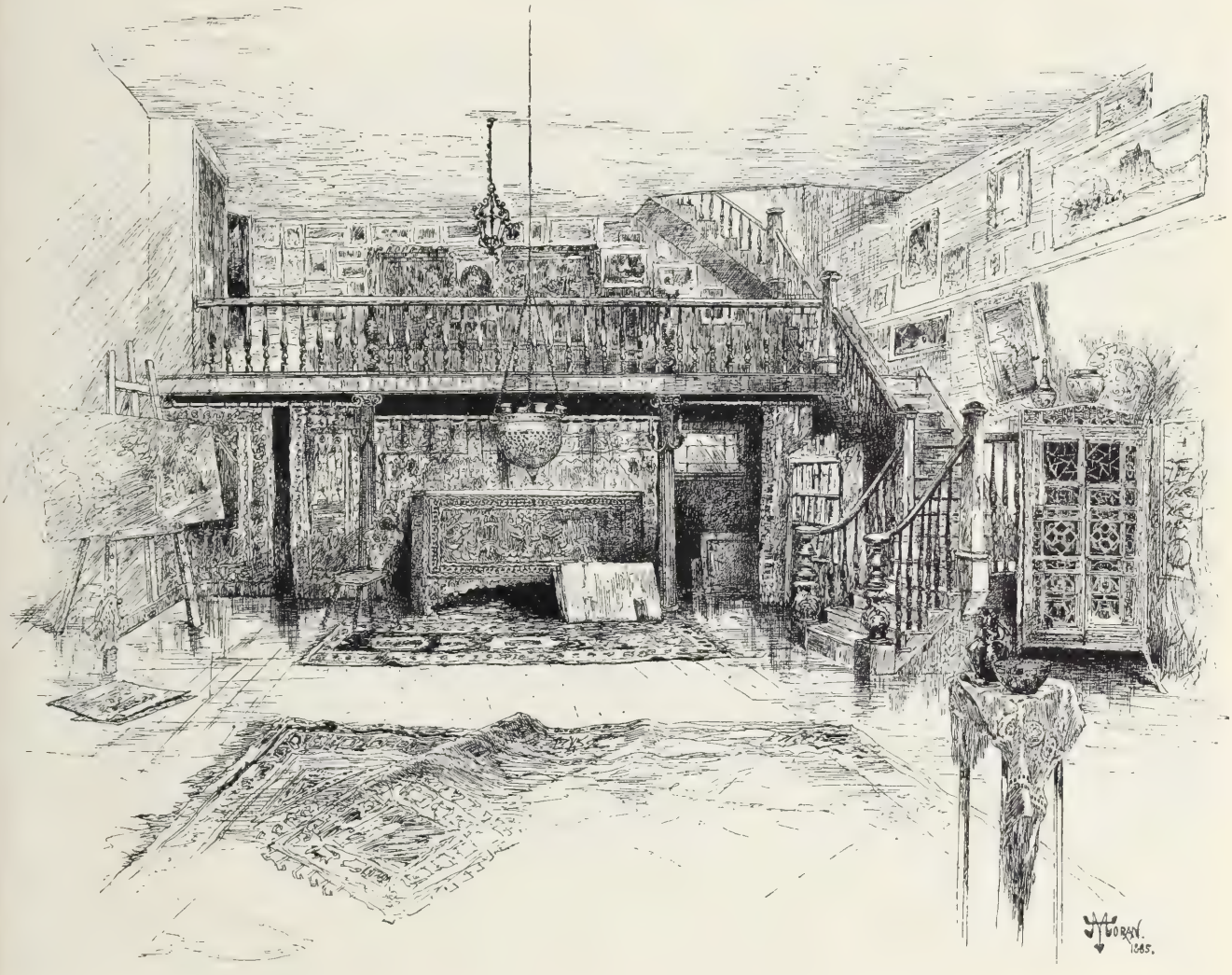
From the heights of Orange Mountain the view drops down to the masts of New York Harbor. Here Arthur Quartley, who is now abroad, has made his studies on the deck of a tug or in the stern of a row-boat, glancing about amongst the shipping, under the hull of some great Indiaman, following the wake of a white-winged yacht, or steaming to a wreck.

At Easthampton, near the sea end of Long Island, there is a true artist colony, and perhaps the most popular of adjacent sketching-grounds for New York artists. This popularity is not entirely due to its accessibility, for its attractions are as pronounced and as varied as



INTERIOR OF HARRY FENN'S STUDIO, MONTCLAIR, N. J.

those of any of its more remote rivals. Nowhere on our coast can be found quainter houses and people, fishermen more available as models, or old salts with more marvelous stories of wreck and rescue, more foghorn keepers and light-house men, or men of more isolated lives and rugged individuality. Nantucket is not more unique or Brittany more poetic. Here are rural nooks for the landscape-painter delightfully English in sentiment. Here are beach and sea panoramas, stormy cloud-battles, or shimmering calm for the marine-painter. Here are associations



INTERIOR OF THOMAS MORAN'S STUDIO, EASTHAMPTON, LONG ISLAND.

and legends, old manuscripts and romances for the antiquary, with Chippendale sideboards, blue china, and colonial spinning-wheels for the collector. Here are costumes of the last century and fascinating faces for the figure-painter; and here are salt sea-breezes and sunshine for all. Nor is the artistic impulse a new mania for Easthampton. She can lay claim to being the first in this country to apply original decorative art to house interiors. The story has been told before, but will bear retelling, how in 1799 young Mrs. Lyman Beecher spun a ball of cotton and had it woven into a carpet for her best room. After the fair white canvas was spread upon her floor, she painted a border of roses upon it, with sprays of roses in the center. This carpet was the pride and astonishment of her husband's parish. People came to the front door to gaze, but refused to desecrate its surface with their feet.

Of the artists who now keep up the prestige which Mrs. Beecher conferred upon Easthampton, Mr. C. Y. Turner is perhaps the most prominent figure-painter. His large picture at the Water-Color Exhibition of 1883, "On the Beach at Easthampton," gives the society phase; but Mr. Turner finds another field here, and one in which we like him better. He is a son of the peaceful city whose

> "streets still reëcho the names of the trees of the forest."

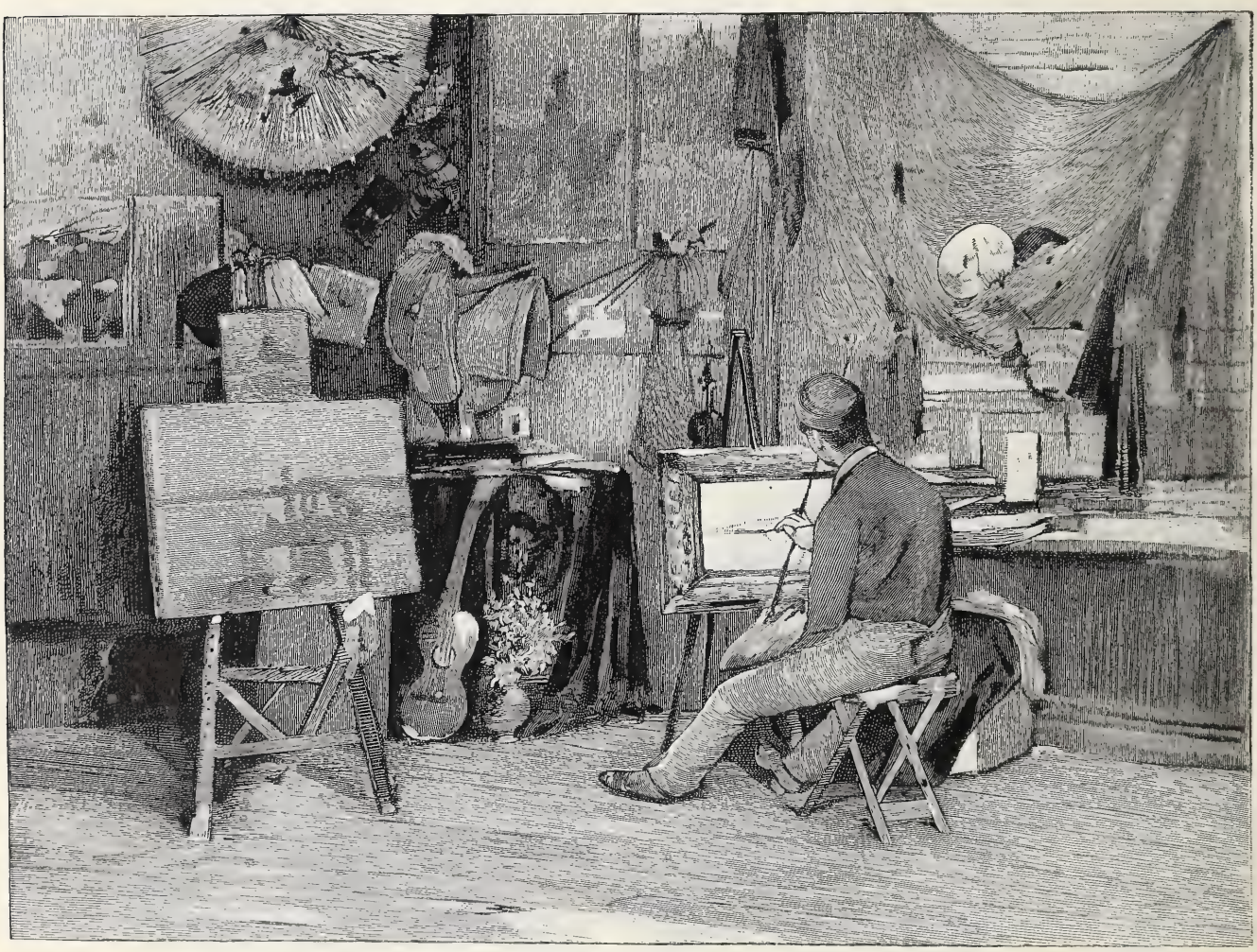
The simplicity and gentleness, the purity and sweet primness of the "Friends" touch his heart, and his

> "ear is pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers."

Dorothy Fox is one of his most charming creations. The old house in which she lived

still stands here, with its wainscoted parlor and low-hung ceilings. Other gray buildings of the colonial period, the old court-house and the academy, lend historical backgrounds, which Mr. Turner utilizes so well. His "Harvest Meal," at the Academy Exhibition of 1883, was a realistic study of an Easthampton farm-laborer sitting down *al fresco* to a "boiled dinner." Mr. Turner may be regarded as a resident of the place, and not a mere bird of passage, for he has fitted up here another of those fascinating barn-studios in which interesting exhibitions have been held of the work of "the colony." The landscape-painters Mrs. Smillie has discovered in Easthampton suggestive figure-subjects and old-fashioned costumes which have led her to wander in the tempting paths of the olden time.

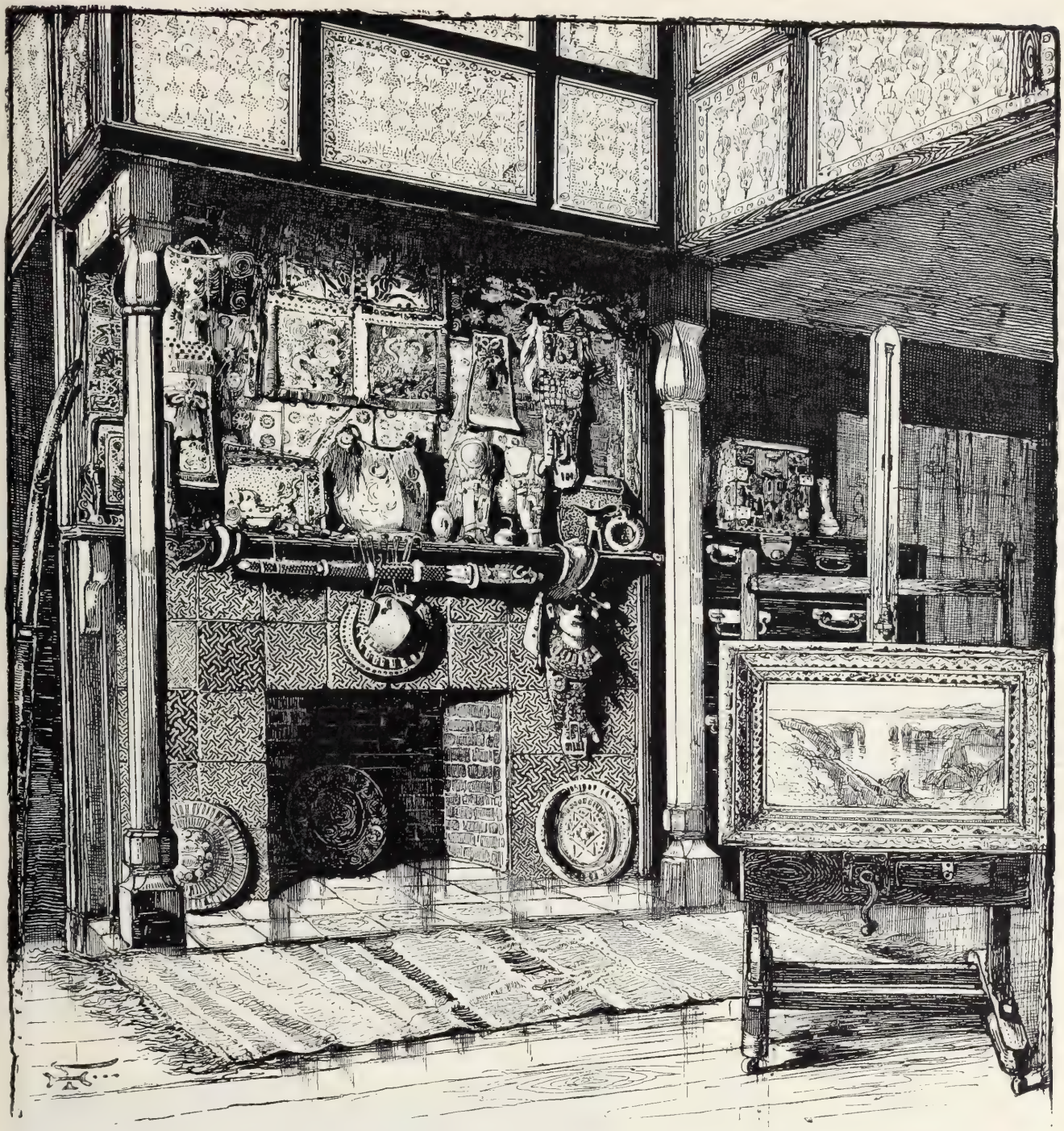
Mr. H. Bolton Jones not long ago contributed to an Academy exhibition a delightful Easthampton landscape, and he has made numerous interesting sketches of the place in its various aspects. Dreary sand-dunes, barnyards, and straw-stacks, vague roads winding indistinctly no one cares whither, weird poplar-trees whose sparse leaves shiver lightly in contrast to the close-set foliage of twisted apple-trees,— all tell of the great variety



INTERIOR OF STUDIO OF PERCY MORAN, GREENPORT, LONG ISLAND.

have predominated in numbers, and embrace the names of George H. Smillie, H. Bolton Jones, Bruce Crane, and others. Here, also, Mr. Thomas Moran has a house and studio, and his wife, Mrs. Nimmo Moran, has etched many of her vigorous plates.

Easthampton has furnished to Mr. Smillie many interesting subjects, which have been shown at the exhibitions. His city studio contains interesting souvenirs of old gardens and poultry-yards. Mr. Smillie, who is also identified with Marblehead, paints trees and rocks as the masters of *genre* paint aged men and women, making every wrinkle and scar tell its story. which Easthampton offers to the painter of landscape alone. She is still more capricious in the aspects which she shows her different suitors. Mr. Smillie finds here a likeness both to England and Holland. The gardens and orchards, the lanes, barns, and shrubbery, are all English; while the meadows stretching to low horizons, the windmills "with their delicate white vans outlined against the sky," are Dutch. Mr. Jones, on the other hand, is struck by the resemblance of the locality to Brittany. Mr. Bruce Crane, too, is carried straight to Pont Aven by the hay-ricks and poultry-yards, and by the soft gray atmos-



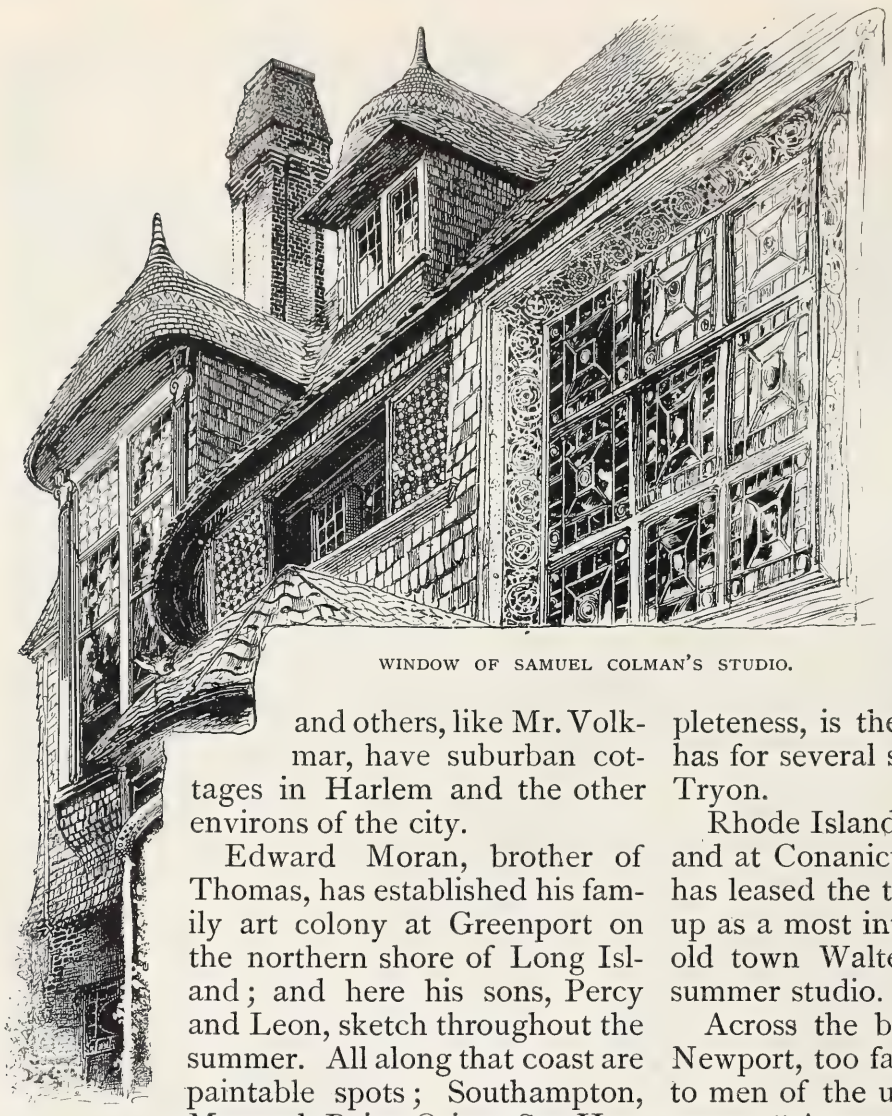
FIREPLACE OF SAMUEL COLMAN'S STUDIO, NEWPORT, R. I.

phere. Mr. Walter Clarke, who has laid aside the chisel for the brush, also goes to Easthampton. Mr. Dielman's sketching umbrella has tented frequently in this attractive spot.

The more fashionable beaches in the vicinity of New York have fewer artist visitors, though Mr. Muhrman loves to paint at Coney Island, and Mr. F. S. Church finds the marsh lands for his king's flamingoes near Long Branch and elsewhere in New Jersey. Houghton Farm, with its thousand acres of woodland and meadow, claims him as a guest, and it is in such solitudes that his humorous fancies and grotesques have found expression.

Frank Fowler and his artist wife usually pass the months of June and September in a quaint old house at Bridgeport, Conn. It is pleasantly situated on Golden Hill, the highest point of the city, and in view of the Sound, along the shore of which they find most suggestive material. Mr. Tracy has a home at Greenwich. The historic old towns of Stratford, Fairfield, and Milford are within easy distance. Stratford was much frequented by the late landscape-painter A. F. Bellows.

The "Trowbridge House" at Litchfield, an old mansion with large grounds, has been fitted up by Mr. Dielman, and a handsome paneled room is the studio. Mr. Dolph painted during the summer at Belport, Mr. M. D. F. Boemer at Babylon; and indeed there is hardly an inviting spot near New York which has not its artist visitors,—some of whom live in the city and run out for a day's sketching,



WINDOW OF SAMUEL COLMAN'S STUDIO.

and others, like Mr. Volkmar, have suburban cottages in Harlem and the other environs of the city.

Edward Moran, brother of Thomas, has established his family art colony at Greenport on the northern shore of Long Island; and here his sons, Percy and Leon, sketch throughout the summer. All along that coast are paintable spots; Southampton, Montauk Point, Orient, Sag Harbor, and Shelter Island have all contributed to Art, and have supplied Mr. Moran with many of his most popular marines and fisher-maidens. The Moran cottage, an unassuming, homelike structure, nestles so close to the shore that one can almost leap from its steps to the deck of a yacht; and the studio walls of both father and sons are hung with all manner of sea-plunder.

Across the Sound from Long Island are the red rocks of Narragansett Pier, where Mr. De Haas for many seasons has found a favorite sketching-station. E. D. Lewis of Philadelphia is another artist thoroughly identified with the place. Narragansett Pier from the water shows only a long line of white hotels glittering in sunlight and of pretty Queen Anne cottages scattered among the rocks. It is not all fresh and new, however. There are old estates in the neighborhood and manor-houses of revolutionary date. In the depths of a tangled wood, large enough for a baronial park, stands a "*castle*," so called here, and indeed, had the ambition of the owner been realized, it might have deserved the name. An unfinished tower rises imposingly, and an eccentric labyrinth of oddly shaped apartments cluster at its base. Of course the building has its legend of love and grief. It should have welcomed to its halls an accomplished and beautiful bride, but the lady died before her wedding-day, and her inconsolable lover stopped the building and left his native land in the good old-fashioned way which exists now only in romance. The house, in its ruinous incompleteness, is the very place for an artist, and has for several seasons been occupied by Mr. Tryon.

Rhode Island abounds in colonial buildings, and at Conanicut Mr. Sword of Philadelphia has leased the town hall, which he has fitted up as a most interesting atelier. In the same old town Walter Satterlee has established a summer studio.

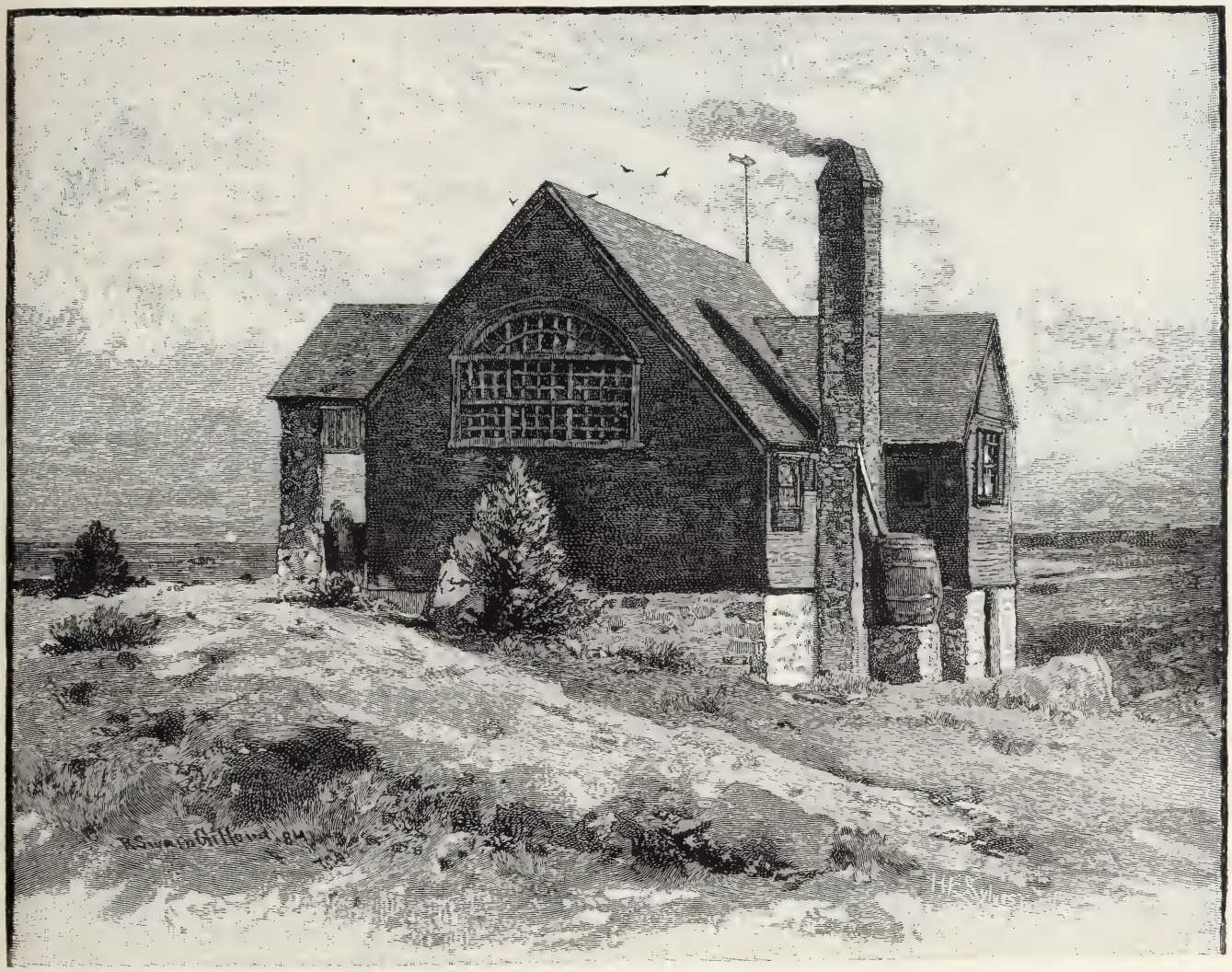
Across the bay from Narragansett Pier is Newport, too fashionable a resort to be dear to men of the usual type of artistic temperament. "A man cannot serve two masters," and an artist, be he never so genial, cannot give himself to polo, lawn-tennis, garden-parties, and society, and be worthy of his calling. Newport, however, claims Mr. John La Farge and Mr. William T. Richards, whose new resi-



STUDIO OF EASTMAN JOHNSON, NANTUCKET.

dence is at Conanicut; and Mr. Samuel Colman has dared to build a beautiful studio and home in the very center of the summer Vanity Fair.

Due east from Newport, on the mainland, lies the old town of Little Compton, which Mr. Blashfield has chosen as his country home. Here he has built a "glass studio" for the painting of figures with outdoor effects, and on these lonely sands, almost as retired from the world as the Ionian Isles, many of his decorative classical designs, processional friezes, and goddesses with whirling drapery and floating hair have passed to canvas.



STUDIO OF R. SWAIN GIFFORD, NONQUITT, MASS.

Continuing our tour around the New England coast, we arrive at Nonquitt, near New Bedford,— a beach most appropriately named, for its waters seem to possess the magical return-compelling property of the Fountain of Trevi. Neighbors both in winter and summer, and friends all the year round, are Messrs. Swain Gifford and William Sartain. Mr. Gifford has painted here for twenty years. Eight years ago he established a summer home here, and five years since commissioned Mr. Emerson, the Boston architect, to build his tasteful studio. It is an old joke that both Mr. Sartain and Mr. Gifford paint Moors; but while Mr. Sartain's have been Saracens of Tangier, sheiks with Koran or nargileh, Mr. Gifford's are the lowlands that stretch about Nonquitt to the sea. Salt marshes, sand dunes, and low, flat reaches appeal to him strongly through their windy desolateness.

> "A low, gray sky, a freshing wind,
> A cold scent of the misty sea;
> Before, the barren dunes; behind,
> The level meadows, far and free."

This is the landscape which encircles his studio, and which he loves to interpret. Here too Mrs. Gifford doubtless finds the originals of some of her vigorous studies of wild flowers and birds.

Mr. Sartain meets his summer class at his studio on the rocks. His figure-work appears to be the product of his city studio, while the small landscapes which he often contributes to the Society of American Artists and other exhibitions faithfully reproduce the character of Nonquitt scenery — marshes with clumps of coarse, sedgy grass, the level shore, and the rocks with their warm coloring.



STUDIO OF WILLIAM SARTAIN, NONQUITT, MASS.

Across the bay is Padanaram, the favorite resort of W. S. Macy, whose snow-scenes, studied here, prove that he inhabits the place in winter as well as in summer. Harry Chase and D. W. Tryon are both habitués of the pleasant place with the quaint Biblical name full of suggestions of Rebeccas and Rachels. Benoni Irwin finds portrait-work among summer visitors, and Messrs. Swift, Cummings, Bradford, Bierstadt, and Charles Gifford belong to the New Bedford colony.

Sailing across Buzzard's Bay and skirting the shores of the Vineyard, we reach Nantucket, one of the rare spots which preserve the flavor and atmosphere of the olden time. The island — with its types of old men and women that are fading out elsewhere, even in other remote nooks of Massachusetts, its queer houses and windmills, its antique furniture and costume — has long been the artistic "property" of Mr. Eastman Johnson. The man and the place have a natural sympathy for each other. He is a chronicler of a phase of our national life which is fast passing away, and which cannot be made up with old fashion-plates and the lay figure of the studio. He lives in a fascinating "house of seven gables," filled with curiosities brought to Nantucket by seafaring men,— keepsake pitchers inscribed with amatory poetry, and made in England a century ago as gifts for sailors' sweethearts, and many another treasure in willow-ware or other china. Mr. Johnson's studio is stored with antique furniture, spinning-wheels, and costumes. A row of battered hats suggest the antiquated squires, Quakers, and gentlemen of the olden time that have made their bow to us in his pictures.

The whole Massachusetts coast is Art ground, but at Cape Cod the entire aspect of the coast changes. Species are found north of its threatening arm which are common to Greenland and are not traceable south of it; while in Narragansett Bay and Long Island Sound we have some Florida and Gulf varieties, which never stray north of Cape Cod. The historical associations are sterner than those of lower latitudes. Mr. Douglas Volk is prominent among our younger figure-painters in availing himself of the field offered by the Puritan element in early colonial history — a field which Mr. Boughton has worked thoroughly, but which he has by no means exhausted.

The artistic qualities of the Massachusetts coast have been made use of chiefly by Boston artists. Messrs. Norton, Lansil, Halsall, and others have given their transcripts of

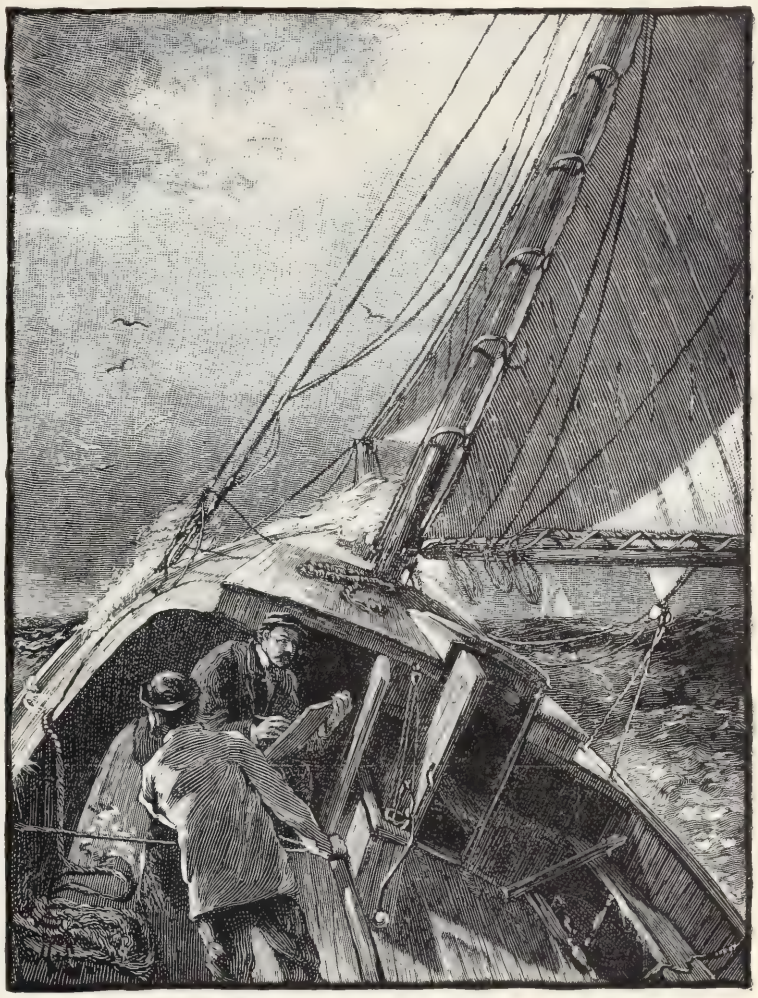


STUDIO OF WILLIAM F. HALSALL, BOSTON HARBOR.

"Storm and blinding mist,
And the stout hearts which man
The fishing-smacks of Marblehead,
The sea-boats of Cape Ann."

Mr. Halsall's love of the ocean developed early in life, when as a boy he ran away to sea, and through varied vicissitudes at length became a marine-painter. His summer working-place is on the Middle Brewster, one of a group of rugged islands forming a protection to Boston Harbor. He finds this wild crag an excellent place to work and study, with a magnificent background of scenery and panorama of shipping constantly passing, "almost like being at sea, without the discomforts of a vessel."

The New York artists, Messrs. Nicoll, Farrer, Bricher, and others, have also spied out the land and have invaded this Yankee reservation; a number have summer sheds upon the rocks at Magnolia, Marblehead, Pigeon Cove, Cape Ann, and other points. Magnolia suggests to us Hunt's summer studio, "The Old Ship," as it was nicknamed. His sanctum was in the second story, and the entrance to it was by steps through a trap-door. When he wished to work, it was his custom to hoist these up after him by pulley and tackle, so that he was as completely isolated from marauding, time-stealing visitors as an old baron in his moated castle. Miss Agnes Abbatt has painted there in past summers, bringing home portfolios of breezy water-colors worthy of the spot.



ON BOARD THE "BONNIE," HARRY CHASE'S STUDIO.

The Isles of Shoals attract many artists, among them Joseph Lyman; and the wild Maine coast is full of attractive nooks, from York and Old Orchard Beach to Mount Desert. The last-named locality was first introduced to Art by Mr. Church, and has since been exploited by Prosper L. Senat of Philadelphia. Winslow Homer's imaginative and vigorous style finds peculiar affinity in the fine natural scenery to be found here.

A number of artists desert the land altogether and make the heaving deck their summer studio. Harry Chase, in his yacht *Bonnie*, has coasted our shores in search of artistic booty. Mr. Bradford, the well-known painter of icebergs and Arctic scenes, cruises still more boldly in the wake of the explorers, and gives us from his steam-launch views of "Fishing-craft Working through the Ice on the Coast of Labrador," and other chilly glimpses suggestive of the experiences of Arctic explorers.

The heart of New England is as fully appreciated by painters as the coast. All through the interior is found the most charming scenery of mountain, river, and meadow. The White Mountains, brought by their special trains within a day of New York, grow more popular each year. In several instances the artists' sheds have been the pioneers, and the great hotels have come after. At Crawford's, Mr. Frank Shapleigh of Boston has, near the hotel, a studio, which he has made so picturesque and attractive that it is one of the sights of the place. Jackson is also a favorite sketching-field for this artist. Conway was preëmpted long ago by Benjamin Champney of Boston, one of our early painters of landscape.

Mr. W. Hamilton Gibson's picturesque drawings have doubtless done more to spread the fame of the White Mountains than the most glowing of written descriptions.

Mr. Casilear has painted the lakes and mountains of New Hampshire, and Mr. Shirlaw has been attracted by the glistening caves and walls of the marble-quarries of Rutland and Manchester,—a new field in art, and one offering brilliant effects in color, as well as strong contrasts in light and shade. The marble industry is characteristic of New England, and deserves notice as one of the great American interests, but it bases its claim on the artist's attention upon the distinctive and

picturesque effects which it confers upon landscape, and for its association with the arts.

The stony pastures of Vermont are often as white with sheep and lambs as with marble. J. A. S. Monks, who appreciates so well their awkward and frisky attitudes, their middle-aged content and laziness, and the inquisitive baby-impudence of their youth, has painted and etched them in West Rutland and in Medford, and at present has a little artist's ranch at Cold Spring on the Hudson, where, from a side window of his studio, he paints the sheep as they are corraled upon his lawn.

Mr. T. W. Wood has found at Montpelier the backgrounds of hay-loft, farm-house, and barn-yard for his *genre* paintings.

The vicinity of Boston is thickly strewn with summer and home studios. Ernest Longfellow, the son of the poet, has one in Cambridge. Mr. Enneking lives in Hyde Park. He has a studio in the rear of his home in the center of the town, but the woods and byways are near. There are some grand views in the neighborhood, but he has always chosen meadow and wood scenes, a hill-side with an old stone wall, and quiet rustic views.

Frank Millet's interesting studio at Bridgewater, with its Roumanian, Bulgarian, Greek, and Russian curiosities, and its old-fashioned kitchen taken bodily from a house in the neighborhood built in 1695, has already been described in print. Mr. and Mrs. J. Appleton Brown summer at Byfield, a suburb of Newburyport, and find here the twisted apple-trees and hill-side sketches and quiet skies which both are fond of painting.

Connecticut is full of quiet inland nooks that attract the artist. The vicinity of Hartford is especially attractive, and some interesting work has been accomplished by the ladies of the Decorative Art Society. Farmington with its elms is a favorite with all artists who are familiar with this "bath of silence." Mr. Shattuck has reproduced the quiet loveliness of this nestling village under varied aspects. The environing hills form lines and masses of rare beauty seen from whatever direction, and from their summits one gains a far-reaching panorama of enchantment. To the north one catches a glimpse of the Holyoke range, which guards one of the most charmingly retired portions of Massachusetts. Mr. Elbridge Kingsley, the artist engraver, has made most of his work from nature in the vicinity of Mount Tom, Mount Holyoke, and Chestnut Mountain, in as wild and forsaken regions as can be found in our more remote wildernesses. He has had built for his purposes an ingenious jaunting-car fitted up with every convenience for photography, sketching, painting, and engraving, combined with sleeping and housekeeping conveniences. The body is ten feet long, seven feet high, and three and one-half feet wide. The running-gear is a heavy country one-horse wagon. The windows have outside blinds, mosquito-frames, and single panes of glass in sliding frames, like those used for horse-cars. On the back of the car is an extension, a sort of veranda, with waterproof curtains to let down and inclose the whole, making a dark chamber for photography. The interior of the car is fitted up with drawers, tanks, and cupboards in the most compact ship-shape, with folding bunk and kerosene stove apparatus, swinging lamp, and every adjunct for bachelor comfort. The car is followed by a companion boat on wheels, and the machine can be stocked for solitary camping in one place for a month at



ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY'S STUDIO-CAR IN WHATELY GLEN.



J. A. S. MONKS' STUDIO AT WEST RUTLAND, VT.

a time. Mr. Kingsley has also camped and sketched the past summer upon the Saguenay, but he has found no conditions so well adapted for his work as in the Connecticut Valley seen from the windows of his gypsy cart.

If we follow the Connecticut Valley a little farther to the north, we find Deerfield, a veritable Sleepy Hollow, hidden away under its elms as you look down upon it from the fast-flying express trains which pass its tiny station in swift disdain. The elms of Deerfield are its glory; nowhere in New England can there be found nobler ones. Mr. A. F. Bellows has painted them again and again. Messrs. F. D. Williams, Frank Currier, Fred Wright, and others have painted here, and the summer homes and studios of J. Wells Champney and the late George Fuller are in and near the village. Mr. Fuller removed the floors of the second story from the old family homestead, and constructed a fascinating and rambling atelier, with many odd nooks and corners, three fireplaces, and a wall of old paneling. Across the way stands the pretty cottage which was his, and around stretch the broad acres of his meadow farm. On these meadows the mist drifts low at dawn and twilight, and the Indian summer haze blurs all too distinct outline into the subtle harmony of light and color of which Mr. Fuller was so pre-eminent a master. In this homestead studio many of his most original and poetic conceptions took shape.

No picture of his painting is now more touching than this same empty studio, so instinct with the personality of the man that one cannot help fancying that he has only left it for a moment, that he has stepped behind the great easel or is hidden by the chimney-corner. The historic associations of Deerfield carry the imagination back across two centuries. Hatchets and spinning-wheels, looms and foot-stoves, and all the obsolete and prehistoric paraphernalia of the olden time abound in the village — the paradise of the antiquary as well as of the artist. It is not surprising that Mr. Fuller should be acknowledged to occupy a place in art analogous to that of Hawthorne in literature.

West of Deerfield lie the Berkshire Hills, so widely celebrated for their beauty. Mr. Thomas Allen is a native of Pittsfield, and many of our landscape-painters find their way each summer to this enchanting region. Jerome Thompson, Frank Waller, and others have painted at Lenox and Stockbridge, though Mr. Waller has deserted the region for a lodge among the beautiful hop-vines of Cooperstown, N. Y. At Great Barrington Mr. Bristol has established a charming studio, which

is a perfect arbor of Virginia creepers and other vines. Mr. Bristol is best known to the public for his lakes, but he delights also in river effects, and here upon the banks of the Housatonic and the Green River, which Bryant loved, he has sketched with such friends as Bellows and Shattuck.

Still to the westward gleams Lake George, the favorite resort of George H. Yewell. Here by the lake Mr. and Mrs. Loop have a country-seat, old-fashioned in its appointments and its free-hearted hospitality.



THE LATE GEORGE FULLER'S STUDIO AT DEERFIELD.

A step farther and we have reached the Adirondacks, that enchanted country with which Charles Dudley Warner has made us so well acquainted, where man returns to a delightful savagery, and fishing, camping, climbing, and hunting take the place of the excitements and toil of the city. Here too the emancipated society woman exchanges her elaborately ordered dinners for the coffee-pot smoking over a camp-fire, a string of trout, and a basket of berries; while the theater and opera are replaced by fish and bear stories.

It is possible that the visitor at Keene Valley to-day would hardly recognize this picture; but here, at all events, are the everlasting hills, and just beyond them are the forests, lakes, and solitudes of the wilderness.

The charms of Keene Valley, the peaks of Sentinel Mountain, of Mounts Marcy and Dix, of Noonmark or the Dial, have all been presented to the public by Mr. Robbins. Though dealing generally with small canvases, he loves to depict wide-spreading views. Mr. Fitch gives us detail — nooks in the forest and individual trees, with their inherited characteristics. Here are the selfish beech, thrusting other trees away from it and taking up all the cleared space for itself, the birch in her bridal dress of white satin, the hemlock sheltering a spruce — for these trees are lovers, and can no more bear to be separated than goldenrod and aster.

Mr. Shurtleff takes a more comprehensive view of the forest than Mr. Fitch, and a more intimate one than Mr. Robbins. His "lodge in the wilderness" is graced by antlered heads and wild-wood trophies of bark and moss. Mr. Wyant's delicate paintings are too well known to require description.

Mr. William Hart finds the lower end of Keene Valley attractive, and may be met occasionally striding over the hills in search of his favorite sketching-grounds, or quietly seated before some bovine beauty while the herdsman exerts himself in the almost vain attempt to keep the refractory model in position.

Other artists — notably Mr. Robert C. Minor, whose "Heart of the Wilderness," painted here, was shown at the regular Academy Exhibition of 1883, Messrs. J. Alden Weir, Bloodgood, and Douglas Volk — have all visited and worked in the Adirondacks.

The ranges of mountains in the Middle and Southern States have artist visitors. Mr. James Smillie has a summer home in Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penn. Here from his painting studio, through an immense single-paned window of plate-glass, he can look away over the Alleghany ranges and study sky-effects in stormy weather; while an ad-



INTERIOR OF R. M. SHURTLEFF'S STUDIO, KEENE VALLEY, NEW YORK.

joining room is fitted up with every appliance for his favorite department of etching.

Mr. J. Carroll Beckwith has also found a double attraction in the trout streams of the Pennsylvania mountains. Farther south Mr. Gilbert Gaul has purchased a sheep farm in the Cumberland Mountains.

Mr. T. Addison Richards also spends his summer upon the Delaware, sketching the rivulets and brooks which follow its course.

We have more marine-painters than painters of mountains, and yet the hills will hold their own against the sea in grandeur. The Adirondack region furnishes the mountain waves that Ruskin speaks of, and only a few adventurous spirits will require anything bolder or wilder. Even these need seek no Alps or Andes, for our own continent, in the tremendous architecture of the Rockies and Sierras, stands waiting "to startle the lethargy of the human heart with the deep and pure agitation of astonishment." Mr. Bierstadt has visited this region six times since 1859, and his pictures have dealt with the mastodon trees, the grand domes of Sentinel Rock, El Capitan, the Cathedral Rocks, and the Yosemite.

Mr. Thomas Moran has given us the geysers and hot springs of Utah, thermal fountains throwing their jets of scalding steam four hundred and fifty feet into the air, and has dared to reproduce the vivid carnelian, sulphur, and copper blue-coloring of the springs of Firehole River. His "Cañon of the Yellowstone" and "Chasm of the Colorado" are in the Capitol in Washington, and his "Mountain of the Holy Cross" is a well-known picture.

Mr. W. Whittredge has contributed to the Yale collection of paintings some studies of prairie and mountain scenes, and Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote has given us some remarkably fine work in black and white. The opportunities which the Indian offers to the figure-painter have never been fully seized. Mr. Brush, one of our younger men, has been wise enough to see this; and while others have swarmed to Europe to paint the Italian peasant, he has studied in the wilds of Montana and Wyoming, and at the Arapahoe and Crow agencies, the peculiar customs, types, and costumes of the Indians.

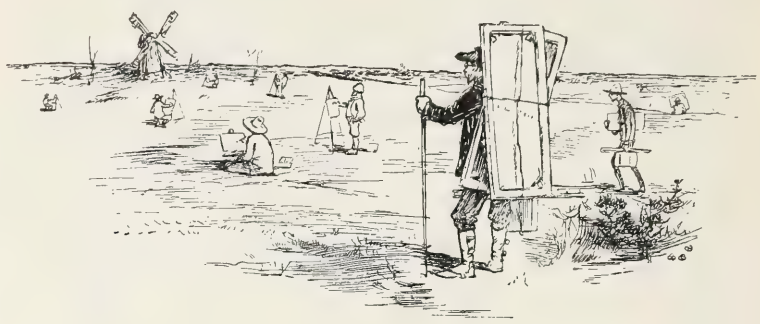
Mr. Moser of Atlanta, Georgia, deserves mention as a delineator of African character. His conception of Uncle Remus is the only one accepted by Mr. Harris; and we may expect future work of importance from his plantation studio. Pennell has given us an idea of the picturesqueness of New Orleans.

Mexico presents another American field, which Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote has shown us in black and white, and Mr. Ferguson in

color; while Hopkinson Smith has spent a busy vacation in Cuba.

We have given but a hasty survey, noticing only a few of the outposts. Other home fields are worthily occupied. while more are still undeveloped. The South allures, and the North is full of stimulus. Everywhere the whole wide new land invites her artist sons, not in summer alone, but throughout every season of the changing year, to tell her story to the world.

Lizzie W. Champney.



THE GRAY GULL'S WING.

I HOLD in my hand the gray gull's wing,
And seem to touch a perpetual flight;
So alert is this softly shining thing,
Sharply pointing from height to height,
That I follow its charmed, vagarious flight:

Where great gray seas beneath it swing,
And soft gray clouds drop against the sea,
That beats its grayer horizon-ring,
And sighs o' nights, and prays to be
Moon-led, moon-lifted, and set free.

Out of weird, tossed shadows the gray bird slips,
Vaguely gleaming against the dawn;
Till into some sudden splendor it dips,
Flashing outward, and strangely gone,
And I hear but a cry go on and on.

Beaconed headlands and rock-bound shores,
Wild, crowding crags to rebut the sea,
Sails that flit while the gray bird soars,
Shadows blown out of eternity
To the cold, purple gray of this pinnacled sea.

Fields of sedge, and levels of sand,
And a slow tide drearily slipping away,
And a dim sky falling against the land,
And the fishing-boats loitering up the bay,
And still the gray bird leads the gray.

Over this flying shape I dream,
Reaching a strength to which I cling;
And glad, sweet thoughts seem to rustle and gleam
In the swift elation in which they spring
Higher, to follow the gray gull's wing.

Mary Allen.

THE BOSTONIANS.*

BY HENRY JAMES,

Author of "The Portrait of a Lady," "Daisy Miller," "Lady Barberina," etc.

XXIX.

MRS. LUNA was early in the field the next day, and her sister wondered to what she owed the honor of a visit from her at eleven o'clock in the morning. She very soon saw, when Adeline asked her whether it had been she who procured for Basil Ransom an invitation to Mrs. Burrage's.

"Me — why in the world should it have been me?" Olive asked, feeling something of a pang at the implication that it had not been Adeline, as she supposed.

"I didn't know — but you took him up so."

"Why, Adeline Luna, when did I ever — ?" Miss Chancellor exclaimed, staring and intensely grave.

"You don't mean to say you have forgotten how you brought him on to see you, a year and a half ago!"

"I didn't bring him on — I said if he happened to be there."

"Yes, I remember how it was: he did happen, and then you happened to hate him, and tried to get out of it."

Miss Chancellor saw, I say, why Adeline had come to her at the hour she knew she was always writing letters, after having given her all the attention that was necessary the day before; she had come simply to make herself disagreeable, as Olive knew, of old, the spirit sometimes moved her irresistibly to do. It seemed to her that Adeline had been disagreeable enough in having beguiled Basil Ransom into a marriage, according to that memorable calculation of probabilities in which she indulged (with a license that she scarcely liked definitely to recall) when the pair made acquaintance under her eyes in Charles street, and Mrs. Luna seemed to take to him as much as she herself did little. She would gladly have accepted him as a brother-in-law, for the harm such a relation could do one was limited and definite; whereas, in his general capacity of being at large in her life, the ability of the young Mississippian to injure her seemed somehow immense. "I wrote to him—that time—for a perfectly definite reason," she said. "I thought mother would have liked us to know him. But it was a mistake."

"How do you know it was a mistake? Mother would have liked him, I dare say."

"I mean my acting as I did; it was a theory of duty which I allowed to press me too much. I always do. Duty should be obvious; one shouldn't hunt round for it."

"Was it very obvious when it brought you on here?" asked Mrs. Luna, who was distinctly out of humor.

Olive looked for a moment at the toe of her shoe. "I had an idea that you would have married him by this time," she presently remarked.

"Marry him yourself, my dear! What put such an idea into your head?"

"You wrote to me at first so much about him. You told me he was tremendously attentive, and that you liked him."

"His state of mind is one thing and mine is another. How can I marry every man that hangs about me — that dogs my footsteps? I might as well become a Mormon at once!" Mrs. Luna delivered herself of this argument with a certain charitable air, as if her sister could not be expected to understand such a situation by her own light.

Olive waived the discussion, and simply said: "I took for granted *you* had got him the invitation."

"I, my dear? That would be quite at variance with my attitude of discouragement."

"Then she simply sent it herself."

"Whom do you mean by 'she'?"

"Mrs. Burrage, of course."

"I thought you might mean Verena," said Mrs. Luna, casually.

"Verena — to him? Why in the world — ?" and Olive gave the cold glare with which her sister was familiar.

"Why in the world not — since she knows him?"

"She had seen him twice in her life before last night, when she met him for the third time and spoke to him."

"Did she tell you that?"

"She tells me everything."

"Are you very sure?"

"Adeline Luna, what *do* you mean?" Miss Chancellor murmured.

"Are you very sure that last night was only the third time?" Mrs. Luna went on.

Copyright, 1884, by Henry James.

Olive threw back her head and swept her sister from her bonnet to her lowest flounce. "You have no right to hint at such a thing as that unless you know!"

"Oh, I know — I know, at any rate, more than you do!" And then Mrs. Luna, sitting with her sister, much withdrawn, in one of the windows of the big, hot, faded parlor of the boarding-house in Tenth street, where there was a rug before the chimney representing a Newfoundland dog saving a child from drowning, and a row of chromo-lithographs on the walls, imparted to her the impression she had received the evening before — the impression of Basil Ransom's keen curiosity about Verena Tarrant. Verena must have asked Mrs. Burrage to send him a card, and asked it without mentioning the fact to Olive — for wouldn't Olive certainly have remembered it? It was no use her saying that Mrs. Burrage might have sent it of her own movement, because she wasn't aware of his existence, and why should she be? Basil Ransom himself had told her he didn't know Mrs. Burrage. Mrs. Luna knew whom he knew and whom he didn't, or at least the sort of people, and they were not the sort that belonged to the Wednesday Club. That was one reason why she didn't care about him for any intimate relation — that he didn't seem to have any taste for making nice friends. Olive would know what *her* taste was in this respect, though it wasn't that young woman's own any more than his. It was positive that the suggestion about the card could only have come from Verena. At any rate Olive could easily ask, or if she was afraid of her telling a fib she could ask Mrs. Burrage. It was true Mrs. Burrage might have been put on her guard by Verena, and would perhaps invent some other account of the matter; therefore Olive had better just believe what *she* believed, that Verena had secured his presence at the party and had had private reasons for doing so. It is to be feared that Ransom's remark to Mrs. Luna the night before about her having lost her head was near to the mark; for if she had not been blinded by her rancor, she would have guessed the horror with which she inspired her sister when she spoke in that off-hand way of Verena's lying and Mrs. Burrage's lying. Did people lie like that in Mrs. Luna's set? It was Olive's plan of life not to lie, and attributing a similar disposition to people she liked, it was impossible for her to believe that Verena had had the intention of deceiving her. Mrs. Luna, in a calmer hour, might also have divined that Olive would make her private comments on the strange story of Basil Ransom's having made up to Verena out of pique at Adeline's rebuff; for this was the account of the matter that she now offered to Miss Chancellor. Olive did two things: she listened intently and eagerly, judging there was distinct danger in the air (which, however, she had not wanted Mrs. Luna to tell her, having perceived it for herself the night before); and she saw that poor Adeline was fabricating fearfully, that the "rebuff" was altogether an invention. Mr. Ransom was evidently preoccupied with Verena, but he hadn't needed Mrs. Luna's cruelty to make him so. So Olive maintained an attitude of great reserve; she didn't take upon herself to announce that her own version was that Adeline, for reasons absolutely imperceptible to others, had tried to catch Basil Ransom, had failed in her attempt, and, furious at seeing Verena preferred to a person of her importance (Olive remembered the *spretæ injuria formæ*), now wished to do both him and the girl an ill turn. This would be accomplished if she could induce Olive to interfere. Miss Chancellor was conscious of an abundant readiness to interfere, but it was not because she cared for Adeline's mortification. I am not sure, even, that she did not think her *fiasco* but another illustration of her sister's general uselessness, and rather despise her for it; being perfectly able at once to hold that nothing is baser than the effort to entrap a man, and to think it very ignoble to have to renounce it because you can't. Olive kept these reflections to herself, but she went so far as to say to her sister that she didn't see where the "pique" came in. How could it hurt Adeline that he should turn his attention to Verena? What was Verena to her?

"Why, Olive Chancellor, how can you ask?" Mrs. Luna boldly responded. "Isn't Verena everything to you, and aren't you everything to me, and wouldn't an attempt — a successful one — to take Verena away from you knock you up fearfully, and shouldn't I suffer, as you know I suffer, by sympathy?"

I have said that it was Miss Chancellor's plan of life not to lie, but such a plan was compatible with a kind of consideration for the truth which led her to shrink from producing it on poor occasions. So she didn't say, "Dear me, Adeline, what humbug! you know you hate Verena and would be very glad if she were drowned!" She only said, "Well, I see; but it's very roundabout." What she did see was that Mrs. Luna was eager to help her to stop off Basil Ransom from "making head," as the phrase was; and the fact that her motive was spite, and not tenderness for the young women in Charles street, would not make her assistance less welcome if the danger were real. She herself had a nervous dread, but she had that about everything; still, Adeline had perhaps seen something, and what in the world

did she mean by her reference to Verena's having had secret meetings? When pressed on this point, Mrs. Luna could only say that she didn't pretend to give definite information, and she wasn't a spy anyway, but that the night before he had positively flaunted in her face his admiration for the girl, his enthusiasm for her way of standing up there. Of course he hated her ideas, but he was quite conceited enough to think she would give them up. Perhaps it was all directed at *her* — as if she cared! It would depend a good deal on the girl herself; certainly, if there was any likelihood of Verena's being affected, she should advise Olive to look out. She knew best what to do; it was only Adeline's duty to give her the benefit of her own impression, whether she was thanked for it or not. She only wished to put her on her guard, and it was just like Olive to receive such information so coldly; she was the most disappointing woman she knew.

Miss Chancellor's coldness was not diminished by this rebuke; for it had come over her that, after all, she had never opened herself at that rate to Adeline, had never let her see the real intensity of her desire to keep the sort of danger there was now a question of, away from Verena, had given her no warrant for regarding her as her friend's keeper; so that she was taken aback by the flatness of Mrs. Luna's assumption that she was ready to enter into a conspiracy to circumvent and frustrate the girl. Olive put on all her majesty to dispel this impression, and if she couldn't help being aware that she made Mrs. Luna still angrier, on the whole, than at first, she felt that she would much rather disappoint her than give herself away to her — especially as she was intensely eager to profit by her warning!

XXX.

Mrs. Luna would have been still less satisfied with the manner in which Olive received her proffered assistance, had she known how many confidences that reticent young woman might have made her in return. Olive's whole life now was a matter for whispered communications; she felt this herself, as she sought the privacy of her own apartment, after her interview with her sister. She had for the moment time to think; Verena having gone out with Mr. Burrage, who had made an appointment the night before to call for her to drive at that early hour. They had other engagements in the afternoon — the principal of which was to meet a group of earnest people at the house of one of the great local promoters. Olive would whisk Verena off to these appointments directly after lunch; she flattered herself that she could arrange matters so that there would not be half an hour in the day during which Basil Ransom, complacently calling, would find the Bostonians in the house. She had had this well in mind when, at Mrs. Burrage's, she was driven to give him their address; and she had had it also in mind that she would ask Verena, as a special favor, to accompany her back to Boston on the next day but one, which was the morning of the morrow. There had been considerable talk of her staying a few days with Mrs. Burrage — staying on after her own departure; but Verena backed out of it spontaneously, seeing how the idea worried her friend. Olive had accepted the sacrifice, and their visit to New York was now cut down, in intention, to four days, one of which, the moment she perceived whither Basil Ransom was tending, Miss Chancellor promised herself also to suppress. She had not mentioned that to Verena yet; she hesitated a little, having a slightly bad conscience about the concessions she had already obtained from her friend. Verena made such concessions with a generosity which caused one's heart to ache for admiration, even while one asked for them; and never once had Olive known her to demand the smallest credit for any virtue she showed in this way, or to bargain for an instant about any effort she made to oblige. She had been delighted with the idea of spending a week under Mrs. Burrage's roof; she had said, too, that she believed her mother would die happy (not that there was the least prospect of Mrs. Tarrant's dying) if she could hear of her having such an experience as that; and yet, perceiving how solemn Olive looked about it, how she blanched and brooded at the prospect, she had offered to give it up, with a smile sweeter, if possible, than any that had ever sat in her eyes. Olive knew what that meant for her, knew what a power of enjoyment she still had, in spite of the tension of their common purpose, their vital work, which had now, as they equally felt, passed into the stage of realization, of fruition; and that is why her conscience rather pricked her, as I have said, for consenting to this further act of renunciation, especially as their position seemed really so secure, on the part of one who had already given herself away so sublimely.

Secure as their position might be, Olive called herself a blind idiot for having, in spite of all her first shrinkings, agreed to bring Verena to New York. Verena had jumped at the invitation, the very unexpectedness of which on Mrs. Burrage's part — it was such an odd idea to have come to a mere worldling — carried a kind of persuasion with it. Olive's im-

mediate sentiment had been an instinctive general fear; but, later, she had dismissed that as unworthy; she had decided (and such a decision was nothing new) that where their mission was concerned they ought to face everything. Such an opportunity would contribute too much to Verena's reputation and authority to justify a refusal at the bidding of apprehensions which were after all only vague. Olive's specific terrors and dangers had by this time very much blown over; Basil Ransom had given no sign of life for ages, and Henry Burrage had certainly got his quietus before they went to Europe. If it had occurred to his mother that she might convert Verena into the animating principle of a big soirée, she was at least acting in good faith, for it could be no more her wish to-day that he should marry Selah Tarrant's daughter than it was her wish a year before. And then they should do some good to the benighted, the most benighted, the fashionable benighted; they should perhaps make them furious — there was always some good in that. Lastly, Olive was conscious of a personal temptation in the matter; she was not insensible to the pleasure of appearing in a distinguished New York circle as a representative woman, an important Bostonian, the prompter, colleague, associate of one of the most original girls of the time. Basil Ransom was the person she had least expected to meet at Mrs. Burrage's; it had been her belief that they might easily spend four days in a city of more than a million of inhabitants without that disagreeable accident. But it had occurred; nothing was wanting to make it seem serious; and, setting her teeth, she shook herself, morally, hard, for having fallen into the trap of fate. Well, she would scramble out, with only a scare, probably. Henry Burrage was very attentive; but somehow she didn't fear him now; and it was only natural he should feel that he couldn't be polite enough, after they had consented to be exploited in that worldly way by his mother. The other danger was the worst; the palpitation of her strange dread, the night of Miss Birdseye's party, came back to her. Mr. Burrage seemed, indeed, a protection; she reflected, with relief, that it had been arranged that after taking Verena to drive in the Park and see the Museum of Art in the morning, they should in the evening dine with him at Delmonico's (he was to invite another gentleman) and go afterwards to the German opera. Olive had kept all this to herself, as I have said; revealing to her sister neither the vividness of her prevision that Basil Ransom would look blank when he came down to Tenth street and learned they had flitted, nor the eagerness of her desire just to find herself once more in the Boston train. It had been only that prevision that had sustained her when she gave Mr. Ransom their number.

Verena came to her room shortly before lunch, to let her know she had returned; and while they sat there waiting to stop their ears when the gong announcing the repast was beaten, at the foot of the stairs, by a negro in a white jacket, she narrated to her friend her adventures with Mr. Burrage — expatiated on the beauty of the park, the splendor and interest of the Museum, the wonder of the young man's acquaintance with everything it contained, the swiftness of his horses, the softness of his English cart, the pleasure of rolling at that pace over roads as firm as marble, the entertainment he promised them for the evening. Olive listened in serious silence; she saw Verena was quite carried away; of course she hadn't gone so far with her without knowing that phase.

"Did Mr. Burrage try to make love to you?" Miss Chancellor inquired at last, without a smile.

Verena had taken off her hat to arrange her feather, and as she placed it on her head again, her uplifted arms making a frame for her face, she said: "Yes, I suppose it was meant for love."

Olive waited for her to tell more, to tell how she had treated him, kept him in his place, made him feel that that question was over long ago; but as Verena gave her no further information she didn't insist, conscious as she always was that in such a relation as theirs there should be a great respect on either side for the liberty of each. She had never yet infringed on Verena's, and of course she wouldn't begin now. Moreover, with the request that she meant presently to make of her, she felt that she must be discreet. She wondered whether Henry Burrage were really going to begin again; whether his mother had only been acting in his interest in getting them to come on. Certainly, the bright spot in such a prospect was that if she listened to him she couldn't listen to Basil Ransom; and he *had* told Olive herself last night, when he put them into their carriage, that he hoped to prove to her yet that he had come round to her gospel. But the old sickness stole upon her again, the faintness of discouragement, as she asked herself why in the name of pity Verena should listen to any one at all (but her). Again it came over her, when she saw the brightness, the happy look, the girl brought back, as it had done in the earlier months, that the great trouble was that weak spot of Verena's, that sole infirmity and subtle flaw, which she had expressed to her very soon

after they began to live together, in saying (she remembered it through the ineffaceable impression made by her friend's avowal), "I'll tell you what is the matter with you — you don't dislike men as a class!" Verena had replied on this occasion, "Well, no, I don't dislike them when they are pleasant!" As if organized selfishness could ever be pleasant! Olive disliked them most when they were least unpleasant. After a little, at present, she remarked, referring to Henry Burrage: "It is not right of him, not decent, after your making him feel how, while he was at Cambridge, he tormented you, wearied you."

"Oh, I didn't show anything," said Verena gayly. "I am learning to dissimulate," she added in a moment. "I suppose you have to as you go along. I pretend not to notice."

At this moment the gong sounded for lunch, and the two young women covered up their ears, face to face, Verena with her quick smile, Olive with her pale patience. When they could hear themselves speak, the latter said abruptly:

"How did Mrs. Burrage come to invite Mr. Ransom to her party? He told Adeline he had never seen her before."

"Oh, I asked her to send him an invitation — after she had written to me, to thank me, when it was definitely settled we should come on. She asked me in her letter if there were any friends of mine in the city to whom I should like her to send cards, and I mentioned Mr. Ransom."

Verena spoke without a single instant's hesitation, and the only sign of embarrassment she gave was that she got up from her chair, passing in this manner a little out of Olive's scrutiny. It was easy for her not to falter, because she was glad of the chance. She wanted to be very simple in all her relations with her friend, and of course it wasn't simple so soon as she began to keep things back. She could at any rate keep back as little as possible, and she felt as if she were making up for a dereliction when she answered Olive's inquiry so promptly.

"You never told me of that," Miss Chancellor remarked, in a low tone.

"I didn't want to. I know you don't like him, and I thought it would give you pain. Yet I wanted him to be there — I wanted him to hear."

"What does it matter — why should you care about him?"

"Well, because he is so awfully opposed!"

"How do you know that, Verena?"

At this point Verena began to hesitate. It was not, after all, so easy to keep back only a little; it appeared rather as if one must either tell everything or hide everything. The former course had already presented itself to her as unduly harsh; it was because it seemed so that she had ended by keeping the incident of Basil Ransom's visit to Monadnoc Place buried in unspoken, in unspeakable, considerations, the only secret she had in the world — the only thing that was all her own. She was so glad to say what she could without betraying herself that it was only after she had spoken that she perceived there was a danger of Olive's pushing the inquiry to the point where, to defend herself as it were, she should be obliged to practice a positive deception; and she was conscious at the same time that the moment her secret was threatened it became dearer to her. She began to pray silently that Olive might not push; for it would be odious, it would be impossible, to defend herself by a lie. Meanwhile, however, she had to answer, and the way she answered was by exclaiming, much more quickly than the reflections I note might have appeared to permit, "Well, if you can't tell from his appearance! He's the type of the reactionary."

Verena went to the toilet-glass to see that she had put on her hat properly, and Olive slowly got up, in the manner of a person not in the least eager for her lunch. "Let him react as he likes — for heaven's sake don't mind him!" That was Miss Chancellor's rejoinder, and Verena felt that it didn't say all that was in her mind. She wished she would come down to lunch, for she, at least, was honestly hungry. She even suspected Olive had an idea she was afraid to express, such distress it would bring with it. "Well, you know, Verena, this isn't our *real* life — it isn't our work," Olive went on.

"Well, no, it isn't, certainly," said Verena, not pretending at first that she did not know what Olive meant. In a moment, however, she added, "Do you refer to this social intercourse with Mr. Burrage?"

"Not to that only." Then Olive asked abruptly, looking at her, "How did you know his address?"

"His address?"

"Mr. Ransom's — to enable Mrs. Burrage to invite him?"

They stood for a moment interchanging a gaze. "It was in a letter I got from him."

At these words there came into Olive's face an expression which made her companion cross over to her directly and take her by the hand. But the tone was different from what Verena expected when she said, with cold surprise: "Oh, you are in correspondence!" It showed an immense effort of self-control.

"He wrote to me once — I never told you," Verena rejoined, smiling. She felt that her friend's strange, uneasy eyes searched very

far; a little more and they would go to the very bottom. Well, they might go if they would; she didn't, after all, care so much about her secret as that. For the moment, however, Verena didn't learn what Olive had discovered, inasmuch as she only remarked presently that it was time to go down to lunch. As they descended the staircase she put her arm into Miss Chancellor's and perceived that she was trembling.

Of course there were plenty of people in New York interested in the uprising, and Olive had made appointments, in advance, which filled the whole afternoon. Everybody wanted to meet them, and wanted everybody else to do so, and Verena saw they could easily have quite a vogue, if they only chose to stay and work that vein. Very likely, as Olive said, it wasn't their real life, and people didn't seem to have such a grip of the movement as they had in Boston; but there was something in the air that carried one along, and a sense of vastness and variety, of the infinite possibilities of a great city, which — Verena hardly knew whether she ought to confess it to herself — might in the end make up for the want of the Boston earnestness. Certainly, the people seemed very much alive, and there was no other place where so many cheering reports could flow in, owing to the number of electric feelers that seemed to stretch out everywhere. The principal center appeared to be Mrs. Croucher's, on Fifty-sixth street, where there was an informal gathering of sympathizers, who didn't seem as if they could forgive her when they learned that she had been speaking the night before in a circle in which they none of them were acquainted. Certainly, they were very different from the group she had addressed at Mrs. Burrage's, and Verena heaved a thin, private sigh, expressive of some helplessness, as she thought what a big, complicated world it was, and how it appeared to contain a little of everything. There was a general demand that she should repeat her address in a more congenial atmosphere; to which she replied that Olive made her engagements for her, and that as the address had been intended just to lead people on, perhaps she would think Mrs. Croucher's friends had reached a higher point. She was as cautious as this because she saw that Olive was now just straining to get out of the city; she didn't want to say anything that would tie them. When she felt her trembling that way before lunch, it made her quite sick to realize how much her friend was wrapped up in her — how terribly she would suffer from the least deviation. After they had started for their round of engagements, the very first thing Verena spoke of in the carriage (Olive had taken one, in her liberal way, for the whole time) was the fact that her correspondence with Mr. Ransom, as her friend had called it, had consisted on his part of only one letter. It was a very short one, too; it had come to her a little more than a month before. Olive knew she got letters from gentlemen; she didn't see why she should attach such importance to this one. Miss Chancellor was leaning back in the carriage, very still, very grave, with her head against the cushioned surface, only turning her eyes towards the girl.

"You attach importance yourself; otherwise you would have told me."

"I knew you wouldn't like it — because you don't like *him*."

"I don't think of him," said Olive; "he's nothing to me." Then she added suddenly, "Have you noticed that I am afraid to face what I don't like?"

Verena couldn't say that she had, and yet it was not just on Olive's part to speak as if she were an easy person to tell such a thing to; the way she lay there, white and weak, like a wounded creature, sufficiently proved the contrary. "You have such a fearful power of suffering," she replied in a moment.

To this at first Miss Chancellor made no rejoinder; but after a little she said, in the same attitude, "Yes, *you* could make me."

Verena took her hand and held it awhile. "I never will, till I have been through everything myself."

"*You* were not made to suffer — you were made to enjoy," Olive said, in very much the same tone in which she had told her that what was the matter with her was that she didn't like men as a class,— a tone which implied that the contrary would have been much more natural and perhaps rather higher. Perhaps it would; but Verena was unable to rebut the charge; she felt this, as she looked out of the window of the carriage at the bright, amusing city, where the elements seemed so numerous, the animation so immense, the shops so brilliant, the women so strikingly dressed, and knew that these things quickened her curiosity, all her pulses.

"Well, I suppose I mustn't presume on it," she remarked, glancing back at Olive with her natural sweetness, her uncontradicting grace.

That young lady lifted her hand to her lips — held it there a moment; the movement seemed to say, "When you are so divinely docile, how can I help the dread of losing you?" This idea, however, was unspoken, and Olive Chancellor's uttered words, as the carriage rolled on, were different.

"Verena, I don't understand why he wrote to you."

"He wrote to me because he likes me. Perhaps you'll say you don't understand why

he likes me," the girl continued, laughing. "He liked me the first time he saw me."

"Oh, that time!" Olive murmured.

"And still more the second."

"Did he tell you that in his letter?" Miss Chancellor inquired.

"Yes, my dear, he told me that. Only he expressed it more gracefully." Verena was very happy to say that; a written phrase of Basil Ransom's sufficiently justified her.

"It was my intuition — it was my foreboding!" Olive exclaimed, closing her eyes.

"I thought you said you didn't dislike him."

"It isn't dislike — it's simple dread. Is that all there is between you?"

"Why, Olive Chancellor, what do you think?" Verena asked, feeling now distinctly like a coward. Five minutes afterwards she said to Olive that if it would give her pleasure they would leave New York on the morrow, without taking a fourth day; and as soon as she had done so she felt better, especially when she saw how gratefully Olive looked at her for the concession, how eagerly she rose to the offer in saying, "Well, if you *do* feel that it isn't our own life — our very own!" It was with these words, and others besides, and with an unusually weak, indefinite kiss, as if she wished to protest that, after all, a single day didn't matter, and yet accepted the sacrifice and was a little ashamed of it — it was in this manner, I say, that the agreement as to an immediate retreat was sealed. Verena could not shut her eyes to the fact that for a month she had been less frank, and if she wished to do penance, this abbreviation of their pleasure in New York, even if it made her almost completely miss Basil Ransom, was easier than to tell Olive just now that the letter was *not* all, that there had been a long visit, a talk, and a walk besides, which she had been covering up for ever so many weeks. And of what consequence, anyway, was the missing? Was it such a pleasure to converse with a gentleman who only wanted to let you know — and why he should want it so much Verena couldn't guess — that he thought you quite ridiculous? Olive took her from place to place, and she ended by forgetting everything but the present hour and the bigness and variety of New York, and the entertainment of rolling about in a carriage with silk cushions, and meeting new faces, new expressions of curiosity and sympathy, assurances that one was watched and followed. Mingled with this was a bright consciousness, sufficient for the moment, that one was moreover to dine at Delmonico's and go to the German opera. There was enough of the epicurean in Verena's composition to make it easy for her in certain conditions to live only for the hour.

XXXI.

When she returned with her companion to the establishment in Tenth street, she saw two notes lying on the table in the hall; one of which she perceived to be addressed to Miss Chancellor, the other to herself. The hand was different, but she recognized both. Olive was behind her on the steps, talking to the coachman about sending another carriage for them in half an hour (they had left themselves but just time to dress); so that she simply possessed herself of her own note and ascended to her room. As she did so she felt that all the while she had known it would be there, and was conscious of a kind of treachery, of unfriendly willfulness, in not being more prepared for it. If she could roll about New York the whole afternoon and forget that there might be difficulties ahead, that didn't alter the fact that there *were* difficulties, and that they might even become considerable — might not be settled by her simply going back to Boston. Half an hour later, as she drove up the Fifth Avenue with Olive (there seemed to be so much crowded into that one day), smoothing her light gloves, wishing her fan were a little nicer, and proving by the answering, familiar brightness with which she looked out on the lamp-lighted streets that, whatever theory might be entertained as to the genesis of her talent and her personal nature, the blood of the lecture-going, night-walking Tarrants did distinctly flow in her veins; as the pair proceeded, I say, to the celebrated restaurant, at the door of which Mr. Burrage had promised to be in vigilant expectancy of their carriage, Verena found a sufficiently gay and natural tone of voice for saying to her friend that Mr. Ransom had called upon her while they were out, and had left a note in which there were many compliments for Miss Chancellor.

"That's wholly your own affair, my dear," Olive replied, with a melancholy sigh, gazing down the vista of Fourteenth street (which they happened just then to be traversing, with much agitation) toward the queer barrier of the elevated railway.

It was nothing new to Verena that if the great striving of Olive's life was for justice, she yet sometimes failed to arrive at it in particular cases; and she reflected that it was rather late for her to say, like that, that Basil Ransom's letters were only his correspondent's business. Had not his kinswoman quite made the subject her own during their drive that afternoon? Verena determined now that her companion should hear all there was to be heard about the letter; asking herself whether, if she told her at present more than she cared

to know, it wouldn't make up for her hitherto having told her less. "He brought it with him, written, in case I should be out. He wants to see me to-morrow — he says he has ever so much to say to me. He proposes an hour — says he hopes it won't be inconvenient for me to see him about eleven in the morning; thinks I may have no other engagement so early as that. Of course our return to Boston settles it," Verena added, with serenity.

Miss Chancellor said nothing for a moment; then she replied, "Yes, unless you invite him to come on with you in the train."

"Why, Olive, how bitter you are!" Verena exclaimed, in genuine surprise.

Olive could not justify her bitterness by saying that her companion had spoken as if she were disappointed, because Verena hadn't. So she simply remarked, "I don't see what he can have to say to you — that would be worth your hearing."

"Well, of course, it's the other side. He has got it on the brain!" said Verena, with a laugh which seemed to relegate the whole matter to the category of the unimportant.

"If we should stay, would you see him — at eleven o'clock?" Olive inquired.

"Why do you ask that — when I have given it up?"

"Do you consider it such a tremendous sacrifice?"

"No," said Verena, good-naturedly; "but I confess I am curious."

"Curious,— how do you mean?"

"Well, to hear the other side."

"Oh, mercy!" Olive Chancellor murmured, turning her face upon her.

"You must remember I have never heard it." And Verena smiled into her friend's wan gaze.

"Do you want to hear all the infamy that is in the world?"

"No, it isn't that; but the more he should talk, the better chance he would give me. I guess I can meet him."

"Life is too short. Leave him as he is."

"Well," Verena went on, "there are many I haven't cared to move at all, whom I might have been more interested in than in him. But to make him give in just at two or three points — that I should like better than anything I *have* done."

"You have no business to enter upon a contest that isn't equal; and it wouldn't be, with Mr. Ransom."

"The inequality would be that I have right on my side."

"What is that — for a man? For what was their brutality given them, but to make that up?"

"I don't think he's brutal; I should like to see," said Verena gayly.

Olive's eyes lingered a little on her own; then they turned away, vaguely, blindly, out of the carriage-window, and Verena made the reflection that she looked strangely little like a person who was going to dine at Delmonico's. How terribly she worried about everything, and how tragical was her nature; how anxious, suspicious, exposed to subtle influences! In their long intimacy Verena had come to revere most of her friend's peculiarities; they were a proof of her depth and devotion, and were so bound up with what was noble in her that she was rarely provoked to criticise them separately. But at present, suddenly, Olive's earnestness began to appear as inharmonious with the scheme of the universe as if it had been a broken edge; and she was positively glad she had not told her about Basil Ransom's appearance in Monadnoc Place. If she worried so about what she knew, how much would she not have worried about the rest! Verena had by this time made up her mind that her acquaintance with Mr. Ransom was the most episodical, most superficial, most unimportant, of all possible relations.

Olive Chancellor watched Henry Burrage very closely that evening; she had a special reason for doing so, and her entertainment, during the successive hours, was derived much less from the delicate little feast, over which this insinuating proselyte presided, in the brilliant public room of the establishment, where French waiters flitted about on deep carpets, and parties at neighboring tables excited curiosity and conjecture, or even from the magnificent music of "Lohengrin," than from a secret process of comparison and verification, which shall presently be explained to the reader. As some discredit has possibly been thrown upon her impartiality, it is a pleasure to be able to say that on her return from the opera she took a step dictated by an earnest consideration of justice — of the promptness with which Verena had told her of the note left by Basil Ransom in the afternoon. She drew Verena into her room with her. The girl, on the way back to Tenth street, had spoken only of Wagner's music, of the singers, the orchestra, the immensity of the house, her tremendous pleasure. Olive could see how fond she might become of New York, where that kind of pleasure was so much more in the air.

"Well, Mr. Burrage was certainly very kind to us — no one could have been more thoughtful," Olive said; and she colored a little at the look with which Verena greeted this tribute of appreciation from Miss Chancellor to a single gentleman.

"I am so glad you were struck with that,

because I do think we have been a little rough to him." Verena's *we* was angelic. "He was particularly attentive to *you*, my dear; he has got over me. He looked at you so sweetly. Dearest Olive, if you marry him — !" And Miss Tarrant, who was in high spirits, embraced her companion, to check her own silliness.

"He wants you to stay there, all the same. They haven't given *that* up," Olive remarked, turning to a drawer, out of which she took a letter.

"Did he tell you that, pray? He said nothing more about it to me."

"When we came in this afternoon I found this note from Mrs. Burrage. You had better read it." And she presented the document, open, to Verena.

The purpose of it was to say that Mrs. Burrage could really not reconcile herself to the loss of Verena's visit, on which both she and her son had counted so much. She was sure they would be able to make it as interesting to Miss Tarrant as it would be to themselves. She, Mrs. Burrage, moreover, felt as if she hadn't heard half she wanted about Miss Tarrant's views, and there were so many more, who were present at the address, who had come to her that afternoon (losing not a minute, as Miss Chancellor could see), to ask how in the world they too could learn more — how they could get at the fair speaker and question her about certain details. She hoped so much, therefore, that even if the young ladies should be unable to alter their decision about the visit, they might at least see their way to staying over long enough to allow her to arrange an informal meeting for some of these poor thirsty souls. Might she not at least talk over the question with Miss Chancellor? She gave her notice that she would attack her on the subject of the visit too. Might she not see her on the morrow, and might she ask of her the very great favor that the interview should be at Mrs. Burrage's own house? She had something very particular to say to her, as regards which perfect privacy was a great consideration, and Miss Chancellor would doubtless recognize that this would be best secured under Mrs. Burrage's roof. She would therefore send her carriage for Miss Chancellor at any hour that would be convenient to the latter. She really thought much good might come from their having a satisfactory talk.

Verena read this epistle with much deliberation; it seemed to her mysterious, and confirmed the idea she had received the night before — the idea that she had not got quite a correct impression of this clever, worldly, curious woman on the occasion of her visit to Cambridge, when they met her at her son's rooms. As she gave the letter back to Olive she said to her, "That's why he didn't seem to believe we are really leaving to-morrow. He knows she had written that, and he thinks it will keep us."

"Well, if I were to say it may — should you think me too miserably changeful?"

Verena stared with all her candor, and it was so very queer that Olive should now wish to linger that the sense of it, for the moment, almost covered the sense of its being pleasant. But that came out after an instant, and she said, with great honesty, "You needn't drag me away for consistency's sake. It would be absurd for me to pretend that I don't like being here."

"I think perhaps I *ought* to see her." Olive was very thoughtful.

"How lovely it must be to have a secret with Mrs. Burrage!" Verena exclaimed.

"It won't be a secret from you."

"Dearest, you needn't tell me unless you want." Verena went on thinking of her own unimparted knowledge.

"I thought it was our plan to divide everything. It was certainly mine."

"Ah, don't talk about plans!" Verena exclaimed, rather ruefully. "You see, if we *are* going to stay to-morrow, how foolish it was to have any. There is more in her letter than is expressed," she went on, as Olive appeared to be studying in her face the reasons for and against making this concession to Mrs. Burrage, and that was rather embarrassing.

"I thought it over all the evening — so that if now you will consent, we will stay."

"Darling — what a spirit you have got! All through all those dear little dishes — all through 'Lohengrin!' As I haven't thought it over at all, you must settle it. You know I am not difficult."

"And would you go and stay with Mrs. Burrage, after all, if she should say anything to me that seems to make it desirable?"

Verena smiled, broke into a laugh. "You know it's not our *real* life!"

Olive said nothing for a moment; then she replied: "Don't think *I* can forget that. If I suggest a deviation, it's only because it sometimes seems to me that perhaps, after all, almost anything is better than the form reality *may* take with us." This was slightly obscure, as well as very melancholy, and Verena was relieved when her companion added, in a moment, "You must think me strangely inconsequent"; for this gave her a chance to reply, soothingly:

"Why, you don't suppose I expect you to keep always screwed up! I will stay a week with Mrs. Burrage, or a fortnight, or a month, or anything you like," she went on; "any-

thing it may seem to you best to tell her after you have seen her."

"Do you leave it all to me? You don't give me much help," Olive said.

"Help to what?"

"Help to help *you*."

"I don't want any help; I am quite strong enough!" Verena cried, gayly. The next moment she added, in an appeal half comical, half touching, "My dear colleague, why do you make me say such conceited things?"

"And if you do stay—just even to-morrow—shall you be—very much of the time—with Mr. Ransom?"

As Verena for the moment appeared ironically-minded, she might have found a fresh subject for hilarity in the tremulous, tentative tone in which Olive made this inquiry. But it had not that effect; it produced the first manifestation of impatience—the first, literally, and the first note of reproach—that had occurred in the course of their remarkable intimacy. The color rose to Verena's cheek, and her eye for an instant looked moist.

"I don't know what you always think, Olive, nor why you don't seem able to trust me. You didn't, from the first, with gentlemen. Perhaps you were right then—I don't say; but surely, it is very different now. I don't think I ought to be suspected so much. Why have you a manner as if I had to be watched, as if I wanted to run away with every man that speaks to me? I should think I had proved how little I care. I thought you had discovered by this time that I am serious; that I have dedicated my life; that there is something unspeakably dear to me. But you begin again, every time—you don't do me justice. I must take everything that comes. I mustn't be afraid. I thought we had agreed that we were to do our work in the midst of the world, facing everything, keeping straight on, always taking hold. And now that it all opens out so magnificently, and victory is really sitting on our banners, it is strange of you to doubt of me, to suppose I am not more wedded to all our old dreams than ever. I told you the first time I saw you that I could renounce, and knowing better to-day, perhaps, what that means, I am ready to say it again. That I can, that I will! Why, Olive Chancellor," Verena cried, panting a moment, with her eloquence, and with the rush of a culminating idea, "haven't you discovered by this time that I *have* renounced?"

The habit of public speaking, the training, the practice, in which she had been immersed, enabled Verena to unroll a coil of propositions dedicated even to a private interest, with the most touching, most cumulative effect. Olive was completely aware of this, and she stilled herself, while the girl uttered one soft, pleading sentence after another, into the same rapt attention she was in the habit of sending up from the benches of an auditorium. She looked at Verena fixedly, felt that she was stirred to her depths, that she was exquisitely passionate and sincere, that she was a quivering, spotless, consecrated maiden, that she really had renounced, that they were both safe, and that her own injustice and indelicacy had been great. She came to her slowly, took her in her arms and held her long—giving her a silent kiss. From which Verena knew that she believed her.

XXXII.

THE hour that Olive proposed to Mrs. Burrage, in a note sent early the next morning, for the interview to which she consented to lend herself, was the stroke of noon; this period of the day being chosen in consequence of a prevision of many subsequent calls upon her time. She remarked in her note that she didn't wish any carriage to be sent for her, and she surged and swayed up the Fifth Avenue on one of the convulsive, clattering omnibuses which circulated in that thoroughfare. One of her reasons for mentioning twelve o'clock had been that she knew Basil Ransom was to call at Tenth street at eleven, and (as she supposed he didn't intend to stay all day) this would give her time to see him come and go. It had been tacitly agreed between them, the night before, that Verena was quite firm enough in her faith to submit to his visit, and that such a course would be much more dignified than dodging it. This understanding passed from one to the other during that dumb embrace which I have described as taking place before they separated for the night. Shortly before noon, Olive, passing out of the house, looked into the big sunny double parlor, where, in the morning, with all the husbands absent for the day, and all the wives and spinsters launched upon the town, a young man desiring to hold a debate with a young lady might enjoy every advantage in the way of a clear field. Basil Ransom was still there; he and Verena, with the place to themselves, were standing in the recess of the window, their backs presented to the door. If he had got up, perhaps he was going, and Olive, softly closing the door again, waited a little in the hall, ready to pass into the back part of the house if she should hear him coming out. No sound, however, reached her ear; apparently he did mean to stay all day, and she should find him there on her return. She left the house, knowing they were looking at

her from the window as she descended the steps, but feeling she could not bear to see Basil Ransom's face. As she walked, averting her own, toward the Fifth Avenue, on the sunny side, she was barely conscious of the loveliness of the day, the perfect weather, all suffused and tinted with spring, which sometimes descends upon New York when the winds of March have been stilled; she was given up only to the remembrance of that moment when *she* had stood at a window (the second time he came to see her in Boston), and watched Basil Ransom pass out with Adeline — with Adeline, who had seemed capable then of getting such a hold on him, but had proved as ineffectual in this respect as she was in every other. She recalled the vision she had allowed to dance before her as she saw the pair cross the street together, laughing and talking, and how it seemed to interpose itself against the fears which already then — so strangely — haunted her. Now that she saw it so fruitless — and that Verena, moreover, had turned out really so great — she was rather ashamed of it; she felt associated, however remotely, in the reasons which had made Mrs. Luna tell her so many fibs the day before, and there could be nothing elevating in that. As for the other reasons why her fidgety sister had failed and Mr. Ransom had held his own, of course, naturally Miss Chancellor didn't like to think of them.

If she had wondered what Mrs. Burrage wished so particularly to talk about, she waited some time for the clearing-up of the mystery. During this interval she sat in a remarkably pretty boudoir, where there were flowers and faiences and little French pictures, and watched her hostess revolve round the subject in circles, the vagueness of which she tried to dissimulate. Olive believed she was a person who never could enjoy asking a favor, especially of a votary of the new ideas; and that was evidently what was coming. She had asked one already, but that had been handsomely paid for; the note from Mrs. Burrage which Verena found awaiting her in Tenth street, on her arrival, contained the largest cheque this young woman had ever received for an address. The request that hung fire had reference to Verena too, of course; and Olive needed no prompting to feel that her friend's being a young person who took money could not make Mrs. Burrage's present effort more agreeable. To this taking of money (for when it came to Verena it was as if it came to her as well) she herself was now completely inured; money was a tremendous force, and when one wanted to assault the wrong with every engine, one was happy not to lack the sinews of war. She liked her hostess better this morning than she had liked her before; she had more than ever the air of taking all sorts of sentiments and views for granted between them; which could only be flattering to Olive so long as it was really Mrs. Burrage who made each advance, while her visitor sat watchful and motionless. She had a light, clever, familiar way of traversing an immense distance with a very few words, as when she remarked, "Well then, it is settled that she will come, and will stay till she is tired."

Nothing of the kind had been settled, but Olive helped Mrs. Burrage (this time) more than she knew by saying, "Why do you want her to visit you, Mrs. Burrage? why do you want her socially? Are you not aware that your son, a year ago, desired to marry her?"

"My dear Miss Chancellor, that is just what I wish to talk to you about. I am aware of everything; I don't believe you ever met any one who is aware of more things than I." And Olive had to believe that, as Mrs. Burrage held up, smiling, her intelligent, proud, good-natured, ugly head. "I knew a year ago that my son was in love with your friend, I know that he has been so ever since, and that in consequence he would like to marry her to-day. I dare say you don't like the idea of her marrying at all; it would break up a friendship which is so full of interest" (Olive wondered for a moment whether she had been going to say "so full of profit") "for you. This is why I hesitated; but since you are willing to talk about it, that is just what I want."

"I don't see what good it will do," Olive said.

"How can we tell till we try? I never give a thing up till I have turned it over in every sense."

It was Mrs. Burrage, however, who did most of the talking; Olive only inserted from time to time an inquiry, a protest, a correction, an ejaculation tinged with irony. None of these things checked or diverted her hostess; Olive saw more and more that she wished to please her, to win her over, to smooth matters down, to place them in a new and original light. She was very clever and (little by little Olive said to herself) absolutely unscrupulous, but she didn't think she was clever enough for what she had undertaken. This was neither more nor less, in the first place, than to persuade Miss Chancellor that she and her son were consumed with sympathy for the movement to which Miss Chancellor had dedicated her life. But how could Olive believe that, when she saw the type to which Mrs. Burrage belonged — a type into which

nature herself had inserted a face turned in the very opposite way from all earnest and improving things? People like Mrs. Burrage lived and fattened on abuses, prejudices, privileges, on the fixed cruel fashions of the past. It must be added, however, that if her hostess was a humbug, Olive had never met one who provoked her less; she was such a brilliant, genial, artistic one, with such a recklessness of perfidy, such a willingness to bribe you if she couldn't deceive you. She seemed to be offering Olive all the kingdoms of the earth if she would only exert herself to bring about a state of feeling on Verena Tarrant's part which would lead the girl to accept Henry Burrage.

"We know it's you — all, everything; that you can do what you please. You could decide it to-morrow with a word."

She had hesitated at first, and spoken of her hesitation, and it might have appeared that she would need all her courage to say to Olive, that way, face to face, that Verena was in such subjection to her. But she didn't look afraid; she only looked as if it were an infinite pity Miss Chancellor couldn't understand what immense advantages and rewards there would be for her in striking an alliance with the house of Burrage. Olive was so impressed with this, so occupied, even, in wondering what these mystic benefits might be, and whether after all there might not be a protection in them (from something worse), a fund of some sort that she and Verena might convert to a large use, setting aside the mother and son when once they had got what they had to give — she was so arrested, I say, with the vague daze of this vision, the sense of Mrs. Burrage's full hands, her eagerness, her thinking it worth while to flatter and conciliate, whatever her pretexts and pretensions might be, that she was almost insensible, for the time, to the strangeness of such a woman's coming round to a positive desire for a connection with the Tarrants. Mrs. Burrage had indeed explained this partly by saying that her son's condition was wearing her out, and that she would enter into anything that would make him happier, make him better. She was fonder of him than of the whole world beside, and it was an anguish to her to see him yearning for Miss Tarrant only to lose her. She made that charge about Olive's power in the matter in such a way that it seemed at the same time a tribute to her force of character.

"I don't know on what terms you suppose me to be with my friend," Olive returned, with considerable majesty. "She will do exactly as she likes in such a case as the one you allude to. She is absolutely free; you speak as if I were her keeper!"

Then Mrs. Burrage explained that of course she didn't mean that Miss Chancellor exercised a conscious tyranny; but only that Verena had a boundless admiration for her, saw through her eyes, took the impress of all her opinions, preferences. She was sure that if Olive would only take a favorable view of her son, Miss Tarrant would instantly throw herself into it. "It's very true that you may ask me," added Mrs. Burrage, smiling, "how you can take a favorable view of a young man who wants to marry the very person in the world you want most to keep unmarried!"

This description of Verena was of course perfectly correct; but it was not agreeable to Olive to have the fact in question so clearly perceived, even by a person who expressed it with an air intimating that there was nothing in the world *she* couldn't understand.

"Did your son know that you were going to speak to me about this?" Olive asked, rather coldly, waiving the question of her influence on Verena and the state in which she wished her to remain.

"Oh, yes, poor dear boy; we had a long talk yesterday, and I told him I would do what I could for him. Do you remember the little visit I paid to Cambridge last spring, when I saw you at his rooms? Then it was I began to perceive how the wind was setting; but yesterday we had a real *éclaircissement*. I didn't like it at all, at first; I don't mind telling you that now — now that I am really enthusiastic about it. When a girl is as charming, as original, as Miss Tarrant, it doesn't in the least matter who she is; she makes herself the standard by which you measure her; she makes her own position. And then Miss Tarrant has such a future!" Mrs. Burrage added, quickly, as if that were the last thing to be overlooked. "The whole question has come up again — the feeling that Henry tried to think dead, or at least dying, has revived, through the — I hardly know what to call it, but I really may say the unexpectedly great effect of her appearance here. She was really wonderful on Wednesday evening; prejudice, conventionality, every presumption there might be against her, had to fall to the ground. I expected a success, but I didn't expect what you gave us," Mrs. Burrage went on, smiling, while Olive noted her "you." "In short, my poor boy flamed up again; and now I see that he will never again care for any girl as he cares for that one. My dear Miss Chancellor, *j'en ai pris mon parti*, and perhaps you know my way of doing that sort of thing. I am not at all good at resigning myself, but I am excellent at taking up a craze. I haven't renounced, I have only changed sides. For or against, I must be a partisan. Don't you

know that kind of nature? Henry has put the affair into my hands, and you see I put it into yours. Do help me; let us work together."

This was a long, explicit speech for Mrs. Burrage, who dealt, usually, in the cursory and allusive; and she may very well have expected that Miss Chancellor would recognize its importance. What Olive did, in fact, was simply to inquire, by way of rejoinder, "Why did you ask us to come on?"

If Mrs. Burrage hesitated now, it was only for twenty seconds. "Simply because we are so interested in your work."

"That surprises me," said Olive, thoughtfully.

"I dare say you don't believe it; but such a judgment is superficial. I am sure we give proof in the offer we make," Mrs. Burrage remarked, with a good deal of point. "There are plenty of girls — without any views at all — who would be delighted to marry my son. He is very clever, and he has a large fortune. Add to that that he's an angel!"

That was very true, and Olive felt all the more that the attitude of these fortunate people, for whom the world was so well arranged just as it was, was very curious. But as she sat there it came over her that the human spirit had many variations, that the influence of the truth was great, and that there were such things in life as happy surprises quite as well as disagreeable ones. Nothing, certainly, forced such people to fix their affections on the daughter of a "healer"; it would be very clumsy to pick her out of her generation only for the purpose of frustrating her. Moreover, her observation of their young host at Delmonico's and in the spacious box at the Academy of Music, where they had privacy and ease, and murmured words could pass without making neighbors more given up to the stage turn their heads — her consideration of Henry Burrage's manner, I say, suggested to her that she had measured him rather scantily the year before, that he was as much in love as the feebler passions of the age permitted (for though Miss Chancellor believed in the amelioration of humanity, she thought there was too much water in the blood of all of us), that he prized Verena for her rarity, which was her genius, her gift, and would therefore have an interest in promoting it, and that he was of so soft and fine a paste that his wife might do what she liked with him. Of course there would be the mother-in-law to count with; but unless she was perjuring herself shamelessly, Mrs. Burrage really had the wish to project herself into the new atmosphere, or at least to be generous personally; so that, oddly enough, the fear that most glanced before Olive was not that this high, free matron, slightly irritable with cleverness and at the same time good-natured with prosperity, would bully her son's bride, but rather that she might take too fond a possession of her. It was a fear which may be described as a presentiment of jealousy. It occurred, accordingly, to Miss Chancellor's quick conscience that, possibly, the proposal which presented itself in circumstances so complicated and anomalous was simply a magnificent chance, an improvement on the very best, even, that she had dreamed of for Verena. It meant a large command of money — much larger than her own; the association of a couple of clever people who simulated conversion very well, whether they felt it or not, and who had a hundred useful worldly ramifications, and a kind of social pedestal from which she might really shine afar. The conscience I have spoken of grew positively sick as it thought of having such a problem as that to consider, such an ordeal to traverse. In the presence of such a contingency the poor girl felt grim and helpless; she could only vaguely wonder whether she were called upon in the name of duty to lend a hand to the torture of her own spirit.

"And if she should marry him, how could I be sure that — afterwards — you would care so much about the question which has all our thoughts, hers and mine?" This inquiry evolved itself from Olive's rapid meditation; but even to herself it seemed a little rough.

Mrs. Burrage took it admirably. "You think we are feigning an interest, only to get hold of her? That's not very nice of you, Miss Chancellor; but of course you have to be tremendously careful. I assure you my son tells me he firmly believes your movement is the great question of the immediate future, that it has entered into a new phase; into what does he call it? the domain of practical politics. As for me, you don't suppose I don't want everything we poor women can get, or that I would refuse any privilege or advantage that's offered me? I don't rant or rave about anything, but I have — as I told you just now — my own quiet way of being zealous. If you had no worse partisan than I, you would do very well. My son has talked to me immensely about your ideas; and even if I should enter into them only because he does, I should do so quite enough. You may say you don't see Henry dangling about after a wife who gives public addresses; but I am convinced that a great many things are coming to pass — very soon, too — that we don't see in advance. Henry is a gentleman to his finger-tips, and there is not a situation in which he will not conduct himself with tact."

Olive could see that they really wanted

Verena immensely, and it was impossible for her to believe that if they were to get her they would not treat her well. It came to her that they would even over-indulge her, flatter her, spoil her; she was perfectly capable, for the moment, of assuming that Verena was susceptible of deterioration, and that her own treatment of her had been discriminatingly severe. She had a hundred protests, objections, replies; her only embarrassment could be as to which she should use first.

"I think you have never seen Doctor Tarrant and his wife," she remarked, with a calmness which she felt to be very pregnant.

"You mean they are absolutely fearful? My son has told me they are quite impossible, and I am quite prepared for that. *Do* you ask how we should get on with them? My dear young lady, we should get on as you do!"

If Olive had answers, so had Mrs. Burrage; she had still an answer when her visitor, taking up the supposition that it was in her power to dispose in any manner whatsoever of Verena, declared that she didn't know why Mrs. Burrage addressed herself to *her*, that Miss Tarrant was free as air, that her future was in her own hands, that such a matter as this was a kind of thing with which it could never occur to one to interfere. "Dear Miss Chancellor, we don't ask you to interfere. The only thing we ask of you is simply *not* to interfere."

"And have you sent for me only for that?"

"For that, and for what I hinted at in my note; that you would really exercise your influence with Miss Tarrant to induce her to come to us now for a week or two. That is really, after all, the main thing I ask. Lend her to us, here, for a little while, and we will take care of the rest. That sounds conceited — but she *would* have a good time."

"She doesn't live for that," said Olive.

"What I mean is that she should deliver an address every night!" Mrs. Burrage returned, smiling.

"I think you try to prove too much. You do believe — though you pretend you don't — that I control her actions, and as far as possible her desires, and that I am jealous of any other relations she may possibly form. I can imagine that we may perhaps have that air, though it only proves how little such an association as ours is understood, and how superficial is still" — Olive felt that her "still" was really historical — "the interpretation of many of the elements in the activity of women, how much the public conscience with regard to them needs to be educated. Your conviction with respect to my attitude being what I believe it to be," Miss Chancellor went on, "I am surprised at your not perceiving how little it is in my interest to deliver my — my victim up to you."

If we were at this moment to take, in a single glance, an inside view of Mrs. Burrage (a liberty we have not yet ventured on), I suspect we should find that she was considerably exasperated at her visitor's superior tone, at seeing herself regarded by this dry, shy, obstinate, provincial young woman as superficial. If she liked Verena very nearly as much as she tried to convince Miss Chancellor, she was conscious of disliking Miss Chancellor more than she should probably ever be able to reveal to Verena. It was doubtless partly her irritation that found a voice as she said, after a self-administered pinch of caution not to say too much, "Of course it would be absurd in us to assume that Miss Tarrant would find my son irresistible, especially as she has already refused him. But even if she should remain obdurate, should you consider yourself quite safe as regards others?"

The manner in which Miss Chancellor rose from her chair on hearing these words showed her hostess that if she had wished to take a little revenge by frightening her, the experiment was successful. "What others do you mean?" Olive asked, standing very straight, and turning down her eyes as from a great height.

Mrs. Burrage — since we have begun to look into her mind we may continue the process — had not meant any one in particular; but a train of association was suddenly kindled in her thought by the flash of the girl's resentment. She remembered the gentleman who had come up to her in the music-room, after Miss Tarrant's address, while she was talking with Olive, and to whom that young lady had given so cold a welcome. "I don't mean any one in particular; but, for instance, there is the young man to whom she asked me to send an invitation to my party, and who looked to me like a possible admirer." Mrs. Burrage also got up; then she stood a moment, closer to her visitor. "Don't you think it's a good deal to expect that, young, pretty, attractive, clever, charming as she is, you should be able to keep her always, to exclude other affections, to cut off a whole side of life, to defend her against dangers — if you call them dangers — to which every young woman who is not positively repulsive is exposed? My dear young lady, I wonder if I might give you three words of advice?" Mrs. Burrage did not wait till Olive had answered this inquiry; she went on quickly, with her air of knowing exactly what she wanted to say, and feeling at the same time that, good as it might be, the manner of saying it, like the manner of saying most other things, was not

worth troubling much about. "Don't attempt the impossible. You have got hold of a good thing; don't spoil it by trying to stretch it too far. If you don't take the better, perhaps you will have to take the worse; if it's safety you want, I should think she was much safer with my son — for with us you know the worst — than as a possible prey to adventurers, to exploiters, or to people who, once they had got hold of her, would shut her up altogether."

Olive dropped her eyes; she couldn't endure Mrs. Burrage's horrible expression of being near the mark, her look of worldly cleverness, of a confidence born of much experience. She felt that nothing would be spared her, that she should have to go to the end, that this ordeal also must be faced, and that, in particular, there was a detestable wisdom in her hostess's advice. She was conscious, however, of no obligation to recognize it then and there; she wanted to get off, and even to carry Mrs. Burrage's sapient words along with her — to hurry to some place where she might be alone and think. "I don't know why you have thought it right to send for me only to say this. I take no interest whatever in your son — in his settling in life." And she gathered her mantle more closely about her, turning away.

"It is exceedingly kind of you to have come," said Mrs. Burrage, imperturbably. "Think of what I have said; I am sure you won't feel that you have wasted your hour."

"I have a great many things to think of!" Olive exclaimed, insincerely, for she knew that Mrs. Burrage's ideas would haunt her.

"And tell her that if she will make us the little visit, all New York shall sit at her feet!"

That was what Olive wanted, and yet it seemed a mockery to hear Mrs. Burrage say it. Miss Chancellor retreated, making no response even when her hostess declared again that she was under great obligations to her for coming. When she reached the street she found she was deeply agitated, but not with a sense of weakness; she hurried along, excited and dismayed, feeling that her insufferable conscience was bristling like some irritated animal, that a magnificent offer had really been made to Verena, and that there was no way for her to persuade herself she might be silent about it. Of course, if Verena should be tempted by the idea of being made so much of by the Burrages, the danger of Basil Ransom getting any kind of hold on her would cease to be pressing. That was what was present to Olive as she walked along, and that was what made her nervous, conscious only of this problem that had suddenly turned the bright day to grayness, heedless of the sophisticated-looking people who passed her on the wide Fifth Avenue pavement. It had risen in her mind the day before, planted first by Mrs. Burrage's note; and then, as we know, she had vaguely entertained the conception, asking Verena whether she would make the visit if it were again to be pressed upon them. It had been pressed, certainly, and the terms of the problem were now so much sharper that they seemed cruel. What had been in her own mind was that if Verena should appear to lend herself to the Burrages, Basil Ransom might be discouraged — might think that, shabby and poor, there was no chance for him as against people with every advantage of fortune and position. She didn't see him relax his purpose so easily; she knew she didn't believe he was of that pusillanimous fiber. Still, it was a chance, and any chance that might help her had been worth considering. At present she saw it was a question not of Verena's lending herself, but of a positive gift, or at least of a bargain in which the terms would be immensely liberal. It would be impossible to use the Burrages as a shelter on the assumption that they were not dangerous, for they became dangerous from the moment they set up as sympathizers, took the ground that what they offered the girl was simply a boundless opportunity. It came back to Olive, again and again, that this was, and could only be, fantastic and false; but it was always possible that Verena might not think it so, might trust them all the way. When Miss Chancellor had a pair of alternatives to consider, a question of duty to study, she put a kind of passion into it — felt, above all, that the matter must be settled that very hour, before anything in life could go on. It seemed to her at present that she couldn't reënter the house in Tenth street without having decided first whether she might trust the Burrages or not. By "trust" them, she meant trust them to fail in winning Verena over, while at the same time they put Basil Ransom on a false scent. Olive was able to say to herself that he probably wouldn't have the hardihood to push after her into those gilded saloons, which, in any event, would be closed to him as soon as the mother and son should discover what he wanted. She even asked herself whether Verena would not be still better defended from the young Southerner in New York, amid complicated hospitalities, than in Boston with a cousin of the enemy. She continued to walk down the Fifth Avenue, without noticing the cross-streets, and after a while became conscious that she was approaching Washington Square. By this time she had also definitely reasoned it out that Basil Ransom and Henry Burrage could not both marry Miss Tarrant, that therefore there could not be

two dangers, but only one, that this was a good deal gained, and that it behooved her to determine which peril had most reality, in order that she might deal with that one only. She held her way to the Square, which, as all the world knows, is of great extent and open to the encircling street. The trees and grass-plats had begun to bud and sprout, the fountains plashed in the sunshine, the children of the quarter, both the dingier types from the south side, who played games that required much chalking of the paved walks, and much sprawling and crouching there, under the feet of passers, and the little curled and feathered people who drove their hoops under the eyes of French nursemaids,— all the infant population filled the vernal air with small sounds which had a crude, tender quality, like the leaves and the herbage. Olive wandered through the place, and ended by sitting down on one of the continuous benches. It was a long time since she had done anything so vague, so wasteful. There were a dozen things which, as she was staying over in New York, she ought to do; but she forgot them, or, if she thought of them, felt that they were now of no moment. She remained in her place an hour, brooding, tremulous, turning over and over certain thoughts. It seemed to her that she was face to face with a crisis of her destiny, and that she mustn't shrink from seeing it exactly as it was. Before she rose to return to Tenth street, she had made up her mind that there was no menace so great as the menace of Basil Ransom; she had accepted in thought any arrangement which would deliver her from that. If the Burrages were to take Verena, they would take her from Olive immeasurably less than he would do; it was from him, from him they would take her most. She walked back to her boarding-house, and the servant who admitted her said, in answer to her inquiry as to whether Verena were at home, that Miss Tarrant had gone out with the gentleman who called in the morning, and had not yet come in. Olive stood staring; the clock in the hall marked three.

XXXIII.

"COME out with me, Miss Tarrant; come out with me. *Do* come out with me." That was what Basil Ransom had been saying to Verena when they stood where Olive perceived them, in the embrasure of the window. It had of course taken considerable talk to lead up to this; for the tone, even more than the words, indicated a large increase of intimacy. Verena was mindful of this when he spoke; and it frightened her a little, made her uneasy, which was one of the reasons why she got up from her chair and went to the window — an inconsequent movement, inasmuch as her wish was to impress upon him that it was impossible she should comply with his request. It would have served this end much better for her to sit, very firmly, in her place. He made her nervous and restless; she was beginning to perceive that he produced a peculiar effect upon her. Certainly, she had been out with him at home the very first time he called upon her; but it seemed to her to make an important difference that she herself should then have proposed the walk — simply because it was the easiest thing to do when a person came to call upon you in Monadnoc Place.

They had gone out that time because she wanted to, not because he did. And then it was one thing for her to stroll with him round Cambridge, where she knew every step and had the confidence and freedom which came from being on her own ground, and the pretext, which was perfectly natural, of wanting to show him the college, and quite another thing to go wandering with him through the streets of this great strange city, which, attractive, delightful as it was, had not the suitableness even of being his home, not his real one. He wanted to show her something; he wanted to show her everything; but she was not sure now — after an hour's talk — that she particularly wanted to see anything more that he could show her. He had shown her a great deal while he sat there, especially what moonshine he thought it,— the whole idea of women's being equal to men. He seemed to have come only for that, for he was all the while revolving round it; she couldn't speak of anything but what he brought it back to the question of some new truth like that. He didn't say so in so many words; on the contrary, he was tremendously insinuating and satirical, and pretended to think she had proved all and a great deal more than she wanted to prove; but his exaggeration, and the way he rung all the changes on two or three of the points she had made at Mrs. Burrage's, was just the sign that he was a scoffer of scoffers. He wouldn't do anything but laugh; he seemed to think that he might laugh at her all day without her taking offense. Well, he might if it amused him; but she didn't see why she should ramble round New York with him to give him his opportunity.

She had told him, and she had told Olive, that she was determined to produce some effect on him; but now, suddenly, she felt differently about that — she ceased to care whether she produced any effect or not. She didn't see why she should take him so seriously,

when he wouldn't take her so; that is, wouldn't take her ideas. She had guessed before that he didn't want to discuss them; this had been in her mind when she said to him at Cambridge that his interest in her was personal, not controversial. Then she had simply meant that, as an inquiring young Southerner, he had wanted to see what a bright New England girl was like; but since then it had become a little more clear to her—her short talk with Ransom at Mrs. Burrage's threw some light upon the question—what the personal interest of a young Southerner (however inquiring merely) might amount to. Did he too want to make love to her? This idea made Verena rather impatient, weary in advance. The thing she desired least in the world was to be put into the wrong with Olive; for she had certainly given her ground to believe (not only in their scene the night before, which was a simple repetition, but all along, from the very first) that she really had an interest which would transcend any attraction coming from such a source as that. If yesterday it seemed to her that she should like to struggle with Mr. Ransom, to refute and convince him, she had this morning gone into the parlor to receive him with the idea that, now they were alone together in a quiet, favorable place, he would perhaps take up the different points of her address one by one, as several gentlemen had done after hearing her on other occasions. There was nothing she liked so well as that, and Olive never had anything to say against it. But he hadn't taken up anything; he had simply laughed and chaffed, and unrolled a string of queer fancies about the delightful way women would fix things when, as she said in her address, they should get out of their box. He kept talking about the box; he seemed as if he wouldn't let go that simile. He said that he had come to look at her through the glass sides, and if he wasn't afraid of hurting her he would smash them in. He was determined to find the key that would open it, if he had to look for it all over the world; it was tantalizing only to be able to talk to her through the keyhole. If he didn't want to take up the subject, he at least wanted to take *her* up—to keep his hand upon her as long as he could. Verena had had no such sensation since the first day she went in to see Olive Chancellor, when she felt herself plucked from the earth and borne aloft.

"It's the most lovely day, and I should like so much to show you New York, as you showed me your beautiful Harvard," Basil Ransom went on, pressing her to accede to his proposal. "You said that was the only thing you could do for me then, and so this is the only thing I can do for you here. It would be odious to see you go away, giving me nothing but this stiff little talk in a boarding-house parlor."

"Mercy, if you call this stiff!" Verena exclaimed, laughing, while at that moment Olive passed out of the house and descended the steps before her eyes.

"My poor cousin's stiff; she won't turn her head a hair's breadth to look at us," said the young man. Olive's figure, as she went by, was, for Verena, full of a certain queer, touching, tragic expression, saying ever so many things, both familiar and strange; and Basil Ransom's companion privately remarked how little men knew about women, or indeed about what was really delicate, that he, without any cruel intention, should attach an idea of ridicule to such an incarnation of the pathetic, should speak rough, derisive words about it. Ransom, in truth, to-day, was not disposed to be very scrupulous, and he only wanted to get rid of Olive Chancellor, whose image, at last, decidedly bothered and bored him. He was glad to see her go out; but that was not sufficient; she would come back quick enough; the place itself contained her, expressed her. For to-day he wanted to take possession of Verena, to carry her to a distance, to reproduce a little the happy conditions they had enjoyed the day of his visit to Cambridge. And the fact that in the nature of things it could only be for to-day made his desire more keen, more full of purpose. He had thought over the whole question in the last forty-eight hours, and it was his belief that he saw things in their absolute reality. He took a greater interest in her than he had taken in any one yet, but he proposed, after to-day, not to let that accident make any difference. This was precisely what gave its high value to the present limited occasion. He was too shamefully poor, too shabbily and meagerly equipped, to have the right to talk of marriage to a girl in Verena's very peculiar position. He understood now how good that position was, from a worldly point of view; her address at Mrs. Burrage's gave him something definite to go upon, showed him what she could do, that people would flock in thousands to an exhibition so charming (and small blame to them); that she might easily have a big career, like that of a distinguished actress or singer, and that she would make money in quantities only slightly smaller than performers of that kind. Who wouldn't pay half a dollar for such an hour as he had passed at Mrs. Burrage's? The sort of thing she was able to do, to say, was an article for which there was more and more demand—fluent, pretty, third-rate palaver, conscious or unconscious perfected hum-

bug; the stupid, gregarious, gullible public, the enlightened democracy of his native land, could swallow unlimited draughts of it. He was sure she could go, like that, for several years, with her portrait in the druggists' windows and her posters on the fences, and during that time would make a fortune sufficient to keep her in affluence for evermore. I shall perhaps expose our young man to the contempt of superior minds if I say that all this seemed to him an insuperable impediment to his making up to Verena. His scruples were doubtless begotten of a false pride, a sentiment in which there was a thread of moral tinsel, as there was in the Southern idea of chivalry; but he felt ashamed of his own poverty, the positive flatness of his situation, when he thought of the gilded nimbus that surrounded the protégée of Mrs. Burrage. This shame was possible to him, even while he was conscious of what a mean business it was to practice upon human imbecility, how much better it was even to be seedy and obscure, discouraged about one's self. He had been born to the prospect of a fortune, and, in spite of the years of misery that followed the war, had never rid himself of the belief that a gentleman who desired to unite himself to a charming girl couldn't yet ask her to come and live with him in sordid conditions. On the other hand, it was no possible basis of matrimony that Verena should continue for his advantage the exercise of her remunerative profession; if he should become her husband he should know a way to strike her dumb. In the midst of this an irrepressible desire urged him on to taste, for once, deeply, all that he was condemned to lose, or at any rate forbidden to attempt to gain. To spend a day with her and not to see her again — that presented itself to him at once as the least and the most that was possible. He didn't need even to remind himself that young Mr. Burrage was able to offer her everything *he* lacked, including the most amiable adhesion to her views.

"It will be lovely in the Park to-day. Why not take a stroll with me there as I did with you in the little park at Harvard?" he asked, when Olive had disappeared.

"Oh, I have seen it, very well, in every corner. A friend of mine kindly took me to drive there yesterday," Verena said.

"A friend? — do you mean Mr. Burrage?" And Ransom stood looking at her with his extraordinary eyes. "Of course, I haven't a vehicle to drive you in; but we can sit on a bench and talk." She didn't say it was Mr. Burrage, but she was unable to say it was not, and something in her face showed him that he had guessed. So he went on: "Is it only with him you can go out? Won't he like it, and may you only do what he likes? Mrs. Luna told me he wants to marry you, and I saw at his mother's how he stuck to you. If you are going to marry him, you can drive with him every day in the year, and that's just a reason for your giving me an hour or two now, before it becomes impossible." He didn't mind much what he said,— it had been his plan not to mind much to-day,— and so long as he made her do what he wanted, he didn't care much how he did it. But he saw that his words brought the color to her face; she stared, surprised at his freedom and familiarity. He went on, dropping the hardness, the irony of which he was conscious, out of his tone. "I know it's no business of mine whom you marry, or even whom you drive with, and I beg your pardon if I seem indiscreet and obtrusive; but I would give anything just to detach you a little from your ties, your belongings, and feel for an hour or two, as if — as if ——" and he paused.

"As if what?" she asked very seriously.

"As if there were no such person as Mr. Burrage — as Miss Chancellor — in the whole place." This had not been what he was going to say; he used different words.

"I don't know what you mean, why you speak of other persons. I can do as I like, perfectly. But I don't know why you should take so for granted that *that* would be it!" Verena spoke these words not out of coquetry, or to make him beg her more for a favor, but because she was thinking, and she wanted to gain a moment. His allusion to Henry Burrage touched her, his belief that she had been in the Park under circumstances more agreeable than those he proposed. They were *not;* somehow, she wanted him to know that. To wander there with a companion, slowly stopping, lounging, looking at the animals as she had seen the people do the day before; to sit down in some out-of-the-way part where there were distant views, which she had noticed from her high perch beside Henry Burrage — she had to look down so, it made her feel unduly fine; that was much more to her taste, much more her idea of true enjoyment. It came over her that Mr. Ransom had given up his work to come to her at such an hour; people of his kind, in the morning, were always getting their living, and it was only for Mr. Burrage that it didn't matter, inasmuch as he had no profession. Mr. Ransom simply wanted to give up his whole day. That pressed upon her; she was, as the most good-natured girl in the world, too entirely tender not to feel any sacrifice that was made for her; she had always done everything that people asked. Then, if Olive should make that strange arrangement for her to go to

Mrs. Burrage's, he would take it as a proof that there was something serious between her and the gentleman of the house, in spite of anything she might say to the contrary; moreover, if she should go she wouldn't be able to receive Mr. Ransom there. Olive would trust her not to, and she must certainly, in future, not disappoint Olive nor keep anything back from her, whatever she might have done in the past. Besides, she didn't want to do that; she thought it much better not. It was this idea of the episode which was possibly in store for her in New York, and from which her present companion would be so completely excluded, that worked upon her now with a rapid transition, urging her to grant him what he asked, so that in advance she should have made up for what she might not do for him later. But most of all she disliked his thinking she was engaged to some one. She didn't know, it is true, why she should mind it; and indeed, at this moment, this young lady's feelings were not in any way clear to her. She did not see what was the use of letting her acquaintance with Mr. Ransom become much closer (since his interest did really seem personal); and yet she presently asked him why he wanted her to go out with him, and whether there was anything particular he wanted to say to her (there was no one like Verena for making speeches apparently flirtatious, with the best faith and the most innocent intention in the world), as if that would not be precisely a reason to make it well she should get rid of him altogether.

"Of course I have something particular to say to you — I have a tremendous lot to say to you!" the young man exclaimed. "Far more than I can say in this stuck-up, confined room, which is public, too, so that any one may come in from one moment to another. Besides," he added, sophistically, "it isn't proper for me to pay a visit of three hours."

Verena didn't take up the sophistry, nor ask him whether it would be more proper for her to ramble about the city with him for an equal period; she only said, "Is it something that I shall care to hear, or that will do me any good?"

"Well, I hope it will do you good; but I don't suppose you will care much to hear it." Basil Ransom hesitated a moment, smiling at her; then he went on: "It's to tell you, once for all, how much I really do differ from you!" He said this at a venture, but it was a happy inspiration.

If it was only that, Verena thought she might go, for that wasn't personal. "Well, I'm glad you care so much," she answered, musingly. But she had another scruple still, and she expressed it in saying that she should like Olive very much to find her when she came in.

"That's all very well," Ransom returned; "but does she think that she only has a right to go out? Does she expect you to keep the house because she's abroad? If she stays out long enough, she *will* find you when she comes in."

"Her going out that way — it proves that she trusts me," Verena said, with a candor which alarmed her as soon as she had spoken.

Her alarm was just, for Basil Ransom instantly caught up her words, with a great mocking amazement. "Trusts you? and why shouldn't she trust you? Are you a little girl of ten and she your governess? Haven't you any liberty at all, and is she always watching you and holding you to an account? Have you such disorderly instincts that you are only thought safe when you are between four walls?" Ransom was going on to speak, in the same tone, of her having felt it necessary to keep Olive in ignorance of his visit to Cambridge — a fact they had touched on, by implication, in their short talk at Mrs. Burrage's; but in a moment he saw that he had said enough. As for Verena, she had said more than she meant, and the simplest way to unsay it was to go and get her bonnet and jacket and let him take her where he liked. Five minutes later he was walking up and down the parlor, waiting while she prepared herself to go out.

They went up to the Central Park by the Elevated Railway, and Verena reflected, as they proceeded, that anyway Olive was probably disposing of her somehow at Mrs. Burrage's, and that therefore there wasn't much harm in her just taking this little run on her own responsibility, especially as she should only be out an hour — which would be just the duration of Olive's absence. The beauty of the Elevated was that it took you up to the Park and brought you back in a few minutes, and you had all the rest of the hour to walk about and see the place. It was so lovely now that one was glad to see it twice over. The long, narrow inclosure, across which the houses in the streets that border it look at each other with their glittering windows, bristled with the raw delicacy of April, and, in spite of its rockwork grottoes and tunnels, its pavilions and statues, its too numerous paths and pavements, lakes too big for the landscape and bridges too big for the lakes, expressed all the fragrance and freshness of the most charming moment of the year. Once Verena was fairly launched, the spirit of the day took possession of her; she was glad to have come, she forgot about Olive, enjoyed the sense of wandering in the great city with a remarkable young man who would take beautiful care

of her, while no one else in the world knew where she was. It was very different from her drive yesterday with Mr. Burrage, but it was more free, more intense, more full of amusing incident and opportunity. She could stop and look at everything now, and indulge all her curiosities, even the most childish; she could feel as if she were out for the day, though she wasn't really — as she hadn't done since she was a little girl, when in the country. Once or twice, when her father and mother had drifted into summer quarters, gone out of town like people of fashion, she had, with a chance companion, strayed far from home, spent hours in the woods and fields, looking for raspberries and playing she was a gypsy. Basil Ransom had begun with proposing, strenuously, that she should come somewhere and have some lunch; he had brought her out half an hour before that meal was served in West Tenth street, and he maintained that he owed her the compensation of seeing that she was properly fed; he knew a very quiet, luxurious French restaurant, near the top of the Fifth Avenue; he didn't tell her that he knew it through having once lunched there in company with Mrs. Luna. Verena for the present declined his hospitality — said she was going to be out so short a time that it wasn't worth the trouble; she should not be hungry, lunch to her was nothing, she would lunch when she went home. When he pressed she said she would see later, perhaps, if she should find she wanted something. She would have liked immensely to go with him to an eating-house, and yet, with this, she was afraid, just as she was rather afraid, at bottom, and in the intervals of her quick pulsations of amusement, of the whole expedition, not knowing why she had come, though it made her happy, and reflecting that there was really nothing Mr. Ransom could have to say to her that would concern her closely enough. He knew what he intended about her having lunch with him somehow; it had been part of his plan that she should sit opposite to him at a little table, taking her napkin out of its curious folds — sit there smiling back at him while he said to her certain things that hummed, like memories of tunes, in his fancy, and they waited till something extremely good, and a little vague, chosen out of a French *carte*, was brought them. That was not at all compatible with her going home at the end of half an hour, as she seemed to expect to. They visited the animals in the little zoölogical garden which forms one of the attractions of the Central Park; they observed the swans in the ornamental water, and they even considered the question of taking a boat for half an hour, Ransom saying that they needed this to make their visit complete. Verena replied that she didn't see why it should be complete, and after having threaded the devious ways of the Ramble, lost themselves in the Maze, and admired all the statues and busts of great men with which the grounds are decorated, they contented themselves with resting on a sequestered bench, where, however, there was a pretty glimpse of the distance and an occasional stroller creaked by on the asphalted walk. They had had by this time a great deal of talk, none of which, nevertheless, had been serious to Verena's view. Mr. Ransom continued to joke about everything, including the emancipation of women; Verena, who had always lived with people who took everything very earnestly, had never encountered such a power of disparagement or heard so much sarcasm leveled at the institutions of her country and the tendencies of the age. At first she replied to him, contradicted, showed a high, jesting spirit, and turned his irreverence against himself; she was too quick and ingenious not to be able to think of something to oppose — talking in a fanciful strain — to almost everything he said. But little by little she grew weary and rather sad; brought up, as she had been, to admire new ideas, to criticise the social arrangements that one met almost everywhere, and to disapprove of a great many things, she had yet never dreamed of such a wholesale arraignment as Mr. Ransom's, so much bitterness as she saw lurking beneath his exaggerations, his misrepresentations. She knew he was an intense conservative, but she didn't know that being a conservative could make a person so aggressive and unmerciful. She thought conservatives were only smug and stubborn and self-complacent, satisfied with what actually existed; but Mr. Ransom didn't seem any more satisfied with what existed than with what she wanted to exist, and he was ready to say worse things about some of those whom she would have supposed to be on his own side than she thought it right to say about almost any one. She ceased after a while to care to argue with him, and wondered what could have happened to him to make him so perverse. Probably something had gone wrong in his life — he had had some misfortune that colored his whole view of the world. He was a cynic; she had often heard about that state of mind, though she had never encountered it, for all the people she had seen only cared, if possible, too much. Of Basil Ransom's personal history she knew only what Olive had told her, and that was but a general outline, which left plenty of room for private dramas, secret disappointments and sufferings. As she sat there beside him she thought of some of these

things, asked herself whether they were what he was thinking of when he said, for instance, that he was sick of all the modern cant about freedom and had no sympathy with those who wanted an extension of it. What was needed for the good of the world was that people should make a better use of the liberty they possessed. Such declarations as this took Verena's breath away; she didn't suppose you could hear any one say that in the nineteenth century, even the least advanced. It was of a piece with his denouncing the spread of education; he thought the spread of education a gigantic farce—people stuffing their heads with a lot of empty catchwords that prevented them from doing their work quietly and honestly. You had a right to an education only if you had an intelligence, and if you looked at the matter with any desire to see things as they are, you soon perceived that an intelligence was a very rare luxury, the attribute of one person in a hundred. He seemed to take a pretty low view of humanity, anyway. Verena hoped that something really pretty bad had happened to him—not by way of gratifying any resentment he aroused in her nature, but to help herself to forgive him for so much contempt and brutality. She wanted to forgive him, for after they had sat on their bench half an hour and his jesting mood had abated a little, so that he talked with more consideration (as it seemed) and more sincerity, a strange feeling came over her, a perfect willingness not to keep insisting on her own side and a desire not to part from him with a mere accentuation of their differences. Strange I call the nature of her reflections, for they softly battled with each other as she listened, in the warm, still air, touched with the far-away hum of the immense city, to his deep, sweet, distinct voice, expressing monstrous opinions with exotic cadences and mild, familiar laughs, which, as he leaned towards her, almost tickled her cheek and ear. It seemed to her strangely harsh, almost brutal, to have brought her out only to say to her things which, after all, free as she was to contradict them and good-natured as she always tried to be, could only give her pain; yet there was a spell upon her as she listened; it was in her nature to be easily submissive, to like being overborne. She could be silent when people insisted, and silent without acrimony. Her whole relation to Olive was a kind of tacit assent to perpetual insistance, and if this had ended by being easy and agreeable to her (and indeed had never been anything else), it may be supposed that the struggle of yielding to a will which she felt to be stronger even than Olive's was not of long duration. Ransom's will had the effect of making her linger even while she knew the afternoon was going on, that Olive would have come back and found her still absent, and would have been submerged again in the bitter waves of anxiety. She saw her, in fact, as she must be at that moment, posted at the window of her room in Tenth street, watching for some sign of her return, listening for her step on the staircase, her voice in the hall. Verena looked at this image as at a painted picture, perceived all it represented, every detail. If it didn't move her more, make her start to her feet, dart away from Basil Ransom and hurry back to her friend, this was because the very torment to which she was conscious of subjecting that friend made her say to herself that it must be the very last. This was the last time she could ever sit by Mr. Ransom and hear him express himself in a manner that interfered so with her life; the ordeal had been so familiar and so complete that she forgot, for the moment, that it was also the first time it had occurred. It might have been going on for months. She was perfectly aware that it could bring them to nothing, for one must lead one's own life; it was impossible to lead the life of another, especially when the person was so different, so arbitrary, so inconsiderate.

(To be continued.) *Henry James.*



WHAT tempted the people of Canada to undertake so gigantic a work as the Canada Pacific Railway? The difficulties in the way were great, unprecedented, unknown. Had they been known beforehand, the task would not have been attempted. We were under the inspiration of a national idea, and went forward. We were determined to be something more than a fortuitous collocation of provinces. That the difficulties were faced and overcome as they emerged, great temptations to halt or retreat being quietly set aside, proves that we, like our neighbors and progenitors, are not easily discouraged. Our ultimate destiny will be none the worse because we have — not unwillingly — made sacrifices in order to make ourselves a nation.

Roughly speaking, the new country through which the great railway runs consists of three sections,—about a thousand miles of forest from the upper Ottawa to the Red River of the North; then a thousand miles of alluvial; and then five or six hundred miles of mountains, from the first chain of the Rockies to where the waters of the Pacific are sheltered by the breakwater of Vancouver Island. The total length of the line from Montreal to the Pacific terminus is 2895 miles. The first section was long considered impracticable for a railway, and the expense of construction has been enormous. The rocks at the back of Lake Superior are the oldest known to men of science and the toughest known to engineers. But dynamite, if there be enough of it, can do anything. This part of the line was opened last spring most dramatically, it being used before actual completion to transport our militia to put down the half-breed and Indian rising in the North-west. No amount of champagne-drinking and of driving last spikes of gold could have called the attention of the country so emphatically to its importance. The second section runs through what promises to be the great granary of the world. The third is being pushed across a sea of mountains. Thousands of navvies of all nationalities are swarming in the valley of the Columbia, and thousands of Chinese are working on the grade easterly. When this section is completed, and the shortest of all transcontinental railways opened for traffic from ocean to ocean, Canada will have attained to unification, so far as links of steel can unify.

The work is so completely a political necessity that — along with the Intercolonial Railway, which binds the Atlantic provinces to old Canada — it may be called the symbol of our national existence. Whether it will pay the company financially or not is a question on which experts differ. That it will develop the country, and thus at any rate pay indirectly, seems to me unquestionable. The Intercolonial was run for a time at a cost to the Dominion of over half a million dollars annually. It now pays its way; and though shorter through lines are to be built, the increasing local traffic, the best indication of the real value of the road to the country, will keep it running. So, too, the first section of the Canada Pacific pierces a wilderness that wise men said would not furnish business to pay for greasing the wheels; but it gets freight enough in the shape of lumber alone to pay for the wheels as well as the grease. It is revolutionizing the mode of lumber transportation on the upper Ottawa and to the West. The lumber kings find that time is money. It is more profitable to send on logs to market by rail than to continue the tedious plan of floating them, from the banks of far-away lakes and nameless streams in the interior, down countless rapids and slides to unbroken waterways. The danger now is that our timber limits, which constitute an essential part of the national capital, may be exhausted within a measurable time. With regard to the rugged Laurentian regions to the north of Lake Superior, unexplored as yet by men of science, there are grounds for believing that they will turn out to be as rich in mineral wealth as the southern shores of the lake; and no business pays a railway so well as that which a mining community supplies. Then, the fertile plains of the North-west are certain to yield harvests that will tax to the utmost the carrying capacity of branch as well as trunk lines.

These plains extend for eight hundred miles west of Winnipeg. Originally a north-western instead of a western route from Winnipeg had been chosen for the railway, because every one said that the only "fertile belt" was in that direction. This "belt," or rainbow, of fertile land swept semicircularly round a supposed great wedge of the American desert. But the company came to the conclusion that the plains west of Winnipeg had been belied, and that the rainfall was sufficient for the growth of cereals or root crops. Singularly enough, their faith has been vindicated; it turns out that we have no desert. This fact is a physical reality of the greatest importance with regard to the area in the North-west available for

settlement. That area is now known to be practically illimitable. The waves of a great human sea will in a short time roll steadily on, without break, from the boundary line to the prairies of the mighty Peace River. That new North-west of ours will a century hence have fifty millions of people, and they will raise enough to feed themselves and the rest of the world, if need be.

Manitobans, it may be said here, have also great expectations of being able to export directly to Liverpool by Hudson's Bay, and of being thus independent of Chicago and Montreal alike. Should such an alternative route prove a reality, it would serve the whole Red River valley, as well as the Saskatchewan. Last year the Dominion Government sent out a well-equipped vessel to ascertain definitely for how many months in the year the Hudson's Bay Straits are navigable, and other facts bearing on the question at issue. Parties were left at different points along the coast to winter, and make all needed observations. We shall soon know whether it is worth while constructing a railway to Fort Churchill. Dr. Robert Bell, Assistant Director of the Dominion Geological Survey, is sanguine that the produce of the North-west will have a new outlet in this direction. If so, it will be a potent factor in the development of those far inland fertile wildernesses. But this line to Hudson's Bay is as yet in the air. For years to come the North-west must be served by the Canada Pacific Railway. But how came it that the greater part of the country directly west from Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains was once supposed to be semi-desert? Captain Palliser, who was sent with a well-organized expedition by Her Majesty's Government, in 1857, to explore the country between Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains, found it rainless and condemned it. Superficial observers who visited it subsequently, and looked only at the short russet-colored grass that covered its illimitable, treeless, terribly lonely plains, had no hesitation in confirming his opinion. But five or six years ago Mr. John Maccoun, an accomplished practical botanist, after exploring it lengthways and crossways and thoroughly examining soil, flora, and fauna, gave testimony of an entirely opposite character. He was derided as an enthusiast or worse, but his opinions had probably something to do with determining the new route taken by the Canada Pacific Railway; and in 1881 and 1882 settlers, ignoring the proved fertility of the "fertile belt," or postponing its claims to a more convenient season, took up land along the railway almost as fast as it was constructed. They found that the soil was actually better for their purposes than the heavy tenacious loam of the Red River valley, just because it was lighter. Population flowed for some four hundred miles west of Winnipeg to the little towns of Regina and Moosegaw. There the masses of drift that constitute the "Coteau" of the Missouri show themselves, and there it was then said the good land ceased. The railway was built in the early part of 1883 four hundred miles farther west, and soon after Mr. Sandford Fleming and myself had sufficient opportunities of examining the nature of the soil. Far from being barren, "it resembles," says Mr. Fleming, "in color and character that of the Carse of Gowrie in Perthshire," notoriously the most productive district in Scotland.

But why, then, had those vast plains been condemned? Because there is very little rain in the summer months; and because observers could not fail to notice that the grass was light, short, dry, and apparently withered. To their eyes it contrasted most unfavorably with the luxuriant green herbage of the well-watered belt along the North Saskatchewan. It did not occur to them that the grass of the plains might be the product of peculiar atmospheric conditions, and that what had been food in former days for countless millions of buffaloes, whose favorite resorts these plains had been, would in all probability be good food for domestic cattle. The facts are that spring comes early in these far western districts, and that the grass matures in the beginning of June, and turns into nutritious hay. If burned, there is sufficient moisture in the soil to produce a second growth. We saw at different points, towards the end of August, green patches where little prairie fires had run some weeks previously. If there is enough moisture for such a second crop, it seemed clear to us that there must be enough for cereals. The fact is that the roots of wheat penetrate to a great depth in search of moisture or nutriment. The intense cold of winter, instead of being a drawback, acts in the farmer's interest. The deeper the frost goes, the better. As it thaws out gradually in the summer it loosens the sub-soil, and sends up the needed moisture to the roots of the grain. Coal, too, of cretaceous age, being abundant, no one who is at all robust objects to the intense dry cold. Sufficient moisture being all but certain, the lack of rain makes harvesting sure, while the purity and dryness of the air and the continual breeziness render the climate most healthful and pleasant. But, notwithstanding these facts, the impression was general that, at any rate from *le grand Coteau du Missouri* to the Rocky Mountains, the country was worthless. The company, therefore, determined to try experiments that would be conclusive. Late in the autumn of 1883 men were sent

out with instructions to plow up a few acres at intervals of about twenty miles along the line. This work was done, necessarily, in rough-and-ready fashion. The sod was turned up, and then the teams, put on board the next train, were moved on to another point. The following March seeds of various kinds were sown on the plowed sections and roots planted. No attempt at cultivating, cleaning, or protecting could be made, and yet the result was a magnificent crop on the experimental "farms." Every one who knows anything of prairie farming will acknowledge that a more rigorous test could not have been tried. The south of the beautiful Bow River is the chosen country of our cow-boys, a race — from Texas to the North — free, fearless, and peculiar, to whom all the rest of the world are "tenderfeet," and in whose eyes horse-stealing is the unpardonable sin. The transport to England of cattle from this district, and ultimately from the adjoining territories of Montana and Idaho, is certain to supply steady business to the railway; and the transport of coal on a large scale to Manitoba from the vast deposits which are being opened up near Medicine Hat and the head-waters of the Saskatchewan is still more certain. The Bow River, which takes its name from its repeated windings and doublings like an ox-bow, guides the railway into the mountains. The wide valley, inclosed by foot-hills, not very long ago the favorite haunt of the buffalo, is divided into ranches. These and all other industries in southern Alberta converge at Calgarry, an enterprising little town, once a Hudson's Bay fort, on a site of ideal beauty. It fronts the illimitable plains; snow-peaked mountains, Devil's Head preëminent, tower up behind; and two impetuous glacier-fed streams meet in the natural amphitheater that has been scooped out of the surrounding hills to give it ample room to spread itself. Forty miles farther up the river, and so much nearer the best hunting-grounds in the mountains, two villages of Stonies have gathered round the Methodist Mission of Morley,— a brave and hardy tribe of mountaineers who, like their white neighbors, are taking to stock-raising, as they can no longer live by hunting. The railway climbs the valley of the Bow, crossing and recrossing, past Morley, past the mass of rock five thousand feet high called Cascade Mountain, where anthracite coal has been discovered, past the chiseled turrets of Castle Mountain, and into the core of the range, till within six miles of the summit, where it abandons the river and strikes up the bed of one of its tributaries.

The railway terminus in September, 1883, being Calgarry, tourists generally stopped there; but our party determined to push on to the Pacific. Four ranges of mountains intervened — the Rockies, the Selkirks, the Gold, and the Cascades. One engineer told us that it was problematical whether we should get through. Another said that we should not. We determined to try, and we now congratulate ourselves that we were the first to cross from one side of the four ranges to the other side, on the line on which the railway is constructed.

It was a journey to be remembered. I have seen many countries, but I know none where there are such magnificent rock-exposures for a hundred miles continuously as up the valley of the Bow, from Calgarry to the summit of the Rockies. The general elevation of the valley is between four and five thousand feet, and the mountains on each side are only from one to six thousand feet higher; consequently, the beauty does not consist in the altitude of the mountains. Beside the Andes or even the Alps they are hardly worth speaking about; but nothing can be finer than the distinct stratification, the variety of form and clearness of outline, the great masses of bare rock standing out as if piled by masons and carved and chiseled by sculptors. Photography alone could bring out their amazing richness in detail. Scenes of gloomy grandeur present themselves at every point for several miles along the summit; and down the western slope the views at times are even more striking. But our journey down the Kicking Horse should be read in the "England and Canada" of the distinguished engineer with whom I traveled, by those who wish to know more of our experiences.

When we crossed the Rockies the hitherto unconquered Selkirks rose before us. To understand the position of this range, take a map and look for the springs of the Columbia. This greatest of salmon rivers rises in Canada, and runs north-west so persistently that it appears doomed to fall into the Fraser. But, reaching the neighborhood of Mounts Brown and Hooker, it seems to have had enough of us, and accordingly, sweeping right round in a "Big Bend," it makes straight for Washington Territory, cutting through all obstacles, the *Dalles* with the significant *Dalle de Mort*, and then spreads out into long, broad, calm expanses known as the Upper and Lower Arrow Lakes. Within that great loop which it makes on our soil are inclosed the Selkirks. As they extend only to the Big Bend of the Columbia, our engineers had no concern with them when it was supposed that the Canada Pacific Railway was to run farther north; but when the company decided that they must have as nearly as possible an air-line from Winnipeg west to the ocean, the question of whether a pass

PUBLIC LIBRARY WEISER, IDAHO

could be found across the Selkirks became important. If no pass could be found, a détour must be made away to the North by the Big Bend. Passes were known to exist through the other three ranges that rise between the plains and the Pacific. The Rockies proper, the backbone of this continent, are cloven north of the boundary line by half a dozen rivers, along the valley of any one of which a railway could be carried with ease to a summit where another stream is generally found beginning its course down the western slope. Then, the two ranges nearest the Pacific have also open gates wide enough for a railway. But between the Gold Mountains and the Rockies rose the Selkirks, apparently without a break. When asked about a pass here, the Indians shook their heads; so did the engineers, Mr. Walter Moberly excepted. He knew something about the Selkirks; but though he pointed out the way, to another fell the honor of solving the problem.

Moberly had discovered a first-rate pass in 1865 through the Gold Mountains, greatly to the satisfaction of himself and all British Columbia. Gold had been found by enterprising prospectors at the Big Bend, and the provincial government, anxious to have a trail cut from the navigable waters in the heart of the colony to the new Eldorado, sent Moberly, then assistant surveyor-general, to explore. One day, not far from Shuswap Lake, among tangled mountains choked with dense underbrush and fallen timber, valleys radiating to every point of the compass, but leading nowhere, he saw an eagle flying to the east up one of the valleys. Accepting the omen, he followed and discovered the pass which he called after the eagle, though it might more fitly be called by his own name. Previous to this the Gold range had been supposed to be "an unbroken and impassable wall of mountains," but, thanks to Moberly, a wagon-road could now be made from the settled part of the province to the Columbia, to be followed — he was convinced — by a railway that would in due time extend to the fertile plains of the North-west. If a pass could only be found across the Selkirks, he felt that his work would be completed. He sent one and then another of his staff to explore, but their reports were discouraging. His Indians knew nothing, except that they could not take their canoes that way. When they wished to get to the other side of the range, they descended the Columbia, and then crossed over to its head-waters by the Kootenay River. To them time was no object. Indians will go a hundred miles in a canoe, or ride across a prairie for the same distance, rather than cut through a mile of brush. In a forest they will walk for a hundred yards round a fallen tree, and others will continue for years to follow the trail, rather than be at the trouble of cutting through the obstruction. Moberly did not despair. He saw a fracture in the range, almost corresponding to the fracture of the Eagle Pass in the Gold range. Crossing the Columbia, though it was late in the season, and entering the mouth of this fracture, he forced his way up the banks of a stream called the Ille-Cille-Waet, chocolate-colored from the grains of slate it holds in solution. Twenty or thirty miles from its mouth the Ille-Cille-Waet forked. Trying the north fork, it led him into the slate range, intersected by innumerable veins of promising-looking quartz that prospectors have yet to test, but to nothing like a pass. His Indians then struck. He used every means to induce them to go with him up the east fork, but in vain. The snow had begun to fall on the mountains, and they said that they would be caught and would never get out again. Reluctantly Moberly turned back, and as the colony could afford no more explorations, the Big Bend diggings not turning out as had been anticipated, he had to content himself with putting on record that the easterly fork of the Ille-Cille-Waet should be examined before a route for a transcontinental railway was finally determined on.

Thus it happened that up to 1881 no man had crossed the virgin range. It was covered with heavy timber almost up to the snow-line. Without let or hindrance herds of noble caribou trotted along ancestral trails to their feeding-grounds or to water. Bears — black, brown, cinnamon, and grizzly — found in sheltered valleys exhaustless supplies of the berries on which they grow fat. From the opposite flanks of the range, east and west, short swollen streams rush down to join the Columbia, their sands often indicating gold; while on the south, where the drainage flows into the Kootenay Lake and River, which also feed the Columbia, rich mines of argentiferous galena are now being worked. But no one knew of a pass.

In February, 1881, the Syndicate appointed Major A. B. Rogers, C. E., engineer of the Mountain Division of the Canada Pacific Railway. He seemed about as unlikely a man for the work of ascertaining whether the Selkirks problem was soluble as could have been chosen. He knew little or nothing of mountains; his previous experiences had been in States where there is no counterpart to the characteristic scenery and difficulties of British Columbia. But Major Rogers, like a true descendant of the Pilgrim or Puritan fathers, is a man who goes to the particular wilderness to which he may be appointed, asking no questions. Naturally intense, self-reliant,

and scornful of appearances, the opposite schooling of an old-fashioned Down-East training, the rough experiences of engineer and frontier life have made him so downright that he is apt to be appalling to ordinary mortals. Though between fifty and sixty years of age, hair and beard now white, no youngster in his party will plunge into the grimmest mountain ranges with as little thought of commissariat or as complete a contempt of danger, and no Indian will encounter fatigue or famine as stoically. Hard as nails himself, he expects others who take service with him to endure hardness; and should there be shirking, he is apt to show his worst side rather than be guilty of what he has scorned as hypocrisy in others. He fitted out at Kamloops for his first attempt on the Selkirks. The wonder is that he did not start with rifle on shoulder and a piece of pork in his pocket, two or three Indians perhaps carrying blankets and a few fixings; for at that time he thought that a gun ought to feed a party. He does not think so now. Man can have but one paradise at a time. If he goes into the mountains to hunt, he can do that; if to prospect, he can do that, with a slightly different outfit; if to discover a pass or to get through to a given point by a given date, he may or may not succeed,—but it is quite certain that he cannot combine the three characters, or even two, on the one expedition. A bear or caribou may lead you miles from your course; and if you shoot him, your Indians have a capital excuse for delay, while they regard the meat as simply so much "kitchin" to their stock of pork and bacon.

The Major and his nephew, Mr. Albert Rogers, hiring at Kamloops ten Shuswap Indians from the Roman Catholic Mission to carry their packs, started in April to force their way to the east. They succeeded in reaching the core of the Selkirk range, by following the east fork of the Ille-Cille-Waet; but, like Moberly on the north fork, they got only to a *cul de sac*, and their packs having become ominously light, they — heavy with the consciousness of failure — came to the conclusion that retreat was inevitable. Before retracing their steps, however, they climbed the divide to see if any break could be detected in the range. Yes; a valley appeared in the direction of an unexplored little affluent of the Ille-Cille-Waet, and, apparently connected with it, a depression extending to the east. Everywhere else, all around to the horizon, nothing but "snow-clad desolation." The result of five or six weeks' endurance of almost intolerable misery was this gleam of hope.

Our journey enabled us to understand what they must have suffered. The underbrush is of the densest, owing to the ceaseless rain. Black flies or mosquitoes do their part unweariedly. What with fallen timber of enormous size, precipices, prickly thorns, beaver dams, marshes full of fetid water to be waded through, alder swamps, lakelets surrounded by bluffs so steep that it would almost puzzle a chamois to get over or around them, we had all we wanted of the Ille-Cille-Waet and the Eagle Pass. But they had started too early in the season. The snow was not only deep, but it was melting and rotting under spring suns and rains, and therefore would not bear their weight. Down they sank at every step, and often into the worst kind of pitfalls. At first their loads were so heavy that they had to leave part behind, and then, after camping early, return wearily on their tracks for the second load. The Indians would have deserted them a dozen times over, but the Major had arranged with the Mission that if they returned without a certificate they were to get a whipping instead of good pay. Nothing but pluck kept them pegging away; but in spite of all they failed that year. The following May the Major made his attack from the other side of the range, and again he was unsuccessful. Swollen torrents and scarcity of supplies forced him back to his base, at the point where the Kicking Horse River joins the Columbia. On this occasion, had it not been for the discovery of a canoe, he and his party would have starved. Sorely against their will he had put them on half rations, but he gladdened their hearts one morning by announcing that it was his birthday, and producing a little sugar to sweeten their tea.

Nothing daunted, he started again the same summer, in the month of July, from the same base, and succeeded. Proceeding up the valley of the Beaver, a large stream that enters the Columbia through an open cañon, and then following the course of one of its tributaries appropriately called Bear Creek, he at length found the long-sought-for pass. He saw the mountain from the summit of which the year before he and his nephew had noticed the depression extending to the east. Not content while anything remained undone, he made for the Ille-Cille-Waet, and following it down to the north fork, ascended it too, to ascertain if its head-waters would connect with a tributary of the Beaver, and so perhaps afford something better; but nothing better, or rather nothing at all, was found. The Selkirks have only one pass, but it is better than the western slope of the main chain by the Kicking Horse. And an American has had the honor of finding that one on behalf of Canada! All honor to him!

Compared with our experiences down the

Kicking Horse, the ascent of the eastern slope of the Selkirks was remarkably easy. The valley of the Beaver contracts near its mouth, so it is no wonder that observers from the outside formed an incorrect idea of its importance. The Ille-Cille-Waet on the other side of the range ends its course in the same way. The two streams by which the Selkirks are overcome are thus something like two long bottles with their narrow necks facing and ending in the Columbia. The trail up the Beaver led through forests of great cedars, and then of noble spruce, hemlock, and pine, so dense that it was impossible to get any views of the range before reaching the Rogers Pass. Our first evening was spent with a pleasant, fit-looking lot of fellows, who were working down from the summit under the leadership of Major Critchelow, a West Point graduate. They did all they could for us, sharing tents and blankets, as well as porridge, as if we had been life-long comrades. Major Critchelow's party had been at work for three months, and, besides caribou and other large game, had seen about fifty bears, chiefly black and grizzly. I can, with a reasonable measure of confidence, assure sportsmen that the bears are still there, for the engineers were too busy to do much hunting. We saw on our ride to the summit next morning why the place was such a favorite bear center. On both sides of the trail grew an extraordinary profusion of high bushes laden with delicious wild fruits, blackberries and gooseberries as large as small grapes, and half a dozen other varieties, that we could pick by handfuls without dismounting. The rowan-tree drooped its rich red clusters over the bushes, and high above towered the magnificent forest primeval, one cedar that we passed having a diameter of nine feet. It was like riding through a deserted garden. Emerging from the forest, after a leisurely three hours' ride, into a saucer-shaped open meadow covered with tall thick grass, Major Rogers, who had kindly joined our party at the mouth of the Kicking Horse, pointed to a little stream, saying, "That is Summit Creek, and there," pointing to the opposite end of the meadow, "is the summit where our yew stake is planted." We gave a hearty cheer in his honor, and taking our seats on a moss-grown natural rockery, heard him recount the story of the discovery of the pass. A scene of more mingled grandeur and beauty could not be desired. "Such a spot for a summer hotel!" would, I think, be the first cry of an American tourist. Snow-covered mountains, glaciers accumulating in lofty comb, and high above the snow, the looser shales of the peaks having weathered off, fantastic columns of rock giving to each mountain form an individuality that stamps it permanently on the memory; while we in the sunny valley at their feet dined on wild fruit, and our horses rolled contentedly among the deep succulent grasses! Syndicate, the distinctive peak among the mountains at the summit, is a veritable Canadian Matterhorn, but it is not seen till you begin the western descent.

The Selkirks did not let us off so easily as we had hoped from our experience of the ascent. Where the trail ended the Major gave us his nephew as a guide and half a dozen athletic, obliging young men to carry our packs to the second crossing of the Columbia. I shall never attempt to pioneer through a wilderness again, much less to carry a pack; and of all wildernesses, commend me to those of British Columbia as the best possible samples to test wind and limb. It would simply weary readers to go into details of struggling through acres of densest underbrush where you cannot see a yard ahead, wading through swamps and beaver dams, getting scratched from eyes to ankles with prickly thorns, scaling precipices, falling over moss-covered rocks into pitfalls, your packs almost strangling you, losing the rest of the party while you halt to feel all over whether any bones are broken, and then experiencing in your inmost soul the unutterable loneliness of savage mountains. Those who have not tried would not understand. It took us five days to make seventeen miles, and we did our best. Right glad were we to see the Columbia again, a river now twelve hundred feet wide, full from bank to bank, sweeping past this time to the south with a current of six or seven miles an hour. We struck it nearly opposite the Big Eddy, and one or two tents and a group of Indians among the aspens on the bank a little farther down comforted us with the thought that we could at any rate get what man considers the one thing needful in the wilderness — a supply of food. It might have an evil smell, but it would be food; and starvation, at any rate, was now out of the question. Back a little from the noble river rose the Gold Mountains, cloven almost to the feet by the Eagle Pass.

The Indians came across in their canoes and ferried us over; and we spent the night on the river bank, well to windward of Camp Siwash. Under a half-moon shining in a blue, cloudless sky, a great glacier on our right reflected a ghostly light, and every peak came out clearly defined in the pure atmosphere. The rush of the great river and the muffled roar of the distant falls of the Ille-Cille-Waet alone broke the perfect stillness. Four or five camp-fires seen through the trees, with dusky figures silently flitting about, gave life to the scene. Reclining on spruce boughs, softer and more fragrant than beds of down, we felt the

charm of frontier or backwoods life. Two or three hours after, awakened by rain first pattering on tent and leaves and then pouring down in earnest, the charm was forgotten. One had left his boots outside, another had hung his clothes near the camp-fire, and we knew that the men were lying on the ground, rolled in their blankets, and that to-morrow every pack would be fifty per cent. heavier to carry. We were still in the rainy region. Every night but one since leaving the summit of the Selkirks there had been rain with thunder and lightning; and yet, in spite of the discomfort, not a man showed a sign of discontent. Sybarites still growl over their crumpled rose-leaves, but the race is not deteriorating.

Before leaving Winnipeg Mr. Fleming had telegraphed to Hudson's Bay officials in British Columbia to send a party from Kamloops to meet us with provisions at some point on the Columbia near the mouth of the Eagle Pass. When we saw the Indians every one was sure that the Kamloops party had reached the rendezvous before us. Our disappointment was brief, for the same evening half a dozen men were heard hallooing and struggling through the pass. This was our eagerly expected party, and great and natural was the delight at making such wonderfully close connections in a trackless wilderness; but our countenances fell when, asking for the provisions, the leader simply handed us a large sheet of foolscap on which was inscribed in fine legible hand a list of supplies *cached* at a distance of some days' journey! They had been able to carry barely enough for themselves, and had we not wisely husbanded our pork and flour, they and we might have starved.

Next morning we started up the Eagle Pass, with our sheet of foolscap and the Kamloops men. They brought us good news at any rate. In three or four days we should get to horses and supplies, and in a day or two thereafter to a wagon-road that had been commenced from Lake Shuswap by the company that is working the silver-bearing galena mines on the Kootenay. It turned out as they said. We found the horses, and a wealth of good things; cups and saucers of crockery were included, to our infinite amusement. The horses were of little use except to carry the packs, for better speed can be made walking than riding, and walking is safer and much more pleasant — if there can be pleasure on a trail along the Eagle River. We reached the wagon-road, Mr. G. V. Wright, in the center of a canvas town, superintending its construction, and ready to do anything for us. We sat luxuriously stretching our legs in the spring wagon in which he sent us on the beautiful star-shaped Lake Shuswap — last of a series of lakes strung like beads on the river that drains the western slope of the Eagle Pass. There the Hon. Mr. Mara, having heard of our approach, had kindly kept the steamer *Peerless* waiting for us. The dangers and the toils of our journey were over.

With regard to the scenery in the Selkirk and Gold Mountains little need be said. Rain or snow falls almost unceasingly. The clouds from the Pacific shed some of their contents on Vancouver Island and the Cascades; then, rising high above these coast mountains, they float easterly over a wide intervening region, and empty their buckets most bountifully on the Gold range. A moss carpet several inches thick covers the ground, the rocks, the fallen timber, in every direction — mosses exquisitely delicate, as thickly and uniformly sown as if green showers had fallen silently from the heavens to replace the deep white snow of winter. From the branches of the trees hang mossy streamers. Softer than velvet is the coating of every bank. Dense underbrush and ferns from four to six or seven feet high fill the narrow valleys, save where the prickly devil's-club and enormous skunk cabbage dispute the ground with the ferns. Emerging from the dark-blue waters of Lake Shuswap and sailing the South Thompson, the air, the soft outlines of the hills, the park-like scenery recalling "the upper portions of the Arno and the Tiber," we come upon the intervening region of elevated broken plateau that extends from the Gold range west to the Cascades. Its physical character is the exact opposite of the humid mountains left behind. Low rounded, russet-colored hills, and benches covered with bunch-grass, or, where that has been too greedily cropped, with sage and prickly pear, take the place of lofty, rugged peaks and valleys choked with heavy timber. This intervening region that extends to the Cascades has everywhere a dry, dusty, California look, except where some little creek has been made to do duty in the way of irrigation. Then we have a garden plot, a field, or a ranch converted into a carpet or ribbon of freshest green contrasting beautifully with the surrounding gray or russet. These bits of green are like oases in the desert. They yield abundantly every variety of fruit or grain. Tomatoes, water- and musk-melons, and grapes ripen in the open air. Wheat, as in the most favored spots of Oregon and Washington Territory, yields from forty to seventy bushels to the acre. At Lytton the Fraser comes down from its long circuit round the far north country, through gorges inclosed by snow-crested mountains, to receive the tribute of the united Thompson. The clear blue Thomp-

son flows into the turbid Fraser, and the swollen torrent, deep, narrow, swirling, eddying, resistless, cuts its way through the granite of the Cascades to the sea. In this mountainous region, again, the farmer is no longer dependent on irrigation, and wherever there is soil anything can be raised. The Lower Fraser or New Westminster district is not only the most valuable in British Columbia, agriculturally, but the river is full of salmon and sturgeon, the country abounds with game, and the timber along the coast would furnish masts for all the admirals in the world.

But what will a railway get to do in this great sea of mountains? For along those five hundred miles of road on the mainland, constructed at so enormous a cost, the population, not counting Indians and Chinamen, is less than ten thousand. The British Columbians claim that a portion of the Asiatic trade will come their way, especially as the company that is building the road has announced its intention of putting on steamers to connect the Pacific terminus with the ports of Japan and China; and they also point to their fish, their mines of silver and gold, and their forests, as the complement of the prairies of the North-west. All their hopes and dreams cluster around the railway, and those whom it does not enrich will feel that they have a right to be disappointed. They ignore the fact that the people of the North-west or any other country can afford to pay only a certain price for fish or flesh, galena, gold, or anything else, and that if it cannot be supplied at said price it must be for them all the same as if it were non-existent. They fancy that the difficulty the province has to contend with is not the comparatively small amount of arable land, or the necessity for irrigation in districts otherwise good, or the intervening mountains, or the cañons that prevent river navigation, or the cost of transportation, or the great distances, but simply the presence of some thousands of industrious Chinamen. If Chinamen could only be kept out white people would come in, and wages would go up and keep up. Good prices would then be obtained for everything, and every one could live comfortably.

A most obliging merchant in Kamloops informed me that it would be as well for him to shut shop, because it was impossible to do business any longer. A few Chinamen had come to the place, and beginning as cooks, waiters, barbers, washermen, had at length opened some small shops, and were fast getting hold of the entire trade of the country. Nobody else had a chance with them, he said. I asked why. "Oh," was the answer, given in perfect simplicity, "they are satisfied with small profits and quick returns, and they make no losses, for they refuse to give credit." He had not so learned business. His former customers, who were now buying goods at reasonable rates, agreed with him that it was a shame. I am sorry to seem to reflect on any of my British Columbian friends, or rather to reflect on their notions of commercial or political economy. They were kindness itself to me, as they are to all travelers. "They are a real nice people," said one of the engineers we fell in with; "they do cheerfully what you want, either for nothing or for an enormous price." That hits the mark. Their hospitality is beyond praise; but when they charge, you are likely to remember the bill. Three of us hired a wagon one afternoon. The boy drove us twenty-three miles in four hours, and the charge was thirty dollars. On another afternoon we engaged a man to row us in his little boat to a steamer on Burrard Inlet. It took him an hour, and we had to pay four dollars for the use of his boat and the pleasure of his company. A friend wished to negotiate for the removal of some lumber. Finding that the cost of a team was fifteen dollars per day, he preferred to do without the lumber. That such costs and charges put a stop to industrial development, that they are equivalent to total prohibition of intercourse or exchange, does not occur to the average politician. Abundance of labor is the one thing absolutely indispensable in British Columbia. Pretty much the only labor attainable on a large scale for many a year is that of Chinamen. Far from welcoming the labor, almost every one's face is set against it, even when necessity forces him to take advantage of it for the time. But this is not the place to discuss the Chinese problem. I have alluded to it simply because the railway has forced it upon our attention, and it presses for solution.

Since the Dominion was constituted the political life of Canada has centered about the Pacific Railway. Now that it is on the eve of completion, we see how great was the task that three millions of people set themselves fourteen years ago to accomplish. The work is imperial in meaning as well as magnitude, though the cost has been wholly defrayed by Canada. It is our contribution to the organization and defense of the empire. It has added to our public burdens, but our credit is better than when it was commenced. When we are told that it has cost fifty, sixty, or a hundred millions, what need one say but that it was a necessity, and that it is worth the cost?

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON, CANADA. *G. M. Grant.*



FROM CATHEDRAL AT LUCCA.

TUSCAN CITIES.

I.

AS Pisa made no comment on the little changes she may have observed in me since we had last met, nineteen years before, I feel bound in politeness to say that I found her in April, 1883, looking not a day older than she did in December, 1864. In fact she looked younger, if anything, though it may have been the season that made this difference in her. She was in her spring attire, freshly, almost at the moment, put on; and that counts for much more in Pisa than one who knew her merely in the region of her palaces and churches and bridges would believe. She has not, indeed, quite that breadth of orchards and gardens within her walls which Siena has, but she has space enough for nature to flourish at ease there; and she has many deserted squares and places where the grass was sprouting vigorously in the crevices of the pavement. All this made her perceptibly younger, even with her memories running so far back of Roman times, into twilights whither perhaps a less careful modern historian than myself would not follow them. But when I am in a town that has real claims to antiquity, I like to allow them to the uttermost; and with me it is not merely a duty, it is a pleasure, to remind the reader that Pisa was founded by Pelops, the grandson of Jove, and the son of Tantalus, king of Phrygia. He was the same who was slain by his father, and served in a banquet to the gods, to try if they knew everything, or could be tricked into eating of the hideous repast; and it was after this curious experience — Ceres came in from the field, very tired and hungry, and popped down and tasted a bit of his shoulder before they could stop her — that, being restored to life by his grandfather, he visited Italy, and liking the situation at the mouth of the Arno, built his city there. This is the opinion of Pliny and Solinus, and that generally adopted by the Pisan chroniclers; but the skeptical Strabo would have us think that Pisa was not founded till much later, when Nestor, sailing homeward after the fall of Troy, was cast away on the Etruscan shore at this point. There are some historians who reconcile the accounts by declaring that Nestor merely joined the Phrygians at Pisa, and could never have pretended to found the city. I myself incline to this notion; but even if Pisa was not built till after the fall of Troy, the reader easily perceives that a sense of her antiquity might affect an Ohio man, even after a residence in Boston. A city founded by Pelops or Nestor could not be converted to Christianity by a less person than St. Peter, who, on his way to Rome, was expressly wrecked on the Pisan coasts for that purpose. Her faith, like her origin, is as ancient as possible, and Pisa was one of the first Italian communities to emerge from the ruin of the Roman empire into a vigorous and splendid life of her own. Early in the middle ages she had, with the arrogance of long-established consequence, superciliously explained the Florentines, to an Eastern potentate who had just heard of them, as something like the desert Arabs,—a lawless, marauding, barbarous race, the annoyance of all respectable and settled communities. In those days Pisa had not only commerce with the East, but wars; and in 1005 she famously beat back the Saracens from their conquests in the northern Mediterranean, and, after a struggle of eighteen years, ended by carrying the war into Africa and capturing Carthage with the Emir of the Saracens in it. In the beginning of this war her neighbor Lucca, fifteen miles away, profited by her preoccupation to attack her, and this is said to have been one of the first quarrels, if not the first, in which the Italian cities asserted their separate nationality and their independence of the empire. It is supposed on that account to have been rather a useful event, though it is scarcely to be praised otherwise. Of course the Pisans took it out of the Lucchese afterwards in the intervals of their more important wars with the Genoese by sea and the Florentines by land. There must have been fighting pretty well all the time, back and forth across the vineyards and olive orchards that stretch between the two cities; I have counted up

eight distinct wars, bloody and tedious, in which they ravaged each other's territory, and I dare say I have missed some. Once the Pisans captured Lucca and sacked it, and once the Lucchese took Pisa and sacked it; the Pisans were Ghibelline and the Lucchese were Guelph, and these things had to be. In the mean time Pisa was waging, with varying fortune, seven wars with Genoa, seven other with Florence, three with Venice, and one with Milan, and was in a spirited state of continual party strife within herself; though she found leisure to take part in several of the crusades, to break the naval supremacy of the Saracens, and to beat the Greeks in sea-fights under the walls of Constantinople. The warlike passions of men were tightly wound up in those days, and Pisa was set to fight for five hundred years. Then she fell at last, in 1509, under the power of those upstart Florentines whom she had despised so long.

II.

WHAT is odd in the history of Pisa is that it has given but one name to common remembrance. Her prosperity was early and great, and her people employed it in the cultivation of all the arts; yet Andrea and Niccolò Pisano are almost the only artists whose fame is associated with that of their native city. She was perpetually at war by sea and by land, yet her admirals and generals are unknown to the world. Her university is one of the oldest and most learned in Italy, yet she produced no eminent scholars or poets, and one hardly realizes that the great Galileo, who came a century after the fall of his country, was not a Florentine but a Pisan by birth; he was actually of a Florentine family settled in Pisa. When one thinks of Florence, one thinks of Dante, of Giotto, of Cimabue, of Brunelleschi, of Michelangelo, of Savonarola, and of Lorenzo de' Medici and Leo X., of Boccaccio and Pulci and Politian, of Machiavelli, of Giovanni delle Bande Nere and Gino Capponi, of Guido Cavalcanti, of Amerigo Vespuggi, of Benvenuto Cellini, and Masaccio and Botticelli, and all the rest. When one thinks of Siena, one thinks of St. Catharine, and Ochino, and Socinus, and the Piccolomini, and Bandini, and Sodoma. But when one thinks of Pisa, Ugolino is the sole name that comes into one's mind. I am not at all sure, however, that one ought to despise Pisa for her lack of celebrities; I am rather of a contrary opinion. It is certain that such a force and splendor as she was for five hundred years could have been created only by a consensus of mighty wills, and it seems to me that a very pretty case might be made out in behalf of the democracy whose level was so high that no one head could be seen above it. Perhaps this is what we are coming to in our own civilization, and I am disposed to take heart from the heroless history of Pisa when I look round over the vast plain of our equality, where every one is as great as every other.

I wish, if this is the case, we might come finally to anything as clean and restful and lovely as I found Pisa on the day of my arrival; but of course that would be much more difficult for a continent than for a city, and probably our last state will not be so pleasant. On our way down from Florence, through much the same landscape as that through which we had started to Siena, the peach-trees were having their turn in the unhurried Italian spring's succession of blossoms, and the fields were lit with their pathetic pink, where earlier the paler bloom of the almond had prevailed. As I said, Pisa herself was in her spring dress, and it may be that the season had touched her with the languor which it makes the whole world feel, as she sat dreaming beside her Arno, in the midst of the gardens that compassed her about within her walls. I do not know what Pisa had to say to other tourists who arrived that day, but we were old friends, and she regarded me with a frank, sad wonder when she read in my eyes a determination to take notes of her.

"Is it possible?" she expressed, with that mute, melancholy air of hers. "You, who have lived in Italy, and ought to know better? You, who have been here before? Sit down with me beside the Arno!" and she indicated two or three empty bridges, which I was welcome to, or if I preferred half a mile or so of that quay which has the noblest sweep in the world, there it was, vacant for me. I shrugged my excuses, as well as I could, and indicated the artist at my side, who with his etching-plate under his arm, and his hat in his hand, was making his manners to Pisa, and I tried to explain that we were both there under contract to produce certain illustrated papers for THE CENTURY.

"What papers? What century?" she murmured, and tears came into the eyes of the beautiful ghost; and she added with an inexpressible pathos and bitterness, "I remember no century since the fifteenth, when — I — died."

She would not say when she fell under the power of her enemy, but we knew she was thinking of Florence; and as she bowed her face in her hands, we turned away with our hearts in our throat.

We thought it well not to go about viewing the monuments of her fallen grandeur at once,— they are all kept in wonderful repair,

— and we left the Arno, whose mighty curve is followed on either side by lines of magnificent palaces, and got our driver to carry us out to the streets that dwindled into lanes beside the gardens fenced in by the red brick city walls. At one point a long stretch of the wall seemed trellised for yellow roses which covered acres of it with their golden multitude, but when we got down and walked nearer, with the permission of the peasant whose field we passed through, we found they were lemons. He said they grew very well in that shelter and exposure, and his kind old weather-beaten, friendly face was almost the color of one. He bade us go anywhere we liked in his garden, and he invited us to drink of the water of his well, which he said never went dry in the hottest weather. Then he returned to his fat old wife, who had kept on weeding, and bent down beside her and did not follow us for drink-money, but returned a self-respectful adieu from a distance, when we called a good-bye before getting into our carriage. We generalized from his behavior a manly independence of character in the Pisan people, and I am sure we were not mistaken in the beauty of the Pisan women, who, as we met them in the street, were all extremely pretty, and young, many of them, even after five hundred years. One gets over expecting good looks in Tuscany; and perhaps this was the reason why we prized the loveliness of the Pisans. It may have been comparative only, though I am inclined to think it was positive. At any rate there can be no doubt about the landscape outside the walls, which we drove into a little way out of one of the gates, to return by another. It was a plain country, and at this point a line of aqueduct stretched across the smiling fields to the feet of the arid purple hills that propped the blue horizon. There was something richly simple in the elements of the picture, which was of as few tones as a landscape of Titian or Raphael, and as strictly subordinated in its natural features to the human interest which we did our best to represent. I dare say our best was but poor. Every acre of that plain had been the theater of a great tragedy; every rood of ground had borne its hero. Now, in the advancing spring, the grass and wheat were long enough to flow in the wind, and they flowed like the ripples of a wide green sea to the feet of those purple hills, away from our feet where we stood beside our carriage on its hither shore. The warmth of the season had liberated the fine haze that dances above the summer fields, and this quivered before us like the confluent phantoms of multitudes, indistinguishably vast, who had fallen there in immemorial strife. But we could not stand musing long upon this fact; we had taken that carriage by the hour. Yet we could not help loitering along by the clear stream that followed the road, till it brought us to a flour-whitened mill near the city wall, slowly and thoughtfully turning its huge undershot wheel; and I could not resist entering and speaking to the miller where, leaning upon a sack of wheat, he dimly loomed through the powdered air, in the exact attitude of a miller I used to know in a mill on the Little Miami, in Ohio, when I was a boy.

III.

I TRY to give the reader a true impression of the sweet confusion of travel in those old lands. In the phrases that come out of the point of the pen, rather than out of the head or the heart, we talk about losing ourselves in the associations of the past; but we never do it. A prime condition of our sympathy with it is that we always and every instant and vividly find our dreary, tiresome, unstoried, unstoriable selves in it; and if I had been less modern, less recent, less raw, I should have been by just so much indifferent to the antique charm of the place. In the midst of my reverie of the Pisan past, I dreamily asked the miller about the milling business in the Pisan present. I forget what he said.

The artist outside had begun an etching,— if you let that artist out of your sight half a second he began an etching,— and we got back by a common effort into the town again, where we renewed our impression of a quiet that was only equaled by its cleanliness, of a cleanliness that was only surpassed by its quiet. I think of certain genial, lonely, irregular squares, more or less planted with pollarded sycamores, just then woolily tufted with their leaf-buds; and I will ask the reader to think of such white light over all as comes in our own first real spring days; for in some atmospheric qualities and effects the spring is nowhere so much alike as in America and Italy. In one of these squares the boys were playing ball, striking it with a small tambourine instead of a bat; in another, some young girls sat under a sycamore with their sewing; and in a narrow street running out of this was the house where Galileo was born. He is known to have said that the world moves; but I do not believe it has moved much in that neighborhood since his time. His natal roof is overlooked by a lofty gallery leading into Prince Corsini's garden; and I wish I could have got inside of that garden; it must have been pleasanter than the street in which Galileo was born, and which more nearly approached squalor in its condition



THE LANDING STAIRS, LEGHORN.*

than any other street that I remember in Pisa. It had fallen from no better state, and must always have witnessed to the poverty of the decayed Florentine family from which Galileo sprang.

I left the artist there — beginning an etching, as usual — and wandered back to our hotel; for it was then in the drowsy heart of the late afternoon, and I believed that Pisa had done all that she could for me in one day. But she had reserved a little surprise, quaint and unimaginable enough, in a small chapel of the Chiesa Evangelica Metodista Italiana, which she suddenly showed me in a retired street I wandered through. This Italian Evangelical Methodist Church was but a tiny structure, and it stood back from the street in a yard, with some hollies and myrtles before it — simple and plain, like a little Methodist church at home. It had not a frequented look, and I was told afterwards that the Methodists of Pisa were in that state of arrest which the whole Protestant movement in Italy has fallen into, after its first vigorous impulse. It has not lost ground, but it has not gained, which is also a kind of loss. Apparently the Protestant church which prospers best in Italy is the ancient Italian church of the Waldenses. This presents the Italians a Protestantism of their own invention, while perhaps the hundred religions which we offer them are too distracting, if unaccompanied by our one gravy. It is said that our missionaries have unexpected difficulties to encounter in preaching to the Italians, who are not amused as we should be by a foreigner's blunder in our

* Mr. Howells's series does not include Leghorn, but Mr. Pennell, who, according to Mr. Howells, is simply irrepressible as an etcher, made such a pretty plate of the "landing stairs" there that we cannot withhold it from our readers. — EDITOR CENTURY.

language, but annoyed and revolted by incorrect Italian from the pulpit. They have, moreover, their intellectual pride in the matter: they believe that if Protestantism had been the wiser and better thing we think it, the Italians would have found it out long ago for themselves. As it is, such proselytes as we make are among the poor and ignorant; though that is the way all religions begin.

After the Methodist church it was not at all astonishing to come upon an agricultural implement warehouse — alongside of a shop glaring with alabaster statuary — where the polite attendant offered me an American pump as the very best thing of its kind that I could use on my *podere*. When I explained that I and his pump were fellow-countrymen, I could see that we both rose in his respect. A French pump, he said, was not worth anything in comparison, and I made my own inferences as to the relative inferiority of a Frenchman.

IV.

One of our first cares in Pisa was of course to visit the Four Fabrics, as the Italians call, *par excellence*, the Duomo, the Leaning Tower, the Baptistery, and the Campo Santo. I say cares, for to me it was not a great pleasure. I perceive, by reference to my note-book, that I found that group far less impressive than at first, and that the Campo Santo especially appeared conscious and finicking. I had seen those Orgagna frescoes before, and I had said to myself twenty years ago, in obedience to whatever art-critic I had in my pocket, that here was the highest evidence of the perfect sincerity in which the early masters wrought — that no one could have painted those horrors of death and torments of hell who had not thoroughly believed in them. But this time I had my doubts, and I questioned if the painters of the Campo Santo might not have worked with almost as little faith and reverence as so many American humorists. Why should we suppose that the men who painted the Vergognosa peeping through her fingers at the debauch of Noah should not be capable of making ferocious fun of the scenes which they seemed to depict seriously? There is, as we all know, a modern quality in the great minds, the quickest wits, of all ages, and I do not feel sure these old painters are always to be taken at their word. Were they not sometimes making a mock of the devout clerics and laics who



THE SWEEP OF THE ARNO AT PISA.

employed them? It is bitter fun, I allow. The Death and the Hell of Orgagna are atrocious — nothing less. A hideous fancy, if not a grotesque, insolent humor, riots through those scenes, where the damned are shown with their bowels dangling out (my pen cannot be half so plain as his brush), with their arms chopped off and their tongues torn out by fiends, with their women's breasts eaten by snakes. I for one will not pretend to have revered those works of art, or to have felt anything but loathing in their presence. If I am told that I ought at least to respect the faith with which the painter wrought, I say that faith was not respectable; and I can honor him more if I believe he was portraying those evil dreams in contempt of them,— doing what he could to make faith in them impossible by realizing them in all the details of their filthy cruelty. It was misery to look upon them, and it was bliss to turn my back and give my gaze to the innocent wilding flowers and weeds — the daisies that powdered the sacred earth brought from the Holy Land in the Pisan galleys of old, for the sweeter repose of those laid away here to wait the judgment day. How long they had been sleeping already! But they do not dream; that is one comfort.



AN ARCADED STREET, PISA.

I revisited the Baptistery for the sake of the famous echo which I had heard before, and which had sweetly lingered in my sense all these twenty years. But I was now a little disappointed in it — perhaps because the custodian who had howled so skillfully to evoke it was no longer there, but a mere tyro intent upon his half franc, with no real feeling for ululation as an art. Guides and custodians of an unexampled rapacity swarmed in and all about the Four Fabrics, and beggars, whom we had almost forgotten in Florence, were there in such number that if the Leaning Tower were to fall, as it still looks capable of doing at any moment, it would half depopulate Pisa. I grieve to say that I encouraged mendicancy in the person of an old woman whom I gave a franc by mistake for a soldo. She had not the public spirit to refuse it; without giving me time to correct the error, her hand closed upon it like a talon of a vulture, and I had to get what consolation I could out of pretending to have meant to give her a franc, and to take lightly the blessings under which I really staggered.

It may have been this misadventure that cast a malign light upon the cathedral, which I found, after that of Siena, not at all estimable. I dare say it had its merits; but I could get no pleasure even out of the swinging lamp of Galileo; it was a franc, large as the full moon, and reproachfully pale, that waved to and fro before my eyes. This cathedral, however, is only the new Duomo of Pisa, being less than eight hundred years of age, and there is an old Duomo, in another part of the city, which went much more to my heart. I do not pretend that I entered it; but it had a lovely façade of Pisan Gothic, mellowed through all its marble by the suns of a thousand summers, and weed-grown in every neglected niche and nook where dust and seeds could be lodged; so that I now wonder I did not sit down before it and spend the rest of my life there.

V.

THE reader, who has been requested to imagine the irregular form and the perpetually varying heights and depths of Siena, is now set the easier task of supposing Pisa shut within walls almost quadrangular, and reposing on a level which expands to the borders of the hills beyond Lucca, and drops softly with the Arno towards the sea. The river di-

vides the southward third of the city from the rest, to which stately bridges bind it again. The group of the Four Fabrics, to which we have paid a devoir tempered by modern misgiving, rises in aristocratic seclusion in the north-western corner of the quadrangle, and the outer wall of the Campo Santo is the wall of the city. Nothing statelier than the position of these edifices could be conceived; and yet their isolation, so favorable to their reproduction in small alabaster copies, costs them something of the sympathy of the sensitive spectator. He cannot withhold his admiration of that grandeur, but his soul turns to the Duomo in the busy heart of Florence, or to the cathedral, preëminent but not solitary, in the crest of Siena. The Pisans have put their famous group apart from their streets and shops, and have consecrated to it a region which no business can take them to. In this they have gained distinction and effect for it, but they have lost for it that character of friendly domesticity which belongs to all other religious edifices that I know in Italy. Here, as in some other things not so easily definable, the people so mute in all the arts but architecture — of which they were the origin and school in Italy — seem to have expressed themselves mistakenly. The Four Fabrics are where they are to be seen, to be visited, to be wondered at; but they are remote from human society, and they fail of the last and finest effect of architecture — the perfect adaptation of houses to the use of men. Perhaps also one feels a want of unity in the group; perhaps they are too much like dishes set upon the table: the Duomo a vast and beautiful pudding; the Baptistery a gigantic charlotte russe; the Campo Santo an exquisite structure in white sugar; the Leaning Tower a column of ice-cream which has been weakened at the base by too zealous an application of hot water to the outside of the mold. But I do not insist upon this comparison; I only say that I like the ancient church of St. Paul by the Arno. Some question whether it was really the first cathedral of Pisa, maintaining that it was merely used as such while the Duomo was in repair after the fire from which it suffered shortly after its completion.

One must nowadays seem to have some preference in all æsthetic matters, but the time was when polite tourists took things more easily. In the seventeenth century, "Richard Lassels, Gent. who Travelled through Italy five times as Tutor to several of the English Nobility and Gentry," says of the Pisan Duomo that it "is a neat Church for structure, and for its three Brazen Doors historied with a fine Basso rilievo. It's built after *La maniera Tedescha*, a fashion of Building much used in Italy four or five hundred years ago, and brought in by Germans or Tedeschi, saith Vasari. Near to the Domo stands (if leaning may be called standing) the bending Tower, so artificially made, that it seems to be falling, and yet it stands firm. . . . . On the other side of the Domo is the Campo Santo, a great square cloistered about with a low cloister curiously painted."

Here is no trouble of mind about the old masters, either architects or painters, but a beautiful succinctness, a tranquil brevity, which no concern for the motives, or meanings, or aspirations of either penetrates. We have taken upon ourselves in these days a heavy burden of inquiry as to what the mediæval masters thought and felt; but the tourist of the seventeenth century could say of the Pisan Duomo that it was "a neat church for structure," and of the Campo Santo that it was "curiously painted," and there an end. Perhaps there was a relief for the reader also in this method. Master Lassels vexed himself to spell his Italian correctly no more than he did his English.

He visited, apparently with more interest, the Church of the Knights of St. Stephen, which, indeed, I myself found full of unique attraction. Of these knights he says:

"They wear a Red Cross of Satin upon their Cloaks, and profess to fight against the Turks. For this purpose they have here a good House and Maintainance. Their Church is beautified without with a handsome Faciata of White Marble, and within with Turkish Ensigns and divers Lanterns of Capitanesse Gallies. In this House the Knights live in common, and they are well maintained. In their Treasury they shew a great Buckler of Diamonds, won in a Battle against the Turks. . . . . They have their Cancellaria, a Catalogue of those Knights who have done notable service against the Turks, which serves for a powerful exhortation to their Successors, to do, and die bravely. In fine, these Knights may marry if they will, and live in their own particular houses, but many of them choose celibate, as more convenient for brave Soldiers; Wives and Children being the true *impedimenta exercitus*."

The knights were long gone from their House and Maintainance in 1883, and I suspect it is years since any of them even professed to fight the Turks. But their church is still there, with their trophies, which I went and admired; and I do not know that there is anything in Pisa which gives you a more vivid notion of her glory in the past than those flags taken from the infidels and those carvings that once enriched her galleys. These and the ship-yards by the Arno, from which her galleys were launched, do really recall the majesty and dominion of the sea which once was hers — and then Genoa's, and then Venice's, and then the Hanseatic Cities', and then Holland's, and then England's; and shall be ours when the Moral Force of the American

Navy is appreciated. At present Pisa and the United States are equally formidable as maritime powers, unless, indeed, this conveys too strong an impression of the decay of Pisa.

VI.

ISSUING from the Church of the Cavaliers, I found myself in the most famous spot in the whole city: the wide dusty square where the Tower of Famine once stood, and where you may still see a palace with iron baskets swung from the corners of the façade, in which it is said the wicked Archbishop Ruggieri used to put the heads of traitors. It may not be his palace, and the baskets may not have been used for this purpose; but there is no doubt that this was the site of the tower, which was not demolished till 1655, and that here it was that Ugolino and his children and grandchildren cruelly perished.

The writer of an excellent little local guide to Pisa, which I bought on my first visit, says that Dante has told the story of Count Ugolino della Gherardesca, and that "after Dante God alone can repeat it." Yet I fancy the tragedy will always have a fascination to the scribbler who visits Pisa, irresistibly tempting him to recall it to his reader. I for my part shall not do less than remind him that Ugolino was Captain of the People and Podestà of Pisa at the time of her great defeat by Genoa in 1284, when so many of her best and bravest were carried off prisoners that a saying arose, "If you want to see Pisa, go to Genoa." In those days they had a short and easy way of accounting for disaster, which has been much practiced since down even to the date of our own civil war: they attributed it to treason, and in this case they were pretty clear that Count Ugolino was the traitor. He sailed away with his squadron before his critics thought the day lost; and after the battle, in his negotiations with Florence and Genoa, they declared that he behaved as only a man would who wished to ruin his country in order to rule her. He had already betrayed his purpose of founding an hereditary lordship in Pisa, as the Visconti had done in Milan and the Scaligeri in Verona, and to this end had turned Guelph from being ancestrally Ghibelline; for his name is one of the three still surviving in Tuscany of the old German nobility founded there by the emperors. He was a man of furious and ruthless temper; he had caused one of his nephews to be poisoned, he stabbed another, and when the young man's friend, a nephew of the Archbishop, would have defended him, Ugolino killed him with his own hand. The Archbishop, as a Ghibelline, was already no friend of Ugolino's, and



THE CLOCK TOWER OF LUCCA.

here now was bloodshed between them. "And what happened to Count Ugolino a little after," says the Florentine chronicler, Villani,

"was prophesied by a wise and worthy man of the court, Marco Lombardo; for when the count was chosen by all to be Lord of Pisa, and when he was in his highest estate and felicity, he made himself a splendid birthday feast, where he had his children and grandchildren and all his lineage, kinsmen and kinswomen, with great pomp of apparel, and ornament, and preparation for a rich banquet. The count took this Marco, and went about showing him his possessions and splendor, and the preparation for the feast, and that done, he said, 'What do you think of it, Marco?' The sage answered at once, and said, 'You are fitter for evil chance than any baron of Italy.' And the count, afraid of Marco's meaning, asked, 'Why?' And Marco answered, 'Because you lack nothing but the wrath of God.' And surely the wrath of God quickly fell upon him, as it pleased God, for his sins and treasons; for as it had been intended by the Archbishop of Pisa and his party to drive out of Pisa Nino

and his followers, and betray and entrammel Ugolino, and weaken the Guelphs, the Archbishop ordered Count Ugolino to be undone, and immediately set the people on in their fury to attack and take his palace, giving the people to understand that he had betrayed Pisa, and surrendered their castles to the Florentines and Lucchese; and finding the people upon him, without hope of escape, Ugolino gave himself up, and in this assault his bastard son and one of his grandchildren were killed; and Ugolino being taken, and two of his sons and two of his son's sons, they threw them in prison, and drove his family and his followers out of Pisa. . . . The Pisans, who had thrown in prison Ugolino and his two sons, and two sons of his son Count Guelfo, as we have before mentioned, in a tower on the Piazza degli Anziani, caused the door of the tower to be locked and the keys to be thrown into the Arno, and forbidding these captives all food, in a few days they perished of hunger. But first, the count imploring a confessor, they would not allow him a friar or priest that he might confess. And all five being taken out of the tower together, they were vilely buried; and from that time the prison was called the Tower of Famine, and will be so always. For this cruelty the Pisans were strongly blamed by the whole world, wherever it was known, not so much for the count, who for his crimes and treasons was perhaps worthy of such a death, but for his sons and grandsons, who were young boys, and innocent; and this sin, committed by the Pisans, did not remain unpunished, as may be seen in after time."

A monograph on Ugolino by an English writer states that the victims were rolled in the matting of their prison floor and interred, with the irons still on their limbs, in the cloister of the church of San Francesco. The grave was opened in the fourteenth century, and the irons taken out; again, in 1822, the remains were found and carelessly thrown together in a spot marked by a stone bearing the name of Vannuchi. Of the prison where they suffered no more remains now than of the municipal eagles which the Republic put to molt there, and from which it was called the Molting Tower before it was called the Tower of Famine.

At Pisa there is nothing of wildness or strife in the Arno, as at Florence, where it rushes and brawls down its channel and over its dams and ripples. Its waters are turbid, almost black, but smooth, and they slip oilily away with many a wreathing eddy, round the curve of the magnificent quay, to which my mind recurs still as the noblest thing in Pisa — as the noblest thing, indeed, that any city has done with its river. But what quick and sensitive allies of Nature the Italians have always shown themselves! No suggestion of hers has been thrown away on them; they have made the most of her lavish kindness, and transmuted it into the glory and the charm of art. Our last moments of sight-seeing in Pisa were spent in strolling beside the river, in hanging on the parapet and delighting in the lines of that curve.

At one end of the city, before this begins, near a spick-and-span new iron bridge, is the mediæval tower of the galley prison, which we found exquisitely picturesque in the light of our last morning; and then, stretching up towards the heart of the town from this tower, were the ship-yards, with the sheds in which the old republic built the galleys she launched on every sea then known. They are used now for military stables; they are not unlike the ordinary horse-car stables of our civilization; and the grooms, swabbing the legs of the horses and combing their manes, were naturalized to our home-sick sympathies by the homely community of their functions with those I had so often stopped to admire in my own land. There is no doubt but the toilet of a horse is something that interests every human being.

VII.

With rather less than the ordinary stupidity of tourists, wretched slaves of routine as they are, we had imagined the possibility of going to Lucca overland; that is, of driving fifteen miles across the country instead of taking the train. It would be as three hours against twenty minutes, and as fifteen francs against two; but my friend was young and I was imprudent, and we boldly ventured upon the expedition. I have never regretted it, which is what can be said of, alas, how few pleasures! On the contrary, it is rapture to think of it still.

Already, at eight o'clock of the April morning, the sun had filled the city with a sickening heat, which intimated pretty clearly what it might do for Pisa in August; but when we had mounted superbly to our carriage-seats, after pensioning all the bystanders, and had driven out of the city into the green plain beyond the walls, we found it a delicious spring day, warm, indeed, but full of a fervent life.

We had issued from the gate nearest the Four Fabrics, and I advise the reader to get that view of them if he can. To the backward glance of the journeyer toward Lucca, they have the unity, the *ensemble*, the want of which weakens their effect to proximity. Beside us swept the great level to the blue-misted hills on our right; before us it stretched indefinitely. From the grass, the larks were quivering up to the perfect heaven, and the sympathy of Man with the tender and lovely mood of Nature was expressed in the presence of the hunters with their dogs, who were exploring the herbage in quest of something to kill.

Perhaps I do man injustice. Perhaps the rapture of the blameless littérateur and artist, who drove along crying out over the exquisite beauty of the scene, was more justly representative of our poor race. I am vexed now when I think how brief this rapture was, and

how much it might have been prolonged if we had bargained with our driver to go slow. We had bargained for everything else; but who could have imagined that one Italian could ever have been fast enough for two Americans? He was even too fast. He had a just pride in his beast,— as tough as the iron it was the color of,— and when implored, in the interest of natural beauty, not to urge it on, he misunderstood; he boasted that it could keep up that pace all day, and he incited it in the good Tuscan of Pisa to go faster yet. Ah me! what enchanting villas he whirled us by! what gray châteaux! what old wayside towers, hoary out of all remembrance! What delightfully stupid-looking little stony picturesque villages, in every one of which that poor artist and I would have been glad to spend the whole day! But the driver could not snatch the broad and constant features of the landscape from us so quickly; these we had time to peruse, and imprint forever on our memories: the green expanses; the peach-trees pink in their bloom; the plums and cherries putting on their bridal white; the gray road, followed its whole length by the vines trained from trees to tall stakes across a space which they thus embowered continuously from field to field. Everywhere the peasants were working the soil; spading, not plowing their acres, and dressing it to the smoothness of a garden. It looked rich and fertile, and the whole land wore an air of smiling prosperity which I cannot think it put on expressly for us.

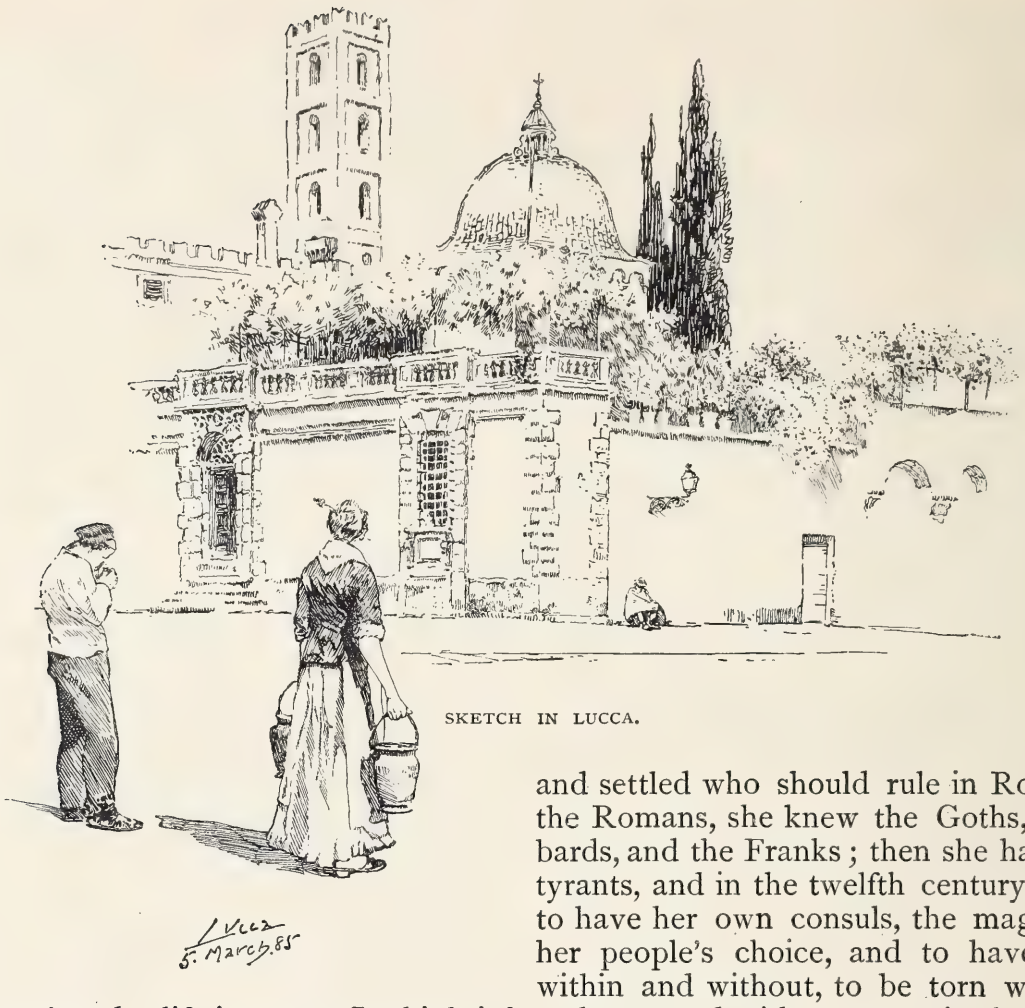
Pisa seemed hardly to have died out of the horizon before her ancient enemy began to rise from the other verge, beyond the little space in which they used to play bloodily at national hostilities. The plain narrowed as we approached, and hills hemmed us in on three sides, with snow-capped heights in the background, from which the air blew cooler and cooler. It was only eleven o'clock, and we would gladly have been all day on the road. But we pretended to be pleased with the mistaken zeal that had hurried us; it was so amiable, we could not help it; and we entered Lucca with the smiling resolution to make the most of it.

VIII.

LUCCA lies as flat as Pisa, but in shape it is as regularly oblong as that is square, and instead of the brick wall, which we had grown fond of there and in Siena, it has a girdle of gray stone, deeply moated without, and broadly leveled on top, where a lovely driveway winds round the ancient town. The wall juts in a score of angles, and the projecting spaces thus formed are planted with groups of forest trees, lofty and old, and giving a charm to the promenade exquisitely wild and rare.

To our approach, the clustering city towers and roofs promised a picturesqueness which she kept in her own fashion when we drove in through her gates, and were set down, after a dramatic rattling and banging through her streets, at the door of the Universo, or the Creca di Malta — I do not really remember which hotel it was. But I remember very well the whole domestic force of the inn seemed to be concentrated in the distracted servant who gave us our rooms, and was landlord, porter, accountant, waiter, and chamber-maid all in one. It was an inn apparently very little tainted by tourist custom, and Lucca is certainly one of the less discovered of the Tuscan cities. At the *table-d'hôte* in the evening our commensals were all Italians except an ancient English couple, who had lived so long in that region that they had rubbed off everything English but their speech. I wondered a good deal who they could be; they spoke conservatively — the foreigners are always conservative in Italy — of the good old ducal days of Lucca, when she had her own mild little despot, and they were now going to the Baths of Lucca to place themselves for the summer. They were types of a class which is numerous all over the Continent, and which seems thoroughly content with expatriation. The Europeanized American is always apologetic; he says that America is best, and he pretends that he is going back there; but the continentalized Englishman has apparently no intention of repatriating himself. He has said to me frankly in one instance that England was beastly. But I own I should not like to have said it to him.

In their talk of the ducal past of Lucca these English people struck again the note which my first impression of Lucca had sounded. Lucca was a sort of republic for nearly a thousand years, with less interruption from lords, bishops, and foreign dominions than most of her sister commonwealths, and she kept her ancient liberties down to the time of the French revolution — four hundred years longer than Pisa, and two hundred and fifty years longer than Florence and Siena; as long, in fact, as Venice, which she resembled in an arbitrary change effected from a democratic to an aristocratic constitution at the moment when the change was necessary to her existence as an independent state. The duchy of Lucca, created by the Congress of Vienna in 1817 and assigned to the Bourbons of Parma, lasted only thirty years, when it was merged by previous agreement in the grand duchy of Tuscany, the Bourbons going back to Parma, in which Napoleon's Austrian widow had

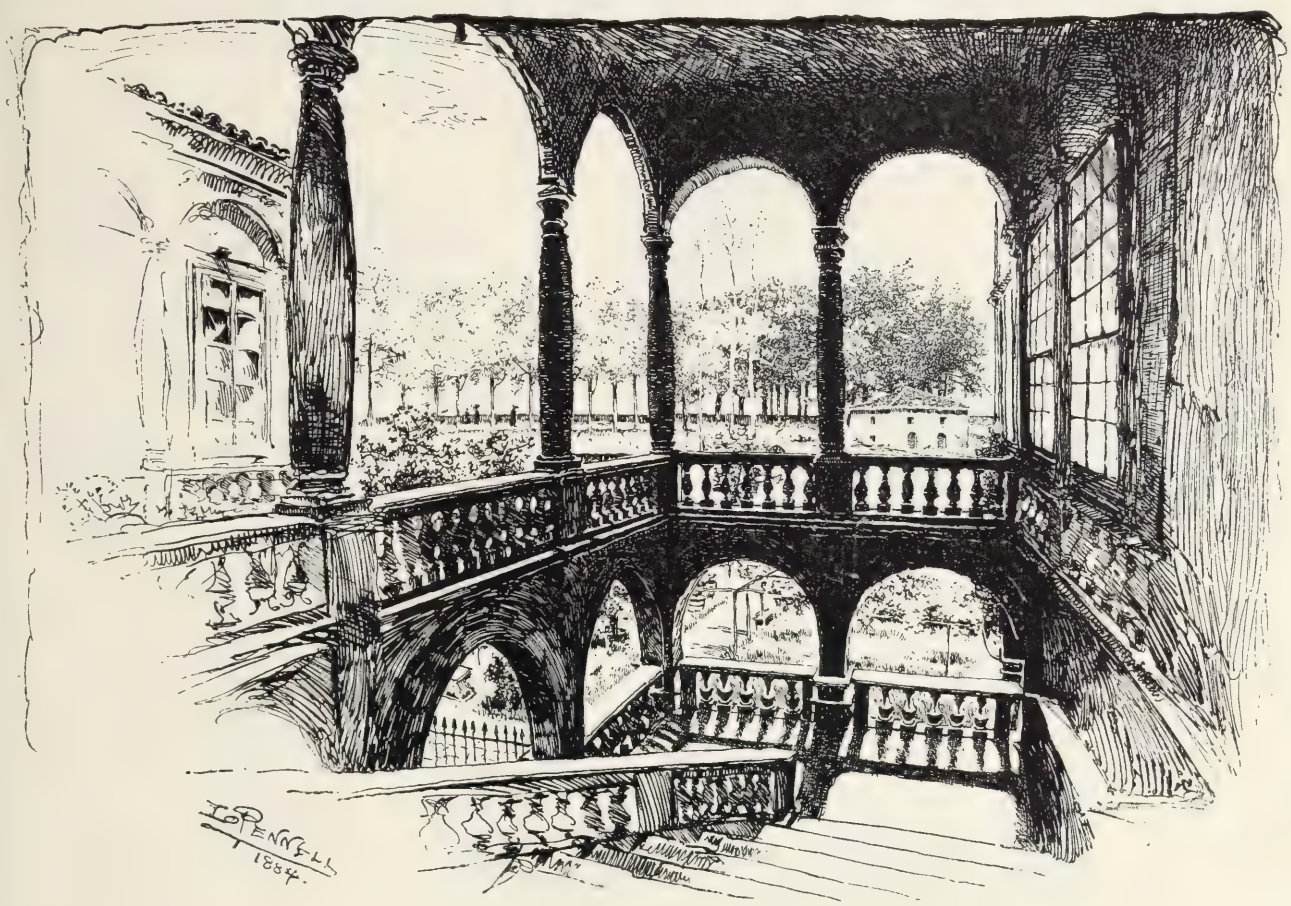


SKETCH IN LUCCA.

meantime enjoyed a life interest. In this brief period, however, the old republican city assumed so completely the character of a little principality, that, in spite of the usual Via Garibaldi and Corso Vittorio Emmanuele, I could not banish the image of the ducal state from my mind. Yet I should be at a loss how to impart this feeling to every one, or to say why a vast dusty square, planted with pollarded sycamores, and a huge, ugly palace with but a fairish gallery of pictures, fronting upon the dust and sycamores, should have been so expressive of a ducal residence. There was a statue of Maria Louisa, the first ruler of the temporary duchy, in the midst of these sycamores, and I had a persistent whimsey of her reviewing her little ducal army there, as I sat and looked out from the open door of the restaurant where my friend and I were making the acquaintance of a number of strange dishes and trying our best to be friends with the Lucchese conception of a beef-steak.

It was not because I had no other periods to choose from; in Lucca you can be overwhelmed with them. Her chronicles do not indeed go back into the mists of fable for her origin, but they boast an Etruscan, a Roman antiquity which is hardly less formidable. Here in A. U. 515 there was fixed a colony of two thousand citizens; here in 698 the great Cæsar met with Pompey and Crassus, and settled who should rule in Rome. After the Romans, she knew the Goths, the Lombards, and the Franks; then she had her own tyrants, and in the twelfth century she began to have her own consuls, the magistrates of her people's choice, and to have her wars within and without, to be torn with faction and menaced with conquest in the right Italian fashion. Once she was sacked by the Pisans under the terrible Uguccione della Faggiuola, in 1314; and more than once she was sold. She was sold for thirty-five thousand florins to two ambitious and enterprising gentlemen, the Rossi brothers, of Parma, who, however, were obliged to relinquish her to the Scaligeri of Verona. This was the sorrow and shame that fell upon her after a brief fever of conquest and glory, brought her by the greatest of her captains, the famous Castruccio Castracani, the condottiere, whose fierce, death-white face, bordered by its pale yellow hair, looks more vividly out of the history of his time than any other. For Uguccione had been in prison, appointed to die, and when the rising of the Lucchese delivered him and made him Lord of Lucca, Uguccione's fetters were still upon him. He was of the ancient Ghibelline family of the Antelminelli, who had prospered to great wealth in England, where they spent a long exile, and where Castruccio learned the art of war. After his death, one of his sons sold his dominion to another for twenty-two thousand florins, from whom his German garrison took it and sold it for sixty thousand to Gherardo Spinola; he, in turn, disposed of it to the Rossi, at a clear loss of thirty-eight thousand florins. The Lucchese suffered six years under the Scali-

geri, who sold them again — the market price this time is not quoted — to the Florentines, whom the Pisans drove out. These held her in a servitude so cruel that the Lucchese called it their Babylonian captivity; and when it was ended after twenty years, through the intervention of the Emperor Charles IV., in 1369, they were obliged to pay the German a hundred thousand florins for their liberty, which had been sold so many times for far less money.



A STAIRWAY, LUCCA.

An ancient Lucchese family, the Guanigi, whose Gothic palaces are still the most beautiful in the city, now rose to power, and held it till 1430; and then the city finally established the republican government, which in its democratic and oligarchic form continued till 1799.

The noblest event of this long period was the magnanimous attempt of the gonfaloniere, Francesco Burlamacchi, who in 1546 dreamed of driving the Medici from power and reëstablishing the republic throughout Tuscany. Burlamacchi was of an old patrician family, but the love of freedom had been instilled in him by his uncle, Filippo Burlamacchi, that Fra Pacifico who wrote the first life of Savonarola and was one of his most fervent disciples. The gonfaloniere's plot was discovered, and he was arrested by the timid Lucchese Senate, which hastened to assure the ferocious Cosmo I. that they were guiltless of complicity. The imperial commissioner came from Milan to preside at his trial, and he was sentenced to suffer death for treason to the empire. He was taken to Milan and beheaded; but now he is the greatest name in Lucca, and his statue in the piazza, fronting her ancient communal palace, appeals to all who love freedom with the memory of his high intent. He died in the same cause which Savonarola laid down his life for, and not less generously.

Poor little Lucca had not even the courage to attempt to save him; but doubtless she would have tried if she had dared. She was under the special protection of the emperors, having paid Maximilian and then Charles V. good round sums for the confirmation of her early liberties; and she was so anxious to be well with the latter, that, when she was accused to him of favoring the new Lutheran heresy, she hastened to persecute the Protestants with the same cowardice that she had shown in abandoning Burlamacchi.

It cost, indeed, no great effort to suppress the Protestant congregation at Lucca. Peter Martyr, its founder, had fled before, and was now a professor at Strasburg, whence he wrote a letter of severe upbraiding to the timorous flock who suffered themselves to be frightened back to Rome. Some of them would not renounce their faith, preferring ex-

ile, and of these, who emigrated by families, were the Burlamacchi, from whom the hero came. He had counted somewhat upon the spirit of the Reformation to help him in his design against the Medici, knowing it to be the spirit of freedom, but there is no one evidence that he was himself more a Protestant than Savonarola was.

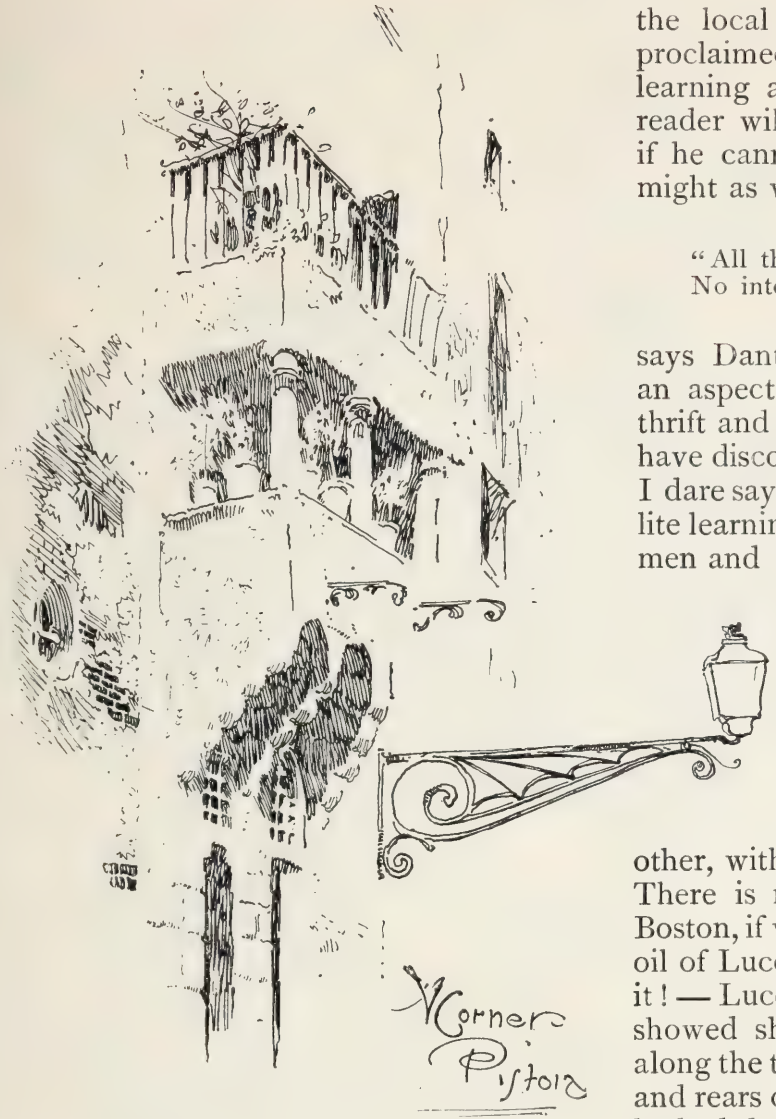
Eight years after his death the constitution of Lucca was changed, and she fell under the rule of an aristocracy nicknamed the Lords of the Little Ring, from the narrow circle in which her senators succeeded one another. She had always been called Lucca the Industrious; in her safe subordination, she now worked and throve for two hundred and fifty years, till the French republicans came and toppled her oligarchy over at a touch.



THE TOWER WITH A GROVE ON ITS CREST.

IX.

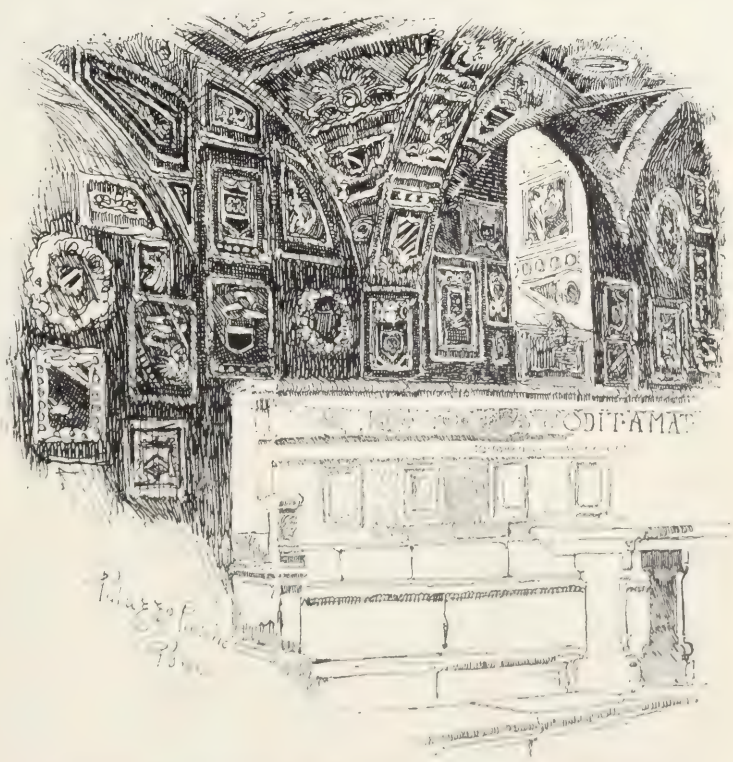
Of mediæval Lucca I have kept freshest the sense of her Gothic church architecture, with its delicate difference from that of Pisa, which it resembles and excels. It is touched with the Lombardic and Byzantine character, while keeping its own; here are the pillars resting on the backs of lions and leopards; here are the quaint mosaics in the façades. You see the former in the cathedral, which is not signally remarkable, like that of Florence, or Siena, or Pisa, and the latter in the beautiful old church of San Frediano, an Irish saint who for some reason figured in Lucca; he was bishop there in the fifth century, and the foundation of his church dates only a century or two later. San Michele is an admirable example of Lucchese Gothic, and is more importantly placed than any other church, in the very heart of the town, opposite the Palazzo Pretorio. This structure was dedicated to the occupation of the Podestà of Lucca, in pursuance of the republic's high-languaged decree, recognizing the fact that "among the ornaments with which cities embellish themselves, the greatest expenditure should always be devoted to those where the deities are worshiped, the magistracy administers justice, and the people convenes." The Palazzo Pretorio is now the repository of a public archæological collection, and the memory of its original use has so utterly perished that the combined intellects of two policemen, whom we appealed to for information, could not assign to it any other function than that of lottery office, appointed by the late grand duke. The popular intellect at Lucca is not very vivid, so far as we tested it, and though willing, it is not quick. The *caffetiera* in whose restaurant we took breakfast, under the shadow of the Pretorian Palace walls, was as ignorant of its history as the policemen; but she was very amiable, and she had three pretty daughters in the bonbon department, who looked the friendliest disposition to know about it if they could. I speak of them at once, because I did not think the Lucchese generally such handsome people as the Pisans, and I wish to be generous before I am just.



Why, indeed, should I be severe with the poor Lucchese in any way, even for their ignorance, when the infallible Baedeker himself speaks of the statue in the Piazza S. Michele as that of "S. Burlamacchi"? The hero thus canonized stood frowning down upon a grain and seed market when we went to offer him our homage, and the peasants thought we had come to buy, and could not understand why we should have only a minor curiosity about their wares. They took the wheat up in their brown hands to show us, and boasted of its superior quality. We said we were strangers, and explained that we had no intention of putting in a crop of that sort; but they only laughed blankly. In spite of this prevailing ignorance, penetrating even to the Baedeker in our hands, Lucca was much tableted to the memory of her celebrities, especially her literary celebrities, who need tablets as greatly as any literary celebrities I know. There was one literary lady whose tablet I saw in a church, and whom the local Scientific and Literary Academy proclaimed "the marvel of her age" for her learning and her gifts in improvisation. The reader will readily identify her from this; or if he cannot, the greater shame to him; he might as well be a Lucchese.

> "All there are barrators, except Bontura;
> No into yes for money there is changed,"

says Dante of this Lucca in which I found an aspect of busy commonplace, an air of thrift and traffic, and in which I only feign to have discovered an indifference to finer things. I dare say Lucca is full of intelligence and polite learning, but she does not imbue her policemen and *caffetieras* with it, as Boston does. Yet I would willingly be at this moment in a town where I could step out and see an old Roman amphitheater, built bodily up into the modern city, and showing its mighty ribs through the houses surrounding the market-place — a market-place quaint beyond any other, with its tile-roofed stands and booths. There is much more silk in Lucca than in Boston, if we have the greater culture; and the oil of Lucca is sublime; and — yes, I will own it! — Lucca has the finer city wall. The town showed shabby and poor from the driveway along the top of this, for we saw the back yards and rears of the houses; but now and then we looked down into a stiff, formal, delicious palace garden, full of weather-beaten statues, old, bad, ridiculous, divinely dear and beautiful!



ARMORIAL DRAWINGS OF PODESTÀ IN PALAZZO PRETORIO.



I cannot say that I have been hardly used, when I remember that I have seen such gardens as those; and I humbly confess it a privilege to have walked in the shadow of the Guanigi palaces at Lucca, in which the Gothic seems to have done its best for a stately and lovely effect. I even climbed to the top of one of their towers, which I had wondered at ever since my first sight of Lucca because of the little grove it bore upon its crest. I asked the custodian of the palace what it was, and he said it was a little garden, which I suspected already. But I had a consuming desire to know what it looked like, and what Lucca looked like from it; and I asked him how high the tower was. He answered that it was four hundred feet high, which I doubted at first, but came to believe when I had made the ascent. I hated very much to go up that tower; but when the custodian said that an English lady eighty years old had gone up the week before, I said to myself that I would not be outdone by any old lady of eighty, and I went up. The trees were really rooted in little beds of earth up there, and had been growing for ten years; the people of the house sometimes took tea under them in the summer evenings.

This tower was one of three hundred and seventy in which Lucca abounded before the Guanigi leveled them. They were for the convenience of private warfare; the custodian showed me a little chamber near the top, where he pretended the garrison used to stay. I enjoyed his statement as much as if it were a fact, and I enjoyed still more the magnificent prospect of the city and country from the tower; the fertile plain with the hills all round, and distant mountains snow-crowned, except to the south where the valley widened toward Florence; the multitudinous roofs and bell-towers of the city, which filled its walls full of human habitations, with no breadths of orchard and field as at Pisa and Siena.

The present Count Guanigi, so the custodian pretended, lives in another palace, and lets this in apartments; you may have the finest for seventy-five dollars a year, with privilege of sky-garden. I did not think it dear, and I said so, though I did not visit any of the interiors, and do not know what state the finest of them may be in.

X.

It was on the last day of March, after our return from Siena, that I ran out to Pistoja with my friend the artist. There were now many signs of spring in the landscape, and the gray olives were a less prevalent tone, amid the tints of the peach and pear blossoms. Dandelions thickly strewed the railroad-sides; the grass was powdered with the little daisies,

white with crimson-tipped petals; the garden-borders were full of yellow-flowering seed-turnips. The peasants were spading their fields; as we ran along, it came noon, and they began to troop over the white roads to dinner, past villas frescoed with false balconies and casements, and comfortable brownish-gray farmsteads. On our right the waves of distant purple hills swept all the way to Pistoja. under the lowering sky, with a locked-up cathedral, a bare baptistery, and a mediæval public palace, and a history early merged in that of Florence; but to me it must always have the tender interest of the pleasure, pathetically intense, which that young couple took in it. They were very hungry, and they could get no breakfast in the drowsy town, not even a cup of coffee; but they did not mind that;



A STREET IN FIESOLE.

I made it part of my business there to look up a young married couple, Americans, journeying from Venice to Florence, who stopped at Pistoja twenty years before, and saw the gray town in the gray light of a spring morning between four and six o'clock. I remembered how strange and beautiful they thought it, and from time to time I started with recognition of different objects — as if I had been one of that pair; so young, so simple-heartedly, greedily glad of all that eld and story which Italy constantly lavished upon them. I could not find them, but I found phantom traces of their youth in the ancient town, and that endeared it to me, and made it lovely through every hour of the long rainy day I spent there. To other eyes it might have seemed merely a stony old town, dull and cold they wandered about, famished but blest, and by one of the happy accidents that usually befriended them, they found their way up to the Piazza del Duomo and saw the Communal Palace so thoroughly, in all its Gothic fullness and mediæval richness of detail, that I seemed never to have risen from the stone benching around the interior of the court on which they sat to study the escutcheons carven and painted on the walls. I could swear that the bear on the arms of Pistoja was the same that they saw and noted with the amusement which a bear in a checkered tabard must inspire in ignorant minds; though I am now able to inform the reader that it was put there because Pistoja was anciently infested with bears, and this was the last bear left when they were exterminated.

We need not otherwise go deeply into the history of Pistoja. We know already how one of her family feuds introduced the factions of the Bianchi and Neri in Florence, and finally caused the exile of Dante; and we may inoffensively remember that Catiline met his defeat and death on her hills A. U. 691. She was ruled more or less tumultuously by princes, popes, and people till the time of her great siege by the Lucchese and Florentines and her own Guelph exiles in 1305. Famine began to madden the besieged, and men and women stole out of the city through the enemy's camp and scoured the country for food. When the Florentines found this out, they lay in wait for them, and such as they caught they mutilated, cutting off their noses, or arms, or legs, and then exposing them to the sight of those they had gone out to save from starvation. After the city fell, the Florentine and Lucchese leaders commanded such of the wounded Pistojese as they found on the field to be gathered in heaps upon the demolished walls, that their fathers, brothers, and children might see them slowly die, and forbade any one, under pain of a like fate, to succor one of these miserable creatures.



A COUNTRY VILLA.

Pistoja could not endure the yoke fastened upon her. A few years later her whole people rose literally in a frenzy of rebellion against the Lucchese governor, and men, women, children, priests, and monks joined in driving him out. After the heroic struggle they reëstablished their own republic, which presently fell a prey to the feud of two of her families, in whose private warfare she suffered almost as much as from her foreign enemies. Between them the Cancellieri and the Panciatichi burned a thousand houses within her walls, not counting those without, and the latter had plotted to deliver over their country to the Visconti of Milan, when the Florentines intervened and took final possession of Pistoja.

We had, therefore, not even to say that we were of the Cancellieri party in order to enter Pistoja, but drove up to the Hotel di Londra without challenge, and had dinner there, after which we repaired to the Piazza del Duomo; and while the artist got out a plate and began to etch in the rain, the author bestirred himself to find the sacristan and get into the cathedral. It was easy enough to find the sacristan, but when he had been made to put his head out of the fifth-story window he answered, with a want of enterprise and hospitality which I had never before met in Italy, that the cathedral was always open at three o'clock, and he would not come down to open it sooner. At that hour I revenged myself upon him by not finding it very interesting, though I think now the fault must have been in me. There is enough estimable detail of art, especially the fourteenth-century monument to the great lawyer and lover, Cino da Pistoja, who is represented lecturing to Petrarch among eight other of his pupils. The lady in the group is the Selvaggia whom he immortalized in his subtle and metaphysical verses; she was the daughter of

Filippo Vergolesi, the leader of the Ghibellines in Pistoja, and she died of hopeless love for Cino, when the calamities of their country drove him into exile at the time of the terrible siege. He remains the most tangible, if not the greatest name of Pistoja; he was the first of those who polished and simplified the Tuscan speech, and he was a wonder of jurisprudence in his time, restoring the Roman law and commenting nine books of the Code; so that the wayfarer, whether grammarian, attorney, littérateur, or young lady, may well look upon his monument with sympathy.

But I brought away no impression of pleasure or surprise from the cathedral generally, and, in fact, the works of art for which one may chiefly, if not solely, desire to see Pistoja again, are the Della Robbias, which immortally beautify the Ospedale del Ceppo. They represent, with the simplest reality and in the proportions of life, the seven works of mercy of St. Andrea Franchi, bishop of Pistoja in 1399. They form a frieze or band round the edifice, and are of the glazed terra cotta in which the Della Robbias commonly wrought. The saint is seen visiting "The Naked," "The Pilgrims," "The Sick," "The Imprisoned," "The Dead," "The an Hungered," "The Athirst"; and between the tableaux are the figures of "Faith," "Charity," "Hope," "Prudence," and "Justice." There are also, "An Annunciation," "A Visitation," "An Assumption"; and in three circular reliefs, adorned with fruits and flowers after the Della Robbia manner, the arms of the hospital, the city, and the Medici. But what takes the eye and the heart are the good bishop's works of mercy. In these color is used, as it must be in that material, and in the broad, unmingled blues, reds, yellows, and greens, primary, sincere, you have satisfying actuality of effect. I believe the critics are not decided that these are the best works of the masters, but they gave me more pleasure than any others, and I remember them with a vivid joy still. It is hardly less than startling to see them first, and then for every succeeding moment it is delightful. Giovanni della Robbia, and his brother, the monk Frate Ambrogio, and Andrea and his two sons, Luca and Girolomo, are all supposed to have shared in this work, which has therefore a peculiar interest, though it is not even mentioned by Vasari, and seems to have suffered neglect by all the earlier connoisseurs. It was skillfully restored in 1826 by a Pistojese architect, who removed the layer of dust that had hardened upon the glaze and hid the colors; and in 1839 the French Government asked leave to reproduce it in plaster for the Beaux-Arts; from which copy another was made for the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. It is, by all odds, the chiefest thing in Pistoja, where the reader, when he goes to look at it, may like to recall the pretty legend of the dry tree-stump *(ceppo)* breaking into bud and leaf, to indicate to the two good Pistojese of six hundred years ago where to found the hospital which this lovely frieze adorns.

Apparently, however, Pistoja does not expect to be visited for this or any other reason. I have already held up to obloquy the want of public spirit in the sacristan of the cathedral, and I have now to report an equal indifference on the part of the owner of a beautiful show-villa, which a cabman persuaded me to drive some miles out of the town through the rain to see. When we reached its gate, we were told that the villa was closed; simply that — closed. But I was not wholly a loser, for, in celebration of my supposed disappointment, my driver dramatized a grief which was as fine a theatrical spectacle as I have seen. Besides, I was able to stop on the way back at the ancient church of Sant' Andrea, where I found myself as little expected, indeed, as elsewhere, but very prettily welcomed by the daughter of the sacristan, whose father was absent, and who made me free of the church. I thought that I wished to see the famous pulpit of Giovanni da Pisa, son of Niccolò, and the little maid had to light me a candle to look at it with. She was not of much help otherwise; she did not at all understand the subjects, neither the Nativity, nor the Adoration of the Magi ("Who were the three Magi Kings?" she asked, and was so glad when I explained), nor the Slaughter of the Innocents, nor the Crucifixion, nor the Judgment. These facts were as strange to her as the marvelous richness and delicacy of the whole work, which, for opulence of invention and perfect expression of intention, is surely one of the most wonderful things in all that wonderland of Italy. She stood by and freshly admired, while I lectured her upon it as if I had been the sacristan and she a simple maid from America, and got the hot wax of the candle all over my fingers. She affected to refuse my fee. "*Le pare!*" she said, with the sweetest pretense of astonishment (which, being interpreted, is something like "The idea!"); and when I forced the coin into her unwilling hand, she asked me to come again when her father was at home. Would I could! There is no such pulpit in America, that I know of; and even Pistoja, in the rain and mud, nonchalant, unenterprising, is no bad place.

I had actually business there, besides that of a scribbling dilettante, and it took me, on behalf of a sculptor who had some medallions casting, to the most ancient of the several

bronze founderies in Pistoja. This foundery, an irregular group of low roofs, was inclosed in a hedge of myrtle, and I descended through flowery garden-paths to the office, where the master met me with the air of a host, instead of that terrifying no-admittance-except-on-business address which I have encountered in my rare visits to founderies in my own country. Nothing could have been more fascinating than the interior of the workshop, in which the bronze figures, groups, reliefs, stood about in every variety of dimension and all stages of finish. When I confessed my ignorance, with a candor which I shall not expect from the reader, of how the sculpturesque forms to their last fragile and delicate detail were reproduced in metal, he explained that an exact copy was first made in wax, which was painted with successive coats of liquid mud, one dried upon another, till a sufficient thickness was secured, when the wax was melted out, and the bronze poured in. I said how very simple it was when one knew, and he said, yes, very simple; and I came away sighing for the day when our founderies shall be inclosed in myrtle hedges, and reached through garden-paths. I suppose I shall hardly see it, for it had taken a thousand years for that foundery in Pistoja to attain its idyllic setting.



A COURTYARD, FIESOLE.

XI.

On my way home from Lucca, I stopped at Prato, whither I had been tempted to go all winter by the steam-tramway trains snuffling in and out of our Piazza Santa Maria Novella at Florence. I found it a flat, dull, commonplace-looking town at first blush, with one wild, huge, gaunt piazza, planted with straggling sycamores, and banged all round by coppersmiths, whose shops seemed to alternate with the stables occupying its arcades. Multitudinous hanks of new-dyed yarn blew in the wind under the trees, and through all the windows and open doors I saw girls and women plaiting straw. This forms the chief industry of Prato, where, as a kind little priest with a fine Roman profile, in the railway carriage, assured me, between the prayers he kept saying to himself, there was work for all and all were at work. Secular report was not so flattering to Prato. I was told that business was but dull there since the death of the English gentleman, one Mr. Askew, who has done so much for it, and who lies buried in the odor of sanctity in the old Carmelite convent. I saw his grave there when I went to look at the frescoes, under the tutelage of an old, sleek, fat monk, roundest of the round dozen of brothers remaining since the suppression. I cannot say now why I went to see these frescoes, but I must have been told by some local guide they were worthy to be seen, for I find no mention of them in the books. My old monk admired them without stint, and had a particular delight in the murder of St. Martin, who was stabbed in the back at the altar. He rubbed his hands gleefully and pointed

out the flying acolyte: "*Sempre scappa, ma è sempre là.*" (Always running, but always there!) And then he burst into a childish, simple laugh that was rather grewsome, considering its inspiration and the place. Upon the whole it might have been as well to suppress that brother along with the convent; though I was glad to hear his praises of the Englishman who had befriended the little town so wisely; and I was not troubled to learn that this good man was a convert to the religion of his beneficiaries.

I said that Prato was dull and commonplace, but that only shows how pampered and spoiled one becomes by sojourn in Italy. Let me explain now that it was only dull and commonplace in comparison with other towns I had been seeing. If we had Prato in America, we might well visit it for inspiration from its wealth of picturesqueness, of history, and of art. We have, of course, nothing to compare with it; and one ought always to remember, in reading the notes of the supercilious American tourist in Italy, that he is sneering with a mental reservation to this effect. More memory, more art, more beauty cluster about the Duomo at Prato than about — I do not wish to be extravagant — the New Old South in Boston or Grace Church in New York. I am afraid we should not find in the interior even of these edifices such frescoes as those of Lippo Lippi and Ghirlandajo in the cathedral at Prato; and as for the Della Robbia over the door and the pulpit of Donatello on the corner without, where they show the Virgin's girdle on her holiday, what shall one say? We have not even a girdle of the Virgin! These are the facts that must still keep us modest and make us beg not to be taken too positively, when we say Prato is not interesting. In that pulpit, with its "marble brede" of dancing children, one sees, almost at his best, a sculptor whose work, after that of Mino da Fiesole, goes most to the heart of the beholder.

I hung about the piazza, delighting in it, till it was time to take the steam-tramway to Florence, and then I got the local postman to carry my bag to the cars for me. He was the gentlest of postmen, and the most grateful for my franc, and he explained, as we walked, how he was allowed by the Government to make what sums he could in this way, between his distributions of the mail. His salary was fifty francs a month, and he had a family. I dare say he is removed by this time, for a man with an income like that must seem an Offensive Partisan to many people of opposite politics in Prato.

The steam-tramway train consisted of two or three horse-cars coupled together, and drawn by the pony-engine I was familiar with in our piazza. This is a common means of travel between all large Italian cities and outlying small towns, and I wonder why we have not adopted it in America. We rattled pleasantly along the level of the highway at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour, and none of the horses seemed to be troubled by us. They had probably been educated up to the steam-tram, and I will never believe that American horses are less capable of intellectual development than the Italian.

XII.

We postponed our visit to Fiesole, which we had been meaning to make all winter, until the last days of our Florentine sojourn, and it was the middle of April when we drove up to the Etruscan city. "Go by the new road and come back by the old," said a friend who heard we were going at last. "Then you will get the whole thing." We did so; but I am not going to make the reader a partner of all of our advantages; I am not sure that he would be grateful for them; and to tell the truth, I have forgotten which road Boccaccio's villa was on and which the villa of the Medici. Wherever they are, they are charming. The villa of Boccaccio is now the Villa Palmieri; I still see it fenced with cypresses, and its broad terrace peopled with weather-beaten statues, which at a distance I could not have sworn were not the gay ladies and gentlemen who met there and told their merry tales while the plague raged in Florence. It is not only famous as the supposed scene of the Decamerone, but it takes its name from a learned gentleman who wrote a poem there, in which he maintained that at the time of Satan's rebellion the angels who remained neutral became the souls now inhabiting our bodies. For this uncomfortable doctrine his poem, though never printed, was condemned by the Inquisition — and justly. The Villa Medici, once Villa Mozzi, and now called Villa Spence, after the English gentleman who inhabits it, was the favorite seat of Lorenzo, before he placed himself at Villa Carreggi; hither he resorted with his wits, his philosophers, his concubines, buffoons, and scholars; and here it was that the Pazzi hoped to have killed him and Giuliano at the time of their ill-starred conspiracy. You come suddenly upon it, deeply dropped amidst its gardens, at a turn of the winding slopes which make the ascent to Fiesole a constantly changing delight and wonder.

Fiesole was farther than she seemed in the fine, high air she breathes, and we had some long hours of sun and breeze in the exquisite

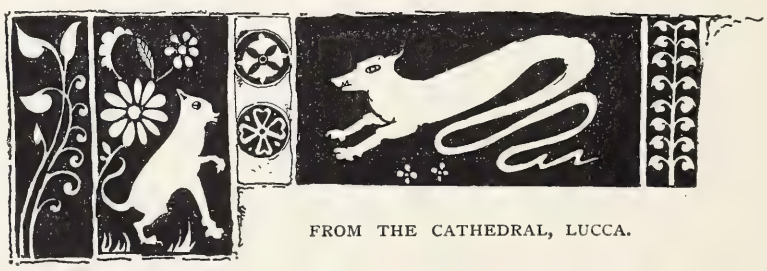
spring morning before the first Etruscan emissaries met us with the straw fans and parasols whose fabrication still employs their remote antiquity. They were pretty children and young girls, and they were preferable to the mediæval beggars who had swarmed upon us at the first town outside the Florentine limits, whither the Pia Casa di Ricovero could not reach them. From every point the world-old town, fast seated on its rock, looked like a fortress, inexpugnable and picturesque; but it kept neither promise, for it yielded to us without a struggle, and then was rather tame and commonplace,—commonplace and tame, of course, comparatively. It is not everywhere that you have an impressive Etruscan wall; a grass-grown Roman amphitheater, lovely, silent; a museum stocked with classic relics and a custodian with a private store of them for sale; not to speak of a cathedral begun by the Florentines just after they destroyed Fiesole in 1000. Fiesole certainly does not, however, invite one by its modern aspect to think of the Etruscan capital which Cicero attacked in the Roman Senate for the luxury of its banquets and the lavish display of its inhabitants. It was but a plain and simple repast that the Café Aurora afforded us, and the Fiesolans seemed a plain and simple folk; perhaps in one of them who was tipsy an image of their classic corruptions survived. The only excitement of the place we seemed to have brought with us; there had, indeed, been an election some time before, and the dead walls — it seems odd that all the walls in Fiesole should not be dead by this time — were still placarded with appeals to the enlightened voters to cast their ballots for Peruzzi, candidate for the House of Deputies and a name almost as immemorial as their town's.

However luxurious, the Fiesolans were not proud; a throng of them followed us into the cathedral, where we went to see the beautiful monument of Bishop Salutali by Mino da Fiesole, and allowed me to pay the sacristan for them all. There may have been a sort of justice in this; they must have seen the monument so often before.

They were sociable, but not obtrusive, not even at the point called the Belvedere, where, having seen that we were already superabundantly supplied with straw fans and parasols, they stood sweetly aside and enjoyed our pleasure in the views of Florence. This ineffable prospect —

But let me rather stand aside with the Fiesolans, and leave it to the reader!

W. D. Howells.



FROM THE CATHEDRAL, LUCCA.

MARCH IN JANIVEER.

"Janiveer in March I fear."

I WOULD not have you so kindly,
Thus early in friendship's year—
A little too gently, blindly,
You let me near.

So long as my voice is duly
Calm as a friend's should be,
In my eyes the hunger unruly
You will not see.

The eyes that you lift so brightly,
Frankly to welcome mine —
You bend them again as lightly
And note no sign.

I had rather your pale cheek reddened
With the flush of an angry pride:
That a look with disliking deadened
My look defied;

If so in the spring's full season
Your glance should soften and fall,
When, reckless with Love's unreason,
I tell you all.

H. C. Bunner.

RIVERSIDE PARK.

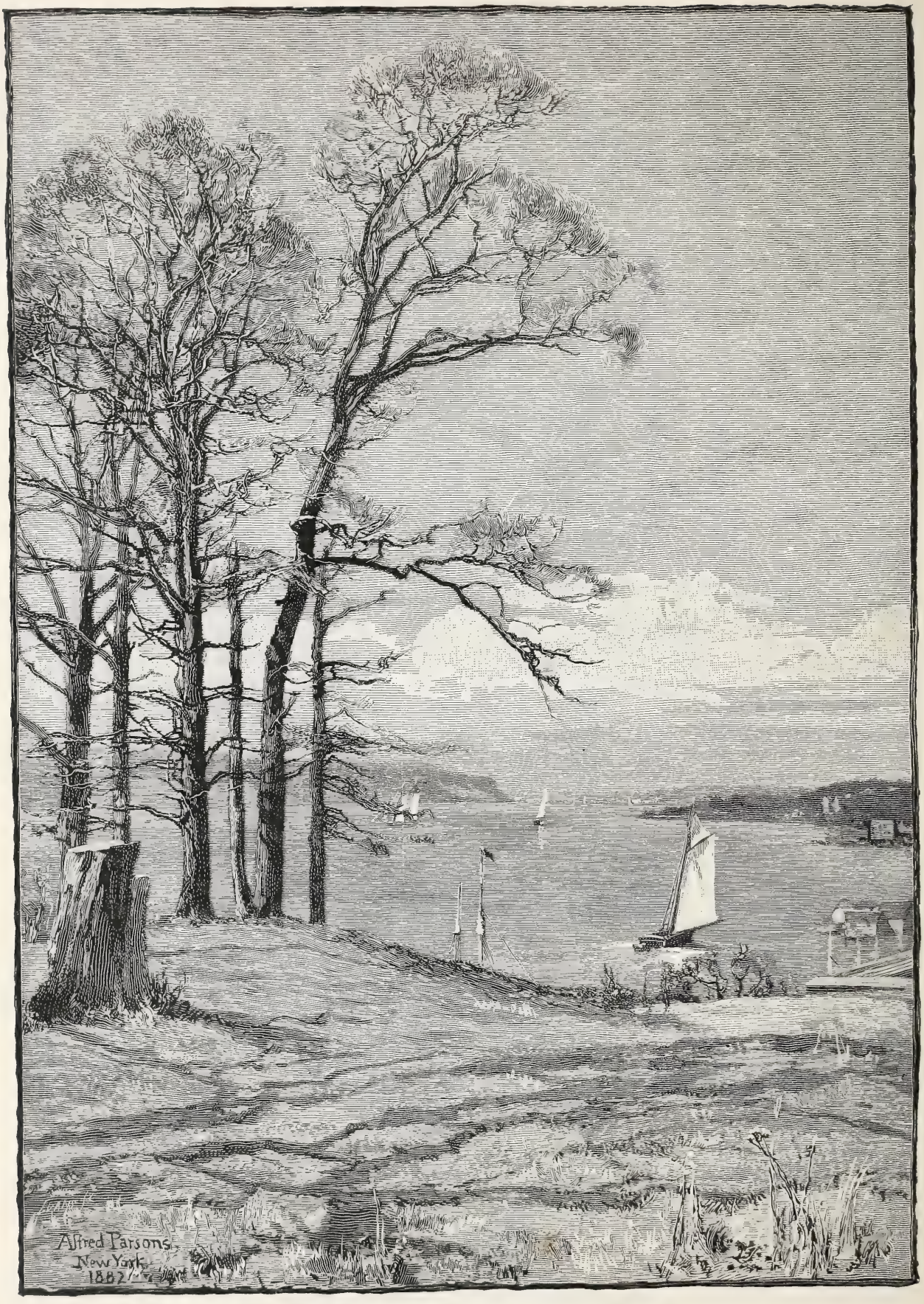
IN the current discussion of questions relating to public pleasure grounds "the city's breathing places" has come to be the phrase used oftenest to designate urban parks as a class. From this it would seem that the primary purpose of a city park, according to the popular conception, is to furnish a free bath of fresh air for lungs doomed to inhale some fluid which is not always fresh nor over cleanly. Analysis proves that the air in densely peopled quarters of a great city is heavy with noxious exhalations and impoverished in the elements which promote the processes of life; while that which is sifted through masses of foliage and quickened by sunlight is at once disinfected by the subtle chemistry of nature and enriched with elements of tonic vigor. Among the people crowded together in every compactly built city, no doubt there are too many to whom a breath of pure and fragrant air, wafted across broad stretches of cool herbage or flowing water, and screened through the leaves of lusty trees, would prove a novel and surprising refreshment; and therefore in this one particular it would be difficult to overstate the sanitary importance of accessible and spacious city or suburban parks.

But after all, the ideal park is something more than a fresh-air preserve or a fresh-air factory. Its influence must reach the nobler part of man's nature. It must make a direct appeal to the imagination through the senses, and all its elements and accompaniments must helpfully unite to make that appeal distinct and impressive. Fortunately there is no select class whose minds alone respond sensitively to the sights and sounds and odors of the outdoor world, for what we vaguely term the love of nature is a deep-seated and universal instinct which is never stifled outright even under the most depressing conditions. One who has given a handful of flowers to a street child, and watched the sudden sunshine overspread the little face and chase away the prematurely hard and wary expression, will feel that it is a genuine heart-hunger which has been for the moment allayed. It is the same hunger which the driving man of business feels and promises himself that he will satisfy with a country home, where in the evening of life he can enjoy the brief leisure he has toiled so many years to earn. In fact the mind of man was never haunted by a day-dream of possible earthly felicity unclouded and secure without its vision of fair fields and shining skies. And this instinct is no less persistent than it is spontaneous and universal. It is constantly benumbed by the stupefying discipline of schools, but it survives even the paralysis of a liberal education. It is one original impulse which is not quite choked to death by the cultured formalisms and insincerities of an artificial world. It is a profounder feeling than the mere relish for natural beauty. It means more than a sensuous delight in color or form or melody or fragrance; and this not only because in nature always, as in the noblest art, sensuous beauty is substantiated, transfigured, and vitalized by some indwelling truth, but because it includes an element of affection, a strange feeling of kinship with material things as if they were informed with conscious life. In the poetry of every language, and wherever else the elemental passions of the soul find spontaneous expression, this affection never lacks recognition. Any instinct which sends its roots so deeply into the constitution of the mind cannot safely be denied all gratification. In so far, then, as the conditions of a city life forbid its enjoyment, they deprive the mind of its natural food; and a city park serves no unworthy purpose if it does no more than offer to intellect and affections the nourishment they crave.

A discriminating interest in various kinds of natural scenery is the specific development of this general inclination to commune with nature which first demands recognition. Whether it is owing to association of ideas, or to some deeper reason in the constitution of things, like the law in accordance with which every phase of the mystery and passion of human life is visibly symbolized somewhere and at some time in the appearances and processes of nature, certain it is that particular kinds of scenery excite definite trains of thought and feeling, as, for example, in the direction of wistfulness, aspiration, or hope, just as the minor music of the autumn wind produces the sentiment of melancholy. Green pastures and still waters are to-day and to every one the essential elements of the typical picture of peace, just as they were in the sacred poetry of Palestine. A reach of gently rolling meadow,

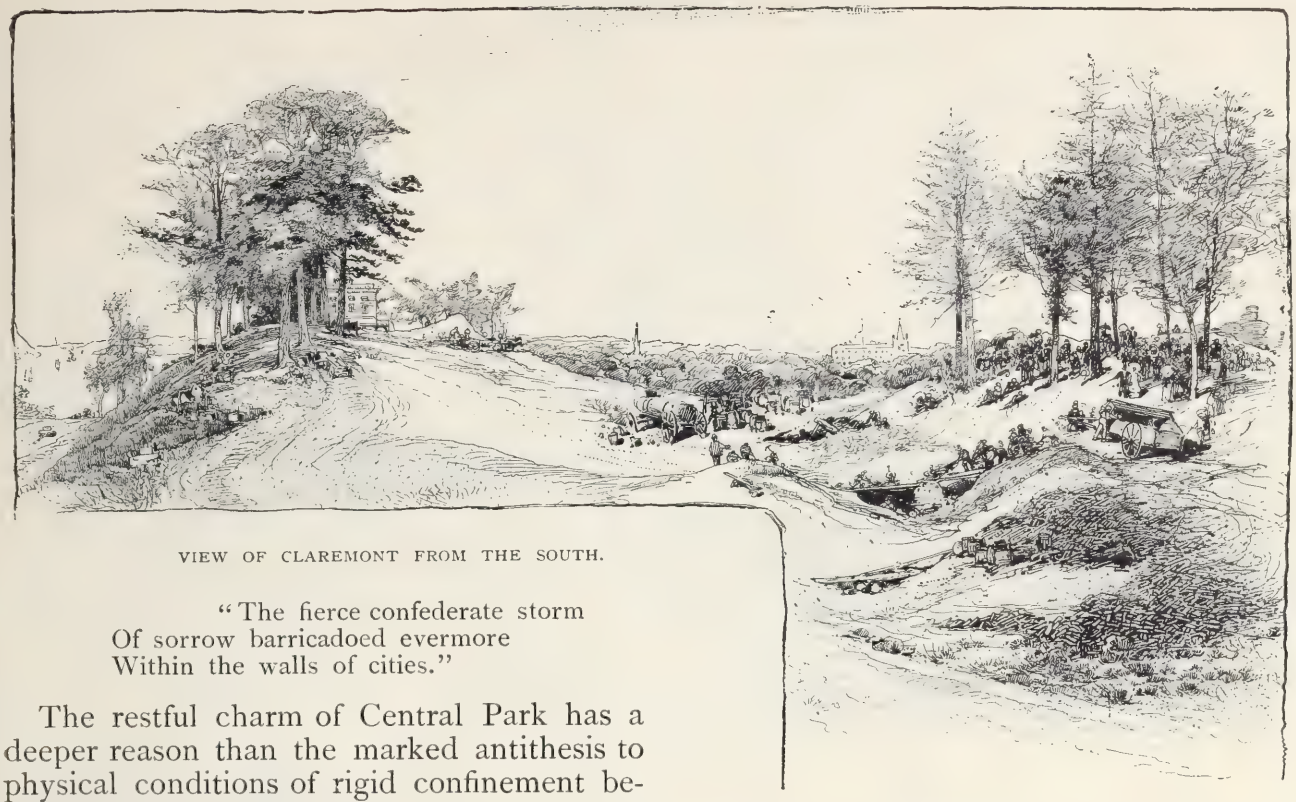
> "Whereon the nibbling flocks do stray,"

sloping to the cool border of a brook which loiters here and there to catch the sunlight as it falls through openings in the overhanging foliage, its mantle of closely cropped verdure fitting it so smoothly as to reveal every undulation, and offering a surface texture upon which the very shadows of the trees delight to rest, is always a revelation of innocent contentment. It always brings a sense of restfulness and peace. It is a picture which not only excludes



LOOKING UP THE HUDSON FROM CLAREMONT.

every suggestion of the want and wretchedness, the cruelty, oppression, and strife which society acknowledges as its shame, but its motive is in refreshing contrast to the devouring ambition, the strenuous energy, the eagerness, the adventure, the spirit of progress which the same civilization boasts of as its distinguishing glory. To the imagination it suggests the simplicity, the dignity, the innocence, the conservatism, the freedom, the quietness, the contemplative leisure of the ideal pastoral life; and while it possesses the mind it is a signal relief from the wear and weariness, the strain and pressure, the turbulence and discontent,



VIEW OF CLAREMONT FROM THE SOUTH.

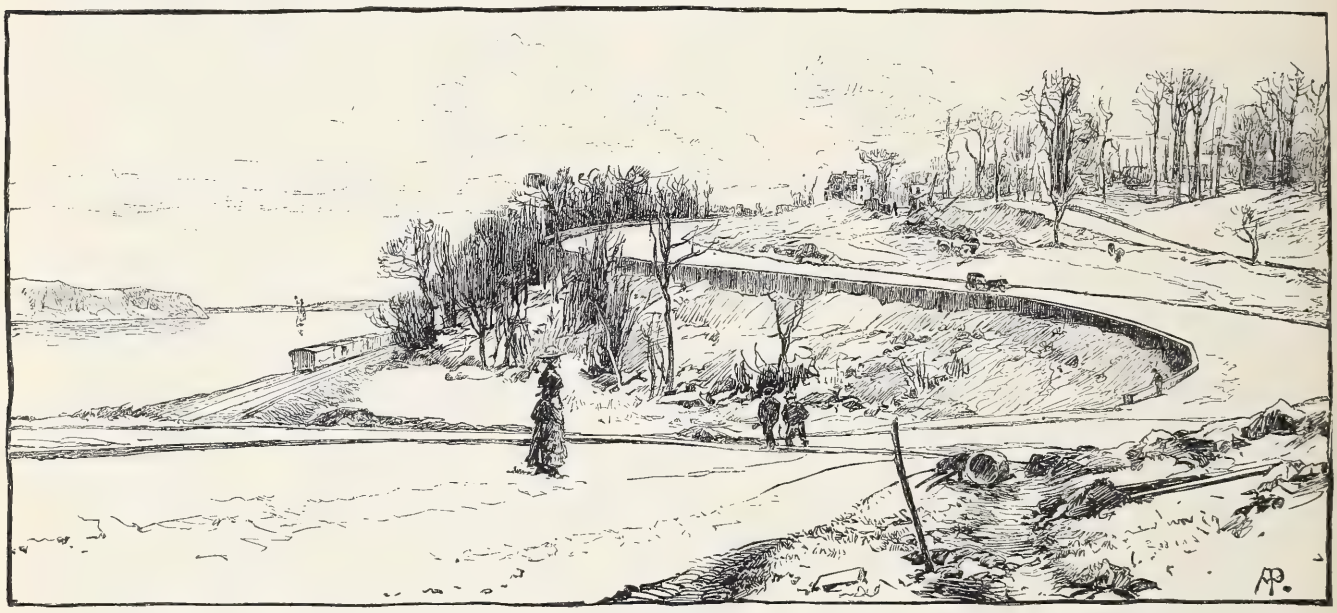
"The fierce confederate storm
Of sorrow barricadoed evermore
Within the walls of cities."

The restful charm of Central Park has a deeper reason than the marked antithesis to physical conditions of rigid confinement between walls of stone and upon streets of stone, which is offered by its broad rural views, its openness and airiness and spacious skies. In spite of the salient scenery about it, its narrow limits and originally rugged surface, it embodies with rare success the tranquilizing pastoral idea. Its scant meadow-land is not fenced off by well-defined boundaries to advertise its meagerness, but is allowed to flow around wooded knolls and lose itself in grassy alcoves which wind among the trees and lead the fancy onward with fair promise of broader fields beyond. Even the bolder features of the park and its passages of sylvan picturesqueness are all subordinate to its central purpose, which they emphasize by shading and contrast. The rising tide of population will soon sweep quite around it, but there will remain one spot in the heart of the city which may not be bounded by a sky-line of roofs and chimneys, for the city is forever walled out of sight by woodside banks of foliage. The time is coming when Central Park will be as unfashionable as the Battery is to-day; but so long as men delight in seclusion and sigh for repose, its tranquil graces will not cease to allure, for its fair prospects, tuneful woods, and scented air, which soothe every sense, bring with them an inward rest and peace which are no less real because their presence is not consciously recognized by those who enjoy them. Indeed, the rest will be more refreshing and the peace more profound because they flow in upon the spirit so quietly and never challenge observation.

But all the possibilities in the way of recreation grounds on Manhattan Island were not exhausted by a single success in one direction. Besides the placid prospects whose interest lies wholly in the foreground or in the range immediately beyond, there are grand and inspiring landscapes which embrace the blue distance in their sweep. New York, too, from her peerless position as the maritime capital of a continent, looks out upon bright waters on every hand, and from all her breezy shores the sparkling surface of river, bay, or sound can be seen stretching away in endless diversity of cheerful prospect. And questions of scenery apart, there are certain wants which Central Park was never designed to meet and to which it never can be adapted. It is a difficult matter to reconcile the ideas of seclusion and festivity. Pastoral simplicity vanishes as the equipage and bravery of fashion become obtrusive. Even now, with the city half grown, there are times when the roadways of the park are thronged with carriages to the limit of their capacity. The ratio between the grass and gravel of the park is such that any sacrifice of its verdurous elements to the extent which a widening of its wheelways would necessitate is not to be thought of, even if such a change would not be a flagrant violation of the spirit of the work. The roads were laid to command the same quieting scenery which is enjoyed from the walks, and they will suffice for all who drive to find these reposeful landscapes. The carriages driven in gay procession for social pleasure must soon go somewhere else.

To think of Riverside Park simply as a relief from the thronged wheelways of Central

Park is to form a most inadequate and incomplete conception of that work, and yet it is essentially the aggrandizement of a road. The road itself — a cluster of ample ways for pleasure riding, driving, and walking, separated by strips of turf from which stately trees are to rise, and extending for three miles — would have a dignity of its own wherever it might lead through the city. But its position overlooking the broad Hudson gives it an added importance and an individual character which are not repeated nor paralleled in any of the famous avenues of the world. From Seventy-second street to the hollow known in the old maps as "Marritje David's Vly," at what is now One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street, the river banks are bold, rising steeply at one point to the height of one hundred and fifty feet. Down at the river level lies Twelfth



RIVERSIDE DRIVE AT NINETY-SIXTH STREET, LOOKING NORTH.

Avenue, while upon the high ground, eight hundred feet inland and parallel with the pier-line, Eleventh Avenue cuts its way square across the long series of side streets in accordance with the orthodox rectangular block system. Between these two avenues, now approaching one and now the other, winds Riverside Drive, following mainly the brow of the bluff, but rising and falling at easy grades, curving about the bolder projections, and everywhere adapting its course so graciously to the contour of the land, that it does not look to have been laboriously "laid out," but to have developed rather as a part of the natural order of things. The broad shelf against the sloping bank formed by the associated ways is supported on the lower side by a massive retaining wall, at some points nearly forty feet in height, and this rises above the drive in a low, heavy parapet which extends throughout its entire length, fitly crowning and completing the dignified structure. The outer walk follows this bold terrace, although at one point it drops below the level of the drive, allowing carriages to wheel out upon a spacious balcony. Occasionally too, where the grade demands it, the drive breaks from the walk and side road which skirts the property line on the eastern boundary of the park, leaving wide slopes of turf between the ways. Notwithstanding these devices to give variety to the plan of the road proper, one can hardly comprehend how so long a terrace can escape being unpleasantly formal; but in this instance the constant change of level and direction excludes any impression of sameness, and at times the upward sweeping of the parapet curve produces a pleasant effect by its harmony with the sky-line of tree-tops beyond. Even now, before its trees are grown or its retaining wall mantled with vines, the road itself, as its gray stretches disappear behind some hill and beckon the visitor onward, delights the eye and kindles the imagination.

West of the wall is a strip of land varying in width as the avenue approaches or recedes from the river. It is generally lower than the drive, and falls away to the water with a rapid inclination. In one of its wider portions, however, near Eighty-second street, the granite basement of the island rises in a pair of abrupt hillocks above the road level, bursting through its thin covering of turf here and there, and nursing in its crevices two or three stunted and picturesque honey-locusts. Glimpses of the river and the Jersey shore beyond, caught between these hills, furnish pictures worth remembering even among the many glorious prospects from the drive. This strip of land is too narrow to afford any park-

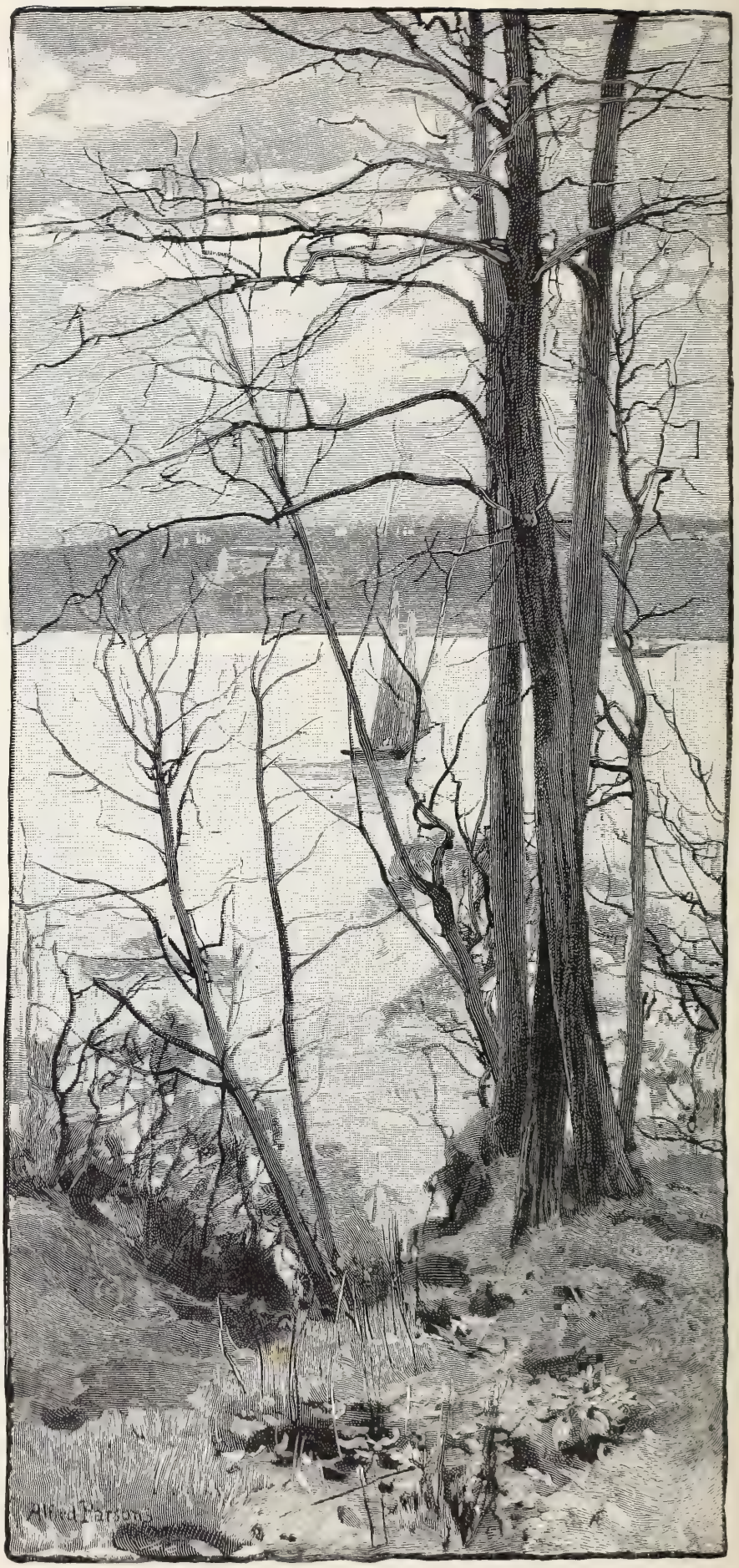


RIVERSIDE DRIVE NEAR CLAREMONT, LOOKING SOUTH.

like range; and while nothing has been done to adapt it to the purposes of a pleasure-ground, it has unfortunately been hideously scarified to furnish "filling" for the railroad and other improvements. Descending from the drive by stone steps to some points where it is accessible, as at One Hundred and Sixth street, we find an open wood of fine trees with grassy intervals extending for a long distance as a sort of intermediate terrace, which drops suddenly to the river level in a steep bank covered with a wild tangle of trees, shrubs, and vines. Some of the trees have a size and dignity of expression which invest them with an individual interest. The white pines at the northern end of the park, the chestnut oaks in some of the upper groves, the tulip-trees and sycamores at Ninety-sixth street, all wear that venerable look which trees rarely attain in the first century of their history. It is a matter of record, however, that General Robertson stripped the island of all its trees in the cold winter of 1779–80, to furnish fuel for his freezing redcoats. This was the winter when New York was reported by the British officer to be no longer on an island, so solid was the ice which bound it to the land beyond both rivers. Across the bay even, from the Battery to Staten Island, heavy pieces of artillery were driven. The trees were not cut, however, until old houses and the hulks of unseaworthy vessels had been broken up for firewood. No doubt the British axes found trees in plenty remaining, although one hundred and fifty years of felling had gone on since Hendrik Hudson, looking on the island from the deck of his galiot, pronounced it "a pleasant land as one need to tread upon, and abundant in all kinds of timber." It was one of his landing parties who reported here "an abundance of magnificent oaks of a height and thickness one seldom beholds, together with poplars and linden-trees and various other kinds of wood." A remarkable variety of arborescent growth is yet seen wherever the land is left to cover its nakedness. There is hardly a half-mile on the bank at Riverside where one cannot look over from the walk and count forty tree-species. The record of General Robertson's exploit may be put in evidence against any claim for reverence as primeval settlers which our oaks and pines may set up; but they are trees of stately stature, none the less.

The real value of this belt of land below the drive is not, however, to be estimated by any attractions of its own, but is derived from the fact that it secures the water-view and furnishes it with a foreground. It is the impressive presence of the strong and silent river which invests this parkway with its unique interest. No treatment of its shores, however insolent or feeble, can make the Hudson tame or trivial or commonplace. So long as the broad current bears its burden of stately ships so lightly between mountain barriers worthy to contain it and direct its flow, the river and its banks will never fail to

fill the mind and eye with pictures of majesty and might. From the drive the views of the river and the wood-crowned heights beyond are most characteristic. The full expanse of water is not at all times visible. Now it is quite obscured by some headland or cluster of trees, and again barely enough of it is revealed through leafy vistas to provoke the fancy. Here again its full light gleams over the flattened top of some pepperidge, or is softened and sobered as it filters through the spray of birches and willows; while from occasional high levels the eye has free range to the north or south along the bright waterway, and over prospects of great extent and the most varied interest. The crowning view of the whole series is that from Claremont looking up the river. This is at the northern end of the park, where the grounds are widest and where they reach their greatest elevation. As the high ground here abruptly falls away, the road naturally ends, sweeping around in a loop on the brow of the bluff where the interest in the scenery culminates in this commanding prospect. Here, half hidden in a grove, stood the historic mansion once occupied by Lord Churchill, but the oaks and tulip-trees which surrounded it are dead or dying one by one, as destructive "improvements" have gashed the hill-side with deep cuts and drained away the water which fed their roots. But a few months ago a giant pine which had survived the cruelties of the city engineer and at least one lightning stroke was chopped down when the old house which it sheltered was "restored" for victualing purposes beyond all hope of recognition. Other trees were swept away



ACROSS THE HUDSON FROM CLAREMONT, FORT LEE IN THE DISTANCE.

at the same period, when there was much digging out and heaping up of earth hereabout in accordance with some unrevealed plan. But in spite of the desolation of the foreground, the distant prospect remains. Below the bluff the Hudson still broadens out to hold the light of all the sky. The Palisades frown along the left, and seem to end in a bold promontory, around which the river flows from the mysterious distances beyond, while on the island side a rocky arm is thrust out from Washington Heights, to protect the deep and quiet bay.

Of course it is to be understood that the Riverside Park of to-day is little better than a promise, or rather, it is but the foundation and frame of what it is to be. The road-bed is laid, and this establishes the plan beyond any possible abandonment. Of the hundred miles of frontage upon navigable water, possessed by the cities which cluster about this harbor, three miles are thus rescued from commerce and dedicated to recreation. At only two points, and these near its southern extremity, do cross streets extend through the park to the river, so that traffic is forbidden here, and the character of the territory which fronts the drive as a residence quarter is fixed. This land as yet is largely vacant, but its advantages will be plainly squandered if it is not occupied by a line of villas whose deep lawns, while giving them more perfect domestic seclusion, will add to the amplitude and dignity of the parkway. A short space in the life of a city can work this transformation, for a city grows, alas! more swiftly than a tree, and the villas could be built and rebuilt before the lindens, elms, and maples will cover the drive with cooling shadows.

Not until the expanding city has brought a large population within easy reach of the work can it completely fulfil its purpose as a grand promenade, where people in great numbers come together for that stimulating recreation which forms so important a feature in the social life of Old World cities. It is a heart-hardening and mind-depressing process to come into daily contact with throngs of people with whom we have no sympathy. This is an irritating influence to which the city business man is constantly subjected, and it is one cause of wear and exhaustion from which he needs relief. If the same persons, with the hardening struggles of the business day behind them, can meet for the common purpose of recreation, the pervading holiday sympathy contrasts as refreshingly with the jostle and scramble of the exchange and market-place as does the quieting charm which lingers about the secluded borders of a tree-flecked meadow. No one who has observed a multitude of happy people on the Champs Élysées in pleasant weather, or similar gatherings which on occasions assemble in our own parks, can doubt that this inclination to associated recreation is a natural and healthful one, which deserves to be provided for. At such times the joyous light which beams from every face helps to illumine all the rest. There is a manifest contagion of light-heartedness. The source of this peculiar pleasure is plainly in the social instinct. It is abounding human life in its most cheerful aspect which gives so keen a relish to the general enjoyment.

It is plain that the charm of scenery, and especially of quieting scenery, is not essential to a stimulating recreation, whose controlling element is congregated human life. The freedom and exhilaration of fresh open air; rows of full-foliaged trees, greensward and birds; wheelways ample, smooth, clean, a springy bridle-track adjoining the road, so that occupants of carriages can readily turn to converse with friends on horseback; shaded footpaths and cozy resting-places,— these are the essential physical features of a grand promenade. To them can be added the most elaborate decoration, for it will not be out of harmony with the formal colonnades of trees, and the artificial character of the whole structure. Monuments, statues, fountains, tropical plants, and floral embroidery so barbarously misplaced amid quiet rural surroundings, will here help to heighten the brilliant effect, where

> "With stately progress to and fro
> The double tides of chariots flow,"

and numbers of spirited horses and well-dressed people meet and mingle in a spirit of animated gayety. As a field for such festal assemblages the Riverside Terrace offers a unique opportunity; for besides all the best features of an extended and spacious Spanish Alameda the river flows by to cool and freshen every breeze, even if we count for naught its glorious scenery among the exhilarating sights and sounds of the promenade. But festivity will be at flood-tide for only a fraction of each day, while the river never fails. And even when the scene upon the terrace is in full glitter, there may be one who will turn for refreshment to the sun-glints on the water or to a bit of hazy distance as his friend grows tiresome. A noble horizon may not be essential to social enjoyment, but a more delightful incident to such enjoyment can hardly be imagined, and at times it might prove a wholesome corrective of the inanities of fashionable walk and conversation. Fortunately an elaborately decorative treatment of the terrace will not dissipate attention from the spacious prospect beyond, for the

parapet furnishes such a marked and decisive line of foreground limitation that well-chosen, decorative objects held within it will rather emphasize by contrast the grand effect of the distant scenery. We may lament that the planting of the trees was so long delayed and that such inadequate preparation was made in the original construction for giving them deep root-hold and rich feeding-ground, especially since so much depends upon their vigor and amplitude of shade; but if the place which the work is designed to fill in the social economy of the city comes to be appreciated civic pride will hardly tolerate any further mistakes. No single park centrally situated in a great city can be large enough to furnish space at once for stimulating social recreation and the quieting charm of secluded scenery. Indeed any attempt to mingle the two forms of recreation will be to the disadvantage of both. If New York had prepared twenty-five years ago for a grand promenade from Madison Square to Central Park the trees would now have attained some maturity of stature and expression, and this parkway would already be famous as one of the striking features of the city and the object of its noblest pride. Twenty-five years hence as dense a population will have sprung up on the heights which overlook the river as that now found along the line of Fifth Avenue. One opportunity lost should be a warning. Riverside, as the true complement of Central Park, should be made ready to welcome the expanding city as it sweeps by to the north.

SINCE the foregoing description of Riverside and its possibilities was written an element of the most serious significance has been introduced by the selection of Claremont Heights for the Grant mausoleum. A structure fitly commemorative of the high achievement and patriotic devotion of the nation's foremost soldier might well consist with the spirit and purpose of the park; but the actual sepulture of the hero at this key-point necessitates some compromise with the prevalent idea of festal assemblage. A certain isolation must be granted to the tomb in deference to the sentiment of reverence, and yet in view of the limitations of the ground at this point of focal and culminating interest it is not desirable that the surrounding space should be considerably encroached upon. The adjustment of conflicting claims of this sort is one phase of the complex problem presented, and obviously a satisfactory result can only be reached after the closest study and the most judicious treatment. On the other hand it should be remembered that Riverside would possess no monument to Grant if his dust were not laid to rest beneath it, and that this presence will add an impressiveness to the monument which belongs to none of the memorial works reared elsewhere. The spot will henceforth be invested with a national and historic interest which will lend new consequence and dignity to the park. [This increased importance will encourage such maintenance as the work merits and help to preserve it from being turned over to traffic or perverted to alien use.] Riverside, until yesterday unheard of, is already a familiar word the world over. It was the solemnities at Claremont that first introduced thousands of people who live within the city limits to a public ground of whose existence they had been hardly aware. But a few months ago one might traverse the drive from end to end without encountering more people than would be met in the same distance on a lonely country road. The memorial grounds have even now proved helpful to the park, and the interest kindled will not fail. The Heights of Claremont offer many artistic advantages as the site of an imposing structure, and these advantages will remain. The idea of mortality suggested by the tomb is not congenial with the motive of the recreation ground, but this idea will gradually fade out as years roll on, and the man of heroic stature assumes his rightful place in history among the world's leaders who live for evermore.

William A. Stiles.



THE LAST DAYS OF GENERAL GRANT.

ON Christmas Eve, 1883, General Grant seemed to himself and to the world a healthy and prosperous man. He was sixty-one years of age, full of mental vigor, and physically as strong, if not as active, as he had ever been. He was engaged in business that brought him in an ample income, and he told his intimate friends that he was worth a million of dollars. He passed that evening at the house of an acquaintance and went home in a cab about midnight. As he alighted he turned to hand the driver a fare, and in doing this his foot slipped on the ice, for the weather was cold and wet, and the rain froze on the pavement. He fell to the ground and was unable to rise. The driver got down from the box to assist him, but the General was suffering acutely, and the man was obliged to call for help from within doors. A servant came out, and General Grant was carried up the steps into his house, which he was never to leave again a well man.

The family at the time consisted only of Mrs. Grant and a young niece, with the servants. Mrs. Grant was naturally very much alarmed, but the General declared that the injury was not serious, and although he was almost senseless from pain he refused to allow a medical man to be summoned. In the morning his son Ulysses, who lived near, was brought, and he at once sent for Dr. Fordyce Barker, the family physician, who pronounced the case one that required surgical treatment, and called in Dr. Lewis A. Stimson. The injury was thought to be the rupture of a muscle in the upper part of the thigh, and although after the first few days the suffering was less, any quick or sudden movement of the limb was so painful that the General was unable to move in his bed without assistance; he did not leave it for weeks. A few days after the fall he suffered an attack of pleurisy, which also at first occasioned excruciating pain, but was not absolutely dangerous.

The effects of this accident detained General Grant in the house many weeks, but after a while he was able to hobble about on crutches, and in March he went, by the advice of his physicians, to Washington and Fortress Monroe. By this time his general health was greatly improved, but the weakness in his leg and hip continued, and the unusual confinement somewhat affected his spirits, though not his temper or his intellect. He was the most patient of sufferers, the most equable of prisoners. Hosts of friends among the most distinguished people of the country gathered around him wherever he went, and their society, always one of his greatest delights, now cheered the tedium and allayed the suffering of the invalid. In April he returned to New York and was able to drive his own horse and to attend army reunions. He went, however, to no private entertainments. His affairs seemed still very prosperous, and he hoped soon to recover entirely from the effects of his fall.

I had been absent from the country during the winter, but returned late in April, and at once saw much of my old chief. I found him cheerful and uncomplaining, going to his office daily on business, interested in politics and affairs. The Presidential election was approaching, and although he never spoke of such a possibility, many of his political friends thought the prospect of his nomination very bright. Every day revealed apparently irreconcilable differences among the adherents of other candidates, and the party and the country, not a few believed, were turning again to him who had twice been the head of the State. He, however, responded to no such intimations, and never said even to his family that he desired or expected a return to public station. Any expression that ever fell from him on the subject was to repress or repel the suggestion. He was resting from national cares, and in the unwonted enjoyment of a private competence. He told me that in December for the first time in his life he had a bank account from which he could draw as freely as he desired. He was generous in gifts to his children, but never luxurious in his personal habits. He had only two expenses of his own,—his horses and his cigars.

When General Grant returned from Europe in 1879 his entire fortune amounted to one hundred thousand dollars, and the income of this sum just paid his expenses at the hotel where he and Mrs. Grant occupied two rooms. He kept no carriage. Finding that he could not live in New York suitably to his position, he began to consider what other residence he should select or what means of support. His son Ulysses was engaged in the banking business with Ferdinand Ward and James D. Fish, and supposed he had accumulated four hundred thousand dollars. He offered to receive his father as a partner in his profits. General Grant would not consent to this, but

proposed to invest his hundred thousand dollars in the business and become an actual partner. Ward and Fish concurred, and in 1880 General Grant was admitted as a special partner in the firm of "Grant and Ward."

He was never, however, actively engaged in its affairs. His name was used and he gave his money, but others did the business. Ward in reality acted for the firm, made the investments, drew the cheques, received the deposits, and disposed of them. General Grant was assured that the investments were proper, and, utterly unaccustomed as he was to business, he inquired little further. Once or twice he thought he had reason to say that the firm must have no dealings in Government contracts, and he said so promptly. He declared that his position as ex-President made it improper and impossible for a firm of which he was a member to have such dealings; and Ward assured him that there were none. The apparent returns from the business were enormous, but General Grant knew that scores of bankers and brokers around him had made as rapid fortunes as he, and was not surprised. He put all his available capital into the bank, and many of his friends and relatives invested or deposited with it. One of his sons was a partner, another had become an agent of the firm, and their father had all confidence in their integrity and capacity.

But suddenly out of the clear sky came the thunderbolt. On Tuesday morning, the 6th of May, 1884, General Grant went from his house in Sixty-sixth street, supposing himself a millionaire. When he arrived at his place of business in Wall street he found he was ruined. As he entered his office he was met by his son Ulysses, who said at once: "Father, you had better go home. The bank has failed"; but the General went in and waited awhile. I happened to visit him that day about noon, and found him alone. After a moment he said to me gravely enough, but calmly: "We are all ruined here." I was astounded at the news, and he continued: "The bank has failed. Mr. Ward cannot be found. The securities are locked up in the safe, and he has the key. No one knows where he is."

He could not at that time have known the event more than half an hour. In a few moments he got into a carriage and was driven home. He never returned to Wall street.

The world knows that he gave up all that was his. The story of the debt to Mr. Vanderbilt into which he was inveigled is pitiful. Ferdinand Ward had come to him on Sunday the 4th of May and represented that the Marine Bank, where Grant and Ward had large deposits, was in danger, but that speedy assistance would enable it to overcome the difficulty. The assistance, however, must be immediate if they would save themselves. He urged General Grant to obtain at once a loan of $150,000 for this purpose; and Sunday though it was, the old warrior sallied out at the instance of the partner, who knew at that moment that all the fortunes of General Grant had been lost through his means. He went first to Mr. Victor Newcomb, who was not at home, and then to Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, who at once agreed to let General Grant have his cheque for $150,000 without security. He said that he had never done such a thing before, but he would do it for General Grant. The General expected to return the money immediately; he wanted it only to enable the Marine Bank to find time to collect its loans. Ward had assured him, and he repeated to Mr. Vanderbilt, that there were securities for more than a million of dollars in the vaults of Grant and Ward.

The first thing General Grant did when the failure was known was to make over all his individual property to Mr. Vanderbilt. In this act Mrs. Grant afterwards joined, waiving her right of dower. The house in which they lived belonged to Mrs. Grant. Three years before a hundred thousand dollars had been subscribed to purchase her a home, and the building in Sixty-sixth street was selected; but there was a mortgage on the property which the holders refused to cancel. It was a good investment, and they preferred to retain it. The price of the house was $98,000, and the mortgage was for $50,000; so $48,000 only was paid, and the remainder of the sum subscribed was deposited with Grant and Ward, to be applied to the purchase of bonds. Ward, as the active member of the firm, was commissioned to make the purchase. He reported having done so, received the money, and the interest was regularly paid. But after the failure it was discovered that the purchase had never been made. There was therefore a mortgage on the property which could not be redeemed. The library and the rare contents of the house were, however, made over to Mr. Vanderbilt.

But this was not all. The Trust Fund of $250,000 raised for General Grant, the interest of which was devoted to his benefit, had been invested in the bonds of a company which at this juncture suspended payment. The fund was guaranteed by the E. D. Morgan estate, but from some technicality of the law the guarantors could not pay the deficient interest until the company had been six months in default; this

resource therefore failed entirely for the time. The last payment had been deposited with Grant and Ward, and of course was lost.

General Grant was as brave, however, as under all circumstances, and though regretting the loss of fortune for himself and his sons, as well as for those who had suffered through their means, he was as yet free from any acute humiliation. He himself was ruined; one son was a partner in the wreck and the liabilities; another, the agent of the firm, was bankrupt for half a million; his youngest son on the 3d of May had deposited all his means, about $80,000, in the bank of his father and brother, and the bank suspended payment on the 6th; his daughter had made a little investment of $12,000 with the firm; one sister had put in $5,000, another $25,000; a nephew had invested a few thousands, the savings of a clerkship; and other personal friends invested more largely. It was painful and mortifying that all these should lose in this way, but still there was no thought of personal disgrace.

But after a day or two came out the shameful story of craft and guile in all its horrible proportions, and it was seen that his honored name had been used to entice and decoy hosts of friends and acquaintances, to their own injury and General Grant's discredit. Imputations were even cast on the fame that belonged to the country; and this blow was the most terrible that General Grant ever endured. The shock of battle was less tremendous, the mortal agony was less acute.

There seemed, too, under the circumstances, to be nothing to do, nothing to say. He was indeed through life always able to remain silent, but the task was harder now than amid the abuse directed against him during the war, or the detraction and calumnies of political campaigns. His own fair fame, his honor as a man, the honor of his children,—all were assailed; all discussed, doubted, defiled by the tongues of a careless and censorious world. The glory which had been likened to that of Washington was obscured. He never spoke of this even to those closest and dearest, but none the less they knew that the wound was eating into his soul. This sorrow was a cancer indeed.

After a time the clouds were lifted a little, and the world seemed satisfied, at least in part, that his honor was untarnished. He breathed freer now; but still the accusations were hurled against his children; and for him, for whom the family relations were absolutely the profoundest and most intimate of his nature, this was anguish intolerable.

His bodily health was soon affected, though not yet conspicuously. He did not grow openly worse, but he ceased to grow better. His lameness did not mend. His strength did not increase. He was not morose, but hardly so cheerful as was his wont, although too brave to be willing to seem cast down. But he was indignant to the core at those who had injured him and his fame and his sons.

At first he was distressed even for money for household expenses. Eighty dollars in his pocket-book and one hundred and thirty dollars in cash belonging to Mrs. Grant were all he had to live on. If two friends, one a man he had never seen and the other a foreigner, had not come to his relief, General Grant must have suffered actual want for a while. The very cheques paid out to tradesmen a few days before the failure were dishonored. He was penniless in the house that was crowded with his trophies.

But, four days after the 6th of May an unknown countryman, Mr. Charles Wood, of Lansingburg, New York, wrote to General Grant and offered to lend him $1000 on his note for twelve months, without interest, with the option of renewal at the same rate. He inclosed a cheque for $500, "on account," he said, "of my share for services ending April, 1865," and General Grant gratefully accepted the offer.

About the same time Mr. Romero, the Mexican minister, who had been a valued friend from the period when the French were driven from Mexico, came on from Washington, and insisted on lending him $1000. At first the General declined the offer, but Mr. Romero suddenly quitted the room, leaving his cheque for $1000 on the table. But for these succors the man who had dined with half the kings of the earth would have wanted money to buy bread for himself and his children.

For it was not only himself and Mrs. Grant who were to be supported, but two of his sons and their families. Ulysses went to live with his father-in-law, the Hon. J. B. Chaffee, who was a man of means; but General Grant must maintain the others, for, until released by their creditors, they could not even go into business. Mrs. Grant, however, owned two little houses in Washington, and she wrote at once to Mr. W. McLean, of Cincinnati, who she knew was buying property at the capital. Mr. McLean was a stanch personal friend of General Grant, although a political opponent, and Mrs. Grant asked him at this crisis to purchase her houses, telling him that she needed money for the absolute living expenses of the family. Mr. McLean at once directed his agent to purchase the houses, whether they were needed or not, and to pay the market price. This timely act relieved the

family from their immediate anxieties. The generous loan of Mr. Romero was repaid; the dishonored cheques for household expenses were redeemed, and enough was left to live on during the summer.

As early as December, 1883, the editors of THE CENTURY magazine had inquired of me whether General Grant could not be induced to write about one or two of his battles for their series of papers on the war, mentioning Shiloh and the Wilderness. I laid the matter before him, but he was disinclined to attempt the unfamiliar task. The editors, however, renewed their solicitations. After the failure of Grant and Ward they addressed me a letter, saying: "The country looks with so much regret and sympathy upon General Grant's misfortune that it would gladly welcome the announcement and especially the publication of material relating to him or by him, concerning a part of his honored career in which every one takes pride. It would be glad," they said, "to have its attention diverted from his present troubles, and no doubt such diversion of his own mind would be welcome to him."

He was touched by the tone of the communication, but shrank at first from presenting himself to the public at this juncture, preferring absolute withdrawal and retirement. When I conveyed his reply, I spoke of the complete financial ruin that had overtaken him. The editors at once inquired whether a pecuniary inducement might not have weight, and made an offer to him for two articles on any of his battles which he might select. His necessities decided him. The modern Belisarius did not mean to beg.

In June he went to Long Branch for the summer, and soon afterwards sent for me and showed me a few pages he had written, and called an article. The fragment was terse and clear, of course, like almost everything he wrote, but too laconic and compact, I knew, to suit the editorial purpose; it would not have filled three pages of the magazine. I urged him to expand it.

"But why write more?" he asked. "I have told the story. What more is there to say?"

I begged him to go into detail, to explain his purposes and movements, to describe the commanders, to give pictures of the country; and he seized the idea, and developed the sketch into a more protracted effort. It was copied by his eldest son, who carried it to the editors, one of whom at once came to see him, and asked him to still further extend his article by including topics covered by him in the interview. He consented again, and the paper became the elaborate one — elaborate for its author — which appeared in THE CENTURY for February, 1885. This was General Grant's first attempt at anything like literary or historical composition.

He at once became interested in the work. The occupation had, indeed, distracted him from the contemplation of his misfortunes, and the thoughts of his old companions and campaigns brought back pleasanter recollections. He agreed to prepare still another article. His first theme had been the battle of Shiloh; the second was the Vicksburg Campaign and Siege. If he had been too concise at the start, he was now inclined to be more than full, and covered two hundred pages of manuscript in a few weeks. As soon as it became known that he had begun to write, the story spread that he was preparing his memoirs, and half the prominent publishers in the country made him offers. Again he sent for me, and said he felt inclined to write a book; but that as my own history of his campaigns had been composed with his concurrence, and with the expectation that it would take the place of all he would have to say on the subject, he thought it right to consult me. He wanted also to employ the material I had collected and arranged in it, and to use the work as authority for figures and for such facts as his own memory would not supply. Besides this, he wanted my assistance in various ways; all of which was arranged. In October I went to live at his house.

At this time he seemed in very fair health. He was crippled and unable to move without crutches, but he walked out alone, and he had driven me once or twice at Long Branch behind his own horse. He gave up driving, however, after his return to town. But he was cheerful; his children and grandchildren were a great solace to him; many friends came in to see him and to testify their undiminished respect. His evenings were spent in their society at his own house, for he never visited again; and his days were devoted to his literary labor. He worked often five and six, and sometimes even seven hours a day, and he was a man not inclined to sedentary occupation. The four papers which he had promised to THE CENTURY, he intended to incorporate afterwards, with some modifications, into his memoirs. To this the editors agreed. Thus General Grant's book grew out of his articles for THE CENTURY.

In October he complained constantly of pains in his throat. He had suffered during the summer from the same cause, but paid no attention to the symptoms until towards the end of his stay at Long Branch, when Dr. De Costa, of Philadelphia, who was paying him a call, examined his throat. That gentle-

man urged General Grant to consult the most eminent physicians immediately on his return to New York. But General Grant never nursed himself, and it was nearly a month before he acted on this advice. His pains finally became so frequent and so acute that Mrs. Grant persuaded him to see Dr. Fordyce Barker, who instantly said if the case were his own or that of one of his family, he should consult Dr. J. H. Douglas; and General Grant went the same day to Dr. Douglas. This was on the 22d of October.

When he returned he said the physician had told him that his throat was affected by a complaint with a cancerous tendency. He seemed serious but not alarmed, though it was afterwards learned that he had pressed Dr. Douglas for close information, and had detected a greater apprehension on the part of the physician than the family at first discovered. Still there was disquietude and even alarm,— the terrible word cancer was itself almost a knell.

It was now November, and all through this month he went regularly to the physician's house, about two miles from his own, taking the street-car. At first he went alone, but after a while he was persuaded to take a man-servant with him. One or two of the family called on Dr. Douglas to make further inquiry, and the response awakened further solicitude. The pains did not decrease, and the extraction of four teeth greatly aggravated the nervous condition. He went to a dentist to have one tooth taken out, but his fortitude was such that the operator was doubtless deceived, and proposed the extraction of three others, and the shock to the General's system was one from which he did not recover for weeks.

As the weather became colder the disease was further aggravated by the exposure to which he was subjected in the street-car; yet for a long time he refused to go by the carriage. It required much urging to induce him to take this precaution, but he was finally persuaded. In December his pains became still more excruciating; he could not swallow without torture, and his sufferings at table were intense. He was obliged to use liquid food and to avoid acids altogether. I shall always recall his figure as he sat at the head of the table, his head bowed over his plate, his mouth set grimly, his features clinched in the endeavor to conceal the expression of pain, especially from Mrs. Grant, who sat at the other end. He no longer carved or helped the family, and at last was often obliged to leave before the meal was over, pacing the hall or the adjoining library in his agony.

At this time he said to me that he had no desire to live if he was not to recover. He preferred death at once to lingering, hopeless disease. He made the same remark to several of his family. For a while he seemed to lose, not courage, yet a little of his hope, almost of his grip on life. He did not care to write, nor even to talk; he made little physical effort, and often sat for hours propped up in his chair, with his hands clasped, looking at the blank wall before him, silent, contemplating the future; not alarmed, but solemn, at the prospect of pain and disease, and only death at the end. It was like a man gazing into his open grave. He was in no way dismayed, but the sight was to me the most appalling I have ever witnessed: the conqueror looking at his inevitable conqueror; the stern soldier, to whom armies had surrendered, watching the approach of that enemy to whom even he must yield.

But the apathy was not long-lived; the indifference to his book was soon over. Before long he went to work with renewed vigor. He enjoyed his labors now, and quite got the literary fever for a while. He liked to have his pages read aloud to the family in the evening, so that he might hear how they sounded and receive their comments. He worked, however, for the most part from ten or eleven o'clock in the morning until two or three in the afternoon, and sometimes again later in the day. Once in a while General Tower, a comrade in the Mexican War, came in and discussed the chapters describing the capture of Vera Cruz or the march on Mexico. Sometimes Mr. Chaffee listened to the political passages, and begged the General not to emasculate them, but to say all he thought without fear or favor.

Daily about one o'clock he was interrupted by his grandchildren, who stopped as they passed to their lunch, and looked in at the open door, not entering till he saw them and summoned them. Their prattle and kisses were always welcome, and made me think that the very misfortune which brought them to his house had its compensations. He took a positive pleasure in their society, and when at one time it was thought that they disturbed his labors, and they were told not to visit him, he was distressed at the omission and revoked the order. They came, indeed, like a burst of light into the sick man's study, three of them, dancing, gamboling, laughing — as pretty a brood of merry, graceful grandchildren as ever a conqueror claimed for descendants, or looked upon to perpetuate his name. Those were happy months, at times, despite the anxiety, until the anxiety became despair. For although the doctors had warned the family, there was yet hope of arresting, if not of curing, the disease, and a possibility of arresting it for years. His constitution was good; he

came of a long-lived stock; his nerve and will were what all the world knows. So there was hope; not with so much foundation as could have been desired, but still there was hope.

I shall never forget the frolic with the little ones on Christmas Day. They all came to dinner, and the two youngest sat one on each side of him. He was comparatively free from pain at that time; indeed, for a month or more the excruciating tortures came only at intervals; and on this day he took his own place at the head of the table. The babies were allowed to talk as much as they pleased, and they pleased a great deal. They monopolized the conversation, and when their mammas endeavored to check them, the General interposed and declared that this was their day. So they prattled across their grandpapa, and made preposterous attempts at jokes in their broken English, at which everybody laughed, and no one more heartily than the great warrior, their progenitor. It was a delicious morsel of sweet in the midst of so much bitter care, a gleam of satisfaction in the gloom of that sad winter, with its fears, and certainties and sorrows.

No one, indeed, can understand the character of General Grant who does not know the strength of his regard for his children. It was like the passion of a wild beast for its cubs, or the love of a mother for her sucking child,—instinctive, unreasoning, overweening; yet, what everyone can comprehend and appreciate, natural, and in this grim veteran touching in the extreme. He not only thought his sons able, wise, and pure; he had a trust in them that was absolute and child-like; his affection even clouded his judgment and turned appreciation into admiration. For them he would have sacrificed fortune, or ease, or even *his* fame; for them he did endure criticism and censure, and underwent physical fatigue and pain. He rose from his deathbed to work for them, and when he thought he was dying his utterances were about his "boys." This feeling, lavished on his own children, reached over to theirs. No parent ever enveloped his entire progeny in a more comprehensive or closer regard; none ever felt them more absolutely a part of himself, his own offspring, the issue of his reins.

By the last of the year the editors of THE CENTURY had received three of his papers for their magazine and announced all four articles for publication. The announcement of the series had been followed by a large increase in their sales. The editors, thinking at least a part of this due to his name, sent him in December a cheque for one thousand dollars more than they had stipulated. General Grant at first intended to divide this sum between his two daughters-in-law living in the house with him, as a Christmas present. The amount would have been very acceptable to those ladies, but almost immediately he remembered his debt to Mr. Wood, his benefactor of the 10th of May, and inclosed his cheque for the thousand dollars to that gentleman, stating that the money was the result of his first earnings in literature. Still later General Grant received from the CENTURY another thousand dollars in addition to the sum stipulated for the fourth article. This cheque was the last he ever indorsed, and the payment, beyond his expectations, gave him in the last week of his life the satisfaction of knowing that his literary efforts had a high market value.

About Christmas the pecuniary troubles became more complicated. There was a possibility of some small creditors of Grant and Ward attempting to levy on the famous swords and presents he had received from Congress and the States and foreign potentates and cities. In order to save them Mr. Vanderbilt proposed to enforce his prior claim. Talk of this got abroad and was misunderstood.

At this juncture General Sherman was in New York, and of course visited his old chief and comrade. I went to call on him the next day, and he asked me about the possibility of any annoyance to General Grant on this score. He was extremely anxious, and declared: "Grant must not be allowed to suffer this new disgrace." He would share his own income rather. I did not feel at liberty to say what I knew, even to him, and General Sherman's talk in New York, Philadelphia and Washington excited a great and general sympathy. The result was that a number of General Grant's friends, with Mr. Cyrus W. Field at their head, began to raise a fund to save the hero from this last indignity. A hundred thousand dollars were to be subscribed to pay off the debt to Mr. Vanderbilt, who it was supposed would compromise his claim for that amount.

But General Grant was weary of the repeated efforts to aid him. Congress had failed to place him on the retired list. A bill for this purpose had indeed passed the Senate at the preceding session, but President Arthur, it was known, would veto it, in order to preserve his consistency, having vetoed another intended to restore General Fitz John Porter to the army. He forgot, apparently, that the cases were different. General Grant himself said, "I have not been court-martialed." Mr. Arthur proposed, it is true, a pension, but this General Grant indignantly declined to receive. He disliked to appear to apply for public or private charity, and wrote now to Mr. Vanderbilt, informing him of the well-meant efforts

in his behalf, but declaring that he preferred not to avail himself of them. He requested Mr. Vanderbilt to exercise his legal rights and offer for sale the whole of General Grant's property in his hands, including the presents and trophies of peace and war. He did not feel at liberty to thwart the intentions of his other friends without the sanction of Mr. Vanderbilt, as their efforts would enable him to cancel his debt to Mr. Vanderbilt, but he preferred that the debt should be paid by the sale of the property, not by a new subscription.

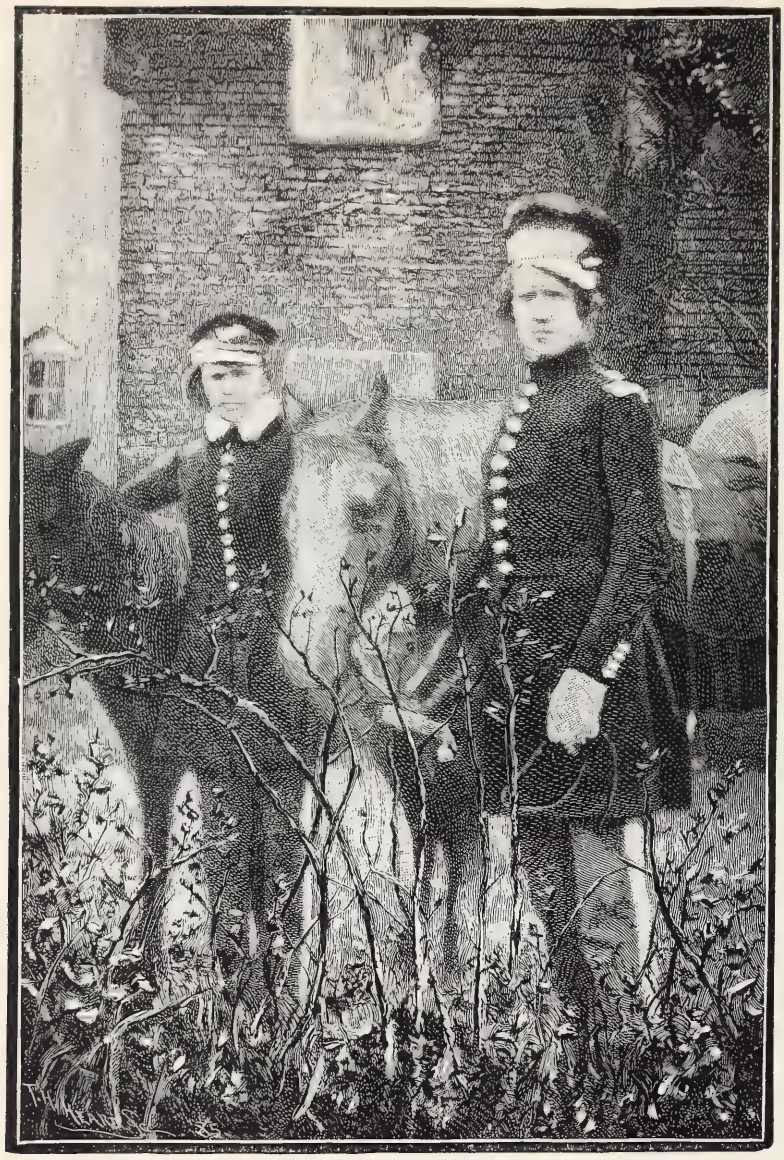
Then came the correspondence which has been given to the world: first the munificent offer of Mr. Vanderbilt to make over all the property to Mrs. Grant, only providing that the presents should be held in trust during her life and that of the General, to be afterwards transferred to the Government, as souvenirs of the glory which is national; then the letter from General Grant, accepting the offer so far as it concerned the disposition of the presents, but declining to receive the return of the property; the persistent pressure of the great millionaire; the acceptance of General Grant under this pressure; Mrs. Grant's letter of an hour afterwards recalling the acceptance, written, of course, with General Grant's sanction, but signed by Mrs. Grant to save the General from the appearance of discourtesy; and the final abandonment of every particle of property he had in the world to satisfy a debt incurred at the instance and through the outrageous falsity and guile of a monster in craft, who selected the people's hero as his victim and his decoy; the abandonment of the property, and the surrender — harder still — of those monuments to his fame which his deeds had won; surrendered, it is true, to the nation, which will guard them sacredly, as it will the fame of which they are the symbol and the seal.

All this wore on the frame torn by disease and the spirit racked by imputations, thrown off, it is true, but some of which still rankled, like poisoned arrows, that wound though they are extracted; all this told on that body which had endured so many sleepless nights and prolonged marches, which had suffered fatigue and hunger and watchings, and that soul which had withstood cares and responsibilities and torturing anxieties such as have fallen to the lot of no other man in our time; for no other bore on his single shoulders the weight of the destiny of a great nation at the very crisis of its history; no other stood before the enemy and the country and the world as the incarnation of the hopes and fears and efforts of a people waiting to be saved. These labors, endured long before, told now, and made him less able to withstand the shocks of fortune and of nature, and he gradually succumbed.

When the extent of General Grant's humiliation became a common story, when it was disclosed to the world that the house in which he lived was no longer his own, that his books and furniture were held on sufferance, that he was stripped even of the insignia of his



GRANT'S BIRTHPLACE AT POINT PLEASANT, OHIO. (1885.) THE HOUSE LOOKS UPON THE OHIO RIVER.



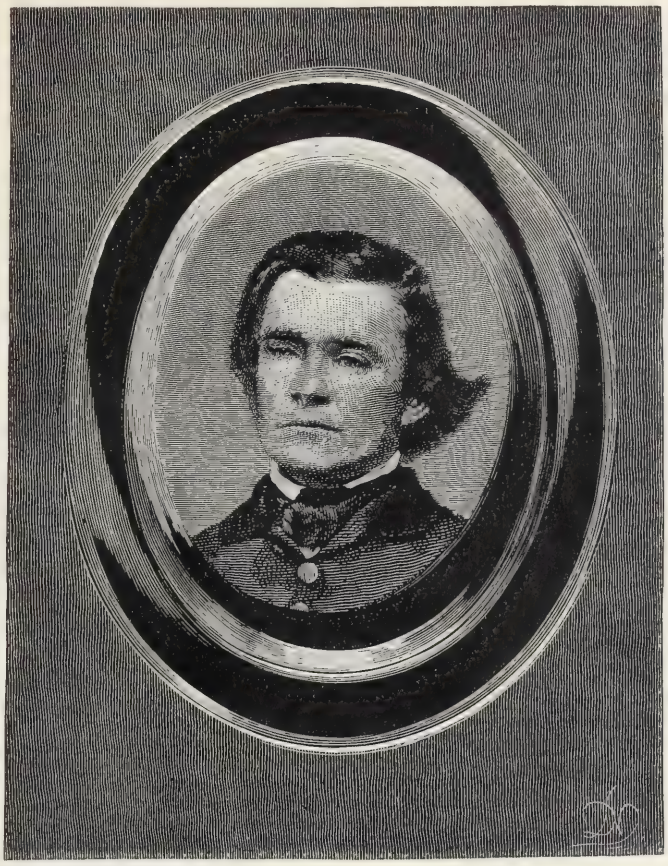
LIEUTENANT U. S. GRANT AND GENERAL ALEXANDER HAYS.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF AN OLD DAGUERREOTYPE.)

fame, while he seemed neglected and forgotten in his adversity by the nation he had done so much to save, then even his stout heart gave way. All his symptoms were aggravated; his pains increased, the appalling depression of spirit returned, and more than all, the exhaustion of his strength — far greater than the disease alone could at that stage have produced — occasioned the physicians as well as the family the most painful solicitude. Dr. Barker and Dr. Douglas had as yet retained the case exclusively in their own hands. They had never deceived the family, but said from the beginning that the disease was epithelial cancer; that it might be arrested, but they had never known it cured. Neither Mrs. Grant nor the General had been told so much, although both of course knew that the case was critical, and both were undoubtedly anxious. What General Grant in his heart feared or expected he said to no human being; not his wife nor his children penetrated to the inner sanctuary where his soul contemplated its fate and balanced the chances of life and death alone. But the gravity of his manner and the dejection of his nevertheless intrepid spirit indicated too plainly that he felt how great was his danger.

In January he ceased to visit his physician. Dr. Douglas now came to the patient daily, and after a while twice in the twenty-four hours. The visits of Dr. Barker were twice a week. The physicians had always agreed perfectly as to the nature of the malady and its treatment, and now were agreed in their alarm at its progress. In fact the earlier stages were past. The phases followed each other with ominous rapidity. The pains in the throat had become lancinating and sharp, the infiltration extended further and further, the cancer was eating into the delicate and vital tissues, and the end seemed in sight. This relapse could be traced directly to its cause, — it was the fresh revelation of his misfortunes, the loss of his honors, the publicity of his humiliation that kindled anew the fatal fires of the disease.

At this juncture the physicians determined to call in other eminent men in their profession. Dr. H. B. Sands and Dr. T. M. Markoe were requested to make a minute examination with the others, after which a general consultation was held. The conclusion was not immediately communicated to the family, but enough was said to confirm their gravest apprehensions, and no announcement whatever was made either to the General or to Mrs. Grant. At the same time a piece of the affected tissue was submitted to Dr. G. R. Elliott, an expert with the microscope, who, after careful preparation and examination, not knowing the name of the patient on whose case he was to pronounce, declared, as all the others had done, that the indications of the fatal disease were unmistakable. The verdict of science was that a malignant cancer had seized on the system and was hopelessly ravaging the strength and vitality of the sufferer. General Grant was doomed. All that could be done was, not to stay the progress of the destroyer, but to alleviate the tortures that were imminent. This apprehension of approaching and inevitable agony was keener with the physicians than they were willing to betray; but their gloomy manner and guarded words told in spite of them what they were anxious to conceal.

Immediately after this consultation a state-



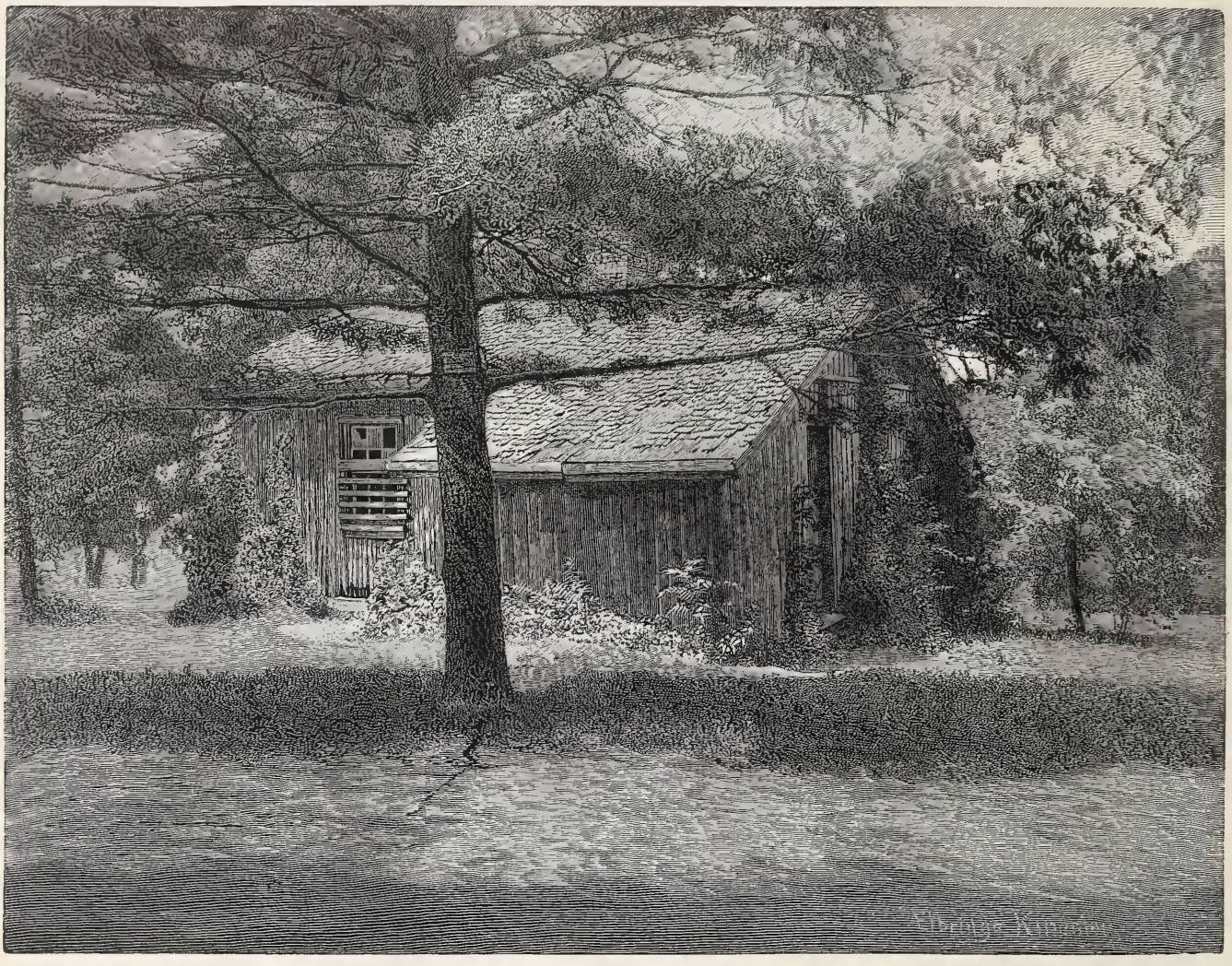
CAPTAIN U. S. GRANT.
FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE (ONE-FOURTH OF THE ABOVE SIZE) GIVEN BY HIM TO MRS. GRANT, AND WORN BY HER ON A WRISTLET.

ment was made in a medical journal, apparently by authority, that General Grant was improving, that the disease was not unquestionably cancer, and that care and good fortune might even yet bring about recovery. Mrs. Grant first saw this statement, and naturally supposed it to be the official report of the consultation. She read it to the General, who, like herself, was greatly relieved. The effect upon his spirits was immediate and evident. He spoke of the report to the family as if it was decisive, and even mentioned it to the physicians. But this publication was a version of what had been said long before, at a time when a peculiar phase of the complaint gave ground for favorable vaticinations, and when it was thought wise not to alarm the public mind for fear of the reaction upon the patient. The delusion was cruel, for it was destined to be dissipated. No utterances of the press, even appearing to emanate from his immediate medical attendants, could conceal from General Grant for more than a day or two the fact that he was rapidly failing. His own sufferings, his extreme prostration, the redoubled care and attention of his physicians,— all combined to disclose to him the reality.

Immediately after this publication a second announcement was made in the newspapers, this one divulging the exact truth, which the family had not yet communicated in its fullness to their most intimate friends, or hardly admitted in words to themselves. How this statement became public was not discovered, but it mattered little now, for the bitter verity could no longer be withheld. When friends and reporters came instantly to inquire, the sons admitted the danger of their father, as well as the anxieties and distress of the family. These utterances were at once published, and were read by General Grant. He doubtless then for the first time became convinced of his condition, and of the extent of the solicitude of his children. Mrs. Grant also at this time first realized what were the fears of the family. Her disappointment was sharp, coming after the elation of the last few hours, and General Grant himself, it was evident, felt the shock profoundly. No one spoke to him on the subject, nor did he mention it to any one, but he acted like a condemned man. He had no thought before, I believe, that he might not live years, although ill, and with a terrible shadow hanging over him. That his days were numbered was an intimation for which he was not prepared.

He was, I am sure, unwilling to die covered with the cloud of misfortune. On this subject also he was silent to every human being, but the thought added bitterness to his agony. I know it, as well as if he had told me. It could not indeed but be hard for him who had led the armies of his country to repeated victory, who had received more surrenders than any

other conqueror in history, who for eight years had sat in the chair of Washington, and whose greatness had been sealed by the verdict of the world, to leave his children bankrupt, their faith questioned, their name, which was



GENERAL GRANT'S CABIN, FORMERLY HEADQUARTERS AT CITY POINT; REMOVED IN 1865 TO EAST PARK, PHILADELPHIA, WHERE IT NOW STANDS.

his, tarnished — that name which must live forever. The blur on his reputation, even with the taint of dishonor entirely removed, the wreck of his fortune, the neglect of the Government, the humiliations of his poverty,— these stern images hovered around his couch by night and day, and goaded and galled him till the moment when physical torture crowded out even mental pain.

The country received the news of his condition with grief and consternation. Whatever had been said or thought injurious to him was instantly ignored, revoked, stamped out of mind; under the black shadow of Death the memory of his great services became vivid once more, like writing in sympathetic ink before a fire. All the admiration and love of the days immediately after the war returned. The house was thronged with visitors, old friends, army comrades, former cabinet ministers, senators, generals, diplomatists, on errands of inquiry or commiseration. A hundred letters and telegrams arrived each day, with pity and affection in every line. The soldiers all over the country were conspicuous in their manifestations of sympathy — Southerners as well as Northerners. Army clubs and loyal leagues sent messages incessantly. Meetings of former Confederates were held to signify their sorrow. The sons of Robert E. Lee and Albert Sidney Johnston were among the first to proffer good wishes to him whom their fathers had fought. Political opponents were as outspoken as partisan friends, and the bitterest enemies of General Grant in the daily press were generous and constant in the expression of their interest. Rivals in the army like Buell and Rosecrans made known that the calamity which impended over the nation was a sorrow for them, because they were Americans. Mr. Jefferson Davis more than once uttered kind words which were conveyed to the sufferer. The new Secretary of War of the Democratic administration called in person; the new Secretary of State sent remedies and good wishes. The new President dispatched the Marshal of the District of Columbia from Washington to make inquiries. Ex-President Hayes and



GENERAL GRANT, MRS. GRANT, AND MASTER JESSE AT HEADQUARTERS AT CITY POINT.
(FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY E. AND H. T. ANTHONY.)

ex-Secretary Lincoln had called long before. State legislatures voted their commiseration; the Queen of England telegraphed her condolences, and little children from all parts of the country sent constant messages of affection and tributes of flowers.

But no sympathy could check the progress of the pale rider who bears his summons with impartial footsteps to the hovels of the poor and the palaces of the great. The malady made incessant advance. The terrible darting pains increased in intensity. Another medical attendant, Dr. G. F. Shrady, was called in to assist and relieve Dr. Douglas. The great fear of the physicians now was of the horrible cancerous pains. They said repeatedly that a speedy termination of the disease was to be desired. If pneumonia or some other quick-ending complaint could carry off the patient in a week, it would be

cause for gratitude. This sickening apprehension of coming physical torment aggravated the expectation of bereavement and left nothing lacking to the intensity of the calamity.

Yet it seemed to me after the first shock that General Grant still had not given up. His unconquerable nature rebounded. He looked at the physicians with an anxiety that could not have been so acute unless the possibility of hope had been mingled. He submitted to every operation, he carefully attended to every injunction, and sustained the long siege of disease with the same determination and tenacity he had displayed in other sieges and campaigns with other enemies. But now he was on the defensive,— it was the first time.

Meanwhile his article on Shiloh had appeared in THE CENTURY Magazine, and the influx of letters and criticisms from friends and opponents excited his interest for a while. The greeting offered to his first contribution to written history showed that the world stood ready to receive his story from himself, but even this thought could not arrest the rapid concentration of his attention on bodily ailings and failing powers. The strifes of battle and the contests of history sounded distant and dull to ears that were deadened with the ever present sense of pain, and even the imposing fabric of his fame looked shadowy and unsubstantial to eyes about to close forever on the glories and honors of this world.

As soon as General Grant's condition became known an attempt was made in Congress to revive the measure for restoring him to the army. Since the bill which had already passed the Senate and was actually before the House of Representatives would be vetoed, Senator Edmunds introduced another, with the view of obviating Mr. Arthur's objections. This was rapidly passed by the Senate and sent to the other House. There it was taken up by Mr. Randall, the Democratic leader, who in conjunction with General Grant's personal and political friends, and many Democrats and Southern soldiers, made every effort to secure its success. Most of the Democrats, however, opposed it. They were anxious to pass the earlier bill, and thus force the President either to reverse his previous action in the Porter case or to veto the bill in favor of General Grant. The President allowed it to be known that he would not recede from his position; Congress must pass the bill that he wished, for he would veto the other.

On Sunday morning, the 15th of February, Mr. Cyrus W. Field, who had been incessant in his efforts in the press and in private to secure the passage of the bill, came to General Grant's house and asked for me. He said if a determined effort were made by General Grant's friends, he thought the bill might be passed the next day; and asked me to go to see whoever I thought would have influence. I told the General of the visit. He was gratified at the interest of his friends, but would give me no advice, and I sallied out and spent the day in his service. I found Mr. Hamilton Fish, General Grant's old Secretary of State, Mr. Evarts, who had just been elected Senator, and General Horace Porter, my former comrade on General Grant's staff. All were willing and earnest; all wrote letters at once to reach members of Congress the next day, and General Porter went with me to visit others who we thought might help us. But Monday came and the bill was called up and lost.

General Grant felt the rebuff acutely. Though he had made no demonstration of anxiety in advance, those who saw most of him and had learned to interpret the few and faint indications he ever gave of his personal preferences and desires, knew how eagerly he had hoped, how cruelly he was disappointed. He had indeed looked to this bill as in some sort a reparation of the injury his reputation had sustained; as an official vindication, an intimation that the country still believed in him and regarded his fame, had not forgotten his services. When the reparation was withheld he suffered proportionally.

But he refused to reveal his emotion. A day or two before the decision he declared that he did not expect the passage of the bill; and when the defeat was announced he made no remark. That evening he played cards with his family and displayed unusual spirit and gayety; but all saw through the mask. All joined, however, in the deception that deceived no one. None spoke of the disappointment; and a grim interest in whist apparently absorbed the party that was heart-broken for him who permitted neither wife nor child to come beneath the cloak that concealed his wound. All he said was that the bill had failed on the 16th of February, the anniversary of the fall of Fort Donelson.

The next day he was worse, and in a week the gravest fears seemed near realization. He himself appeared conscious of the approach of the end. He had all winter been considering and discussing the choice of a publisher for his book, but had made no decision. Now he came to a conclusion, and in the first week in March the agreement was signed with his present publishers, Messrs. C. L. Webster & Co.

At the same time the family thought they could no longer withhold from his daughter, Mrs. Sartoris, the knowledge of her father's condition. She was in England, and they had, of course, notified her of his illness, but, in the hope of amelioration or respite, had deferred

the announcement of its critical character. But at last they wrote and urged her to hasten to him. After his second relapse they telegraphed, and she started for his bedside. They were still unwilling to inform General Grant that she had been summoned, lest he should be depressed by the certainty that they believed the end to be near; they only told him she had written to say that she was coming; but the amiable concealment hardly deceived him. Though his spirit was broken, his exhaustion extreme, his mind depressed, and certainly at this time weakened, he knew too well why she was coming; but he asked nothing and said nothing.

The decay of his energy was to me more distressing than any other symptom. For the inroads extended beyond physical strength; they reached at last mental power, and even that nerve and force which made the great character that the world has recognized. To one who had studied him for half a lifetime, it was acute pain to watch his strength give way, the light of his intellect flicker and fade, the great qualities all apparently crumble. To see General Grant listless, incapable of effort, indifferent to work, absorbed in physical needs and pains,— a sick man in soul as well as in body,— was hardest of all.

The interest of the country still followed him, and, as the disease proceeded, became still more intense. The physicians now sent out daily bulletins, and crowds of people watched the boards where these were published. His friends determined that still another effort should be made in Congress to pass some bill for his retirement; but he felt little interest in the measure now,— the languor had reached his heart.

For many weeks he had been unable to go downstairs to his meals, or to receive a friend, and had spent his days in the room which, before his illness became so acute, he had used as a study. Here his papers still remained, and once in a great while he even yet attempted to write a page; but alas! it was not like what he had once been able to write. Sometimes I tried to catch an idea and took it down from his lips, reading it afterwards to him to verify it. But these opportunities became rarer and rarer; he had no longer strength for the effort, no longer interest in his work, and at last abandoned all idea of being able to finish it.

Then his sleeping-room was changed. Mrs. Grant gave up hers at the front of the house to him, and took that which he had occupied at the rear, so that his bedchamber might be next to his sitting-room. At first he objected to the change, but soon his strength was so far gone that he recognized the need. The two great chairs in which for months he had sat, leaning back in one with his feet in the other, were taken into that room, in which all now thought he would die. Still, he walked almost daily into the apartment where he had spent so many hours during the winter.

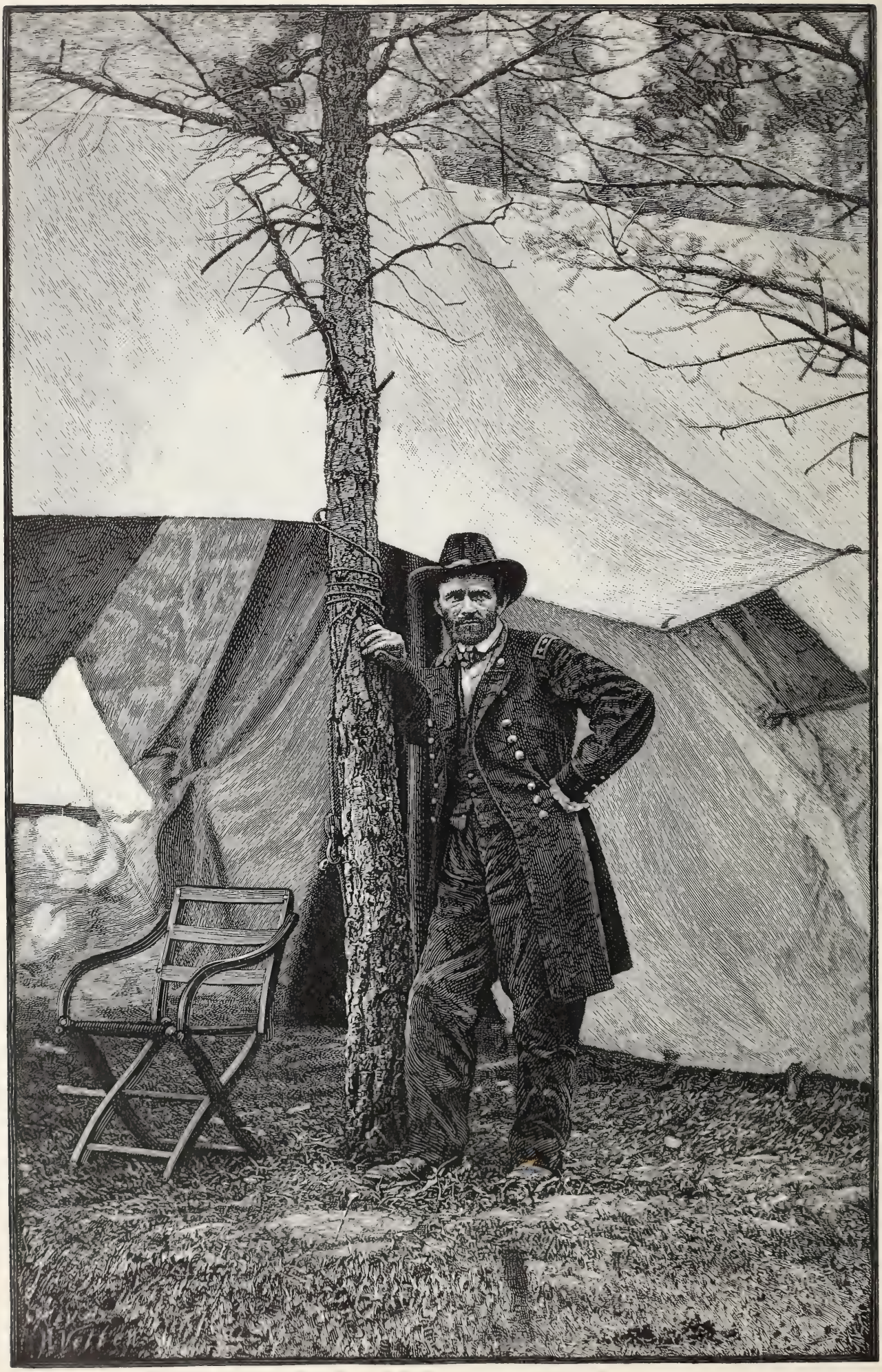
Meanwhile the efforts to pass the bill for his retirement continued. This one Mr. Arthur would sign. It had passed the Senate, and Mr. Randall, General Slocum, and other prominent Democrats wrote to General Grant's family and friends that the final result would be favorable. Mr. Randall had greater power in the matter than any one else, his party being in the majority, and no one was more earnest than he. But General Grant remained indifferent, and this time his indifference was real. He was absorbed in his sufferings, and believed the bill would be of no use to him now. His family, too, cared little for success, save as it might soothe or possibly brighten his last hours. The doctors thought it might possibly revive his spirits and prolong his days; but why, some thought, prolong his sufferings?

Finally, on the morning of the 4th of March, almost in the last moments of the expiring Congress, the bill was taken up by unanimous consent in the House of Representatives, and passed at once amid great cheering. The President, as usual at the close of the session, was in a chamber at the Capitol, waiting to sign such bills as had been left to the last moment, and must fail unless they instantly received his signature. He signed the bill. A nomination had been made out in advance and was sent at once to the Senate. There lacked but a few moments of the hour when Congress would cease to exist; but Senator Edmunds, the presiding officer, announced a message from the President; all other business was suspended, and the nomination was confirmed amid tumultuous applause from the galleries.

President Cleveland signed the commission; it was the second act of his administration.* The news was telegraphed to General Grant by numerous friends, and the same day the adjutant-general of the army notified him officially of his appointment. General Grant wrote the telegram of acceptance in his own hand. He was again in the army which he had so often led to victory. It did seem preposterous that any difficulty should have been made about admitting him to that army of which he had been the most illustrious member.

But the recognition came too late. He was gratified and cheered, but the hand of fate had fallen, and could not be removed. There was no revival of his strength, no reaction

* The nomination of the Cabinet was the first.—EDITOR.



GENERAL GRANT AT HEADQUARTERS DURING THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

from his depression, no cessation of his pain. The exhaustion went on.

Nevertheless his restoration to the army, though it could neither bring back his health nor prolong his days, made a deeper impression on him than he was willing to betray. When the end of the month came this was apparent. All officers of the army are required to make a monthly report of their post-office address to the adjutant-general. I do not remember that this report was ever made by him as general-in-chief, after his headquarters were removed from the field; but now he was extremely anxious to make it, and filled out the form himself, though with extreme difficulty. It was a question at the time whether he would live through the day, and it was strange to read the language required by the regulations: "My post-office address for the ensuing month will be"— 3 East Sixty-sixth street, New York.

He was still more eager to draw his pay. It seemed as if he looked upon these two circumstances as the seal of his return to the army. No young lieutenant expecting his stipend for the first time could have been more anxious. He sent for his pay-accounts before the time, and when signed they were forwarded to the paymaster, so that on the day when the first month's pay was due the cheque was handed him. At first he insisted that one of his sons should go at once to the bank to have the cheque cashed; he wanted to handle the money. But at this juncture his sons were unwilling to leave the house even for an hour, and he finally consented that Mr. Chaffee should draw the money. When it was handed him he divided it among Mrs. Grant and his children; saying it was all he had to leave them. This was on the 31st of March, when he was expecting to die within forty-eight hours.

During the month of March his daughter arrived, and although, of course, her coming was a solace, yet he knew too well by this time that she had come to see him die. The gathering of other friends also had significance. He ceased now to leave his room, except at rarest intervals. One physician always slept in the house.

His suffering at last grew so acute that anodynes, the use of which had long been postponed, became indispensable. The pain was not of that violent character which had been so sorely dreaded, and which the progress of the disease did not even yet induce; it was rather an intolerable nervousness, as unlike as possible the ordinary phlegmatic calm of General Grant,—a physical excitement and an excessive sleeplessness, combined with a weakness that was spasmodic. These sensations were the cause of a consuming wretchedness, but they were not cancerous pains. The physicians constantly declared that although the cancer was making irresistible advance, it was not the cancer that produced the exhaustion and the nervousness, which, unless arrested, would bring about death very soon. It was only too plain that the mental, moral disease was killing General Grant,— it was the blow which had struck him to the dust and humiliated him before the world from which he could not recover. He who was thought so stolid, so strong, so undemonstrative, was dying for a sentiment— because of the injury to his fame, the aspersions on his honor.

This, now, every one recognized. Every one now admitted his purity, contended for his honor, which it was said was the country's. If the universal affection and regard which were showered on him could have salved his wounds he might have been cured, but the recognition and reparation were in vain. He who had passed unscathed through Shiloh and the Wilderness was stricken by a weapon more fatal than the rebels ever wielded; he who had recovered from the attacks of political assailants and resisted the calumnies of partisan campaigns was succumbing under the result of the machinations of one man.

Still, the sympathy soothed his mortal anguish and cast a gleam of consolation into his dying chamber. It seemed to change and soften his spirit. His indignation at former enemies was mollified by their protestations of pity; the bitterness he had once felt for them was converted into gratitude for their compassionate utterings. The very fire of his nature seemed quenched by the cold shadows of impending dissolution. Now, also, an unfamiliar tenderness appeared, which had been long concealed. The depths of his affection were disclosed; he was willing to express more of his intimate feeling than ever before. It was a new man, a new Grant in these matters that was revealed, as if the husks were torn aside and the sweet kernel given to those from whom it had been so long withheld. All who approached him intimately at this time recognized this uncloaking of certain parts of his nature which hitherto had been so carefully veiled.

But one more struggle, one more fierce battle remained. He had yet to justify himself, to say in person what he had never yet said to the world, of his relations with "Grant and Ward," to tell himself the story of the deceit which had brought him low. James D. Fish, one of the partners in the firm, was on trial, and General Grant's testimony was desirable. He was now so feeble that it was almost dangerous

to subject him to the ordeal of an examination; but yet to vindicate his fame, to allow him in his dying moments to utter his own defense, it was worth while incurring whatever danger. His sons, especially, were anxious that he should say what no one else could ever say for him, and for them; and although in his weak condition he did not appear to share their anxiety, he consented for their sake to make the effort.

The examination was held in his bedchamber. The lawyers and the stenographer and one or two others were present. The ceremony of an oath was waived, with the consent of the opposing counsel, and the dying man answered all questions and told how he had been betrayed. As the inquiry went on the old spirit of battle revived; he felt all the importance of the occasion, roused himself for the effort, and made a definite declaration, damning in its evidence of the guilt of one man's action, absolute in the assertion of the purity of his own.

In his testimony he spared neither Fish nor Ward; he felt that this was his last blow, and he dealt it hard. If he had died then, as it was almost feared he might, it would have been, not only like the old warrior of story, standing, but fighting to the last. He never relented in his bitterness to these two men. The harshest words I ever heard him speak were his frequent utterances, after he knew that he was doomed, in regard to them who had been the cause of his ruin, and, as he doubtless felt, of his end.

The examination lasted nearly an hour. When it was over he did not at first appear more than usually exhausted. He never showed immediately the effects of any intense physical or mental strain. Not after his great disappointment in February did his strength or spirit at once give way; so now for a day or two he seemed no weaker than before.

But in forty-eight hours he began to fail. He recognized himself the decrease of vital force, and believed it was the beginning of the end. The physicians shared the belief. Two now remained constantly in the house. Anodynes were doubled, to control the excessive nervousness and to prevent the occurrence of the anticipated agonies. One of his sons was in his room continuously and the family were summoned more than once when he seemed in mortal peril.

At this time General Grant had not lain in his bed for more than a few moments at a time in months; a sensation of choking invariably attacked him in that position, and although the physicians assured him that there was no danger of suffocation, the symptoms were so distressing that he could not be persuaded to take to his bed. He sat in one great chair, with his feet in another, propped up by pillows, usually wearing a dressing-gown, and his legs swathed in blankets.

Very early in April I was obliged to give up my room; after Mrs. Sartoris arrived, there was no other where the faithful medical attendants could rest in the intervals of their watchings. I still spent my days at the house, and often remained for the night, lying where I could, or snatching sleep in a chair, with Mr. Chaffee or other intimate friends.

One morning General Grant himself thought he was dying. The family were all summoned. He kissed each of them in turn, and when Mrs. Grant asked him to bless her he replied: "I bless you. I bless you all!" After this he went lower and nearer death than ever before. The pulse was flickering like a candle, and the physicians said: "He is going." But there had been an injection of brandy prepared some days before, for just such emergencies, and one physician whispered to the other: "Now! the brandy." "Where is it?" "On the table." "Shall we use it? Is it worth while to bring him back to pain?" "Yes." And Dr. Shrady administered the brandy, which Dr. Douglas had prepared. It stimulated the nerves, it produced another pulsation. The throbbings went on, and General Grant returned to the world he had almost quitted forever.

Another morning I was at my hotel, having left the house after midnight. At about four o'clock I was wakened, and a note was handed me from Colonel Grant. It contained only the word, "Come." I knew too well what this must mean, and hurried to the house. A hemorrhage had occurred. This was one of the contingencies that had always been foreseen, and it was supposed certainly would be fatal. Every one had been summoned. "What shall I say?" asked Colonel Grant, as he wrote the notes. "It makes no difference," said the doctor; "all will be over before they get here." But General Grant walked to the basin and helped to wash his throat, and the hemorrhage proved favorable instead of fatal. It was caused by the loosening of a slough that had formed over a part of the throat, and the slough in a day or two came entirely away, after which the cancer itself was eased, and indeed for a while arrested. The weakness, for some cause or by some means which I have never been able to understand, was to a certain extent overcome. The anodynes were lessened in quantity, and their injurious effects passed away. For several days General Grant seemed to hover between life and death, and then came a marvelous change. To the amazement of all, his strength returned and

his spirits revived. At first he disbelieved in the amelioration. He had perhaps for one moment a glimmer of hope, but then the conviction overwhelmed him that recovery was impossible.

At this crisis he did not wish to live. "The doctors are responsible three times," he said, "for my being alive, and — unless they can cure me — I don't thank them." He had no desire to go through the agony again. For, he had suffered death; he had parted with his family; he had undergone every physical pang that could have come had he died before the brandy was administered.

It seemed to me then cruel to bring him back only to renew his torture; for I had no idea, nor had any one else, that he would live more than a week, if so long. He had said more than once: "I have no regrets, except for leaving my family." But he was recalled, and from that time the apparent improvement went on.

He still, however, for a few days remained unwilling to live — in pain; though always eager to be cured. He was never afraid to die. Having disposed of his book and his affairs, these matters he considered settled; just as in battle, after giving an order, he never doubted, or wished to recall it. But the fighting spirit, the unconquerable nature, made him struggle still. The dejection which marks the disease, and which had been so appalling in January and February, did not return. In its stead a new phase came on. He was battling again, and this time harder than before, for the enemy was closer. He fairly grappled and wrestled now with Death. The terrible calm of the fight was exactly like the determination in the Wilderness or before Richmond, where I once heard him say: "I feel as sure of taking Richmond as I do of dying." There was no excitement, no hysterical grief or fear, but a steady effort of vital power, an impossibility for his spirit to be subdued. He was not resigned; neither was he hopeful. He simply, because he could not help himself, made every effort to conquer. After every paroxysm of mortal faintness the indomitable soul revived, and aroused the physical part.

I may not be thought to lift too far the veil from a dying chamber if I mention one circumstance which had for me a peculiar interest. During all of General Grant's illness, down to the hour when his partial recovery began, Mrs. Grant never could bring herself to believe that she was about to lose him. A woman with many of those singular premonitions and presentiments that amount almost to superstition, but which yet affect some of the strongest minds, and from which General Grant himself was certainly not entirely free, she declared always, even at the moment which every one else thought would prove the last, that she could not realize the imminence of the end. Her behavior was a mystery and a wonder to those who knew the depth of the tenderness and the abundance of the affection that she lavished on her great husband. Her calmness and self-control almost seemed coldness, only we knew that this was impossible. I did not presume, of course, to comment on this apparent stoicism, but once or twice she told me she could not despair; that there was a feeling constantly that this was not to be the last; and even when she wept at the gifts and the words that were thought to be farewells, she was putting up prayers that were full of confidence, and after which the wonderful and unexpected recuperation occurred.

All this while, the public interest was painful. So much of it penetrated into that house under the shadow of Death, that it seemed to us within as if the whole world were partaking of our sorrow. All day through the half-closed shutters we could see the crowds waiting silently and solemnly for news of the beloved sufferer. Every one who left the house was instantly accosted, not only by professional reporters, but by earnest and often weeping men and women, who had never known General Grant personally, but shared the feeling of the country in his behalf.

To me there chanced to come peculiar indications of this feeling. Known to be an inmate of the house, and yet not so near as the nearest relatives, I could be approached by others on subjects which they shrank from broaching to the sons. General Grant belonged to the country as well as to his family, and the country would insist on doing him every honor when the final occasion came. Many public men endeavored to ascertain through me what would be the wishes of the family in regard to the disposition of the great dead; and letters were sent to me to present at the fitting time, offering worthy sepulture. The people of the District of Columbia, through their representatives, declared their desire that the revered ashes should rest at the Capitol of the country, and the general-in-chief of the army, the friend and follower of General Grant, sent proffers of a place for him at the Soldiers' Home,— a fitting name for the last habitation of a soldier. The President of the United States sent a messenger from Washington to say that he would attend in person the august obsequies, and I was to communicate in time the probabilities and arrangements. All these sad secrets were to me especial signs of the universal grief that

kept pace with the still more sacred sorrow which I saw; but I was requested not to intrude prematurely upon the family the preparations for what seemed then inevitably at hand, and I bore about with me for weeks the knowledge, undisclosed, that armies and Presidents were waiting to pay General Grant those honors which to himself would be forever unknown.

On Easter Sunday he seemed a little easier, though there was still no hope. I went into his room and found him able to listen and even to utter a few words without too much effort. I had been greatly struck by the universal watching of a nation, almost of a world, at his bedside, and especially by the sympathy from former rivals and political and even personal adversaries; and I recounted to him instances of this magnanimous forgetfulness of old-time enmities. When I told him of the utterances of General Rosecrans and Jefferson Davis he replied: "I am very glad to hear this. I would much rather have their good-will than their ill-will. I would rather have the good-will of any man than his ill-will."

On the 3d of April several newspapers which had followed General Grant with a persistent animosity down to the very beginning of his illness, recalled in touching and even eloquent words that twenty years before he had captured Richmond on that day. I told this to my chief, for I had been with him on that other 3d of April. I said the nation was looking on now, watching his battle as it did then, and that his fight with disease was as good a one as that he had made with the rebels twenty years before. "Ah," he answered, "twenty years ago I had more to say. I was in command then." "But even then," I replied, "it took a year to win; perhaps you may win still." He brightened up at this and told the physicians the story of General Ingalls's dog. Ingalls was the chief quartermaster of the armies operating against Richmond, and had been a classmate with General Grant at West Point; they were always on intimate terms. He had a peculiar dog that often came about the camp-fire at headquarters. One day during the long siege General Grant said, "Ingalls, do you mean to take that dog into Richmond?" "I think I shall," said Ingalls; "he belongs to a long-lived breed."

After this Dr. Shrady sat down to write the bulletin for the morning.

"What shall I say, General?" he asked. "How shall I tell them you are this morning?"

"More comfortable," replied the General.

And the doctor wrote a line about the physical condition of his patient, and read it to General Grant, who approved. I was still greatly impressed by the public emotion, and I interrupted:

"General, why not say something about the sympathy of all the world, something to thank the people?"

"Yes," he exclaimed willingly, and dictated these words: "I am very much touched and grateful for the sympathy and interest manifested in me by my friends, and by—those who have not hitherto been regarded as friends."

Towards the last he stammered and hesitated, evidently unwilling at this moment to call any one an enemy; and finally made use of the circumlocution, "Those who have not hitherto been regarded as friends."

Dr. Shrady wrote out the bulletin, and read it aloud, when the General added: "I desire the good-will of all, whether heretofore friends or not."

I urged the Doctor to stop just there, to say nothing about physical details, but give this Easter message from General Grant to the world in his own language. Mrs. Grant, however, wished the word "prayerful" to be used before sympathy, and General Grant consented to the change.

Another morning, only a day or two after his improvement began, he said to me, evidently with a purpose, that it was strange how undisturbed a man could be when so near death. He supposed he had been as near the other world as one could be and survive. His feeling had been at the time that every moment might be his last; but he had not suffered one particle of apprehension, or fear, or even discomposure. He evidently wished me to know this, for we had once or twice in the winter talked of religious beliefs. "Yet," he said, "at such a time it hurt no one to have lived a good life." He had been undisturbed,—he repeated this emphatically,—but he believed any one would be more comfortable at such a moment with a conscience that could not reproach him. A good life would certainly contribute to composure at the end.

The 9th of April came, the anniversary of Appomattox, and recovery was still not assured. One of the sons had a presentiment that his father would not survive that day, but it would have been hard to have General Grant surrender on the anniversary of his greatest victory. Then came another jubilee. His birthday was the 27th of April, and by this time he was so far restored as to be able to join the family for a while at dinner. There were sixty-three lighted candles on the table to celebrate the sixty-three years, which a month before no one had hoped would ever

be completed, and the house was crowded with flowers, the gifts of thankful friends. By the 1st of May he was so well that he sent for a stenographer and began to dictate matter for his book.

His strength, however, was intermittent, and the cancer soon began to make progress again. Nevertheless, one crisis was past. A new chapter in the disease was begun. He was able now to drive out, and dictated, and sometimes wrote, at intervals during the month of May and the earlier days of June. His interest in his work seemed keener than ever. It doubtless gave him strength to make a new fight—a hopeless one, he felt before long, so far as recovery was concerned. Still there was a respite, and this period, with his usual determination, he employed in the effort to complete his memoirs.

The secret of this partial recovery is not far to find. It was after the great expression of public sympathy that General Grant began to improve, after his place in the affections of the people was restored or resumed that his whole nature, moral and physical, became inspired and renovated. For this it was almost worth while to have suffered—to have the world recognize his sensitiveness, and to receive himself its appreciation in return. Few men indeed have known in advance so nearly the verdict of posthumous fame. No deathbed was ever so illumined by the light of universal affection and admiration. Garfield had not the same claims on his countrymen, and the feeling for him was pity and indignant grief rather than gratitude or lofty enthusiasm; Lincoln knew nothing of the shock that went round the world at his assassination; Washington lived before the telegraph; and no European monarch or patriot was ever so universally recognized in his last moments as a savior and hero as Grant. All this was borne in to him as he sat struggling with Death, and like the giant of old he received new strength from his contact with earth. The consciousness of a world for spectators might indeed nerve any combatant, and when he found that the attacks on his fame were parried, the reproaches forgotten, his very mistakes lost sight of in the halo that enveloped him, he gathered himself up for a further contest. The physicians, doubtless, did their part, and nothing that science or devotion could suggest was withheld; but neither science nor devotion expected or produced the resurrection and return of him whose very tomb had been prepared. It was the sense of humiliation that had stricken him, and had more to do with his prostration than disease; and when this was removed, he rose from the embrace of the King of Terrors, and flung himself for a while into new toils and battles, and though wounded and bleeding, refused to die.

On the 9th of June he was removed to Mount McGregor, near Saratoga, where a cottage had been offered him by its owner, Mr. Joseph W. Drexel. His strength had so far lapsed that the physicians afterwards declared he could not have lived a week longer in the heats and sultriness of New York. When the fatigues of the journey were over, however, and there was time for the fresh and reviving air of his new situation to affect him, his spirits rallied, and he resumed his literary labor with extraordinary energy for a man in his condition.

I was not with him at Mount McGregor, but I know that his effort there must have been prodigious. He dictated or composed more matter in the eight weeks after the 1st of May than in any other eight weeks of his life; while in the eight weeks immediately preceding that date he did not compose as many pages. But the dying General seemed to summon back his receding powers; and expression, memory, will, all revived and returned at his command. His voice failed him, however, after a while, and he was obliged to desist from dictation and to use a pencil, not only in composition, but even in communicating with his family and friends. This was doubtless a hardship at the moment, but was fortunate in the end for his fame; for the sentences jotted down from time to time were preserved exactly as they were written, and many of them are significant. They especially indicate his recognition of the magnanimous sympathy offered him by Southerners. This recognition was manifest in a score of instances. He had determined in the winter to dedicate his book to the American Volunteers,— in both armies,— and now he repeated and emphasized the declaration. He was visited at Mount McGregor by General Buckner, the Confederate commander who had surrendered to him at Fort Donelson, and he declared to his former foe: "I have witnessed since my sickness just what I wished to see ever since the war — harmony and good feeling between the sections." To Dr. Douglas he expressed the same sentiment in nearly the same words: "I am thankful for the providential extension of my time, because it has enabled me to see for myself the happy harmony which so suddenly sprung up between those engaged but a few short years ago in deadly conflict." These utterances were not left to a fading or faulty memory to gather up, but remain legible in the handwriting of their author. They form a fitting sequel to the acts of Donelson and Vicksburg and Appomattox. Certainly it never hap-

pened to a conqueror before to reap such a harvest of appreciation and even affection from the men that he subdued; to accomplish in his death more of the aim of his life than even the victories of his life had achieved.

He saw few friends at this time, and did little besides write, and obey the directions of his physicians, or submit to the attentions of his family and nurses. His suffering, fortunately, was not greater than that of a patient in any ordinary lingering illness; it proceeded principally from weakness, for the opiates always controlled the excruciating pains. These he was spared to the last. He perhaps once or twice had a glimmer of hope, but the rays were faint, and quickly faded back into the obscurity of despair. He felt that he was working only to finish his self-appointed task.

For he had an intense desire to complete his memoirs. It was upon the sale of his book that he counted for the future fortune of his family. It was indeed for his family, not for his fame, that he was laboring now; his fame he felt was secure. But at his death his army pay would cease. There would remain to Mrs. Grant and his children, it is true, the Trust Fund, the income of which he had authority to dispose of by will; but besides this and the mortgaged house in Sixty-sixth street, and one or two inconsiderable properties elsewhere, there was nothing; and three families depended on him. His "Personal Memoirs," it was hoped, would bring in half a million of dollars; but when he had ceased work in the winter, this was little more than half completed, and the monetary value of the book would be greatly depreciated, if it must be concluded by any hand but his own. This was the consideration that strengthened the sinking soldier, that gave him courage to contend with fate and despair, and, stricken as he was by one of the most terrible of maladies, to check the advance of Death himself, while he made his preparations under the very shadow of the wing and the glare of the scythe of the Destroyer, to secure a competence for his family after he himself should have left this world. The spectacle of the hero who had earned and worn the highest earthly honors, working amid the miseries of a sick-chamber to glean the gains that he knew he could never enjoy,— the fainting warrior propped up on that mountain-top to stammer out utterances to sell for the benefit of his children,— is a picture to which history in all her annals can find no parallel.

Indeed, this simple, plain, and undramatic man, who never strove for effect, and disliked the demonstration of feeling as much as the parade of circumstance and power, was performing the most dramatic part before the world. His whole life had been a drama, in spite of him, full of surprises and startling results and violent contrasts, but nothing in it all was more unexpected than this last scene, this eager haste, not in business nor in battle, but in literary labor: this race with Death, this effort to finish a book in order to secure a fortune for his family.

But there was a key to the mystery, a solution of the riddle, and it is the explanation of every apparent mystery in the character of General Grant. His character at bottom was like that of other men. He loved and hated; he suffered and enjoyed; he appreciated what was done for and against him; he relished his fame and his elevation, he felt his disappointments and his downfall; his susceptibilities were keen, his passions strong; but he had the great faculty of concealing them so that those closest and acutest could seldom detect their existence. I sometimes wondered whether he was conscious of his own emotions, they were so completely under control; but they were all there, all alive, all active, only enveloped in a cloak of obstinate reserve and majestic silence which only at the rarest intervals was torn aside by misfortune or lifted for a moment to a friend.

And now he may himself have been but half aware of the sentiment that inspired him; but since he had discovered that his personal honor was as clean, and his military fame as brilliant in the eyes of men as they had ever been, he determined that his reputation for worldly sense and shrewdness should also be redeemed. He would not die without regaining a fortune equal to that which had been wrung from him by fraud. No man should say that after all General Grant left his children penniless. Away down in the depths of his nature where neither affection nor friendship ever penetrated, except by the intuitions of a life-long intimacy,— this was the incentive that poured oil on the flames which the disease was quenching, this was the fuel that kept the worn-out machine still in motion, to the amazement of a world.

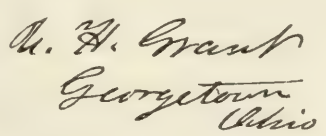
When the work was over, the energy expired; when the motive was withdrawn, the effort ceased; when the influence that was the impetus of the machine was exhausted, will and strength alike failed. Immediately after the end of the book was reached, the other end was seen to be at hand. One or two spasmodic bursts of life flared up, like gusts of an expiring fire, but they probably deceived not even himself, and certainly no one besides. His former indifference to life returned as soon as his task was accomplished.

The country too had no wish that he should linger on in agony. If he could have been re-

stored to health and strength, nothing that the nation could have done to secure that end would have been lacking, or been thought too costly; but now that he could never be more than a sufferer, prostrate and hopeless, there was no desire to retain him. Reverent sorrow and sympathy had long ascended from every quarter of the land towards the cottage on that mountain-top, but there were no prayers uttered for protracted days.

The final crisis was neither long nor painful. On the 21st of July the country was informed that he was failing again. For two days his symptoms indicated increasing depression and exhaustion, and on the 23d came the end. There was no renewed struggle, no distinct consciousness on his part that his feet were wet with the waters of that river which we all must cross; he made no formal parting again with his family; he endured no pangs of dissolution, but passed away quietly without a groan or a shudder, with no one but his wife and children and his medical attendants by his side. He had done most of the great things of his life with calmness and composure, and in the same way he entered the long procession in which Alexander and Cæsar and Wellington and Napoleon had preceded him.

Adam Badeau.



AUTOGRAPH OF GENERAL GRANT WRITTEN WHILE AT WEST POINT, IN THE ALBUM OF A CLASSMATE.

[General Grant was christened Hiram Ulysses, and is said to have reversed the initials to avoid the humorous conjunction of them. In his commission as cadet the name was by mistake written Ulysses S., and as it could not be changed officially, he afterward adopted it, taking Simpson, a family name, for the second initial.— EDITOR.]

LINCOLN AND GRANT.

THE names of Lincoln and Grant will always be inseparably associated in connection with the events of the War of the Rebellion. At first thought they present two characters in American history entirely dissimilar. Their careers seem in striking contrast. One led the life of a civilian, and made his reputation as a statesman; the other was essentially a soldier, and is naturally classed amongst the great military captains of history. But upon a closer study of their lives, it will be found that the two men had many traits in common, and that there were many points of resemblance in their remarkable careers. Each was of humble origin, and had been compelled to struggle with adverse fortune, and learn the first lessons of life in the severe school of adversity. Each had risen from the people, possessed an abiding confidence in them, and always retained a deep hold upon their affection. Each remembered that though clothed in the robes of a master he was still the servant of the people. Both entered the public service from the same State, rose in life without the help of wealthy or influential friends, and owed every success to individual merit. Each might have said, to any who were inclined to sneer at his plain origin, what a marshal of France, who had risen from the ranks to a dukedom, said to the hereditary nobles who snubbed him in Vienna: "I am an ancestor; you are only descendants." Each was conspicuous for the possession of that most uncommon of all the virtues — common sense. Both despised the arts of the demagogue, shrank from attitudinizing in public or posing before the world for effect, and looked upon the exercise of mawkish sentimentality and the indulgence in mock heroics with a righteous contempt. With them there was none of the puppyism which is bred by power, and none of that dogmatism which has been well described as puppyism grown to maturity. Each was endowed with talents especially bestowed upon him by Providence to meet the trying emergencies in which he was placed; each bore a patriot's part in securing the integrity of the Union; and each received from the people a second election to the highest office in their gift. Each had qualities which commanded the respect and admiration of the other, and where their characteristics were unlike, they only served to supplement each other, and to add to the strength which their combined powers exercised in the great cause in which they labored.

The acquaintance between the two men began by official correspondence, which afterwards became more personal in its tone, and when they finally met an intimacy sprang up between them which soon ripened into a genuine friendship. The writer of this article witnessed much of their intercourse; was often a listener to the estimates which each placed upon the other, and could not help being profoundly impressed with the extent to which these two historic characters became attached to each other.

They did not meet till March, 1864, and previous to that time had had but little personal correspondence. Most of the communications which the General received from the President had been in the form of executive orders sent through the War Department. Lincoln had early formed a high opinion of the Western general, in consequence of his victories at Donelson and Shiloh, and because he did not spend his time in calling for troops, but made the best use of those that were sent him. In other words, he was a man who asked for nothing, and gave the executive no trouble.

Grant's successes brought with them the usual number of jealousies and rivalries. Political generals had their advocates in Washington to plead their cause, while Grant stood without friends at court. His detractors gathered at times a great deal of strength in their efforts to supplant him with a general of their own choosing, and Lincoln was beset by many a delegation who insisted that nothing would harmonize matters in the West but Grant's removal. This nagging continued even after his great triumph at Vicksburg.

Lincoln always enjoyed telling the General, after the two had become personally intimate, how the cross-roads wiseacres had criticised his campaigns. One day, after dwelling for some time on this subject, he said to Grant: "After Vicksburg I thought it was about time to shut down on this sort of thing. So one day, when a delegation came to see me and had spent half an hour in trying to show me the fatal mistake you had made in paroling Pemberton's army, and insisting that the rebels would violate their paroles and in less than a month confront you again in the ranks, and have to be whipped all over again, I thought I should get rid of them best by telling them a story about Sykes's dog. 'Have you ever heard about Sykes's yellow dog?' said I to the spokesman of the delegation. He said he hadn't. 'Well, I must tell you about him,' said I. 'Sykes had a yellow dog he set great store by, but there were a lot of small boys around the village, and that 's always a bad thing for dogs, you know. These boys didn't share Sykes's views, and they were not disposed to let the dog have a fair show. Even Sykes had to admit that the dog was getting unpopular; in fact it was soon seen that a prejudice was growing up against that dog that threatened to wreck all his future prospects in life. The boys, after meditating how they could get the best of him, finally fixed up a cartridge with a long fuse, put the cartridge in a piece of meat, dropped the meat in the road in front of Sykes's door, and then perched themselves on a fence a good distance off with the end of the fuse in their hands. Then they whistled for the dog. When he came out he scented the bait, and bolted the meat, cartridge and all. The boys touched off the fuse with a cigar and in about a second a report came from that dog that sounded like a small clap of thunder. Stokes came bouncing out of the house, and yelled:

"'"What 's up! Anything busted?"'

"'There was no reply except a snicker from the small boys roosting on the fence, but as Sykes looked up he saw the whole air filled with pieces of yellow dog. He picked up the biggest piece he could find, a portion of the back with a part of the tail still hanging to it, and after turning it around and looking it all over he said, '"Well, I guess he 'll never be much account again — as a dog."' And I guess Pemberton's forces will never be much account again — as an army.'

"The delegation began looking around for their hats before I had quite got to the end of the story, and I was never bothered any more after that about superseding the commander of the Army of the Tennessee."

About nine days after Vicksburg had fallen the President sent the following letter to General Grant, who was deeply touched by its frank and manly character, and the sincerity of its tone:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., July 13, 1863.

MY DEAR GENERAL: I do not remember that you and I ever met personally. I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment for the almost inestimable service you have done the country. I wish to say a word further. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg, I thought you should do what you finally did — march the troops across the neck, run the batteries with the transports, and thus go below; and I never had any faith, except a general hope that you knew better than I, that the Yazoo Pass expedition and the like could succeed. When you got below and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf, and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river and join General Banks; and when you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make a personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong.

A. LINCOLN.

The first time the two men saw each other was about one o'clock on the 9th of March, 1864, when General Grant called upon the President at the White House to receive the commission constituting him lieutenant-general of the armies. The General had arrived in Washington from the West the day before, and was on his way to establish his headquarters in Virginia. The interview took place in the Cabinet room. There were present, besides the members of the Cabinet, General Halleck, a member of Congress, two of General Grant's staff-officers, his eldest son,

Frederick D. Grant, and the President's private secretary. Lincoln, in handing the General his commission, read with much feeling a few words which he had written for the occasion, ending with the remark, "As the country herein trusts you, so, under God, it will sustain you. I scarcely need add that, with what I here speak for the nation, goes my own hearty personal concurrence." The General took the commission very much as a graduate steps up and takes his diploma from the president of his college. He had written a brief reply on a sheet of paper, which he drew from his pocket and read. It closed as follows: "I feel the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving on me; and I know that if they are met it will be due to those armies, and above all to the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men."

In a subsequent conference the President talked very freely to General Grant about the conduct of the armies in the field. He said he did not pretend to know anything about the art of war, and it was with the greatest reluctance that he ever interfered with the movements of army commanders, but he did know that celerity was absolutely necessary, that while armies were sitting down, waiting for opportunities which might perhaps be more favorable from a military point of view, the Government was spending millions of dollars every day, that there was a limit to the sinews of war, and there would come a time when the spirits and the resources of the people would become exhausted. He had always contended that these considerations must be taken into account, as well as the purely military questions, and he adopted the plan of issuing his executive orders, principally for the purpose of hurrying the movements of commanding generals. He said nothing pleased him more than the fact that the grade of lieutenant-general had been revived by Congress, and that a general-in-chief of the armies had been put at their head, who he felt would appreciate the value of minutes. He told the General he was not going to interfere in any way with his movements, and all he had to do was to call on him for whatever he required, and it would be supplied if the resources of the nation could furnish it.

General Grant soon after entered upon the Wilderness campaign. Cheering messages were frequently sent him by the President, and a number of suggestions were made, but no orders were given for the movement of troops. Many characteristic telegrams were received from the President while the armies were in front of Richmond and Petersburg. One of them afforded Grant great amusement. It closed with the words, "Hold on with a bull-dog grip and chew and choke as much as possible. A. LINCOLN."

Each tried to anticipate the desires of the other even in matters somewhat out of his particular sphere of action. At the first meeting they had in the field after actual operations had commenced in Virginia, Lincoln said to the General that there was a man who had got a permit at Washington to visit the armies and had abused his privilege by going around using seditious language and trying to stir up trouble among the loyal Virginians in that section of country. He asked the General whether he had heard of the fellow, saying he would have arrested him if he had known just where to catch him. The General replied that he had not heard of him; that if he had he should have arrested him and sent him to Fort Monroe without troubling the President with the matter or letting him know anything about it.

"I see," said the President, "you would have served me like the Irishman wanted the doctor to serve him. The doctor told him he would have to take a quinine tonic. The Irishman asked whether he would let him put some whisky in it, and the doctor said, not a drop; if he expected to be cured he must give up the use of whisky entirely. The Irishman thought a minute, and then remarked to the doctor in a sort of confidential way, 'I say, dochtor, when ye git yer medicine all ready couldn't ye jist put in a little whesky unbeknownce to me?' So when you got your man all ready I suppose you would have put him into Fort Monroe 'unbeknownce' to me."

The nearest Mr. Lincoln ever came to giving General Grant an order for the movement of troops was during Early's raid upon Washington. On July 10, 1864, the President telegraphed a long dispatch from Washington, which contained the following language: "What I think is that you should provide to retain your hold where you are certainly, and bring the rest with you personally, and make a vigorous effort to defeat the enemy's force in this vicinity. I think there is really a fair chance to do this, if the movement is prompt. This is what I think — upon your suggestion, and is not an order." Grant replied that on reflection he thought it would have a bad effect for him to leave City Point, then his headquarters, in front of Richmond and Petersburg, and the President was satisfied with the dispositions which the General made for the repulse of Early without taking command against him in person.

It will be seen that the President did not call for assistance to protect Washington, but for troops and a competent leader to go after Early and defeat him. The President was

undoubtedly possessed of more courage than any of his advisers. There is not an instance in which he seemed to take counsel of his fears. He was always more anxious to have the troops around Washington sent to the field than kept in the fortifications about the capital. He sent a remarkable dispatch to the General on August 4, 1864, which shows his eagerness to have the troops in his vicinity placed "south of the enemy" instead of being kept between the enemy and Washington. It referred to an order which General Grant had sent to General Halleck, chief of staff at Washington, and was as follows:

"I have seen your dispatch in which you say, 'I want Sheridan put in command of all the troops in the field, with instructions to put himself south of the enemy, and follow him to the death; wherever the enemy goes, let our troops go also.' This, I think, is exactly right as to how our forces should move; but please look over the dispatches you may have received from here since you made that order, and discover, if you can, that there is any idea in the head of any one here of 'putting our army south of the enemy,' or of 'following him to the death' in any direction. I repeat to you it will neither be done nor attempted, unless you watch it every day and hour and force it.

"A. LINCOLN."

This is the language of a man of courage, who felt a consciousness that he was bolder than those who counseled him at Washington, and wanted a man of Grant's aggressiveness to force the fighting, and send the troops about the capital after Early to get south of him, and follow him to the death, even if the capital had to go without defense.

On the 23d of November, when matters looked a little quiet along the lines, Grant visited the President in Washington, and spent most of the day with him and the Secretary of War conferring upon the military situation and the carrying out of some recommendations which the General had made regarding the armies in the field. His principal demand was to have eight useless major-generals and thirty brigadiers mustered out of the service to make room for the promotion of men who had won their spurs in the field. The President pointed to a number of names on the list and remarked that they were the General's own personal friends; but Grant urged the matter still more strenuously, saying that the emergency was too great to stop to consider personal feelings, and that those whose services could not be made available must give way to the rising men at the front. He succeeded in securing many vacancies in the list of generals, and the promotions which followed for meritorious services in the field did much for the *morale* of the armies.

On March 20, 1864, the General invited the President to visit him at City Point. The invitation was accepted the next day, and the President arrived at the headquarters of the armies on the 22d, accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln and their youngest son "Tad." They had come down the Potomac and the Chesapeake Bay and up the James River on the *River Queen*, a comfortable little side-wheel steam-boat, which was convoyed by the United States gun-boat *Bat*, acting as an escort. This vessel had been a blockade-runner and had been captured by the navy and fitted up as a gun-boat. It was commanded by Captain J. S. Barnes, U. S. N. Upon the arrival of the steam-boat at the wharf at City Point General Grant and several members of his staff went aboard to welcome the presidential party. The President gave each one a hearty greeting, and in his frank and cordial way said many complimentary things about the hard work that had been done during the long winter's siege, and how fully the country appreciated it. When asked how he was he said,

"I am not feeling very well. I got pretty badly shaken up on the bay coming down, and am not altogether over it yet."

"Let me send for a bottle of champagne for you, Mr. President," said a staff-officer; "that is the best remedy I know of for sea-sickness."

"No, no, my young friend," replied the President, "I've seen many a man in my time sea-sick ashore from drinking that very article."

That was the last time any one screwed up sufficient courage to offer him wine.

The party had gathered in the after-cabin of the steam-boat, and in the course of the conversation the President said: "This cabin is the one in which I met the peace commissioners from Richmond,— Stephens, Campbell, and Hunter,— when they came down to Hampton Roads." The meeting referred to had occurred the month before. Alexander H. Stephens was the Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy. He will be remembered as being a mite of a man in stature and having a complexion as yellow as an ear of ripe corn. Mr. Lincoln went on to say: "Stephens sat where I am sitting now, Hunter sat over there, and Campbell lolled on the sofa to the right. Stephens had on an overcoat about three sizes too big for him, with an old-fashioned high collar. The cabin soon began to get pretty warm and after a while he stood up and pulled off his big coat. He slipped it off just about as you would husk an ear of corn. I couldn't help thinking as I looked first at the overcoat and then at the man, 'Well, that's the biggest shuck and the smallest nubbin I ever laid eyes on.'"

During his stay the President spent much of his time riding about with Grant among the

troops during the day, and sitting around the camp-fire at headquarters in the evening. The fire always had a fresh pile of dry rails thrown upon it, in his honor, and as he sat in a camp-chair with his long legs doubled up in grotesque attitudes, and the smoke of the fire curling around him, he looked the picture of comfort and good-nature. He always seemed to feel how much happier were the men who had only to meet Lee's troops in Virginia, and were never compelled to encounter that more formidable army of office-seekers in Washington. The stories he told on these occasions will never be forgotten, and the kindly face of the Chief Magistrate, with its varying expressions of mirth and sadness, will never be effaced from the memory of the men who watched it in those trying times. In the way of story-telling, those City Point nights gave promise of becoming as famous as the Arabian Nights.

Lincoln's stories were not mere anecdotes, they were illustrations. No one ever heard him relate anything simply for the amusement afforded by the story; it was always to illustrate the subject under discussion, or to give point to his statement. Whether he had treasured up in his memory an inexhaustible supply of stories to draw from, or whether he invented them as he went along, to illustrate his views, no one could tell. Perhaps both methods were employed. However this may be, there was hardly a remark made or an object shown to him which did not call to mind some story so pertinent to the subject that the dullest never failed to see the point of it. Nothing appeared to escape his recollection. A soldier once struck the idea when he said of him: "He's got a mighty fine memory, but an awful poor forgetery."

One evening the writer showed him a specimen of the new powder made for the fifteen-inch gun. The piece was about the size of an English walnut.

"What is this?" he asked.

"A grain of mammoth powder, the kind they are using in the fifteen-inch gun at Fort Monroe," was the reply.

"Well," said he, turning it over in his hand, "it is rather larger than the powder we used to buy in my shooting days. This reminds me of what once occurred in a country meeting-house in Sangamon County. You see, there were very few newspapers then, and the country store-keepers had to resort to some other means of advertising their wares. If, for instance, the preacher happened to be late in coming to a prayer-meeting of an evening, the shop-keepers would often put in the time while the people were waiting by notifying them of any new arrival of an attractive line of goods.

"One evening a man rose up in the meeting and said:

"'Brethren, let me take occasion to say while we're a-waitin' that I have just received a new inv'ice of sportin' powder. The grains are so small you kin sca'cely see 'em with the nakid eye, and polished up so fine you kin stand up and comb yer ha'r in front of one o' them grains jes like it was a lookin'-glass. Hope you'll come down to my store at the cross-roads, and examine that powder for yourselves.'

"When he had got about this far a rival powder merchant in the meeting, who had been boiling over with indignation at the amount of advertising the opposition powder was getting, rose up and said:

"'Brethren, I hope you'll not believe a single word brother Jones has been sayin' about that powder. I've been down thar and seen it for myself, and I pledge you my word, brethren, that the grains is bigger than the lumps in a coal-pile, and any one of you, brethren, in your future state could put a bar'l o' that powder on your shoulder and march squar' through the sulphurious flames of the world below without the least danger of an explosion.'"

We thought that grain of powder had served a better purpose in drawing out this story than it could ever serve in being fired from a fifteen-inch gun.

On the 27th Sherman arrived at City Point, fresh from his triumphant march to the sea. Admiral Porter, who commanded the fleet, and had contributed so largely to the success of the operations by his brilliant services at Fort Fisher, was sent for, and he, with Grant and Sherman, went to pay their respects to the President on board his steamer. The meeting presented a historical scene which is one of the most memorable of the whole war. It was not a council of war, or even a formal military conference. It was an interchange of views between the four great representative men who at that moment seemed to hold the destinies of the republic in their hands. All were eager to hear more details of his march from the man who had cut so broad a swath through the heart of the Confederacy. Sherman's recital of the event was told with all his vividness of style and crispness of expression. The subject was a grand one and the narrative was a whole epic in itself. The President made no particular suggestions as to the campaign, but at the breaking up of the conference said good-bye to the distinguished company, with buoyant hopes of the future and renewed confidence in his commanders. He was always

willing that they should reap all the glory of the victories in the field. He was like the workmen employed upon the Gobelin tapestries who stand behind the cloth, and are content to work there, knowing they are contributing their full share to the beauties of the front.

General Grant now confided to the President his determination to move against Lee as soon as the roads were dry enough, and to make what he intended should be the final campaign. The President resolved to remain at headquarters until the army moved, and seemed glad of the opportunity of continuing some days longer the pleasant intercourse with the General-in-chief. Sitting by the campfire one evening he spoke very feelingly of the hopes and fears he had experienced at different times during the rebellion. The patriotism of the people, the devotion of the loyal North, the courage and superb fighting qualities of the troops on the one hand; on the other, the financial difficulties, the terrible losses in men, the disloyal element in the rear, and the threatening attitude of England and France. When asked if he ever doubted the final success of the cause, he said, "Never for a moment." Mr. Seward, he told us, had often said that there was always just enough virtue in this republic to save it; sometimes none to spare, but still enough to meet the emergency, and he agreed with Mr. Seward in this view. He said the capture of Mason and Slidell on board the English vessel, and the complications with Great Britain, which resulted at so critical a period of the war, had given him great uneasiness. When asked whether it was not a great trial to surrender them he said:

"Yes, that was a pretty bitter pill to swallow, but I contented myself with believing that England's triumph in the matter would be short-lived, and that after ending our war successfully we should be so powerful that we could call England to account for all the embarrassments she had inflicted upon us. I felt a good deal like the sick man in Illinois who was told he probably hadn't many days longer to live and he ought to make peace with any enemies he might have. He said the man he hated worst of all was a fellow named Brown, in the next village, and he guessed he had better commence on him first. So Brown was sent for, and when he came the sick man began to say, in a voice as meek as Moses', that he wanted to die at peace with all his fellow-creatures, and hoped he and Brown could now shake hands and bury all their enmity. The scene was becoming altogether too pathetic for Brown, who had to get out his handkerchief and wipe the gathering tears from his eyes. It wasn't long before he melted and gave his hand to his neighbor, and they had a regular love-feast. After a parting that would have softened the heart of a grindstone, Brown had about reached the room door, when the sick man rose up on his elbow and said, 'But see here, Brown, if I *should* happen to get well, mind that old grudge stands!' So I thought that if this nation should happen to get well we might want that old grudge against England to stand."

As Mr. Lincoln abstained from interfering in purely military matters, so General Grant refrained from taking any action in political affairs. On the 2d of March, 1864, Lee wrote a very significant letter to Grant. From some remarks made in an interview which had occurred between General Longstreet and General Ord under a flag of truce, Lee conceived the idea that a military convention might be made the means of a satisfactory adjustment of the existing difficulties. He wrote General Grant a note in which the following language occurs:

"Sincerely desiring to leave nothing untried which may put an end to the calamities of war, I propose to meet you at such convenient time and place as you may designate, with the hope that upon an interchange of views it may be found practicable to submit the subjects of controversy between the belligerents to a convention of the kind mentioned."

General Grant looked upon this as referring to a subject entirely outside of his province, and forwarded it to the President. After some correspondence with him regarding it the General replied to Lee as follows:

"In regard to meeting you on the 6th inst. I would state that I have no authority to accede to your proposition for a conference on the subject proposed. Such authority is vested in the President of the United States alone. General Ord could only have meant that I would not refuse an interview on any subject on which I have a right to act, which, of course, would be such as is purely of a military character, and on the subject of exchanges, which has been intrusted to me."

So the interview never took place. General Grant's spirit of subordination was such that nothing ever led him into an act which might be construed as transcending his powers as a purely military officer. If the General had not had implicit confidence in the wisdom and patriotism of the President he might not have restrained himself so easily from endeavoring to impress his views upon the Government in questions of general policy, but he had an abiding faith in the prudence and sagacity of the executive.

General Grant used to say of Lincoln, "I regard him as one of the greatest of men. He is unquestionably the greatest man I have ever encountered. The more I see of him

and exchange views with him, the more he impresses me. I admire his courage, and respect the firmness he always displays. Many think from the gentleness of his character that he has a yielding nature; but while he has the courage to change his mind when convinced that he is wrong, he has all the tenacity of purpose which could be desired in a great statesman. His quickness of perception often astonishes me. Long before the statement of a complicated question is finished his mind will grasp the main points, and he will seem to comprehend the whole subject better than the person who is stating it. He will take rank in history alongside of Washington."

Lincoln made many visits with Grant to the lines around Richmond and Petersburg. On such occasions he usually rode one of the General's fine bay horses, called "Cincinnati." He was a good horseman, and made his way through swamps and over corduroy roads as well as the best trooper in the command. The soldiers invariably recognized him and greeted him, wherever he appeared amongst them, with cheers that were no lip service, but came from the depth of their hearts. He always had a pleasant salute or a friendly word for the men in the ranks. His son, Robert T. Lincoln, had joined the General's staff some time before, with the rank of captain and aide-de-camp, and was doing good service at headquarters, where he made an excellent record. The practical experience acquired at that time in the field was of important service to him in after years in administering the affairs of the War Department.

One evening, upon return to camp after a ride among the soldiers, Mr. Lincoln said:

"General, you don't seem to have your horse decked out in as gay trappings as some of our generals, or to give yourself any particular trouble about the elegance of your uniform."

"No," said the General; "I once learned a lesson on that subject when I was serving under General Taylor in Mexico. He used to wear about the same kind of clothes and shoes as those issued to the privates, and generally rode a horse that looked as if it had just come off a farm. On the march he often rested himself by sitting woman-fashion on his saddle with both feet on the same side, and no one in the army gave less thought to his style of dress. One day, while in camp near Corpus Christi, he received a very formal note from the commodore in command of the naval squadron in the Gulf, saying he would go ashore the next day for the purpose of paying his respects in person to the commander of the army. General Taylor had a conviction that naval officers were great sticklers for etiquette, and on occasions of ceremony always looked as fine as if they had just come out of a band-box; and not willing to be outdone by his web-footed visitor, the general set his servant at work to overhaul his wardrobe and burnish up his full-dress uniform, which had probably not been out of his chest since the war began.

"The commodore, it appeared, was a man who had as great a contempt for fine dressing as Taylor, but he had an idea that the commanding general of the army would expect a commodore of the navy to display no end of style in paying a visit of ceremony, and he was determined to exhibit a proper degree of respect in this regard, no matter what it cost in the way of inconvenience; so he ransacked the bottom of his locker for his best toggery, and the next day appeared on shore resplendent in white gloves, blue cloth, and gold lace. There was a broiling Southern sun pouring down, and by the time the commodore had walked from the landing to the general's quarters he was reeking with perspiration and looking as red as a boiled lobster. He found the general sitting in his tent, buttoned up to the chin in a well-wrinkled uniform coat, mopping his head with a handkerchief and swinging a big palm-leaf fan to help catch a breath of air. After these distinguished representatives of the sister services had indulged in profound bows, shaken hands, and exchanged compliments in a very formal and dignified manner, they sat down on opposite sides of a table, looked at each other for some minutes, and then a smile began to steal over their faces, which soon widened into a broad grin, and showed that they were both beginning to take in the absurdity of the situation.

"'Oh! this is all nonsense!' said Taylor, pulling off his coat and throwing it to the other side of the tent.

"'Infernal nonsense!' cried the commodore, jerking off everything but his shirt and trousers. Then they lighted a couple of pipes and had a good sensible talk over the military situation."

Mr. Lincoln was as good at listening as he was at story-telling; and as he gradually took in the absurdity of the scene described he became so convulsed with laughter that his sides fairly shook.

The President remained at headquarters till the armies moved out on the Appomattox campaign. General Grant and staff started about nine o'clock on the morning of March 29, 1865. They went by the military railroad as far as its terminus south of Petersburg and there took their horses. As the party mounted the car the President went through a cordial hand-shaking with each one, speaking many words of cheer and good wishes. As the train was about to move the party collected on the rear platform of the car and respectfully raised

their hats. The President waved a farewell with his long right arm and said, in a voice broken with emotion, "Good-bye, gentlemen. God bless you all. Remember your success is my success."

A few days after, when the lines around Petersburg had been carried and we were closing in about the city, the General telegraphed to City Point:

". . . The whole captures since the army started out gunning will not amount to less than twelve thousand men and probably fifty pieces of artillery. . . All seems well with us and everything quiet just now. I think the President might come out and pay us a visit to-morrow."

Mr. Lincoln sent the following reply:

"Allow me to tender to you and all with you the nation's grateful thanks for the additional and magnificent success. At your kind suggestion I think I will meet you to-morrow."

The next day Petersburg had fallen, and about noon the President, accompanied by his son "Tad," joined General Grant in the city. They sat together for nearly two hours upon the porch of a comfortable little house with a small yard in front, and crowds of citizens soon gathered at the fence to gaze upon these remarkable men of whom they had heard so much. The President's heart was filled with joy, for he felt that this was "the beginning of the end." He revealed to the General many of his plans for the rehabilitation of the South, and it could easily be seen that a spirit of magnanimity was uppermost in his heart. They were anxiously awaiting dispatches from General Weitzel, in the hopes that he had already captured Richmond, but General Grant had to take up his march with the columns that had started in pursuit of Lee, before getting the much-coveted news. He had ridden only a short distance when he received a dispatch from Weitzel saying that Richmond had been taken several hours before.

Immediately after the surrender at Appomattox Court House General Grant hurried to Washington, not even stopping to visit Richmond. His first thought was to take prompt measures for disbanding the armies and saving expenses. He arrived at the capital on the morning of the 13th of April. During that day he spent much of his time with the President, and took a drive through the city with Mrs. Lincoln. The people were wild with enthusiasm, and wherever the General appeared he was greeted with cheers, the clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs, and every possible demonstration of delight. The next day Lincoln invited the General to accompany him to Ford's Theater in the evening, and take a seat in his box to see the play of "Our American Cousin." The General begged to be excused, saying Mrs. Grant was anxious to have him go to Burlington, New Jersey, where their children were at school, and he wanted to start as soon as possible. The President was somewhat urgent, and said the people would expect to see the General at the theater, and would be so much delighted to get a sight of him. While they were talking a note came from Mrs. Grant giving reasons for wanting to start that afternoon, and this afforded the General an excuse for declining the invitation to the play. When he bade the President good-bye, he little thought it would be the last time that he would ever see him alive. At lunch at Willard's Hotel, the General noticed a man who sat near him at table, and was apparently trying to overhear his conversation. As he drove to the railway station in the afternoon a man on horseback followed the carriage, and seemed to be the same person who had attracted his attention at lunch. This man was unquestionably John Wilkes Booth. Some time afterwards the General received an anonymous letter from a person who said he had been selected to kill him, and had boarded the train and ridden as far as the Delaware River with the intention of carrying out his purpose, but the car-door was locked, so he could not get in. He expressed himself as very thankful he had failed. The General had a special car, and it is a fact that the conductor locked it, so that there was this much to corroborate the man's story. Besides, it was shown upon the trial of the assassins that General Grant was one of the men marked for assassination. At the Walnut street wharf in Philadelphia, just as he was about to go on board the ferry-boat, he was handed a telegram conveying the appalling announcement that the chief he so much honored, the friend for whom he had conceived so warm an affection, had fallen, the victim of an assassin's bullet. The General returned at once to Washington. He often said that this was the saddest day of his whole life.

Twenty years later when he too had reached the full measure of his greatness his own death plunged the country again into a profound grief, the nation was called upon to put on the mourning it had worn for Lincoln, and the people suffered another loss which was felt by every one in the land with a sense of personal bereavement. The ashes of these two great central figures of the war now lie entombed in the soil their efforts saved; their names have passed into history.

Their devoted loyalty, steadfast courage, pure patriotism, and manly personal virtues will forever command the admiration of all who make a study of their lives. Between them the jealousy which springs from narrow minds

was absent; the rivalry which is born of selfishness had no place in their souls. They taught the world that it is time to abandon the path of ambition when it becomes so narrow that two cannot walk abreast. With them the safety of the nation was above all personal aims; and like the men in the Roman phalanx of old they stood shoulder to shoulder, and linked their shields against a common foe. It was a priceless blessing to the Republic that the era of the Rebellion did not breed a Marius and a Sulla, a Cæsar and a Pompey, or a Charles the First and a Cromwell, but that the power to which its destinies were intrusted was wielded by a Lincoln and a Grant.

Horace Porter.

REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL GRANT.

I WAS with General Sherman the night before he began his march to the sea, in camp near Gaylesville, in the north-eastern corner of Alabama, to which point he had followed Hood from Atlanta in his counter movement towards Tennessee. I had recently arrived from the Valley of Virginia, whence I had been sent by General Grant to reorganize and command the Western cavalry. After disposing of the business of the day we spent the evening, indeed most of the night, in front of a comfortable camp-fire, chatting about the incidents of the recent campaigns and considering the details of those yet to come. One by one the staff-officers had withdrawn to their tents, for Sherman was "an owl" always ready to make a night of it, and they saw that he was well under way towards it upon that occasion. A dark and solemn forest surrounded us, and a dead silence had fallen upon the sleeping army; not a sound except that of the measured tread of the sentinel in front of the general's tent disturbed the quiet of the night. Twelve o'clock had come and gone, and one o'clock was at hand, when there came a pause in the conversation; then a moment of reflection on the part of Sherman, whose deeply lined face and brilliant, sleepless eyes I see now as plainly as I did then, turned towards and lighted up by the red glare of the blazing logs, and bright with intelligent and energetic life. Then came a quick, nervous upward glance at me, and then the following remark: "Wilson, I am a great deal smarter man than Grant; I see things more quickly than he does. I know more about law, and history, and war, and nearly everything else than he does; but I'll tell you where he beats me and where he beats the world. He don't care a d—— for what he can't see the enemy doing, and it scares me like h——!" And this vigorous and graphic speech is the best description of the fundamental characteristics and differences of the two men I have ever heard. It shows not only a profound self-knowledge on the part of Sherman, but a profound, comprehensive, and discriminating estimate of the personal peculiarities of General Grant; for it is true that the latter was never scared by what the enemy might be doing beyond his sight. He gave his best attention to learning the position, strength, and probable plans of his adversary, and then made his own plans as best he might to foil or overthrow him, modifying or changing them only after it became clearly necessary to do so, but never lying awake of nights trying to make plans for the enemy as well as for himself; never countermanding his orders, never countermarching his troops, and never annoying or harassing his subordinate commanders by orders evolved from his imagination. He never worried over what he could not help, but was always cool, level-headed, and reasonable, never in the least excitable or imaginative. He always had the nerve to play his game through calmly and without any external exhibition of uneasiness or anxiety; and this was constitutional with him, not the result of training nor altogether of reflection. It was his nature, and he could not help it. The sanguine and nervous elements were so happily modified, blended, and held in check by the lymphatic element of his temperament that he could do nothing in a hurry or a heat, and, above all, it was impossible for him to borrow trouble from what he did not know to be certain, or could not change. While this equable temper guided him smoothly through many dangers, it also kept him out of many difficulties of a personal as well as of an official nature. It made it easy for him to command an army of discordant elements, filled with jealousies, and led by generals mostly from civil life, quite ready to quarrel with each other, or with any one else, for that matter, excepting himself, while another commander less happily organized would have been constantly in hot water. The value of such a temperament in war can scarcely be estimated by one not acquainted with the troubles which come from a vivid and excitable imagination. It was this temperament, together with a modest reasonableness and capability, an openness to

good counsels, and a freedom from offensive obstinacy of opinion, in reference to what should be done in a campaign, which caused so many experienced and judicious officers to say, as they frequently did, that they would rather take their chances in a great war or in a desperate campaign with Grant, even in his old age, than with any of his great subordinates.

But Grant had another noticeable characteristic, in a measure flowing from his temperament, which was of immense value, and ultimately gave the greatest confidence to the armies commanded by him. I refer, of course, to his constancy or steadfastness,— that quality which was blood of his blood and bone of his bone, which came to him perhaps from generations of wild and warlike ancestry, and which caused him to fight all his campaigns and battles through to the end, whether it took three days, three weeks, "all summer," or a whole year. It was that quality which made it natural and easy for him to say at Belmont, when his little army was surrounded, "We must fight our way out as we fought our way in"; which made him exclaim, on seeing the well-filled haversack of a dead rebel at Donelson, "They are trying to escape; if we attack first and vigorously we shall win"; which made him try every possible way of reaching a solid footing for his army in the Vicksburg campaign, and finally run the batteries with his transports, ferry his army across the Mississippi at Bruinsburg, cut loose from his line of communications, swing out into the Confederacy, beat and disperse the army confronting him, break up the railroads and sit down calmly and resolutely behind the fortifications of Vicksburg, resolved to take it by siege or starvation if not by assault. It was that quality which carried him through the perils and difficulties of Chattanooga and Missionary Ridge, and which finally brought him the rank of lieutenant-general, and gave him command of all the loyal armies. And finally it was that quality which caused him to fight his way, inch by inch, through the Wilderness and to continue the fighting day after day, from the morning of May 5th till the evening of the 12th, holding on to all the ground he gained, never halting, never yielding, but inexorably pressing forward, no matter what the discouragements nor what the difficulties to be overcome. Such persistency was never before shown by an American general. The Army of the Potomac had never before been compelled to fight more than two days consecutively. Its commanders had always hesitated even in the full tide of victory, as at Antietam or Gettysburg, or had fallen back as at Fredericksburg or Chancellorsville, after the second day's fighting, and before any decisive advantage had been gained by either side. It had never been compelled to fight its battles through before, but now all this was changed. And there is no sort of doubt that this change marked the final epoch of the war, inasmuch as it convinced both the officers and men of the Army of the Potomac, and indeed of all the Union armies, that there would be no more yielding, no more retreating, no more rest from fighting and marching till the national cause had everywhere triumphed over its enemies! Neither is there any sort of doubt that Lee and his valiant army also recognized the advent of Grant as the beginning of the end. They were from the first amazed at the unshakable steadiness and persistency with which he held his army to its work, and they saw at once the doom of the Confederacy and the end of all their hopes. This is plainly shown by the defensive attitude which they maintained thenceforth to the end of the war. The only *riposte* Lee ever made against Grant was on the evening of the second day's fighting in the Wilderness, when the rebels by a happy stroke turned the right flank of the Sixth Corps and threw it into great confusion. There is reason for supposing, notwithstanding statements to the contrary, that Grant's nerves were severely shaken by this unexpected and untoward reverse. He was in a strange army, surrounded almost entirely by strangers, and naturally enough for a short time amidst the darkness and confusion felt uncertain as to the purposes of the enemy, the extent of the disaster, and the capacity of his own army to recover from it. In all that host there were only three general officers who had served with him in the West,—Rawlins, his able and courageous chief-of-staff, Sheridan, and myself. Meade, whose headquarters were near by, and all the infantry corps and division commanders, were comparatively unknown to him, and what is worse, precedent, so far as there was any precedent, in that army, seemed to require them under such circumstances to retire, and not advance. I was with Sheridan and Forsyth, his chief-of-staff, that night, near Old Chancellorsville. Forsyth and I lay till dawn listening to what seemed to us to be the roar of distant musketry; orders had been received during the night by the cavalry "to cover the trains," and from our position, and what we knew of the precedents, as well as of the temper of the army, we feared that the next day would find us on the way to the north side of the Rappahannock, instead of on the road to Richmond. Sheridan shared this apprehension. Before dawn he gave me orders to move as soon as I could see with my division towards Germanna Ford, and ascertain if the enemy, after

turning the right flank of the Sixth Corps, had interposed between the army and the river or penetrated towards the rear. By sunrise I had covered the whole region in the direction indicated, and having ascertained that the noise of the night before was the rumbling of the trains on the Fredericksburg turnpike, and that the enemy had withdrawn without discovering the magnitude of his advantage, I rode rapidly to General Grant's headquarters, for the twofold purpose of reporting the result of my reconnoissance and of ascertaining how the General had stood the alarm and trials of the night and day before. I felt that the Army of the Potomac had not been beaten and that it would be fatal for it to withdraw at that stage of the campaign, and yet I feared that the pressure upon General Grant might be so great as to induce him to yield to it. I found him at his camp on a knoll covered with scrub pine, where he had spent the day and night, just ready to mount and move out. I dismounted at the foot of the knoll, and throwing my bridle to my orderly, started rapidly towards the General, who not only saw me coming, but saw also the look of anxious inquiry in my face, and, without waiting to receive my report or to question or be questioned, called out in cheerful and reassuring tones: "It's all right, Wilson; the army is already on the move for Richmond! It is not going back, but forward, until we beat Lee or he beats us." I saw at a glance that, however severely tried, Grant had recovered his equilibrium, and that his courage was steadfast and unshaken. My anxieties were relieved, and after expressing my gratification at the orders he had given, and saying what I could in support of the policy announced, I remounted my horse and galloped back to my division. I imparted the result of my reconnoissance and of my interview with General Grant promptly to Forsyth and Sheridan, both of whom received it with unmistakable delight and satisfaction. It is not too much to say that a great load was lifted from our minds. We saw that the gravest crisis of Grant's life was safely past, and we felt that our success was now solely a question of pluck and persistency on the part of the army. We knew that the commanding general would do his duty to the bitter end, and we could not doubt what the end would be.

Grant has been severely criticised for the rude and disjointed battles fought by the Army of the Potomac during this memorable campaign, and much of this criticism is well founded, though not so well directed. If Grant had been a great tactician, which he was not, or had more closely supervised the carrying out of his own orders, instead of depending upon Meade and his corps and division commanders for all the details and their execution, it is probable that many valuable lives would have been spared; but it must not be forgotten, after all, that whenever everything else fails and the resources of strategy and tactics are exhausted, the fundamental fact remains that that army or that nation generally prevails, or has the greatest capacity for war, which stands killing best. In the words of the rebel General Forrest, "War means fight, and fight means kill." Lee and his army of veterans had to be taught that there was nothing left for them but to fight it out; that no matter how many Union soldiers they killed, their places would be promptly filled; that no matter how many assaults they might repulse, new assaults would follow, until finally there would be no safety left for their steadily decreasing numbers except in flight or surrender. And this was the result which followed! Even the unsuccessful and unnecessary assaults at Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg contributed to this result, for they taught the rebels to beware of meeting in the open field soldiers who could make such assaults and withstand such bloody repulses without being disgraced or seriously discouraged thereby.

But General Grant's temperament gave him other good qualities besides the one so graphically described by Sherman. It made him modest, patient and slow to anger, and these virtues contributed to his earlier successes almost as much as the rapid and sturdy blows which he dealt the enemy confronting him. They kept him from putting on airs, assuming superiority, or otherwise offending the sensibilities and self-respect of either the officers or men who constituted the rank and file of the army, and while these were negative virtues, they were unfortunately not possessed by all the regular army officers who found themselves in command of volunteers at the outbreak of the rebellion. Notwithstanding Grant's extraordinary success at Donelson and his excellent behavior at Shiloh, there was a great outcry against him not only in the army, but throughout the North-west. He was charged with leaving his command without authority, neglect of duty, and incompetence, and there is no doubt that the Administration not only lent ear to these charges, but authorized Halleck to supersede Grant in the field, and assured General McClernand that he should have command of an expedition for the purpose of opening the Mississippi River.

I joined the staff of General Grant as an officer of engineers, in October, 1862, and found him just starting on the Tallahatchee or Gren-

ada (Mississippi) campaign. Before leaving Washington I became satisfied that the chief honors of his command would be given to McClernand, if the President and Secretary of War could manage it without a public scandal; and I lost no time, after returning from a short tour of duty with McPherson, then commanding the left wing of Grant's army, in making known to Major Rawlins the information upon which I had reached my conclusion. Grant had gone to Memphis, but Rawlins and I followed him shortly, and when fitting opportunity presented itself the former laid my information before the General, and considered it with him. At that time Vicksburg had come to be regarded as the great strategic point in the Western theater of war, and consequently its capture was looked upon as of the first importance to the Union cause. It also became abundantly evident that McClernand had not only been promised the command of the expedition for that purpose, but there was reason for believing that he and his friends were using all the means in their power to foster and spread the discontent with Grant, and if possible to relegate him to a subordinate position. Grant's conduct at this juncture was cautious and prudent. Rawlins and others urged him to make short work of it, and relieve McClernand, or at least to assert his own authority, and rebuke the pretensions of his lieutenant in a manner which could not be misunderstood, but he declined, contenting himself with modestly asking General Halleck if there was any reason why he should not himself go in chief command of that part of the army to be employed in the movement against Vicksburg. Later on, when McClernand showed his resentment and bad temper, and indirectly claimed independence of Grant's control, Rawlins again urged a decided rebuke of his insubordination, but Grant still declined, saying, quietly but firmly: "I can't afford to quarrel with a man whom I have to command." McClernand, it will be remembered, was a politician of influence and distinction, had been a leading and influential member of Congress, was a townsman of Mr. Lincoln, a war Democrat of pronounced and ardent loyalty to the Government, and above all he had shown himself to be a brave, energetic, and fairly skillful division commander, and, notwithstanding his extraordinary vanity and captiousness, was of entirely too much consideration to admit of being relieved for any light or trivial or uncertain cause; and so Grant bore with him modestly and patiently till, in his estimation, forbearance was no longer possible. In this I encouraged him whenever occasion offered, and appreciating my motives, it was his custom to intrust me with nearly all of the orders and instructions for McClernand's corps. At the battle near Port Gibson, where the enemy was first met after our passage of the Mississippi, McClernand behaved with his accustomed gallantry and sound judgment, and as I had been near him throughout the action, I thought I saw an opportunity in it for bringing about a better understanding between him and General Grant. Accordingly, when the latter arrived upon the field I explained the situation to him, and suggested that he should congratulate and thank McClernand in person for his good management and success. But much to my surprise he declined to do this, merely remarking that McClernand had done no more than his duty, and that it would be time enough to thank and congratulate him when the action was over and good conduct and subordination had become habitual with him. From that day forward the breach between them widened, notwithstanding the bravery of McClernand's corps at the battle of Champion's Hill, and of Lawler's brigade of the same corps at Big Black. McClernand's temper seemed to grow worse and worse. He alienated the only friends he had at headquarters by violent language and threatened insubordination. Finally, "for falsely reporting the capture of the enemy's works in his front," for the publication of a bombastic order of congratulation to his corps, and for failing to send a copy of the same to army headquarters, Grant relieved him from command, while in the trenches before Vicksburg, and ordered him to proceed to such point in Illinois as he might select, reporting thence to the War Department for orders. I mention this circumstance with no intention of passing censure upon McClernand, nor even of judging between him and his commanding general, but merely for the purpose of illustrating Grant's patience and forbearance, and calling attention to the fact that when he was ready to act, his action was vigorous and effective; and that notwithstanding his patience he was inexorable and unrelenting towards one who he thought had intended to do him official and personal injury. In this he was not unlike the most of mankind so far as the feeling of resentment was concerned, but it will be observed that he acted even in this case with caution and prudence, inasmuch as he took no action and raised no questions to be settled by the President or Secretary of War till substantial success had so strengthened him in the popular mind that his position was unassailable. And so it was throughout his military career. He never quarreled with those he had to command, but bore with their shortcomings long and patiently. Such as

proved themselves incompetent or inefficient from any cause were quietly but surely eliminated, while those who were so imprudent as to criticise him or his generalship in such a way as to attract his notice were more summarily and promptly disposed of as his power increased and as his own supremacy became assured. In reference to all official matters he was a man of but few words, either in speech or writing, hence whatever he did in this direction was done decently and in order, and apparently upon the theory that "He who offends by silence offends wisely; by speech rashly." While it is certainly true, as a general rule, that Grant was impatient of even friendly criticism from subordinates, and did not like unfriendly criticism from any quarter, it would give an entirely erroneous impression of him and his peculiarities, if the foregoing statement were not qualified by a brief explanation of his relations with Rawlins, Sherman, and McPherson.

When I reported at his headquarters at Grand Junction, I found Major (afterwards Major-General) John A. Rawlins in charge as assistant adjutant-general. He received me warmly and cordially, explained frankly but impressively the character of General Grant, including its defects as well as its strong array of virtues, described the staff by whom he was surrounded, and gave me a brief account of the army and its subordinate commanders, concluding the conversation by proposing that we should form an "alliance offensive and defensive" in the performance of our duties towards General Grant and the cause in which we were all engaged. We soon became fast friends, with no reserve or concealments of any kind between us. Shortly afterwards the forces serving in that region were organized into "the Army of the Tennessee," and divided into corps; whereupon Rawlins was designated as adjutant-general and I as inspector-general of the army, each with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. The duties of these positions brought us still more closely together, and if possible established our relations on a still firmer footing with each other and with General Grant. I mention this fact merely to show that I was in a position to know all that took place at headquarters, and especially to learn the characteristics and influence of the men by whom Grant was surrounded and with whom I was thrown in daily contact.

Rawlins was a man of extraordinary ability and force of character, entirely self-made and self-educated. When he was twenty-three years of age he was burning charcoal for a living. By the meager gains from this humble calling he had paid his way through the Academy, where he had acquired most of his education. He had studied and practiced law, rising rapidly in his profession and acquiring a solid reputation for ability as a pleader and as a public speaker. He had come to be a leader of the Douglas wing of the Democratic party, and was a candidate for the Electoral College on that ticket in 1860, before he had reached his thirtieth year. Immediately after the rebels fired upon Sumter, he made an impassioned and eloquent speech at Galena, in which he declared for the doctrine of coercion, and closed with the following stirring peroration: "I have been a Democrat all my life; but this is no longer a question of politics. It is simply union or disunion, country or no country. I have favored every honorable compromise, but the day for compromise is past. Only one course is left for us. We will stand by the flag of our country and appeal to the God of Battles!" Amongst the audience was Ulysses S. Grant, late captain Fourth United States Infantry, but then a clerk in his father's Galena leather store. He was not a politician, still less a partisan, but he had hitherto called himself a Democrat, and had cast his only presidential vote four years before for James Buchanan. He had listened attentively to Rawlins's speech, and had been deeply impressed by it and by the manly bearing of the orator, with whom he had already formed an acquaintance, and that night on his way home he declared himself in favor of the doctrine of coercion, telling a friend that he should at once offer his services to the Government through the adjutant-general of the army. The story of his fruitless efforts to secure recognition at first, and of his final success in getting into the volunteer army through Governor Yates, who appointed him colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Infantry, and also of his appointment to the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers through the recommendation of the Hon. E. B. Washburne and his colleagues of the Illinois delegation in Congress, is well known, and needs no repetition here; but it is not so well known that the very first day after Grant's assignment by seniority to the command of a brigade, he wrote to Mr. Rawlins and offered him the place of aide-de-camp on his staff, or that with equal promptitude after receiving notice, only a few days later, of his appointment as brigadier-general, he wrote again to Rawlins, offering him the position of assistant adjutant-general, with the rank of captain. When it is remembered that Rawlins was at that time not only entirely ignorant of everything pertaining to military affairs, but had never even seen a company of artillery, cavalry, or infantry, it will be admitted at once that he must have had other very marked qualities to commend

him so strongly to a professional soldier, and this was indeed the case. Having been a politician himself, he knew many of the leading public men from Illinois and the northwest; being a lawyer, he had carefully studied the relations between the States and the General Government, and had arrived at clear and decided notions in reference to the duties of the citizen towards both. He was a man of the most ardent patriotism, with prodigious energy of both mind and body, of severe, upright conduct, rigid morals, and most correct principles. He was not long in learning either the duties of his own station or the general principles of army organizations; and what is still more important, he also learned, with the promptitude of one having a true genius for war, the essential rules of the military art, so that he became from the start an important factor in all matters concerning his chief, whether personal or official, and was recognized as such by Grant, as well as by all the leading officers in the army with which he was connected. He did not hesitate when occasion seemed to call for it to express his opinion upon all questions concerning Grant, the army he was commanding, or the public welfare; and this he did in language so forcible and with arguments so sound that he never failed to command attention and respect, and rarely ever failed in the end to see his views adopted. It cannot be said that Grant was accustomed to taking formal counsel with Rawlins, but owing to circumstances of a personal nature, and to the fearless and independent character of the latter, this made but little difference to him. Grant himself was a stickler neither for etiquette nor ceremony, while Rawlins never permitted either to stand between him and the performance of what he conceived to be a duty. Grant was always willing to listen, and even if he had not been he could not well have failed to hear the stentorian tones in which Rawlins occasionally thought it necessary to impart his views to a staff or general officer, so that all within ear-shot might profit thereby. I never knew Grant to resent the liberties taken by Rawlins, and they were many, but to the contrary their personal intimacy, although strained at times and perhaps finally in some degree irksome to Grant, remained unbroken to the end of the war, and indeed up to the date of Rawlins's death, in 1869. When the history of the Great Rebellion shall have been fully written, it will appear that this friendship was alike creditable to both and beneficial to the country, and that Rawlins was, as stated by Grant himself, "more nearly indispensable to him than any other man in the army." Indeed nothing is more certain than that he was altogether indispensable; and that he was a constant and most important factor in all that concerned Grant, either personally or officially, and contributed more to his success at every stage of his military career than any or all other officers or influences combined.

Both Sherman and McPherson were very intimate with Grant, and were held in the highest estimation by him; both were fully trusted, and both acted towards him with the most perfect loyalty; and yet neither of them, although both were men of extraordinary brilliancy, ever exerted a tithe of the influence that was exerted by Rawlins. Sherman was especially open and outspoken in giving his views, whether asked for or not; but having once freed his mind, verbally, or by letter, as in the case of the Vicksburg campaign in opposition to the turning movement as it was finally made, he dropped his contention there, and loyally and cheerfully, without hesitation or delay, and equally without grumbling or criticism, set vigorously about performing the duty assigned to him. It is but fair to add that Sherman always had decided views. He was then, as now, a man of great abilities and great attainments, not only in the art of war, but in nearly everything else. In short, to use his own words, he was "a great deal smarter man than Grant," and knew it, and perhaps Grant knew it also, and yet there was never any rivalry or jealousy between them. In view of all this, and especially in view of the marked differences and idiosyncrasies of the two men, it must be admitted that there is nothing in the life of either which reflects more honor upon him than his friendship for and confidence in the other.

McPherson, who was also serving with Grant when I joined him, and enjoyed his confidence and affectionate regard, was also an officer of rare merit. Like Sherman, he was a graduate of the Military Academy, and was justly noted for the brilliancy of his intellect and his high standing and attainments in the military profession. He was much younger than Sherman, but, unlike him, had never been in civil life since his original entry into the service at West Point. He was cheerful, modest and unassuming, but vigorous and active in the performance of every duty, and while he was justly regarded by all as a general of excellent judgment and great promise, and while it is also certain that he enjoyed Grant's confidence and esteem to the highest degree, it is equally certain that Grant rarely if ever consulted him on questions of policy, or even as to the details of the movements or dispositions of the army. It is still more certain that McPherson

did not, during the Vicksburg campaign nor at any time subsequent, volunteer his opinions. He neither furnished brains nor plans, as was at one time so commonly supposed in army circles to be the case, but confined himself strictly to the duty of commanding his corps, and doing cheerfully and ably whatever he was ordered to do by those in authority over him. He made no protests, wrote no letters of advice, and indulged in no criticisms whatever. He was an ideal subordinate, with a commanding figure and a lofty and patriotic character, and endeared himself, by his frank and open nature and his chivalric bearing and behavior, to his superiors and equals as well as to his subordinates. Grant loved him as a brother, and lost no opportunity to secure his promotion or to advance his fortunes, but never leant upon him for either advice or plans. He sent orders as occasion required, never doubting that they would be understood, and loyally and intelligently carried out according to the requirements of the case and the best interests of the service.

As a rule these orders were general in their terms, and specially designed to leave McPherson free to regulate and arrange the details according to his own judgment. So perfectly in accord were Grant and McPherson, so well placed was Grant's confidence in his admirable lieutenant, that there was never a shade of disappointment or ill feeling on the part of either towards the other. It is almost needless to add that Grant and Rawlins were of one mind in reference to both Sherman and McPherson, and indeed in reference to nearly everybody else. They judged from the same standpoint and from the same facts, knowledge of which necessarily in many cases reached Rawlins first, producing a profound impression on his vigorous and alert mind, and with gathered force upon that of his chief. It is proper to add that I never knew an army which was so little affected by jealousies, ill feeling, and heart-burnings as was the Army of the Tennessee under Grant; and I cannot imagine an army headquarters or administration where prejudice had so little influence or where the public business was conducted on higher principles than at those of General Grant. Merit and success were the sole tests by which subordinate commanders were judged. I say merit and success, but I wish to emphasize the statement that merit even without success was sure to receive the recognition it deserved. In this respect Grant's conduct was a model which cannot be too highly commended. His patience and deliberation caused him to judge fairly of every action before meting out praise or blame. With the former he was lavish and generous; with the latter no one could be more sparing. If the circumstances did not justify success, or if the orders given were misunderstood, or if contingencies were not properly provided for, he would always say: "It was my fault, not his; I ought to have known better," or "I should have foreseen the difficulty," or "I should have sent so and so," or "I should have given him a larger force." It is not to be wondered at that, with such consideration for his subordinate commanders, Grant should have become exceedingly popular with them, from the highest to the lowest. And yet it should not be forgotten that he was free from and above all claptrap, and utterly despised the cheap arts of advertisement and popularity so easily mastered by the military charlatan. He was at that period of his life the embodiment of modesty and simplicity, and showed it not only in his relations with those above and below him, but in his retinue and equipage, whether in camp or on the march. This is well illustrated by the fact that he crossed the Mississippi at Bruinsburg, without a horse, and with no baggage whatever except a toothbrush and a paper collar. He rode forward to the battle near Port Gibson on an orderly's horse, and knocked about the field and country like any private soldier till his own horse and camp equipage, which did not cross till after the main body of the army, had rejoined him. Throughout this wonderful campaign he shared every hardship and every peril, and what is more, never for a moment forgot the comfort or hardships of those about him.

Having been engaged the second night in rebuilding the bridges over the north fork of the Bayou Pierre, in order that the army might not be delayed in following up its advantages, after completing my task, and seeing the advanced division well started on the march, I went to the little log-cabin by the roadside where the General and staff had bivouacked. It was between two and three o'clock in the morning, and after reporting to the General, as he always desired should be done under such circumstances, that the bridge was completed and the column moving, I turned in for sleep and rest, and was soon unconscious of everything around me. Breakfast was ready and eaten before daylight, and Grant and the rest of the staff moved out as soon as they could see the road and the marching soldiers; but as it was my second night without sleep he would not permit me to be disturbed, but directed the cook to put up my breakfast, and left an orderly to keep it for me, and to show me the road he and the staff had taken. I rejoined him, after a rapid ride of fifteen miles, about noon that day, shortly after which, hearing that Grand Gulf had been abandoned and

was in Admiral Porter's possession, he started with Rawlins, myself, Mr. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, and a few orderlies, to that place. Arriving after dark he went at once on board the admiral's flag-ship, where he kept us all busily engaged writing dispatches and orders till eleven o'clock. We then went ashore, remounted our horses, and rode rapidly through the dark by a strange and circuitous road to Hankinson's ferry, to which point the army had been directed. The distance covered that night was between twenty and twenty-five miles, and for the day between forty-five and fifty. We rejoined the army at a double log plantation house about a mile from the ferry, just as dawn began to appear. Hastily unsaddling our horses, we threw ourselves flat upon the porch, using our saddles for pillows and our horse-blankets for covering. General Grant did not even take time to select a soft plank, but lay down at the end of the porch so as to leave room for the rest of us as we came up. In an incredibly short space of time we were all asleep, and yet he and the rest were up and about their respective duties shortly after sunrise. The army was rapidly concentrated, provisions were brought forward, and in a few days operations were again renewed and the country was electrified by the series of brilliant victories which followed. Grant's conduct throughout the campaign was characterized by the same vigor, activity, and untiring and unsleeping energy that he displayed during the two days which I have just described. It is difficult, I should say impossible, to imagine wherein his personal or official conduct from the beginning of the turning movement by Bruinsburg, till the army had sat down behind Vicksburg, could have been more admirable or more worthy of praise. His combinations, movements, and battles were models which may well challenge comparison with those of Napoleon during his best days. Withal he was still modest, considerate, and approachable. Victory brought with it neither pride nor presumption. Fame, so dear to every honorable and patriotic soldier, had now come to him, and his praise resounded throughout the North. Cavil and complaint were silenced. His shortcomings ceased to be matters for public condemnation; and when Vicksburg and the army defending it also fell before his well-directed blows, no name in all the land brought so much pleasure to the minds of the loyal and patriotic people as did that of Ulysses S. Grant. President Lincoln hastened to write him a cordial and magnanimous letter, saying in regard to the forecast of the campaign, "I now wish to make a personal acknowledgment that you were right and I wrong." It is worthy of remark that whatever were Lincoln's opinions during the campaign he kept them to himself, and, so far as General Grant then knew, did not in any way try to influence him or his movements. It is also worthy of remark that notwithstanding the heartiness and magnanimity of the letter just referred to, a new source of anxiety had arisen in Lincoln's mind in regard to General Grant, and the nature and extent of this anxiety will best appear from the following anecdote.

Amongst the most sagacious and prudent of General Grant's friends was J. Russel Jones, Esq., formerly of Galena, at that time United States Marshal for the northern district of Illinois, and also a warm and trusted friend of the President. Mr. Jones, feeling a deep interest in General Grant, and having many friends and neighbors under his command, had joined the army at Vicksburg and was there on the day of its final triumph. Lincoln, hearing this, and knowing his intimacy with Grant, sent for him, shortly after his return to Chicago, to come to Washington. Mr. Jones started immediately and traveled night and day. On his arrival at the railway station at Washington he was met by the President's servants and carriage, taken directly to the White House, and at once shown into the President's room. After a hurried but cordial greeting the President led the way to the library, closed the doors, and when he was sure that they were entirely alone addressed him as follows:

"I have sent for you, Mr. Jones, to know if that man Grant wants to be President."

Mr. Jones, although somewhat astonished at the question and the circumstances under which it was asked, replied at once:

"No, Mr. President."

"Are you sure?" queried the latter.

"Yes," said Mr. Jones, "perfectly sure; I have just come from Vicksburg; I have seen General Grant frequently and talked fully and freely with him, about that and every other question, and I know he has no political aspirations whatever, and certainly none for the Presidency. His only desire is to see you reëlected, and to do what he can under your orders to put down the rebellion and restore peace to the country."

"Ah, Mr. Jones," said Lincoln, "you have lifted a great weight off my mind, and done me an immense amount of good, for I tell you, my friend, no man knows how deeply that presidential grub gnaws till he has had it himself."

James Harrison Wilson.

"TAPS."*

August 8, 1885.

BRAVE heart, good-night! the evening shadows fall;
Silenced the tramping feet, the wailing dirge,
The cannons' roar; faint dies the bugle call,
"Lights out!"—the sentry's tread scarce wakes the hush,
Good-night.

Swift flows the river, murmuring as it flows,—
Soft slumber-giving airs invite to rest;
Pain's hours of anguish fled—tired eyelids close—
Love wishes thee, as oft and oft before,
Good-night.

The stars look down upon thy calm repose
As once on tented field, on battle eve;
No clash of arms, sad heralder of woes,
Now rudely breaks the sleep God's peace enfolds,—
Good-night.

Thy silence speaks, and tells of honor, truth,
Of faithful service,—generous victory,—
A nation saved. For thee a nation weeps,—
Clasps hands again, through tears! Our Leader sleeps!
Good-night.

F. M. Newton.

THE DEAD COMRADE.*

COME, soldiers, arouse ye!
Another has gone;
Let us bury our comrade,
His battles are done.
His sun it is set;
He was true, he was brave,
He feared not the grave,—
There is nought to regret.

Bring music and banners
And wreaths for his bier;—
No fault of the fighter
That Death conquered here.
Bring him home ne'er to rove,
Bear him home to his rest,
And over his breast
Fold the flag of his love.

Great Captain of battles,
We leave him with Thee.
What was wrong, O forgive it;
His spirit make free.
Sound taps, and away!
Out lights, and to bed,—
Farewell, soldier dead!
Farewell—for a day!

R. W. G.

* The burial service at the funeral of General Grant closed impressively with the sound of "Taps" (Lights out).

A Contradicted "Famous Saying."

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

Sir: About two weeks after the battle of Shiloh there appeared in some newspaper that was shown to me a report of a conversation assumed to have taken place between General Grant and myself soon after the battle, in which I was represented as rallying him upon the narrowness of his escape, and saying that he had not transports enough to carry off ten thousand men; to which he was reported as replying, in substance, that when it came to retreating transportation would not have been required for more than ten thousand.

The story had been colored for popular effect, but was traceable to a conversation in a vein of pleasantry that occurred at my camp among a party of officers, in which I had taken but little part.

Some time afterward it took on a modification which suited the alleged conversation to my meeting with General Grant on my arrival at Pittsburg Landing during the battle. This changed materially the character of the report, but I continued to treat it with the indifference which I thought it deserved, though the story has been freely circulated. I never knew until within a few months past, through the publication of the "War Records," that in its modified form it had the indorsement of an official authorship.

From that publication it appears that a year after the battle General Grant called upon three of his staff-officers to make reports concerning the movements of General Lew Wallace's division on the day of the battle, in answer to a complaint of the latter officer that injustice had been done him in General Grant's reports. Two of the officers, namely, General McPherson and Captain Rowley, in their replies confined themselves to that subject. The third, Colonel Rawlins, on the other hand, made it the occasion of a specific defense, or explanation, or commendation, or whatever it may be called, of General Grant's relation to the battle. Among other things that have since been more or less disputed, he said:

"General Nelson's division of the Army of the Ohio reached Savannah on the afternoon of the 5th of April, but General Buell himself did not arrive. . . . You [General Grant] then rode back to the house near the river that had been designated for headquarters, to learn what word if any had been received from General Nelson, whose division you expected soon to arrive at the landing on the opposite side of the river; and you there met Maj.-Gen. D. C. Buell, who had arrived at Savannah and taken a steamer and come up to see you, and learn how the battle was progressing in advance of his force. Among his first inquiries was: 'What preparations have you made for retreating?' To which you replied, 'I have not yet despaired of whipping them, general'; and went on to state to him your momentary expectation of the arrival of General Wallace, to whom orders had been timely and repeatedly sent, and that General Nelson's division might soon be expected by the wagon-road from Savannah," etc.

This statement, ridiculous and absurd in its principal feature, is incorrect in every particular.

It is well known that I arrived at Savannah on the 5th of April; General Grant did not, as might be inferred, find me at the landing at Pittsburg — I found him there; we did not meet at "the house near the river," but on his headquarters steamer.

I mention these points only to show the tendency of the statement to error, and I aver that no such conversation as is described ever occurred, and that the contingency of a retreat was not brought forward by General Grant or by me.

My attention has within a few days been called to the fact that an article, in a recent number of THE CENTURY, has given fresh circulation to the story, and has combined the official and the original phraseology of it. I have regarded it as a trivial question, of little moment to either General Grant or myself; but perhaps the value attached to it by others makes it proper for me to give it an attention which I have not heretofore chosen to bestow upon it.

AIRDRIE, July 10, 1885. *D. C. Buell.*

General Heintzelman in the Peninsula Campaign.

IN THE CENTURY for May General McClellan has an article, "The Peninsular Campaign," in which there are one or two misstatements in regard to the Third Corps, commanded by General Heintzelman. Fortunately my father's papers, which are in my possession, contain replies to both allegations,— one in the handwriting of General Heintzelman's adjutant-general, and the other the rough draft of a letter addressed to General L. Thomas, then Adjutant-General of the Army.

On page 147 General McClellan states:

"All the corps commanders on the south side were on the 26th directed to be prepared to send as many troops as they could spare in support of Porter on the next day. All of them thought the enemy so strong in their respective fronts as to require all their force to hold their positions."

Upon the demand for troops General Heintzelman replied as follows:

HEADQUARTERS 3D CORPS, 4 P. M., June 26, 1862.

GENERAL MARCY, Chief of Staff: I think I can hold the intrenchments with four brigades for twenty-four hours; that would leave two (2) brigades available for service on the other side of the river, but the men are so tired and worn out that I fear they would not be in a condition to fight after making a march of any distance. . . .

S. P. HEINTZELMAN, Brigadier-General.

This is far from being a statement that all his forces were required to hold his own lines.

Then, on page 148, General McClellan says:

"Meanwhile, through a misunderstanding of his orders and being convinced that the troops of Sumner and Franklin at Savage's Station were ample for the purpose in view, Heintzelman withdrew his troops during the afternoon, crossed the swamp at Brackett's Ford, and reached the Charles City road with the rear of his column at 10 P. M."

When the same statement was first made in 1863 General Heintzelman wrote the following letter:

HEADQUARTERS DEFENCES OF WASHINGTON,
April 11, 1863.

GENERAL L. THOMAS, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, U. S. A., WASHINGTON.

GENERAL: I find in the "New York Tribune" of the 8th of April a "Preliminary Report of the Operations

of the Army of the Potomac, since June 25, 1862," made by General G. B. McClellan. . . .

In a paragraph commencing "On the 28th Porter's corps was also moved across the White Oak Swamp," etc., is the following:

> "They were ordered to hold this position until dark, then to fall back across the swamp and rejoin the rest of the army. This order was not fully carried out, nor was the exact position I designated occupied by the different divisions concerned."

I was furnished with a map marked in red with the positions we should occupy.

As I had the fortified lines thrown up some time before by the troops in my command I had no difficulty in knowing where to go, and I did occupy these lines. General Sumner's were more indefinite and he occupied a position in advance of the one designated. This left a space of half a mile unoccupied, between his right and Franklin's left. In the morning I was informed that some rebels were already at or near Dr. Trent's house, where General McClellan's headquarters had been; I sent and found this to be the case. General Franklin had also called at my headquarters and told me that the enemy were repairing the bridges of the Chickahominy and would soon cross in force. About 1 P. M. I saw some of our troops filing into the fields between Dr. Trent's house and Savage's Station, and a few moments later Generals Franklin and W. F. Smith came to me and reported the enemy approaching and urged me to ride to General Sumner and get him to fall back and close this gap. I rode briskly to the front, and on the Williamsburg road, where it passed between my two divisions, met General Sumner's troops falling back. He wished me to turn back with him to arrange for ulterior operations, but as my right flank was entirely uncovered by these movements, I declined until after I had seen my division commanders and given them orders how to fall back. On my return there was some difficulty in finding General Sumner, and when found he informed me he had made his arrangements. I returned to my command, and on the way found the ground filled with troops, more than could be used to any advantage, and if the enemy planted a few batteries of artillery on the opposite side of the railroad, they would have been cut in pieces.

An aide to General McClellan having reported to me the day before to point out to me a road across the White Oak Swamp, opening from the left flank of my position of the fortified lines, I did not hesitate to retreat by that road, and left at 3 P. M. General Smith, of Franklin's corps, having sent to the rear all his batteries earlier in the day, I, at his request, let him have two of mine (Osborn's and Bramhall's), and they did good service that afternoon in checking and defeating the rebel attack.

My remaining would have been no aid to General Sumner, as he already had more troops than he could defile through the narrow road in his rear, and the road I took covered his left flank.

Before dark the advance of my corps was across the swamp, and by 10 P. M. the rear was over, with but little molestation from the enemy. I immediately sought General McClellan, and reported to him what I had done, and this is the first intimation I have had tha my conduct was not entirely satisfactory.

To hold my position till dark, by which time I was to receive orders, would have been impossible. After Generals Franklin and Sumner had fallen back, my right flank and rear were uncovered, and by a road which passed entirely in my rear; and beyond my right flank my only line of retreat would have been cut off, and I would have lost my entire corps. I did not know where General McClellan was, and it was therefore impossible to report to him for orders.

When General Birney reached Fisher's Ford, the enemy were there, but not in force; they soon arrived in force, and he had to take another road more to our left. Had we been a little later they would have been in possession, and our retreat by this road cut off.

S. P. HEINTZELMAN.

I trust that you will be able to find space for these letters.

WASHINGTON, D. C. *Mary L. Heintzelman.*

National Memorials of the Civil War.

VIEWS OF GENERAL GRANT AND SENATOR SUMNER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

SIR: In General Badeau's article on General Grant, published in your current (May, 1885) number, page 160, occurs the following passage:

> "Soon after the close of the war I was present when a Committee of Congress, headed by Charles Sumner, waited on him [General Grant] to propose that a picture should be painted of the surrender of Lee, to be placed in the rotunda of the Capitol. But he told them he should never consent, so far as he was concerned, to any picture being placed in the Capitol to commemorate a victory in which our own countrymen were the losers."

Will you allow me to submit the reasons why I think General Badeau is mistaken in affirming that Charles Sumner headed the committee which called on General Grant for the purpose specified? I thought it was generally known that Mr. Sumner stood almost alone in our Congressional annals, among statesmen identified with the Union side in the Civil War, as advocating the policy of not allowing victories of fellow-citizens over each other to be perpetuated by national memorials, but as the statement referred to seems to have passed unchallenged by the press, I think it now incumbent on me to give the evidence as to Mr. Sumner's position on this question, drawn entirely from the proceedings of the United States Senate.

As early as May, 1862, the question arose upon a dispatch of General McClellan, where, after announcing the capture of Williamsburg, he inquired whether he was authorized to follow the example of other generals and direct the names of battles to be placed on the colors of regiments. This being communicated to the Senate, Mr. Sumner, May 8, 1862, moved the following resolution: *Resolved*, That in the efforts now making for the restoration of the Union and the establishment of peace throughout the country, *it is inexpedient that the names of victories obtained over our fellow-citizens* should be placed on the regimental colors of the United States.

February 27, 1865, more than a month before the surrender of Lee, the Senate having under consideration an appropriation for a picture in the National Capitol, Mr. Sumner moved as an amendment, "That in the National Capitol, dedicated to the National Union, *there shall be no picture of a victory in battle with our fellow-citizens.*"

On December 2, 1872, Mr. Sumner introduced in the Senate the following bill: *A Bill to regulate the Army Register and the Regimental Colors of the United States.*

WHEREAS, The National Unity and good-will among fellow-citizens can be assured only through oblivion of past differences, and it is contrary to the usage of civilized nations to perpetuate the memory of civil war. Therefore,

Be it enacted by the Senate, etc., that the names of battles with fellow-citizens shall not be continued in the Army Register or placed on the regimental colors of the United States.

This bill was the cause of a hasty and ill-considered resolution of censure passed by the Massachusetts Legislature, which did much to embitter the last years of Mr. Sumner's life. Happily the resolution was rescinded the winter before his death. But it was neverthe-

less true that he *suffered* for this, as he had suffered for his advocacy of the cause of the slave.

I know that it is exceedingly difficult to prove a negative, but if the recorded acts and opinions of a man exceedingly tenacious of his views when once adopted *can* prove anything, it seems to me that I have shown that Charles Sumner could not have proposed to General Grant to have a picture of the Surrender of Lee placed in the Rotunda of the Capitol. I am inclined to think that General Badeau may, in this instance, have confounded the action of Senator Wilson with that of Senator Sumner. Senator Wilson was at that time Chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs and, as the Senate proceedings show, held opposite opinions from his colleague in regard to the policy of perpetuating the memorials of civil war. To find Mr. Sumner represented as acting in behalf of such a policy is as surprising to one familiar with his record as it would be to encounter a statement that Cobden had advocated the Corn Laws or Garrison the Slave Trade.

I will only add that on careful investigation it appears that neither Mr. Sumner's motions nor his bill was ever enacted into written law. The idea contained in them, however, has become part of the *unwritten law* of the Republic. No picture or other representation of a victory in battle with fellow-citizens has ever been placed in the National Capitol, and it is safe to say that none will be. The names of the battles of the Civil War were placed on the regimental colors, and in the Army Register, by an order of General McClellan in 1862. In 1878 the names of the battles were stricken from the Army Register by order of the Secretary of War, and when new sets of colors are furnished to the regiments of the regular army the names of the battles are no longer inscribed thereon.

Charles W. Eldridge.

General Grant's Premonition.

GENERAL GRANT'S reticence in talking about himself has always been one of his marked characteristics. The only occasion known to many well-informed persons when General Grant was ever heard to express an opinion of his own qualifications was at a dinner he gave at the White House in March, 1874. There were but few guests, among them Roscoe Conkling, Simon Cameron, and Senator J. M. Johnston of Virginia. The last-named gentleman sat next to General Grant at the table. The talk turned on the war, and while the others were discussing it Senator Johnston turned to General Grant and said to him:

"Mr. President, will you permit me to ask you a question which has always been of great interest to me? Did you, at the beginning of the war, have any premonition that you were to be the man of the struggle?"

"I had not the least idea of it," replied General Grant. "I saw a lot of very ordinary fellows pitching in and getting commissions. I knew I could do as well and better than they could, so I applied for a commission and got it."

"Then," asked Senator Johnston, "when did you know that you were the man of destiny?"

General Grant looked straight ahead of him, with an expression on his inscrutable face that Senator Johnston had never seen there before.

"After the fall of Vicksburg," he said, after a pause. "When Vicksburg capitulated, I knew then that I was to be the man of the war; that I should command the armies of the United States and bring the war to a close."

"But," said Senator Johnston, "you had had great and notable successes before the days of Vicksburg. You had fought Shiloh and captured Fort Donelson."

"That is true," responded General Grant; "but while they gave me confidence in myself, I could not see what was before me until Vicksburg fell. Then I saw it as plainly as I now do. I knew I should be commander in chief and end the war."

At the same White House dinner Simon Cameron described the scene when General Joseph E. Johnston resigned his commission in the United States army. Mr. Cameron said he was sitting one morning in his room at the War Department, he being Secretary of War, when General Johnston entered, deeply agitated, and carrying in his hand a paper, which Secretary Cameron suspected was General Johnston's resignation. He handed it to the secretary without saying a word. The secretary glanced at it, saw what it was, and said:

"I regret to see this, General; I understand what it means. You are going South. This is not what you should do."

General Johnston replied under great emotion:

"I feel it my duty to resign, and I ask that my resignation be accepted at once."

"It shall be," said the secretary; "but you are mistaken as to your duty."

General Johnston bowed and said:

"I think it my duty," and, without another word, the two men bowed low to each other and General Johnston hurried from the room.

M. E. Seawell.

BIGOTRY.

EACH morn the tire-maids come to robe their queen,
  Who rises feeble, tottering, faded, gray.
Her dress must be of silver blent with green;
  At the least change her court would shriek dismay.

Each noon the wrinkled nobles, one by one,
  Group round her throne and low obeisance give.
Then all, in melancholy unison,
  Advise her by antique prerogative.

Reading the realm's laws, while they so advise,
From scripts whose yellowed parchments crack with age,
They bend the misty glimmer of bleared eyes
To trace the text of many a crumbling page.

The poor tired queen, in token of assent,
At solemn intervals will smile or bow;
She learned how vain was royal argument,
Back in her maidenhood, long years from now.

Each evening, clad in samite faced with gold,
The queen upon her tarnished throne must wait,
While through her moldering doorways, gaunt and old,
Troop haggard-visaged crones, her dames of state.

She hears them while they mumble that or this,
In courtly compliment, exact and prim;
With shriveled lips her shriveled hand they kiss;
They peer in her dim eyes with eyes more dim.

Each night the tire-maids lull her to repose
With warped and rusty lutes whose charms are fled,
Till softly round her withered shape they close
The dingy draperies of her spectral bed.

And so she wears the mockery of her crown
With sad compliance, futile discontent,
And knows her people like herself crushed down
By dreary tyrannies of precedent.

But sometimes, wakening out of nightmare's thrall,
With clammy brow and limbs from terror weak,
Through the dense dark her voice will faintly call
A name the laws have made it death to speak.

The name of one her girlish heart loved well,
A strong, grand youth who felt her soul's deep needs,
Who strove to snap her fetters and dispel
The stagnant apathy of senseless creeds. . .

Again from her steep towers, on that far morn,
She marks him urge his followers to the fight;
She notes with silent pride what fiery scorn
Leaps from his good blade, battling for the right.

She sees him dare his foes that swarm like bees,
Brave, beautiful, a rebel, girt with hates. . . .
And now, in lurid memory, last she sees
His bare skull whitening at her city gates!

Edgar Fawcett.

ZWEIBAK: BEING NOTES OF A PROFESSIONAL EXILE.

I HAVE come on here from Switzerland, where it has been hot. I stayed with H—— at his villa on the lake of Geneva. H——'s house is suited to hot weather. The lawn comes down to the edge of the lake, with the colors of which the large basins of carnations make a pleasant contrast. The dining-room is upon a level with the lawn and opens directly on it. Its floor is an inlaid one and the porphyry pillars match well with the blue water. It is the kind of house a Roman gentleman should have had on the banks of Como. H—— let me breakfast in a small room on the upper floor, which has no porphyry pillars, it is true, but which had some books, and which looked out on the lake, with whose pervading azure the room seemed to be filled. I sat in the midst of this azure and read and had an unusually good breakfast of cutlets and red wine. There were no women about, nothing to affect the shade, the silence, and the liberty of the house, except the voice of Gustave when he said: "Monsieur est servi."

On the day I left I said to H——, "My dear fellow, I have been very well treated here. You have given me a horse to ride over these hills in the morning, and a boat to sail on the lake in the afternoon. How I have enjoyed this breakfast-room! This permeating azure has taken possession of my being. I have been allowed as much of my own society as I liked. With the exception of giving me your soothing company at dinner, you have kept yourself out of the way. And all this for the twenty francs which I shall give to Gustave. It is the cheapest and best thing I have seen in Europe."

H——'s dinners were excellent. There were two or three snow-peaks in sight. I don't admire Swiss scenery profoundly, but I agree that these peaks are good things to have over your shoulder if you are dining rather well. They have the effect of a pretty label on a bottle of German wine. But I have no respect for them,— not the slightest.

The fact that Switzerland is such a place for holiday-makers has given its scenery a kind of frivolity. It was a lovely day when I came in the steamer through the lake of Thun. The boat was crowded with sight-seers, and Switzerland was determined they should not be disappointed, for there on our right were the white peaks decorating the blue heavens and glistening for the entertainment of the lakes.

I often come to Zweibak, and I have always liked it. I have a feeling of hope and exhilaration as the train moves into the little station. At the same time I am always on each successive visit afraid I shall not enjoy it as I have done before. But it has never failed to amuse me, and I have always left it with regret.

Of course I don't know how it will be this time, but it promises well. The tradespeople on the main street recognize me. That is one of the good points of the place. I find myself among old friends. I like knowing the people who give me my letters at the post-office and the young woman at the barber's shop. When I alighted at the station the porter of my hotel recognized me with a shout of welcome which seemed to be sincere, and actually shook me by the hand. The hotel to which I go is not one of those with English names, but an honest German place, which is cheaper and better than the smart ones. At the door I received from the landlady that welcome which is proverbially warm. I don't at all think less of kindness from landlords and landladies because I know I am to pay for my entertainment.

The town is full of English and Americans, although there are of course a great many Germans. I am here to see the Americans. Being an exile by profession, a few weeks with my compatriots who are here is almost like a visit home. Some of them are old friends whom I meet after a separation of years; others, again, I shall meet for the first time; and there are still others whom I may not have a chance of meeting at all, but whom I may at any rate look at from a distance. There are but few men among them. They are almost all of the other sex, and I am delighted to see how much they look like women.

... There are two faults I have to find with American women. One is this, that they are apt to be deficient in a positive female character. This is certainly true of many New England women. I do not mean that they are in the least masculine. On the contrary they are often people of a delicate and refined sort; but they appear to be neuters. Their womanly character is rather negative than positive. Now I think that the feminine nature should be as distinct and positive as the male. The female mind should be as strong after its kind as the male should be after its kind. The fault I refer to appears, by the way, to be a quality of well-born and well-educated women. Another fault I have to find with our women is

perhaps the quality of women of inferior education. Many of our women, and particularly our young girls, seem to be wanting in courtesy. Our girls are often rude. A crabbed bachelor of my acquaintance who lives in Paris ascribes this rudeness to the fact that American women find it easier to get husbands than the women of other countries, and therefore do not think it worth their while to be civil to men. Whatever the cause may be, there can be no doubt of the fact. I say that these girls are of inferior education in whom this rudeness appears. Well-bred women are often rude, but their rudeness is of the thought rather than of the speech or behavior. It is perhaps nearly as unpleasant to the recipient as the more outspoken sort, but of course it is more consistent with ladylike pretensions. The rudeness of some girls that one sees seems almost to be an expression of a consciousness of vulgarity.

But it is not enough that women should be civil in speech and bearing while their minds are proud and contemptuous. There is an ideal courtesy in women which is a quality of the soul; it is one of the most beautiful of female attributes. It was this quality in his Beatrice which first struck the delicate and reverential mind of the youthful Dante. I have myself so high an estimate of this quality that I hesitate to say that our girls are wanting in it.

Certainly this generalization led me wrong the other night. It was at the dance on Thursday at the Kursaal. I noticed an interesting figure of a girl standing in one of the groups of a square dance. She was slight, rather small, neatly dressed, and had a pretty face. But what was particularly captivating about her was the modesty of her look. There was a demure sinking of the eye, a patient holding of the shoulders, and her entire figure had an air of exquisite deference.

"I wonder who that is," said an English lady; "I find her quite charming. I think she is one of your compatriots."

I said I feared not. She seemed to me too courteous. Besides, there was a fullness of the features which I thought might have been Austrian.

The lady said, "Either German or American; certainly not English."

We asked the Kurmaster who that fraulein was. He inquired and came and told us that it was "Miss Diggs, of Utica."

. . . I find that the great superiority of our women is in the fact that they are themselves. I do not say that they are superior in individuality to English women, although I am inclined to think that they are, for the reason that the repression of individuality which English women are compelled to practice must in some degree affect the strength of the quality itself. But the truth is, I fancy, that the people of one country are about as individual as those of another, and that most people are more individual than we suppose. If you go to live in any family or to work in any office, you will find that people whom at first you take to be commonplace become, after you have known them a little while, more and more individual. I have never yet lived in any community which I did not find to contain a good many of what are called "characters." I would not say, therefore, that our women are so much superior in individuality. Their superiority is that they express their individuality. It is for this reason that they please to such a degree. Other women, no doubt, exhibit their individuality in their own families, to their husbands and brothers. Our women exhibit their individuality in society, where we all get the benefit of it. The charm of girlhood and womanhood is freely expressed among us. The difference between European girlhood and our own is that between game in regions hunted by man and the animal life of some virgin island of the sea. In the first instance the game is very wild, but the island bird will settle on your shoulder. The downcast eye, flushed cheek, and low voice are charming; but I am not sure whether I prefer them to the bright confidence of a Yankee maiden. I am not proof against that refined timidity of a nursery-bred young lady of the Old World; but is the charm she communicates quite so lively as that of her American sister?

The repression of the individuality of English women is, of course, due to the necessity they are under of conforming to a standard of manners which they appear always to have before their eyes. The more I see of English women here, the more sure I am that this is true. I observe it not only on comparing them with the women of our own country, but on comparing them with those of other countries. Perhaps to this cause is due the fact — I am sure it is a fact — that English women cannot smile with the force of French women. Yet there is often something admirable about this very repression. Take, for instance, some neat matron or some still comely maiden lady young enough to wish to be handsome,— a class in which that country abounds,— who has her tea-table opinions upon politics and what not, and whose accents, gestures, and sentiments even are modish,— one is often pleased, beneath the bonds which confine her mind, to notice an elastic, vigorous, and charming nature. Indeed I think that a fault of our women is that they are too much expressed; they are too tense. This may be due

in some slight degree to the education which some of them receive in high schools and colleges. I went once to the commencement of an American female college. I did not like what I saw,— the young ladies looked to me so wound up. The life they led seemed unnatural and unreasonable. Why should they be made to read essays to a thousand people in a great hall? This practice is of course borrowed from that of the male colleges. The custom began, I suppose, with the notion that the ability to make a speech was the peculiar ability of a public man, that he was the highest kind of a man, and that colleges were intended for the education of public men. The graduate got up on commencement day and showed what his college education had done for him. This notion has been very much modified, but perhaps it is even yet a good custom to be pursued by male colleges. There will come times in the life of almost any man when it will be necessary for him to make a speech; and he will present a very poor appearance if he cannot do it. But on what occasion is it necessary for a woman to make a speech? Is it when she is engaged or when she is married; is it when she becomes a mother or a grandmother?

At this commencement the young ladies all read essays, and I must admit that they were not so much frightened as they should have been. Then, apart from any objection to their appearing at all, I objected to the character of the appearance they made. I was shocked at the conventional pertness which they seemed to have cultivated. They had adopted in their essays a silly fashion of joking. Now I am always interested in the humorous perceptions of my compatriots. It is often a source of surprise to me when at home to find how many people there are who have a humorous way of looking at things. But the jokes of these young ladies were not good. They consisted of commonplaces, put into long Latin words. The recipe appeared to be this, that that which in Saxon English is a mere plain statement becomes very witty when turned into Latinized English. They kept this up incessantly, the only relief being when some serious allusion to their approaching separation would recall them to their proper employment of shedding tears.

There was one of these essayists, a young lady who really seemed to have some natural humor, who awakened my keen commiseration. Her tense mind seemed altogether too much for her slight body. I wanted to tell her to go and sit at her grandmother's window, near the shadow of the lilac bushes, to immure her mind and thin hands in deep dishes of pumpkin batter, to stay a whole summer in some still village with only a little poetry to read, and away from all stimulating society.

I have said that American vulgarity exhibits itself in rudeness. English vulgarity, on the other hand, generally appears under the form of undue conformity. I cannot describe to you how strong my sense is of the prevalence of this quality among many of the English people that I see here. There is a rather underdone young Englishman here, a very good-natured fellow, in whom this conformity has settled downwards to the very soles of his boots; you see it in the things he says, in the tones of his voice, his gestures, and attitudes. Want of breeding, by the way, is much more easily discernible in men than in women. Among young women rosy cheeks and a pair of bright eyes and the feminine adaptability cover up this quality very much. But you will see the imitation in them also, if you look closely.

I went this afternoon to take tea with some English people who are at the hotel opposite. There was an amiable, fresh-looking girl who poured out the tea. She was an exceedingly nice girl. If manners must be imitative, I don't think any could be better than hers. But it was true that you could see by her way of sitting, by her way of holding her shoulders, and by the manner of her references to the accidents of English fashionable life, as if they were, and as if they were not, quite her own, that her mind was sat upon by some standard of behavior to which she felt herself obliged to conform. Perhaps this imitation might become tiresome if one lived in England, but with people who have such good nature and such good looks as this family one does not mind a little of it.

. . . I see I have written above rather slightingly about the manners of certain English women. I admire them greatly, however. The qualities of the British nature are such as are particularly suitable to women. Those qualities,— benevolence, sense, dignity, decency, rectitude,— when combined with feminine softness, make up a character which is like balsam to the mind. The mental dullness proper to the nation is also to some degree refined away in them. When these qualities are united with beauty, with high breeding, and, as is sometimes the case, with majesty of form and countenance, you have indeed a fine object. The English women here are almost altogether of the middle and upper classes; but what strikes you when you visit England is the high average of female beauty. You see there exceedingly fine persons among the lower classes. One of the most beautiful women I ever saw there was a lodging-house keeper. The last time I was in England I went to

look for lodgings in Queen street. The door was opened by a large woman of thirty-five, fair and rather full in figure, whose mild beauty of countenance and aspect astonished me. For the moment I thought I had before me one of the grand illusions of Rubens. She seemed to me a figure such as the joyful humor of some great painter might have perpetuated from one of those times and places of happy repose which the centuries conceal. Her beauty was one which preferred to flourish in the shade. This good man's house, which no doubt did as well as any, she had selected for her sojourn. She was content here to be cutting bread and butter, glad to be shielded from the eyes of the world. A peculiarity of this woman was that she had an air of habitual perturbation. She was one of that class of women who find their beauty a burden and lament the necessity they are under of having to carry it about with them. The lodgings were extremely nice, and I thought how pleasant it would be to take them and give tea parties at which she should bring in the things; but I found this was out of the question. She asked five guineas for the rooms, with three and sixpence for the kitchen fire and linen, bath, lights, and boots extra.

. . . I have said that English women cannot smile. If they cannot smile they can frown, which I like nearly as well. There is a lady whom I often meet with her children in the streets and at church. I cannot conceive of her smiling. Her face — a dark oval one — and her carriage express the utmost decision, and at service she prays with such resolution! And there is a young girl here of something the same character. Her concentrated gravity and earnestness of expression mask or reveal an honest mind. She has this expression always. When she dances even it is with a serious and energetic face, her shoulders back,— revolving like a soldier on drill.

. . . I am always surprised at the amount of good poetry in the American magazines and newspapers. I came across the other day in "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper," a poem written by some girl of about twenty-three (I suppose) who thought herself very old. The poem was addressed to a young man with whom she appeared to have had a flirtation, we will say at the age of twenty. She tells him that the love they threw away so lightly was not a thing to be met with every day and was worth keeping. The title, I think, was "Rags." At any rate the thought was that this love had now become rags. It had gone into the old rag-bag, the Past; "Time" she said, was the "old Rag-man." Isn't it good? You can fancy the poetess to be some rather high-pressure Yankee girl, clever, perhaps satirical, a little romantic, and what you would call intense, with a brow of premature thought, a sallow cheek (such is my notion), and a face and figure in which is ill concealed the energy of her disposition. What particularly strikes you is that the young lady is evidently her own mistress. There is no chaperon or a suspicion of one anywhere about. I I may here say that I think this independence necessary to a thoroughly interesting female character. Do not all the heroines of poetry and romance have it? The Homeric Nausicaa, the Chloes and Phillises of pastoral poetry, and in later times Shakspere's Rosalind and the Angelina of Goldsmith's ballad, are much like American girls. Any really fine young woman of modern society should have the same independence. She should be like the princess of a small kingdom. She should have ministers and a standing army and should have at her command the sinews of war. She should be able to form treaties of amity and friendship with the surrounding princes. She should have power to make war or, if love is to be made, it should be from the same high vantage-ground. The interesting women one knows at home have been much in this position. I cannot imagine them with chaperons. This liberty is an essential element of their superiority.

Take the fine women I know. There is the gentle and profound Mildred, and there is M. L. The last was the daughter of a Quaker family whose farm-house overlooks Long Island Sound. They see at noon the cheerful blue of its glittering wave and the white rim of the distant shore. She was extremely pretty. She talked incessantly. But it did not seem like talking; conversation, or rather monologue, was her normal state of existence. It was only another sort of silence. I say that she was a Quaker. As a matter of fact I believe that her family had separated from the Quaker faith, but she was sufficiently near the Quaker character and mode of life. Her eloquence must have been derived from generations of preachers of that denomination. Her language, although truthful, was full and fluent. She read you with introvertive eye from the tablets of her mind numbers of thoughts, which seemed to my bewitched ears beautiful and original, upon poetry, art, books, people, etc. She repeated these in a voice the most charming I have ever listened to; poetical quotations sounded so very fine when she uttered them, as she did now and then, in her simple way. She even imparted a certain natural magic to the flinty meters of that pedant W——. She admired widely, and you yourself came in for a share of the lively in-

terest with which she regarded creation. The air of wonder with which she listened to what you said excited your self-love to the highest pitch. I visited their farm-house twice. I remember an orchard near at hand which stretched along the crest of a broken hill. I saw this once when the spring had sent a quick wave of bright verdure over the sod cropped short by the cows. The orchard was cut into three or four small patches, but there was a break in each of the separating fences, so that from room to room you could walk the orchard floors. I went again later, one hot midsummer morning, when our path led to a wood through a blazing wheat-field, in which I stopped to pull a branch of wild roses. We came soon to a deep break on an abrupt hillside, where, shut in by masses of dense and brilliantly painted greenery, moving incessantly with the forest zephyrs, and not far from a white dog-wood tree, we rested from the heat. I began to cut away the thorns from the branch of wild roses, an action which I was half conscious was mistaken. I had better have let her prick her fingers, for she said: "You can't care for wild roses if you cut away the thorns."

Another recollection I have,— of walking along a country road-side in that twilight which is almost dark. The daughter of the Quakers wore a blue silk cape with long fringes. She was talking her "thees" and "thous" to a half-grown lad, her cousin, as if she were no better than other women. The tall white daisies, thickly sown by the road-side, wheeled and swam in ghostly silence. It seemed that the slight figure that stepped briskly before me had a cosmic might and force residing among and descended from those stars and planets which had begun to strew the black heavens.

The family to which this girl belonged seemed to me to be people who practiced a very high order of civilization. She was the most obedient and dutiful of daughters; but for all that she seemed to dominate the whole connection, and the landscape too, I should say. Her liberty was so a part of herself that I could not imagine her without it.

. . . I usually go to a Catholic church here because some friends of mine are Catholics and always go there. What an advantage it must be to belong to a church which you always find wherever you go, however different from your own may be the language and manners of the new country. The English churches abroad are not interesting; the clergymen are apt to be second rate. But I rather like the young man they have here; he is so completely and necessarily a clergyman. He is just as much a parson on the street as in church—in his face, I mean; his clothes have nothing to do with it. I find it agreeable to meet with a type so distinct, to see a fellow-creature in a place so evidently meant for him; but one cannot help wondering by what methods of breeding and education such results were produced. What kind of a boy was he, and especially what kind of a baby? I venture to say that he had not been five minutes in existence before he began with — "Dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth us in sundry places."

. . . The poor Germans get very little good of their royalties, of whom there are several staying here. The English capture them. They stalk them daily on the promenade and at the springs. I was present this morning at a kind of a still hunt. I was at the Kurhaus, and found a number of English waiting at the door. They told me that the Grand Duke was having his luncheon. A throng of twenty or thirty people, most of whom could boast some kind of acquaintance with His Royal Highness, were there in the hope that he would speak to them. Two nice women, who were old friends of mine, said in their frank way: "We shall feel very badly if he does not speak to us." Old Jones produced a letter which he had just received from another eminent personage, saying: "I wonder how she knew my address." But the people did not talk much; they were silent and serious. Some of them would now and then try to push to the front, when there were black looks from behind. There was one lady, the wife of a general, I believe, who did not seem welcome among the more fashionable of the bystanders. She held her ground, however. Her pale and anxious face seemed to say, "Did we not entertain His Royal Highness at Aldershot; and did he not send to inquire after our daughter, who had the diphtheria? I think there is reason to hope he will speak to me." Presently the Grand Duke came out, walking fast and brushing his beard. He walked through the company, but did not speak to any of them.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

North and South.

THE war for the Union closed forever with the funeral of Grant. To be sure the armies of rebellion surrendered twenty years ago; but the solemn and memorable pageant at the tomb of the great Union soldier, where the leading generals of the living Union and of the dead Confederacy stood shoulder to shoulder, and mingled their tears in a common grief — this historical scene marked the virtual conclusion of sectional animosity in America — let us hope for all time to come.

The world is familiar with the fraternal sentiments uttered with so much pathos by the dying soldier, and it is not forgotten that these words were consistent with Grant's action at the close of the war, and with his frequently expressed views since then. The article on "The Siege of Vicksburg," printed in the September CENTURY, was written before he was aware of his fatal illness, and the same sentiments appear there also. In 1875 he said at Des Moines that we were not prepared to apologize for the part we took in the war, yet: "We will not deny to any of those who fought against us any privileges under the government which we claim for ourselves; on the contrary, we welcome all such who come forward in good faith to help build up the waste places, and to perpetuate our institutions against all enemies, as brothers in full interest with us in a common heritage."

As every unprejudiced observer is aware, the manner in which General Grant's sentiments of good-will were received and reciprocated in the South signifies much more than personal sympathy with a brave, chivalric, and suffering foe. The South believes no longer in slavery, no longer in secession. Some ex-rebels said not long ago: "We are glad we were whipped, and we are in to stay! Now let us see Massachusetts try to get out of the Union!" One of the leading men of the South lately told, in private conversation, a significant incident. He was complaining, he said, to one of the officials of his own State that the official salaries given were not large enough to attract ambitious young men powerfully and permanently to the State government; that their bright youths would be looking rather to the general government for a career, and would perhaps thereby lose the feeling of superior loyalty to their own individual State. "Well, why not?" was the official's reply. "We have given up all that idea; why should we want to cultivate State rather than national loyalty?" This incident and similar ones give color of reason to the theory, held by one of the most public-spirited of Northern Republicans, that the turning of the intense Southern loyalty of patriotism from the various State governments to the national government and flag may yet make the South the most enthusiastically loyal section of the whole country.

The more the South ponders on the past, admiring the heroism of Southern and Northern soldiers alike, and deprecating the unwisdom (and in some cases the treason and personal dishonor) of its own political leaders,— the more will dangers disappear from the Southern horizon. Indeed there may now, perhaps, be as much danger anticipated from the unthoughtful good-will of the North itself. We have on our desk a letter from a member of "The Grand Army of the Republic," who, while generously commending the spirit of our recent editorial on "Twenty Years after the War," goes on to propose that the general government should "establish and maintain homes for needy disabled ex-Confederate soldiers whose wounds were received at the hands of United States troops." There is a generous and pleasant sound to this proposition, and it honors the *heart*, at least, of the Union soldier who makes it. But is it in the interest of the nation, and of the South as a part of the nation, to act in behalf of Confederate, that is, of insurgent, soldiers, *as such?* If they are now good citizens, have renounced their position of enemies to the government, and wish in good faith to make themselves useful to the common weal — then give them office, if need be, for the country's good; but do not as a government, as a nation, make their very act of rebellion an occasion of bounty. Let private charity, in the North as well as in the South, do what it should for all who are in need.

The war might perhaps, have been averted; and yet it was, after all, the "irrepressible conflict" between liberty and slavery. Let the country join with General Grant in the noble spirit of the dedication of his "Memoirs" to the soldiers and sailors on both sides of the fateful struggle, and not withhold honor from those who fought conscientiously, bravely, and without stain upon either side. We can now all give thanks together to the Almighty that liberty was established and the nation saved, while we bury the last remnant of rancor in the tomb of the captain of the national armies. And if in the war of the Union the South took the mistaken and the unsuccessful side, it may remember that the very same Southern and slave State of Kentucky, which gave birth to the political leader of the slave Confederacy, gave birth also to the chief hero and martyr of the cause of Union and of freedom,—the brightest name produced by the great epoch of the civil war,—Abraham Lincoln.

Prejudice and Progress.

THE progress of the mechanical arts and the development of the physical sciences within the past half of the present century are commonplace topics; but if one should venture the statement that the movements in the intellectual realm have been quite as rapid, and the changes of opinion no less marvelous during the same period, the assertion would be received with incredulity. Yet there are facts which strongly support such a judgment. Some of these facts have lately been brought to light in these pages. It is doubtful whether the chemists or the electricians have any greater marvels to show than those which are visible

in the changed conditions of public sentiment with respect to the black race in this country. Moral changes of this nature are silent and gradual; they cannot be recorded and advertised like the invention of a new instrument or the discovery of a new process; nevertheless they are thorough and effectual. A generation passes, and the people suddenly discover that a revolution has occurred, and that the world they are living in is a wholly different world from the one in which they were living but a few years before.

The changes in the political condition of the negroes have not indeed taken place silently; but political changes are often effected when no corresponding moral change has prepared the way for them. Slavery was destroyed by the war, at the demand of military necessity. Whatever relation the emancipation and enfranchisement of the slaves may have had to the moral feeling of the North, it is evident that it must have greatly embittered the whites of the South toward the negro. When their former slaves were by force of arms set free, and by force of law made their political masters, as they were in many localities, it was inevitable that resentment and hostility toward the negroes should take the place of the humane and paternal feelings that had been cherished by many of the whites. It was a terrible strain to which the temper of the Southern people was thus subjected; the student of history will marvel that they endured it so patiently. Even if this retribution be considered the just penalty of insurrection, just retributions are not always quietly endured. At any rate it is clear that the revolutionary movements, by which their property was torn from them and a social régime utterly repugnant to their convictions and traditions was thrust upon them, could not have inspired the whites of the South with kindlier feelings toward the negroes.

It is evident that a change of popular sentiment, if it could take place, would be far more significant and far more beneficent than any possible political changes. Legal safeguards and constitutional guarantees are of little value save as they are rooted in the convictions of the people. The ballot may sometimes be used as a weapon of defense; it was given the negro with that end in view; but that is a sorry state of political society in which any class needs to use the ballot for purposes of defense. If the class thus armed be ignorant and poor its weapon will be an inadequate protection. Peace and security will only come with the advent of a better public sentiment, from which all thought of encroaching on the rights of the weak shall be put away. The steady growth of this better sentiment throughout the whole land, and especially at the South, furnishes the marvel to which we are pointing.

Doubtless it seems to many that there is need enough of a far more radical change than has yet taken place. The weaker race is yet lacking its full rights in parts of the land; but even a cursory comparison of existing conditions with those of fifty or twenty or even ten years ago will reassure every reasonable man. What have we seen in the pages of THE CENTURY? One of the most distinguished literary men of the South defending with manly eloquence "the Freedman's case in Equity" and the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Kentucky demanding, in the name of the Master whom he follows, that the manhood of the negro be fully recognized. No right-minded black man could ask for his race more than these two Southerners now strenuously advocate. The measure of justice and consideration that they demand is more than is readily yielded to the negro in some Northern communities. These men are not alone; they have behind them a great and growing constituency of the most enlightened and most enterprising Southern people — members of the class that shapes public opinion. They speak as men who know that their cause is just and who see that it is prevailing. And this discussion, in which they have taken a leading part, but in which they are supported by men of influence and reputation, is going on throughout the South, with some, but with comparatively little bad temper. Mr. Cable and Bishop Dudley find those who strenuously dispute their demands; but, as has been said, debate is proceeding for the most part on these "three quiet convictions: that recrimination and malignment of motives are the tactics of those who have no case; that the truth is worth more than any man's opinion; and that the domination of right is the end we are bound to seek."

Let it be noted, also, that the disputants almost unanimously agree that slavery was both economically and morally wrong and ought to have perished; and that the negro must be protected in the political rights with which the Constitution has invested him. That these rights are still abridged, by fraud or intimidation, in parts of the South cannot be denied; but the sentiment that condemns and denounces this action is steadily gathering strength. When one of the most influential Southern newspapers says: "We believe there is a general desire among the people of the South that the negro shall have all the rights which a citizen of the United States, whatever be the color of his skin, is entitled to," we perceive that the tide has turned. Keep it in mind that it is not with these political rights that the present discussion at the South is concerned, but rather with those civil rights which the national statute, lately annulled, undertook to protect. That the negro may vote and hold office, no one rises to deny; the question is what his rights shall be, not to be sure in private "society," but in the railway car, and the street car, and the hotel, and the theater. Mr. Cable and those who stand with him demand that he shall have the same rights that the white man has in these public places; that no ignominy shall be put upon a citizen in public places on account of his color.

Signs of juster views and actions are visible on every hand. Mr. Cable indignantly calls attention to the discrimination against colored persons in the cars, in portions of the South, but there are also large sections of the South in which well-dressed and well-behaved people of color occupy without protest the first-class cars. In Kentucky and Virginia no such distinction is visible on the railway cars. In South Carolina also (*ecce signum!*) according to the Charleston "News and Courier," quoted by Mr. Cable, "respectable colored persons who buy first-class tickets on any railroad ride in the first-class cars as a right, and their presence excites no comment on the part of their white fellow-passengers. It is a great deal pleasanter," this editor continues, "to travel with respectable and well-behaved colored people than with un-

mannerly and ruffianly white men." A radical champion of the rights of the negro, on his recent return from the Southern Exposition, testified that he saw during his journey no discrimination against negroes upon the railway cars.

Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge of Lexington, Kentucky, late of the Confederate army and recently elected to Congress, is a man strongly in sympathy with the Southern community and its way of thinking. But after the war this man, a busy and able lawyer, and a speaker in demand on important occasions, devoted something like a dozen years to the improvement of the colored schools in his neighborhood — working against a gradually disappearing local prejudice. Judge Beckner, of the same State, recently accepted an invitation to deliver an address at Berea, Kentucky, where it is claimed that local conditions make it advisable to try the double experiment of the co-education of the sexes and of the races. Judge Beckner is personally opposed to the theory of such mixed schools, but believing that the institution had accomplished good results, he did not refuse to attend, thinking, as he has since said, in reply to criticism on his conduct, that it would have been cowardly so to do. The fact that Judge Beckner, who is a stanch Democrat, disapproved of the views held at Berea makes his general sentiments on the negro question all the more significant. Says the judge in a recent letter to "The Clarke County Democrat":

"They, the colored people, cannot be put out of our sight by standing on the night's Plutonian shore and muttering the gibberish of a day that is done. . . . Every dictate of patriotism, humanity, and religion requires that we shall not only give them a chance, but that we shall assist them to rise from the state of degradation in which they were left by the abolition of slavery. They are citizens and voters, and will remain such as long as the Republic lasts. . . . I stand exactly in line with Lamar, Wade Hampton, Garland and other Southern Democrats."

This revolution in public sentiment has not been confined to the Southern States. In several Democratic States of the North, as Mr. Cable shows, laws for the protection of the civil rights of the negro have been enacted with substantial unanimity.

Contrast, now, with these indications of the public sentiment, a few typical facts taken from the recent history of this country. Twenty-five years ago the founder of Berea College was hunted like a wild beast through the region where now his name is spoken by men of all parties with reverence. It is only true to say that in eastern Kentucky to-day few men are held in greater respect than John G. Fee. Thirty or forty years ago large rewards were constantly offered at the South for the seizure of leading abolitionists at the North; and all such persons were warned that it would be unsafe for them to venture into that region. Prominent clergymen of the South joined in these threats of violence. Names that are illustrious in the ecclesiastical records of the great denominations are appended to the most sanguinary suggestions respecting the treatment of fellow-Christians whose only disagreement with themselves concerned the rightfulness of slavery. A leading newspaper of South Carolina uttered these words:

"Let us declare, through the public journals of our country, that the question of slavery is not, and shall not be open to discussion — that the very moment any private individual attempts to lecture us upon its evils and immorality, in the same moment his tongue shall be cut out and cast upon the dunghill."

This was a fair sample of Southern sentiment forty years ago. The feeling at the North was not much better. The story of Prudence Crandall, told in THE CENTURY for September, shows how a good woman was mobbed and boycotted fifty years ago by so-called Christians in Connecticut for the same deeds that are now done with applause throughout the Southern States; that the Legislature of Connecticut then forbade by statute, amidst great popular rejoicings, what the Legislatures of Georgia and Tennessee and Mississippi now encourage by appropriations,— the establishment of schools for the teaching of colored girls. Miss Crandall's school was not the only one that suffered. An academy in Canaan, New Hampshire, was opened two years later for the reception of pupils, without distinction of color. Immediately New Hampshire was on fire. After a cannonade of abuse and vituperation from the newspapers, the people of Canaan and the surrounding towns gathered, and with a hundred yoke of oxen dragged the school-house from its site and left it a heap in the highway. The mob was led by a member of the Congregational church, and it expressed the public sentiment of that period. It was about this time that Garrison was dragged through the streets of Boston with a rope about his body; that Pennsylvania Hall, erected for the use of the abolitionists in Philadelphia, was burned by a mob, three days after its dedication, with the evident connivance of the authorities; that Lovejoy was murdered in Alton, Illinois; that the students in Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, were forbidden by the trustees to discuss slavery; and that Marius Robinson, a man of gentle spirit and reverent lips, was hauled from his lodgings in Berlin, Ohio, and tarred and feathered simply because he had tried to prove that the Bible was opposed to slavery. In many of these mobs leading members of the churches were active participants, and the voices lifted up by press and pulpit to reprove their outrages were few and feeble.

Such reminiscences, which could easily be multiplied, show how great and how recent has been the change in public sentiment at the North respecting the colored people, and how much need there is of patience and tolerance in judging the movements of Southern opinion upon this question. It is clear that the cause of the negro may safely be left to such champions as those who have now risen up on Southern soil to defend his rights, and it is equally clear that the people of Connecticut, and New Hampshire, and Pennsylvania, and Ohio, may well remember their own former attitude, while they are throwing stones at their neighbors across the Potomac and the Ohio.

Civic Rivers.

A FEW years ago a citizen of New York returned from his first visit to Europe with his memory full of the civic rivers of the Old World. He remembered the splendid sweep of the Arno at Pisa, which Mr. Howells has just described; the Thames embankment; the masterly use made of the Seine for the pleasure of Paris. Here in New York, he said to

himself, we have two great rivers, and we make little or no use of them for the decoration of our city; there is not one drive from which they are visible, and there are but two small parks from which they can be seen. The Riverside Drive and Park were then in their infancy, but a drive on the former soon showed him that the need had been partly supplied — that the splendid Hudson had been at last taken into the city and made a part of its pleasure-ground. And now that a portion of the park has been selected as the burial-place of General Grant, there is every prospect that the whole plan will be completed in a manner worthy of its natural associations and its new honor. Moreover, the attention which has been drawn to Riverside Park by that event has broadened the ideas of New Yorkers as to the adaptability of other waters about the island to the purposes of public recreation.

Of recent years, New York Harbor has been virtually added to the accessible attractions of the city by the numerous lines which have been opened to the adjacent sea-coast. Any one who has ever come by night from Bay Ridge or Staten Island must have been struck with the unique beauty of the view; and of late the panorama has taken on new impressiveness from the stately procession of electric lamps upon the Brooklyn Bridge, with which the great beacon of the Statue of Liberty bids fair to "compose" in a picture of rare and modern character. What foreign city presents in a noble natural outlook two artificial features better adapted to inspire the imagination? For a trifle, this scene is now within the reach of every visitor to the city. Moreover, during the past year a new delight has been discovered in the views of the Harbor, which have been made accessible from the high roofs in the lower part of the city,—views so unusual in point of view, so comprehensive in scope, and so animated, that it is difficult to speak of them with reticence. From the top of these ten-story buildings, it seems to old frequenters of the Battery as though the Harbor were now seen for the first time. Much can be done by municipal effort to preserve the impressiveness of these views. The elevated railway can and should be removed from Battery Park. The ugly buildings now devoted to public baths should not be allowed to disfigure the scene; if not feasible to place them elsewhere, they should be taken from the middle of the view, be made picturesque on the water side, and be concealed by trees from the land. Castle Garden should be rescued from its present use as a landing-place for immigrants and made to minister to the needs of residents and visitors. The memory of its former triumphs might well be restored by devoting the building to music of a high order. If any one doubt the response of the public to such a proposition, let him fancy Theodore Thomas at the baton and remember the crowds of ten years ago at the Central Park Garden.

A third, and, for the health and enjoyment of the city, a hardly less valuable addition to the city's water parks, lies *in posse* about the region known as Hell Gate. Here virtually is the meeting-place of four streams,— the two channels of the East River reuniting above Blackwell's Island, and the broad stretch from Harlem blending below Ward's Island with the inlet from the Sound. It is a waterscape of fine dimensions and of surroundings that may easily be made picturesque. On the east are the wooded slopes of Astoria, a beautiful town which is going to ruin through municipal mismanagement. On the New York side is a bluff half a mile long, partly wooded, and in the judgment of Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted and Mr. Calvert Vaux, now our two most valued landscape architects, beautifully adapted to park purposes. This ground includes a part of the original rocky shore of Manhattan Island. It looks upon a river which possesses a most individual and interesting aspect, and to which the unusual force of the tides lends great changeableness,— making it now as smooth as glass, now as turbulent as the sea beyond the breakers. Through these gates to the city passes a variety of craft which lacks only the great ocean steamers to surpass that of any other waters.

Aside from the picturesqueness of the view, the absolute need of the establishment of such a breathing-place will be evident when it is seen that on the east shore of Manhattan Island (excepting a small part of this bluff, hardly of the extent of one city block) there is no public park reservation below Harlem, nor is there any whatever east of Central Park above Seventeenth street. With the success of the excavations at Hell Gate, this waterway will become for more and more people the portal of the city. It will be unfortunate indeed if some way is not found by the official authorities for the preservation of this eligible spot. Years from now New York will be tearing down buildings, for the sake of providing facilities for popular pleasure which now lie at her doors.

What is here said of New York may well apply to other American cities. Every moment of delay in planning for the future pleasure and health of our municipal populations is a moment lost. We have the finest rivers and lakes of the world, and with a forethought equal to that which has made Washington City in this respect a source of national pride, we should not now have to be laboriously planning to save scraps and patches of our water-fronts. Of late years there has been a marked awakening on the general subject of city parks. In some instances, as in Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, and at Niagara, it has extended to the waterways. In the suburbs of many cities there are fashionable drives along rivers or lakes, but in no other city than New York could municipal effort bring the beauties of water scenery nearer to the large majority of the people.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Connecticut Training School for Nurses.*

[NEW HAVEN HOSPITAL.]

A NEW idea usually finds simultaneous development in several directions, and it is rare that one person alone is the discoverer. The common parent of American hospital schools is the Nightingale Memorial of St. Thomas's Hospital, London; but the plan for their organization here was common to several communities. For example, the New Haven School was developed, a small endowment raised, and the charter obtained, simultaneously with the Bellevue Hospital school — though chance prevented the reception of pupils in New Haven until six months later.

A school of the size of the New Haven School, adapted to the wants of a comparatively small hospital, stands in relation to similar organizations in large charity hospitals as the private select school does to the large public ones in the common-school system. In a hospital of only one hundred and sixty beds, there is no great mass of sick to care for; nurses have time to study the accomplishments of their profession, and lady visitors and managers are able to give personal attention and supervision to the classes. That the results are favorable is shown in the New Haven School by the number, in proportion to the graduate, who have been called to fill positions of trust in other hospitals, nearly one-fourth having been given the supervision of nursing in hospitals, in New Haven, New York City, Brooklyn, Pittsfield (Massachusetts), Boston, and the States of New Jersey, Indiana, Ohio, Vermont, and Virginia. The growth of the school in public favor is shown by the constantly increasing demand for nurses for private families, two-thirds in excess of the provision, and also by the applications for admissions, which at the present moment are greatly in excess of the vacancies. Another proof of the favor with which the enterprise is regarded is found in the liberal way in which money has lately been contributed to build in the hospital inclosure a nurses' home, now finished and occupied, having accommodations for thirty,— a handsome, ample three-story brick building, with cheerful parlors, single bedrooms, bathrooms, piazzas, etc., well-warmed, ventilated, and lighted, which — it may be useful to those engaged in similar undertakings to know — has been substantially and satisfactorily completed at an outside cost of $11,800.

It might be supposed that the New Haven School, comparatively small as it is, would have a local reputation only; it is noticeable, however, that young women all over the country are increasingly interested in the new profession open to them, and anxious to collect information concerning all the schools. Thus far the following places have been represented in the New Haven School by accepted pupils: Connecticut, Vermont, Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Georgia, Illinois, Wisconsin, Washington, Canada, Nova Scotia, and Australia. Trained nurses have been sent on application to all the New England States, New York, Florida, and Virginia, and on graduation have scattered to all quarters, from Canada to California. For the benefit of those who may be desirous of connecting a nursing school with smaller hospitals than those found in our large cities, it may be useful to give the points of difference between the New Haven organization and similar undertakings in New York and Boston.

The New Haven School is in charge of a president, vice-presidents, general treasurer, and auditors, and a committee of twenty-one ladies and gentlemen, five being physicians, two of whom are connected with the hospital staff; this makes a connecting link between the ladies' committee and medical and other male boards of hospital management. The gentleman who is the general treasurer pays out to the sub-treasurer, who is a lady, the funds necessary for the current expense of the school, which she accounts for, making weekly payments to the nurses. The secretary, another member of the ladies' committee, conducts all the correspondence with applicants, accepts them if they answer the requirements, and notifies the lady superintendent when to expect new arrivals. The assumption by the ladies' committee of all these duties relieves the superintendent of much outside responsibility and gives her time for her legitimate duties as instructor of the pupils in the wards. That the pupils may be under the best teaching it is required that the superintendent of nursing and her assistant shall themselves be ladies of thorough hospital training, knowing the theory and practice of skillful nursing, and able to recognize at once bungling work on the part of the pupils and to set them right.

In a small hospital it is unnecessary that ward head-nurses should be employed, as in large institutions, at an increased expense. Here the senior nurse in each ward is in that position, at the ordinary payment. Each pupil, coming in turn to be senior nurse, gains greatly in self-possession and quick perception — faculties which are required in this responsible position.

The hospital contributes nothing towards the payment of the nurses; that is attended to by the society. The table for the school is, however, provided by the hospital; and the officers, relieved from the daily cares of housekeeping, give their whole time to the supervision of the nursing. Differing again from other schools, the course of instruction here is shortened to nineteen months,— thirteen spent in hospital and six at private nursing; this private nursing is required of all pupils.

In this way the school receives additions to its funds in payments from families, and the committee know from actual trial and report whether the nurse is entitled to her diploma. The exigencies of very large hospitals make it necessary often to decline to send nurses to private families. The New Haven School re-

* For a description of the interesting work of the Bellevue Hospital (New York) Training School for Nurses see THE CENTURY for November, 1882.— EDITOR.

quires that all should serve in this way for six months, their places in the hospital being taken by new pupils. In all these ways—in the absence of increased payments toward head-nurses, and of housekeeping cares, and in the requirement of nursing in private families — the school finds an advantage over other systems. One other difference is in the form of graduation papers. Each graduate receives with her diploma a printed statement of her standing in the school during her course of study, and the seal of the school is not affixed to the diploma until one year after graduation. At this time, the self-reliance of the nurse having been tested for this additional twelve months, a certain number of testimonials from physicians are required to be returned with the diploma for final action, and if a majority of the committee so decide the seal is affixed.

The course of instruction consists of careful teaching in the ward by the lady superintendent, recitations held daily from text-books, lectures, autopsies, attendance at surgical operations, and three weeks or more spent in the diet kitchen. Quarterly examinations are held and a prize is given for the best recitation. Examinations for diplomas are conducted by one of the physicians of the committee.

The school has published a hand-book of nursing, which is in use in the hospital schools of New York, Brooklyn, Chicago, Washington, and Orange, and in one of the large English hospital schools. It may be an encouragement to other schools in their beginning to see at the close of ten years how far a little candle throws its beams.

It is important to those about organizing a nursing school to lay special stress upon the need of strong health in their pupils. Only about one-third of all the accepted pupils of the New Haven School have finished their hospital course; and the cause of failure in a large majority of cases has been ill health. The work makes a drain upon the system mentally and physically, and it often happens that physicians who do not understand the wearing nature of hospital life will certify to the physical fitness of a young woman who in six months' time breaks down entirely, and the result is loss of health to her and loss of time and money to the school. Some applicants who bring clean bills of health from home are pronounced by our own physician unequal to the strain.

One other difference between this school and others is in the requirement that at the close of a year's hospital life the pupils shall take a month's vacation, to be spent away from the hospital. This is considered necessary, in order that pupils may go in a good physical condition to their nursing in private families.

The "sources of financial support" are a small endowment and payments made by families for the services of nurses.

There is no hospital too small to furnish useful training to at least three or four pupil nurses, and all over the country there is a demand for skilled services in illness.

The New Haven School began in a very small way a few years ago, with six pupils, and has now over forty under its control, with a graduate list of more than one hundred. What is a far better test of success, however, than mere numbers, is the wide reputation it has secured for faithful training; and this reputation can be obtained by even the smallest cottage hospital.

In the Chilcat Country.

ALASKA is a land of winter shadow and summer sun. Appointed by the Board of Presbyterian Home Missions to establish its farthest outpost in the country of the Chilcats, we left our old Middle State home in the early part of May, 1881, and sailed from San Francisco on the 21st. At that time there was no such thing as a "through steamer."

On reaching Sitka, June 11th, with the expectation of getting out almost immediately to our post, we heard that two powerful families of the Chilcats (the Crows and the Whales) were engaged in war, and that we would not be permitted to enter the field until there was some promise of peace. However, after a month's detention, we were allowed to proceed, and on the evening of July 18th the little trading vessel cast anchor. After plunging through the surf of Portage Bay, we set our feet upon the beautiful shore of Da-shu — the site of the mission village of Haines.

From Portage Bay west to the Chilcat River and southward to the point, lies the largest tract of arable land, so far as my knowledge goes, in south-eastern Alaska, while the climate does not differ greatly from that of Pennsylvania. Though the winters are longer and the snows deeper, the thermometer never falls as low as it does sometimes at home,—there are no such sudden and constant changes,—and the air is salt and clear as crystal. Our first snow fell on the 10th of October, and we never saw the ground again until May. In the month of February alone we had eighteen and three-fourths feet of snow-fall, and for months it lay from eight to twelve feet in depth. Here summer reaches perfection, never sultry, rarely chilling. During the winter months the sun lingers behind the eastern range till nearly noon; then, barely lifting his lazy head above the southern peak for two or three hours, sinks again into the sleepy west and leaves us a night of twenty-one hours.

But in May the world and the sun wake up together. In his new zeal we find old Sol up before us at 2:15 A. M., and he urges us on till 9:45 at night. Even then the light is only turned down,— for the darkest hour is light early summer twilight, not too dark for reading.

From our front door to the pebbly beach below, the wild sweet-pea runs rampant, while under, and in, and through it spring the luxuriant phlox, Indian rice, the white-blossomed "yun-ate," ferns, and wild roses which make redolent every breath from the bay. Passing out the back door, a few steps lead us into the dense pine woods, whose solitudes are peopled with great bears, and owls, and — Kling-get ghosts! while eagles and ravens soar without number. On one tree alone we counted thirty bald eagles. These trees are heavily draped with moss, hanging in rich festoons from every limb; and into the rich carpeting underneath one's foot may sink for inches. Here the ferns reach mammoth size, though many of fairy daintiness are found among the moss; and the devil's walking-stick stands in royal beauty at every turn, with its broad, graceful leaves and waxen red berries.

Out again into the sunshine and we discover meadows — of grass and clover, through which run bright little streams, grown over with willows just as at home. And here and there are clumps of trees, so like the peach and apple that a lump comes into your

throat. But you lift your eyes, and there beyond is the broad shining of the river, and above it the ever-present, dream-dispelling peaks of snow, with their blue ice sliding down and down.

The winter night display of Aurora Borealis is another feature of the north country scenery, where the stars seem twice as large as they do at home, and Polaris hangs the central light in the heavenly vault. The finest lights we have seen were in the north. First appears a glimmering, then a flashing light which gradually assumes the form of a solid arch of sheeny, scintillating whiteness; then a bright bow springs from and over it, and presently another, while from their base on either side are thrown, clear into the zenith, great flashing streamers of red and white and green. When there is much of this lightning crimson the Indians are troubled, as to them it indicates that war is engaging the spirit world's inhabitants, and forebodes the same for them.

The Chilcat people long ago gained for themselves the reputation of being the most fierce and warlike tribe in the Archipelago. Certain it is that, between themselves and southern Hy-dah, there is not another which can compare with them in strength, either as to numbers, intelligence, physical perfection, or wealth.

A diseased person among the Chilcats is rather the exception, and prostitution as defined by them is punishable with death. At first thought their marriage laws seem very elastic, but such is not the case. Though they do not bind tightly they bind strongly, and the limits which are fixed are fixed indeed. The children always belong to their mother and are of her to-tem. This to-temic relation is considered closer than that of blood. If the father's and mother's tribes be at war the children must take the maternal side, even if against their father. It is this law which makes illegal any marriage between members of the same tribe; though the contracting persons may be entire strangers, and unable to trace any blood relation. At the same time a man may marry his half-sister (one having a different mother) or a woman and her daughter — either at the same time or consecutively; for plural marriages are not uncommon, though they are by no means general. In very rare cases a woman has two husbands, oftener we find a man with two wives, even three; but more frequently met than either is the consecutive wife. One contract may be set aside by mutual consent, in favor of a new one. But in any case, while a contract exists, it must be lived up to; each must be faithful to the other.

The women are generally plump, healthy, and modest, and are always modestly clothed, some avoiding bright colors. I noticed one day at church a pretty young woman wrapped in a scarlet blanket, with a black silk handkerchief tied becomingly about her face; but her eyes were downcast; scarcely did she lift them during the service. Thinking that something troubled her, I made inquiry after we were dismissed, and found that it was the bright blanket. "I felt," she said, "that I was in everybody's eye. I wore it because my husband gave it to me last night; but I'll never wear it again," and she didn't. The men are large, straight, and muscular, with an air of natural dignity, and unconscious grace in pose, and in the manner of wearing their blanket or fur-robe, that one is reminded constantly of the ancient Roman and his toga. The head, too, is rather small and shapely; the eye well set, clear, and bright; the chin and mouth firm, but seldom heavy; while the nose — usually adorned with a ring — is well-developed, and somewhat of the Roman cast. But in some cases the physiognomy bears a striking resemblance to that of the Chinese, small, thin features, a sharp or turned-up nose, and small eyes set obliquely. They are, comparatively, a cleanly people, both as to their persons and houses. I have been in Indian houses where the floors were so scoured with wood ashes and sand that I had rather eat from them than from their oily dishes; and I have seen a boy and girl wash and wipe these wooden dishes and horn spoons after the family meal, as handily as ever I did it myself.

Since they have come to know of the Christian Sabbath they measure time by so many Sundays; before, it was kept by means of knots in a string or notches in a stick for *days*, as they do now outside of the mission village. Saturday is general cleaning-up day. Heads are carefully washed, and are dried by running the fingers through the hair in the sun or by the fire. Then all who possess or can borrow a comb use it to the best advantage, and the hair is then oiled and tightly braided from the "part" close about the face and joined in one plait at the back. On Sunday it is *smoothed down* and a "j'eue" or covering of bead-work tied over the braid, though this last is a mark of "high class," and I have heard of a slave having been killed for daring to wear one. Though slavery is almost a thing of the past, there are still some captives in the Chilcat country. They are mainly from the Far South "Flat Heads." The Chilcats wash their blankets by rubbing them on a flat board, then by swishing them back and forth in the surf. And in utter defiance of the old belief that cold water, and especially salt, would ruin wools, their white blankets are among the whitest, woolliest, and softest I have ever seen.

It is a general custom for the men and boys to take a morning bath in the river or bay, even when they have first to break the ice. Casting aside every garment, within doors, they walk leisurely down to the dipping place. After plunging about to their satisfaction they come out and roll awhile in the snow. Then taking up a short thick bunch of rods they switch themselves until a perfect reaction is secured. The babies are bathed indoors in a large native basket; but a new-born child is *never* washed. These baskets are closely woven from grasses and the inside bark of the yellow cedar. Some of them are very handsome. They are used for almost everything — from the bath-tub and water-bucket, to the dinner pot, in which their food is easily cooked by dropping into it stones first heated in the fire. It is in this way in their canoes that such immense quantities of salmon are cooked, in the manufacture of salmon oil. The canoe is half buried in earth, filled with red salmon and a little water; great heaps of stones about fist size are made red-hot and dropped into the great boiler. In a very short time the whole canoeful is boiling and hissing like a common dinner pot. The boiled fish is then pressed in coarse baskets, or trodden rather, for it is done with the feet. The juice is collected in a canoe and again heated. It then stands for a day, and the clear red oil is taken from the top. That made at Chilcoot is the

finest, and is in demand even as far south as Fort Simpson, British Columbia, as it is a choice and indispensable article of diet among Northern Indians.

The Chilcats are, comparatively, an industrious people. On the mainland we have none of the deer which so densely populate the islands, owing, it is said, to the presence of bears and wolves; but we have the White Mountain sheep, which while it is lamb is delicious meat. From its black horns the finest carved spoons are made, and its pelt when washed and combed forms a necessary part of the Indian's bedding and household furniture. The combings are made by the women into rolls similar to those made by machinery at home. Then with a great basket of these white rolls on one side, and a basket on the other to receive the yarn, a woman sits on the floor and, on her bared knee, with her palm, rolls it into cord. This they dye in most brilliant colors made of roots, grasses and moss, and of different kinds of bark.

It is of this yarn that the famous Chilcat dancing-blanket is made. This is done by the women with great nicety and care. The warp, all white, is hung from a handsomely carved upright frame. Into it the bright colors are wrought by means of ivory shuttles. The work is protected during the tedious course of its manufacture by a covering resembling oiled silk, made from the dressed intestines of the bear. Bright striped stockings of this yarn are also knitted, on little needles whittled from wood.

In sewing nearly every woman is an expert. Their moccasins and other leather garments are well fitted, and sewed with *tus*, a thread made from animal sinew. The leather and furs are tanned and dressed by the women. They use much of the unbleached muslin in their dress now, and the garments are, for the most part, torn out and fitted with gussets. The ravelings are rolled on the knee into thread and used in making all the different articles of cotton clothing; and they are all made with extreme neatness. I have seen an old-fashioned white shirt made by one of these women with all the pleats and bands stitched with such accuracy and delicacy that it could not have been told from the finest machine work. In addition to the work already mentioned, the women weave the nets and baskets, gather and cure the berries and sea moss, help to raise the potatoes and turnips and to prepare the winter's store of oil and salmon, and care for the house and children; though the men share the last-named duty, and that often in a tender way, especially if the child is sick.

The men bear the burdens, cut and drag the wood, tend the fires, take the fish, make canoes and dishes, carve spoons and decorations for almost everything, but their principal business is trading in furs.

Just over the mountain range, to the north and east, which marks the dividing line between American and British possessions, live the "Gun-un-uh" or Stick Indians (more freely translated, the Indians of the wood), who are the fur *takers*. For generations the Chilcats have been the middle-men between these trappers and the outside world, and in this way have gained their wealth. Having so intimidated the Sticks that they dare not come to the coast, about four trips annually are made to the interior by the Chilcats, who carry with them American goods for the purpose of buying up furs.

In our upper village on the Chilcat River, called by the Indians Clok-won, lives Shat-e-ritch, the highest chief of all the Chilcats, being head of the Cinnamon Bear family. Every honest white man visiting this country has found in him a cordial host and a trusty friend. We have now in this upper village (which is about twenty miles north of Portage Bay) a native teacher and wife, under the missionary's supervision, and Shateritch is their patron and protector.

Over the two lower villages, on the same river, is the Crow Chief, "Don-a-wok" (Silver-eye), our aid and friend. When it was thought best to establish the mission on Portage Bay, he and his larger village came over in a body and built what, together with our mission buildings and those of a trading company, constitutes the village Haines. We have had accessions also from the Chilcoot village, whose chief bears the name of "Hū-Kūph-hink-Kush-Kiwā." He made me a present of a carved pipe-bowl, which he assured me was a treasure he would not sell, as it had been from time unknown the property of Chilcoot chiefs, and so had descended to him. I thanked him, and afterward made for him a little bag, such as they prize very much for carrying trifles and treasures. He is a very large, handsome old man of about fifty, but almost blind; and, if the reason for the excitement had not been so trivial as to make it ludicrous, his reception of the gift would have been most impressive, not to say imposing. Staring at me a moment with the blankness of utter astonishment, of unspeakable surprise, and laying his hand upon his heart he bowed silently, again and again; then in a low, deep voice he said in his own language, "My sister, I thank you, I thank you, I thank you! My heart shakes so that I cannot speak to you, thank you, thank you, thank you. To every one I show my treasure, my treasure which my snow sister gave me. It shall go with me always till I die, then it must be laid over my heart." And seizing my hand he held and gently shook it in both of his own, while tears gathered in his eyes.

Mrs. Eugene S. Willard.

HAINES, CHILCAT COUNTRY, ALASKA.

Police Reform.

AS THE large cities of the United States grow larger, the control of the vicious and criminal classes by a police force deriving its authority from the local political influence grows more and more inefficient. Here in Boston we have taken the first step toward reform in this direction, and believing that the time is near when all the large cities will have to grapple with this problem, I have thought your readers might be interested in some account of what has been done here, and the reasons for the action that has been taken.

Previous to the amendment of the Constitution of Massachusetts in 1852 the sheriffs of the several counties were appointed by the Governor and Council, and they appointed their deputies and enforced the State laws. The rage for extreme democracy which went like a great rolling wave over Europe in the years immediately following 1848, had reached the United States in 1852 and exerted a great influence in our Constitutional Convention of that year. A determined effort was made to change the method of appointing

the judges of our courts to hold office during good behavior, and to make them elective by the people for short terms. To defeat this movement the convention made district attorneys and sheriffs elective for terms of three years. Upon this concession was founded the local system of police to enforce in the city the laws of the State.

From the beginning all laws which were strenuously opposed by strong factions of men with political influence have remained practically dead letters so far as they applied to the great city. The first public demonstration against this local system was made in 1860, when a mob had broken up the John Brown meeting. Those people believed they had a right to assemble peaceably for a legitimate purpose, and strongly resented the interference of the mob and the hostility or apathy of the police upon whom they felt they had a right to rely for protection. Then began the movement for a police deriving its authority directly from the State which has just now crystallized into a law.

During the quarter of a century of agitation upon this question the retail liquor dealers, the gamblers, and other lawless classes have been growing relatively stronger to the rest of the population, and for many years the laws placing restrictions upon the liquor traffic have had only a semblance of enforcement in the city of Boston. At last the political government of the city had fallen almost absolutely into the hands of these lawless classes. The greed of these would-be rulers of the people has, we hope, at last worked their own downfall, and we expect to see the liquor traffic in future obedient to the law.

The law just enacted directs the Governor, with the consent of his council, to appoint three commissioners, who shall be a Board of Police for the city of Boston. The appointments are for five years. The Board may remove any officer for cause, the reasons being stated in the order for removal, and all appointments are to be made under the civil-service rules. The active friends of the reform desired to have the commissioners appointed to hold office during good behavior, to the end that the force might be entirely removed from political influence; however, the system adopted is a great improvement over the system it overturned.

The representatives of the slums, backed by a powerful lobby, made a determined fight against this bill. Their real reason for opposition they could not state, and they fell back upon the statement reiterated by every opposition speaker in every speech, that it was an interference with local self-government. But a legislature which had just remodeled the city charter, limiting the rate of taxation, and in many ways changing the whole theory of municipal government, was not doubtful about its power in the premises. The sound argument upon which the reform rests is that the whole people of the State is the law-making power. Laws are made, not for localities, but for the commonwealth, and should be enforced in Boston as thoroughly as in the smallest town or village. The executive officers charged with the administration of law should derive their authority from the same source as the law-making power, to the end that there shall be harmony between legislation and administration.

The weakness of the position that a police force should be a local institution is shown when it is remembered that out of every sixty arrests made by the police of Boston last year, fifty-nine were for violation of State laws, and only one for infringing the ordinances of the city. Sixty-one per cent. of the taxes in Boston are paid by non-residents. The city is the capital of the State and the commercial metropolis of New England, and near a hundred thousand persons are brought into Boston daily by the transportation lines. The enforcement of the laws, then, concerns others besides the voters of Boston. The example of the city works good or ill to the remotest corners of the commonwealth.

This measure was not initiated by any political party nor from any partisan motives. The active members of the Citizens' Law and Order League, embracing men from all parties, brought it forward in the interest of good order, and for the peace, quietness, and good name of their city. The reform goes into operation here, and its results will be of general interest to the good people of all our large cities.

L. Edwin Dudley,
Secretary Citizens' Law and Order League.

BOSTON, MASS., June 19, 1885.

"Hunting the Rocky Mountain Goat."

REFERRING to Mr. Baillie-Grohman's "instructive and entertaining article in the December number of THE CENTURY," Mr. B. G. Duval, of San Antonio, Texas, corrects the statement that the animal is not found below the forty-fifth parallel. He says he killed a Rocky Mountain goat in July, 1882, near the thirtieth parallel, in the Chenati Mountains, about sixty miles south of Fort Davis and not more than fifteen miles from the Rio Grande. Mexicans who were with him said the animal was seen occasionally in that range, and also in the mountains of Northern Mexico.

Mr. Frank P. Davis, of Washington, D. C., writes that the author of the article was in error in saying that the goat does not inhabit the main range of the Rocky Mountains, and that its haunts are entirely above the timber line. During two years' experience in the main range of the Rocky Mountains, between the eastern base and the Columbia River, and in the valley of the Kicking Horse River, he killed many goats, all of them being below the timber line.

"The Summer Haunts of American Artists."

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY:

SIR: The sketch of my father's studio on page 845 of the October CENTURY, is a sketch of his first studio in Catskill village. It stands a little back of the house he occupied on the Athens road, on a ridge north of the village, and within ten minutes' walk of the main street. The building was originally a carriage house, and the right end shown in the sketch was used for that purpose while my father had his studio there. The part he used for a studio does not appear in the picture. It is needless to say that the building did not present such a dilapidated appearance in my father's time. Yours truly,

SAUGERTIES, N. Y., August 13, 1885. *Thomas Cole.*

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Madrigal.

ALL the world is bright,
All my heart is merry,
Violets and roses red,
Sparkling in the dew:
Brow — the lily's white;
Lip — the crimson berry;
Hark, I hear a lightsome tread,—
Ah, my love, 'tis you!

Wing to me, birds, and sing to me;
None so happy as I!
Only the merriest melodies bring to me
When my beloved is by.

All the air is sweet,
All my heart is quiet,
Fleecy clouds on breezes warm
Floating far above:
Eye — where soft lights meet;
Cheek — where roses riot;
Look, I see a gracious form,—
Ah, 'tis you, my love!

Wing to her, birds, and sing to her;
None so happy as she!
Only the merriest melodies bring to her,—
Only this message from me!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

Accepted.

HOW MANY years it's lain away,
Unknown, unread, unseen,
The little song I sent one day
To that great magazine!

For I was very young indeed,
With hopes of rosy tint: —
I thought I e'en might live to see
My little song in print.

But only now, when I am gray,
And life is fleeting fast,
The longed-for — after long delay -
"Accepted" comes at last.

And in the joy it brings to me
There lurks a mournful doubt
If I shall ever live to see
That little song "come out."

For magazines are fresh and strong,
They grow not old and gray;
And though it's true that "Art is long,"
'Tis not so long as they.

But we — *we* fade! With bitter pain
I learn that well-worn truth.
Alas! I shall not live to gain
The cherished hope of youth.

I shall not hear my little song
By others read or sung;
I feel I cannot live so long —
I am no longer young!

Robertson Trowbridge.

The Wood-sprite.

HOW BLACK, how bleak, how cold, how wild!
Squirrels and mice don't know what's fun;
They skulk below in fur three-piled,
Nor show their nose till all is done;

How blows the snow, how branches bow,
Cut to and fro, lash high and low!
Till crack! alack, they snap and go.
O night of ruin, night of woe!
To-morrow, to the wood-folks' sorrow,
Many a fine tree, lying low
Will show with top-twigs in the snow.

But naught care I should pines fall, pat
I rise from 'neath them like the air;
Or, 'gainst the trunks blown, like a bat,
I cling and stay suspended there.
Or, should a spruce-bough scurry by,
With cones up-pointed, leaf-tufts trailed,
I board it, and away speed I,
The maddest voyage ever sailed.

I skip and skim, and bang and bump,
And bounce and jump, and thud and thump,
And chase ten devils round a stump;
Till rolled in snow, a frozen lump,
I tumble where some soul must stumble
Upon me — down he flounders plump
Like a lost soul at doomsday trump.

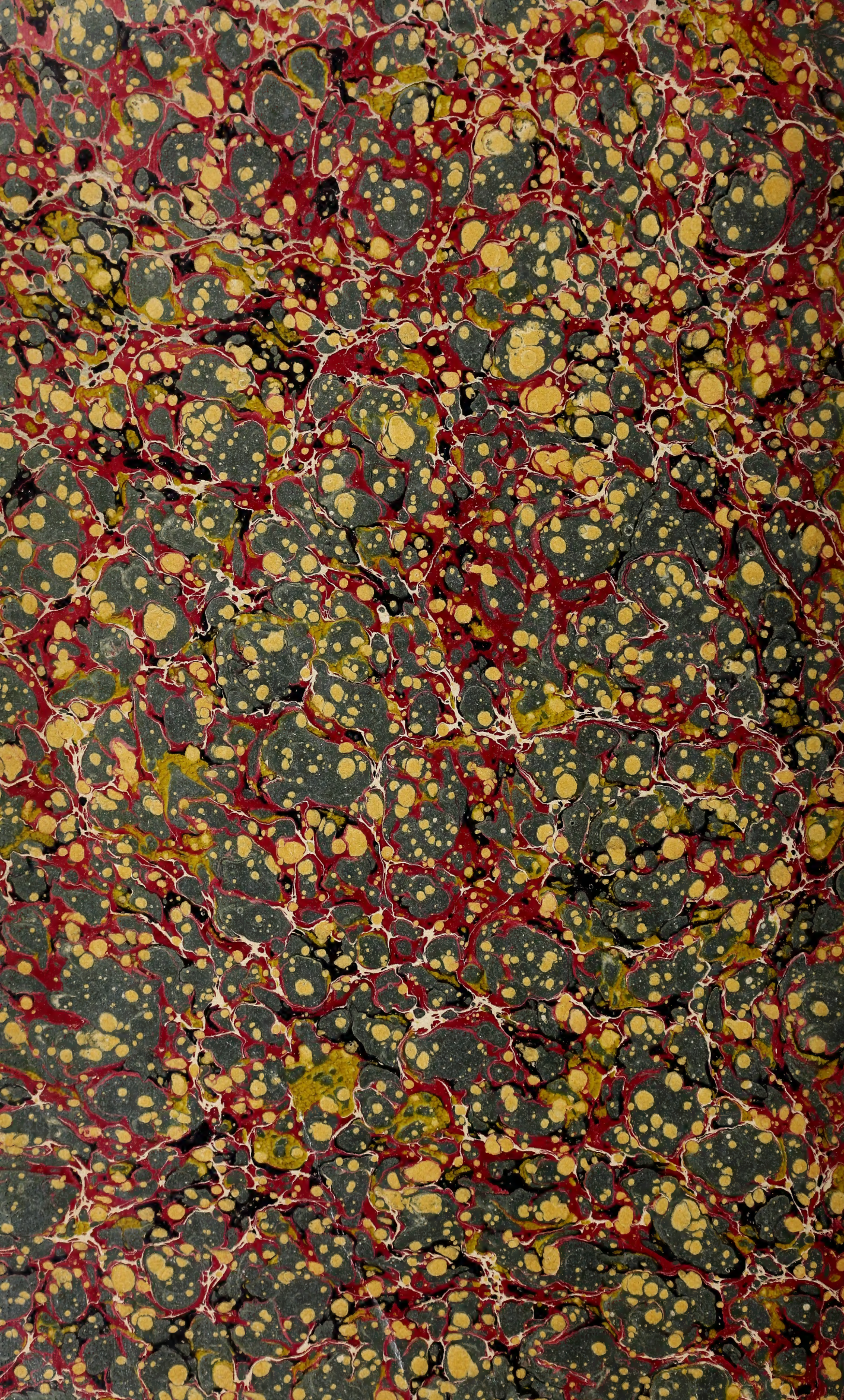
Last night, the deacon, hurrying past,
On good works bent, my form did find.
He picked me up and stood aghast,
But wrapped me from the bitter wind,
Then ran through banks and brakes and drifts,
And plunge he did, and slip, and slide,
And fall off rocks, and stick in rifts,
Before he reached his cold fire-side.

Then, while he plies the fire, and tries,
With puffing cheeks and smarting eyes,
His best to raise a flame — my cries
They drown the tempest, pierce the skies;
Hooting, calling, yelling, squalling,
Like everything that runs or flies,
To the good man's wild surprise.

Roger Riordan.

PUBLIC LIBRARY
WEISER, IDAHO

PUBLIC LIBRARY
WEISER, IDAHO



Harpers Magazine

2948

PUBLIC LIBRARY
WEISER, IDAHO.

Weiser Public Library

Borrowers

Each borrower registering will be assigned a number by which his books will be charged. He will be held responsible for all books charged to this number.

Number of volumes

Varies. Ask at library for latest rules.

Time

Seven day books 7 days.
All other books 14 days.

Renewals

Will be granted for all but 7 day books. Requests may be made in person or by telephone.

Fines

One cent a day is charged for all books kept overtime.

Democrat Printing Co., Madison, Wis.